

"I wish I were a *brewer's horse*
 But six months of the year,
 I'd take my fill of honest stuff,
 And drink up all the beer.
 When that was done, what should I do
 My thirst to satisfy,
 I'd eat up all the corks and bungs,
 Give up the ghost and die."

Brian o' Linn (rhyming slang),
 gin.

Brick (colloquial), a term of commendation applied to a particularly honest, good, jolly, brave, or spirited person.

Steerforth approved of him highly, and told us he was a *brick*.—*Dickens: David Copperfield*.

It is used sometimes with an adjective prefixed, as an "out-and-out *brick*," a "regular *brick*."

Another familiar word in the university slang is a "regular *brick*," that is, a jolly good fellow, and how the simile is logically deduced is amusing enough. A *brick* is "deep red," so a "deep read" man is a *brick*; a deep read man is in university phrase a "good man;" a good man is a jolly fellow with non-reading men, *ergo* a jolly fellow is a *brick*.—*Hallberger's Illustrated Magazine*.

It is evident that the figurative sense of the word is in allusion to the shape of a *brick*. In English and other languages straightforwardness is always identified with squareness. "He answered you as square as a *brick*." "He did it on the square."

Brickfelder or **brickduster** (Australian), a dust storm, a kind of whirlwind frequent in Australia during the summer time.

Identified by Lieut.-Col Munday with the "southerly burster," so called from the brickdusty feel of the grit with which the wind charges itself as it rolls up the storm.

In October 1848, as I find by my diary, I witnessed a fine instance of a nocturnal *brickfelder*. Awakened by the roaring of the wind I arose and looked out. It was bright moonlight, or it would have been bright but for the clouds of dust, which, impelled by a perfect hurricane, curled up from the earth and absolutely muffled the fair face of the planet. Pulverised specimens of every kind and colour of soil within two miles of Sydney, flew past the house high over the chimney tops in lurid whirlwinds, now white, now red. It had all the appearance of an American prairie fire, barring the fire. . . .

One of the greatest miseries of the "southerly burster" is that (welcome to all animated nature as are its cooling airs) its first symptoms are the signal for a general rush of housemaids to shut hermetically every aperture of the dwelling. The thermometer in the drawing-room and one's own melting mood announce some 86° of heat, while the gale driving so refreshingly past your windows is probably 30° lower; but if you have any regard for sight and respiration, for carpets, chintz, books, and other furniture, you must religiously shut up shop until the chartered libertine, having scavenged the streets of every particle of dust, has moderated its wrath. Even then, however well fitted may be the doors and windows, the volatile atoms will find their way everywhere, to the utter disturbance of household and personal comfort.—*Lieut.-Col. Munday: Our Antipodes*.

The climate of Queensland is very hot. In summer the heat is Indian; and it is a moist, that is to say, an exhausting heat, whereas the summer temperature in other parts of Australia is comparatively dry; drier in South Australia and Victoria than in New South Wales, but when *brickfelders* or dust storms are not blowing, endurable.—*Daily Telegraph*.