







ON FITS.

Trounch no doctor, I have by me some excellent prescriptions; and, as I shall charge nothing for them, you cannot grumble at the price. We are most of us subject to fits. I am visited with them myself, and I dare say that you are also: now, then, for my prescriptions.

*For a fit of passion:* walk out in the open air. You may speak your mind to the winds, without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton. "Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry; for anger resteth in the bosom of fools."

*For a fit of illness:* count the ticks of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next, and work like a Negro. "Slothfulness catcheth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger."

*For a fit of extravagance or folly:* go to the workhouse, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail; and you will be convinced,—

"Who makes his bed of briar and thorn,  
Must be content to lie forlorn."

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not?"



*For a fit of envy:* go to Brighton, Cheltenham, or some other place of the kind, and see how many who keep their carriages are afflicted with rheumatism, gout, and dropsy; how many walk abroad on crutches, or stay at home wrapped up in flannel; and how many are subject to epilepsy and apoplexy. "A sound heart is the life of the flesh: envy is the rottenness of the bones."

*For a fit of ambition:* go into the church-yard, and read the grave-stones. They will tell you the end of man as his best estate. "For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

*For a fit of repining:* look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bedridden, the afflicted, and the dranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions. "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

*For a fit of depending:* look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which He has promised to His followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cabbages and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower, may return into



his house with one blooming in his bosom. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

*For all fits of doubt, perplexity, and fear,* whether they respect the body or the mind, whether they are a load to the shoulder, the head, or the heart, the following is a radical cure, which may be relied on; for I had it from the Great Physician.—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord: for he shall sustain thee."—**OLD HUMPHRY.**



Please  
to make your Purchases  
not later than Five  
o'Clock on Saturday  
Afternoon.

THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.

THE WORKING MEN of Scotland having experienced the domestic advantages arising from an early cessation of labour on Saturday, seem determined to do their part towards extending the same boon to their fellow sons of Gull—the SCOTSMEN.

We have received a printed list of resolutions passed at the trade meetings of masons, engineers, machinists, millwrights, smiths, pattern makers, confectioners, bookbinders, joiners, bakers, plumbers, and upholsters pledging themselves not to support those shopkeepers who keep open after 5 o'clock on Saturday.

Men with placards are sent round the streets every week to remind the public.

In connection with the early closing movement, we have received the most unqualified testimonies from EMPLOYERS as to the advantages which they, as well as their hands, experience from paying wages on Friday. They have fewer ABSENTEES than when wages were paid on Saturday!!

It is, I think, one of the greatest evils of this country that toil has become so excessive, that all considerations of health—all attention to intellectual improvement—and even the time which ought to be devoted to spiritual worship, is lost in that *excess of labour* which the people of this country undergo.—**LOUIS JOHN RUSSELL.**

We have received many gratifying letters from all parts of the country, and trust that the help of our correspondents and friends, the circulation will be raised to the satisfactory point, so as to justify our continuance. Hitherto, every No. has obtained pecuniary loss. The following pleasing letter from an intelligent London citizen affords encouragement to "go on!"

To the Editor of the BRITISH WORKMAN.  
Dear Sir,—As you have styled yourself the friend of the working man, I claim the privilege of writing to you, and I beg that you will allow the privilege, and kindly excuse what I have to state.

There are a few peculiar excellencies in your new paper which seem to me to claim for you the best thanks of our class. In the first place, you require us as no rational, intelligent being, and you reason with us as capable of appreciating argument. Furthermore, you remember that we have souls, and you are not afraid to give us good advice concerning their welfare—a style of address which I have observed to be rare in popular periodicals.

The Lord will be a refuge for the oppressed. Psalm. ix. 9.

Alas, you do not flatter us, but speak as man to man, with truth and self-respect; and I esteem you for that feature in your editorial style. Another excellence is, that you have not forgotten our wives—bless them, they are part of ourselves, and you could not have taken a wiser method of securing our approbation and reaching our hearts. I believe the working man's wife is the great source of his earthly enjoyment, and instrumentally the sustainer of his moral strength; and on that account, as well as that the wife is the educator of his children, your attempt to direct the mind of the wife of the working man deserves his grateful regard.

I may add that I am glad you have not introduced politics or party questions, and that you have not undertaken any part in our disputes about wages; not that I doubt your ability or rectitude, but that I fear your arguments would not meet with fair consideration, and perhaps your motives be misconstrued. May the "British Workman" prosper, and may its editor be spared long to conduct it. Yours very respectfully, A WORKING MAN.



TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

Illustration of Matthew x. 15, 20, 21.

Or a bridge I was standing one morning,  
And watching the current roll by,  
When suddenly into the water  
There fell an unfortunate fly.

The fishes that swam to the surface  
Were looking for something to eat,  
And I thought that the hapless young insect  
Would surely afford them a treat.

"Poor thing!" I exclaimed with compassion,  
"Thy trials and dangers abound,  
For if thou escape thy lady's care,  
Thou canst not escape being drowned."

No sooner the sentence was spoken,  
Than lo, like an angel of love,  
I saw, to the waters beneath me,  
A leaflet descend from above.



It glided across on the streamlet,  
"Twas an ark to the poor little fly;  
Which, soon to the land re-ascending,  
Spread its wings in the breezes to dry.

Oh, sweet was the truth that was whispered,  
That mortals should never despair,  
For He who takes care of an insect,  
Much more for his children will care.

And though, to our short-sighted vision  
No way of escape may appear;  
Let us trust, for when least we expect it,  
The help of "our Father" is near.

GIN, RUM, AND BRANDY.

By the Late G. MORRISON, Esq.

DEAR Broughton was a foolish fop,  
And fiery was his passion,  
He thought of little else but dress  
And folly in the fashion.  
At last he took to drinking deep,  
Though he was such a dandy,  
And then grim Death soon stopped his breath  
With gin, and rum, and brandy.



The Wallace was a soldier brave,  
But proved at length unsteady,  
For he in every drinking bout  
To join was always ready.  
His cheek was red, his eyes were grey,  
His hair was somewhat sandy;  
'Twas not the foe that laid him low,  
But gin, and rum, and brandy.  
Ben Boodle was an trim a far  
As e'er a roger's and handled;  
As true a child of Ocean waves  
As Oon Oon's every dandy.  
And well he would could bandy;  
Ben bore the blast, but fell at last  
By gin, and rum, and brandy.

Now would you know, and wish to go  
The secret road to misery,  
To drain the cup of misery up,  
And darken every morrow;  
The way is open, straight and clear,  
The method sure and handy;  
Ne'er stop to think, but freely drink  
Strong gin, and rum, and brandy.