

BRITISH WORKMAN



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TO OUR READERS.

OUR circulation is upwards of 30,000 BELOW the self-supporting point, so that we have, in addition to time and labour, to sustain a considerable monthly money loss. May we therefore URGE our readers to do what they can to increase the number of REGULAR monthly subscribers.

The following are effective modes of extending the circulation: getting Booksellers to expose copies for sale in their windows; recommending employers to present copies to their men, with the intention of inducing them to purchase the future numbers for themselves; getting parties who are not near any bookseller to join together in ordering a monthly packet, per post, direct from the publisher. See next page.

MAD BULLS.

Is the next article we give an amusing account of Old Humphrey's way of managing a mad bull, and we trust that the personal theory will not be without benefit to many. Simple as Old Humphrey found his method to be with a four-legged mad bull, there are, in most parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, some four-legged mad bulls who are not so easily managed. We allude to the savage wife-beaters, whose disgraceful doings are blackening the records of our police courts and rendering us a by-word amongst the nations. How these mad bulls are to be managed is a question which is perplexing some of the wisest heads both in and out of parliament. We are in communication with several members of the Legislature, who are anxious to find out the best method of dealing with these wife-beaters, and we shall be glad to receive any practical suggestions on the subject. Several original modes of punishment have been suggested, some of which we shall notice at length in a future number.



HOW TO MANAGE A MAD BULL.

I was once attacked by a bull, as mad, to all appearance, as rage could make him; but for all this I managed him. He came at me with a rush and a roar; not with a gentle roar or moderate run, setting down one foot and then another, but at full gallop, two feet and two feet together. Many things will be forgotten by me before I forget this attack of the mad bull. Where there are many men, there are many minds; and certainly I have heard of very different methods of managing a mad bull; but the worst of it is there is some difficulty in the way of all of them. One method is, to open an umbrella suddenly in the very face of the bull, that he may be taken by surprise, and find himself running off flourishing his tail higher than his back before he is aware. The objection to this course is, that if you do not happen to have an umbrella with you, the animal will decidedly not wait until you fetch one. Another mode is, when the bull is coming at you, to open your eyes wide and fix them upon him, that he may be overawed by you. But this plan of frightening a bull by outstaring him is not to be relied on, and I tell you why; when a bull comes near enough to do you any mischief, he puts his head so close to the ground that I much question whether he can see your eyes at all. Now, if he cannot see them, he is not at all likely to be frightened at them. A third way is, calmly to wait the attack of the enraged creature, and just at the moment when he is about to toss you, to toss him. There is, however, so much real difficulty in this mode, that I advise you never to attempt it. I managed my mad bull in a very different way. If I had grappled with him, he would have been too strong for me;

If I had talked to him, his voice would have been louder than mine; if I had undertaken to outrun him, it is ten to one but he would have beaten me; and then, I was defenceless while he was armed with strong sharp horns. There happened to be a high gate close to me, so I nimbly mounted over it, and thus managed the mad bull by getting out of his way.

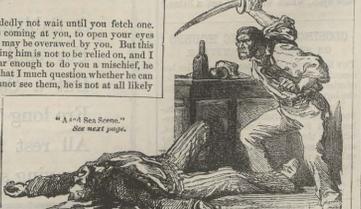
But think not, because my remarks hitherto have been a little humorous, that I mean them to be useless; on the contrary, I hope to turn them to advantage, for there are many things in the world beside mad bulls which can only be managed by getting out of their way.

A fearful thing it is to stand over a precipice, or to go into deep water if we cannot swim, or cross a bog or a peat-bank; and multitudes away from these places would have been secure. Where duty calls we must go; but when this is not the case, the only way to be quite safe is to keep away from the cause of danger. As it is with the quicksand and the bog, the deep water and the precipice, so it is with anger and folly and sin, the only plan to manage them is to get out of their way.

If you think for a moment that you can associate with an angry man and keep your temper, believe me you are under a delusion. Again and again have I fallen into this error. However vigilantly I have been on my guard, one word has brought on another, till, growing warm by degrees, I have felt my face and my heart glow with unchristian emotions. This has afterwards given me pain. "Cease from anger, and forsake wrath," Psalm xxxviii. 8. "Make no friendship with an angry man, and with a furious man thou shalt not go," Proverbs xxii. 24. The only mode to manage an angry man is to get out of his way.

Neither can you make a foolish man your companion without smarting for it. At first, it is true, you might be all alike to his folly; but after a time you would regard it with indifference, and in many instances perhaps practise it. The word of God speaks forcibly on this subject, "Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man rather than a fool in his folly," Proverbs xviii. 12. The only method to manage a foolish man is to get out of his way.

But if what I have said of the angry



PERSEVERANCE;

SCENES FROM REAL LIFE. BY MISS C. L. BALFOUR.

CHAPTER VIII. For the first time in his life, Patty was now perfectly happy. Her new place, with the kind friend whose words of wisdom...

And so Patty was happy after her many trials. He was glad to see the old man and woman, and the old woman...

for she and her mistress would be very dull but for that great enjoyment. Miss Matilda kindly supplied them with books, and all the household...

And so Patty was happy after her many trials. He was glad to see the old man and woman, and the old woman...

HAY AND HARVEST WORK.

HEARING indications are appearing of a great and important change in the habits and condition of the agricultural labourer...

parts of the country. During the last few months we have seen several pleasing scenes of the closing of beer-houses...

And now the autumn was passing fast, and the young winter was coming on. It was well that Patty, by teaching Mrs. Vineer's children had kept her residence...

his children were dead, his wife was happy; and twenty times the poor man...

READING COVERED IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

drinking in the hay and harvest field. In the South of England this plan is also making progress...

A SECRET WORTE KNOWING.

More people are fond of listening to secrets, and the reader of these lines is probably of the number. If so, I shall tell you some of which is really worth knowing...

The secret which I refer to, is contained in the fourth and the all-wise Saviour of whom he stands in need...

Men and brethren, that we may know the work of grace accomplished, and the sinner delivered from guilt...

Reader, have you been made by divine grace sincerely and experimentally acquainted with the "secret of the Lord's will?"

My dear sister, is this "secret of the Lord's will" still to you a "hidden thing?" Are the riches of his grace, and the love of his Father, as yet to you a mystery?

"Dear! I am sure, starting up as if a flash of lightning had darted upon him; said, 'Sally! you, and Mary, and the two young ones dead!'"

NOTICES OF NEW PAMPHLETS. The Literature of Labour. By Rev. Robt. Steel, Schoolmaster, St. Paul's, London. Ed. by J. L. LECTURE on the Knowledge of Common Things. By Rev. J. B. Grant, Hiale, Victoria, & Co.

For Wives & Mothers.

WHAT THE LOVE OF FLOWERS PROVES.

This work was all carefully cut out, and the most difficult part nearly done. Mrs. Marshall, who was unable to leave the house, handing it to her husband, said, "If my children cannot read, will you see by giving it to some other poor woman; for there are so many needy ones, especially at this season, that I would not have any of my white labourers who never stay at home."

There is no reader way for a man to bring his own work into question than by endeavouring to detract from the worth of other men's.

And all because of their love of flowers, whose silent fragrance smokes sympathies in the generous hearts of their lovers of the purest and sweetest of material things.

FLOWERS IN WINDOWS.

Oh! breathe the Hymn of the Field, how sweetly they tell you, in another of their songs, and yet a far more beautiful one.

I have much pleasure in writing to you, and in extracting the following paragraph from the Builder.

My dear sister, is this "secret of the Lord's will" still to you a "hidden thing?" Are the riches of his grace, and the love of his Father, as yet to you a mystery?

As you are desirous that your recreation is to be "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." DAN. HULL.

ALAS CONSUMMATION!

VISIT TO THE HAGGESTONE COAL REAVERS.

We are reluctantly compelled to postpone the conclusion of our article on this subject, when we shall give another illustration.

TALES OF THE SEA.

BY LUKE LONGYAK.

No. I.



Hi she's a British Queen, God bless her!

These were the hearty words of a heart-sea man, who, standing on the beach of Cowes harbour, watched the "Enry," the beautiful little steam yacht of our beloved Queen...



THE RUINED HOME. BOW STREET POLICE OFFICE INCIDENT.

with water as we cut them, and many a poor fellow lay down in the mud and was racked with pain and sickness for many a day after. Twenty-eight days—that's four weeks, you know, we was in that place afore, a ship came and took us off. It seemed to me like four years. We knew what hunger was, and what sickness was, in that time. I can testify, though, by good management, our biscuit was eked out, and by fishing and hiving, we kept clear of famine pining.

THE RUINED HOME.

"You are sentenced to six months' imprisonment," said the magistrate. "I'm ruined, then, and all belonging to me," was the reply of the culprit as he was removed from the bar of Bow Street police office. Alaji his was a sad and yet a common case. He—He— and his wife put their children into the care of a neighbour and went off in a van to spend the Sunday at Hampton Court. The day was hot and dusty, and they and their companions drank freely; coming home there was a quarrel in the van, the wife and husband took different sides, and came to high words. When late at night they reached their home, one of the children had hurt itself seriously, and the rest had been mischievously breaking the things; all were crying and quarrelling. This exasperated the parents still more, neither of them were sober, from words they came to blows, until the man, in his rage hardly knowing his own strength, threw his wife down stairs; she was picked up insensible, and carried to the hospital. The man was taken by the police and sentenced as we have seen. His words were true; he was ruined by the consequences of that Sabbath's profanation. The wife was seven weeks in the hospital, the children went to the workhouse, the goods were seized for rent. Root and branch the home was broken up, and the household scattered.

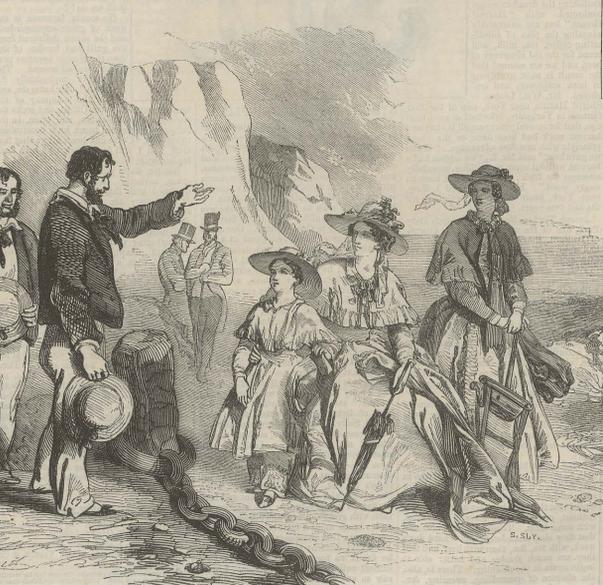
"Verily, my sabbaths you shall keep; for it is a sign between me and you throughout your generations. Ye shall keep the sabbath therefore, for it is holy unto you." Exodus xxxv. 14, 15. C. J. R.

drink'th the enemy most to be feared by the sailors, no foe like that. However, I didn't think so once, but I was taught that truth afterwards," says Tough, "to my sorrow. We had a pretty fair voyage, and was thinking of land, and one night we had a carouse; it was a birthday of one of the Royal family, or the officers, I forget which, but we'd most on us had a double allowance of grog; and when we turned in, the officer that belonged to the mid watch wasn't sober, nor the men neither; and an ugly fog came on. At three bells, ladies! there was a shock went through the ship, and knocked many of the men out of their berths. We all knew what it was; we had struck on a

rock, when we believed ourselves safe in deep water. As to the screeches of the soldiers' wives, and the running to and fro, I won't pretend to tell you that. The captain's voice soon restored order, for it was a matter of life and death. The hatches were closed to keep the frightened women, and the soldiers, from coming on deck. And it was ordered that a file of marines should stand over the hatches, and fire at any one that tried to get out. Oh, 'twas a dreadful scene, the fog like a black pall blinding us, as it were, the straining of the ship, the dull moaning of the breakers around! At last 'twas found that, as the weather was not rough, we could get boats

through the surf; but how long the ship would hold together was uncertain, and so all hands were employed making rats, and as the fog slightly cleared, a certain number of troops were put on each raft, and in the course of twelve hours the women, the soldiers, and some casks of provisions, were landed; and then the sailors, when nothing more could be done, left the wreck, just as she went to pieces, the captain being the last man to take to the boat.

"At first I must say—I hope I war'n't ungrateful to Providence—the land looked almost as bad as the water; 'twas a swamp! We put up tents made of the ship's sails, and cut trenches round them, that filled



S. SLY.

RECEIVING THE PRINCESS VICTORIA (ENGLAND'S PRESENT QUEEN) AND THE DUCHESS OF KENT, HIS TALE OF THE SEA.