

# BRITISH WORKMAN



No. 33, SEPTEMBER 1st, 1857.

LONDON: PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH, FOR THE EDITOR, BY MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & CO., ST. PATERNOSTER ROW; MESSRS. W. & F. G. CARR, 5, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT; AND WILLIAM T. BELLIE, 25, STRAND.

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### THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

On passing the Great Northern Railway Company's Coal Depot, in Holloway, not long ago, I saw a man vainly endeavoring, by means of a whip, to make one of the horses go in a particular direction.

A little strong-built man with a black cap made his appearance at the stable door, and whilst evidently annoyed at the rough

treatment the noble animal was receiving, called out in kindly tones, "Come here, my fine fellow, Hard-up."

"Hard-up," for that was the name of the horse, immediately turned in the direction of the friendly voice, and went like a little child to the kind-hearted stable man, and after receiving a few pats on the neck, and a few handfuls of oats, he quietly performed the duty assigned to him. I was

delighted to hear from the lips of this worthy horse-keeper, "If you cannot manage a horse, sir, by kindness, you cannot manage him at all. I don't care how vicious a horse is, I think that I can bring him too by kind treatment. Horses do a deal for our comfort, and it's hard that they should be cruelly used."

Oh! that all who have the charge or horses, were influenced by sentiments like these.

How much suffering—how many blows and outcries would then be avoided!

If the Royal Agricultural Society could help the cause of humanity by giving prizes to those men who can best manage their horses with kind words, instead of whips and kicks, then James Cornwall, the horse-keeper at the Holloway Coal Depot, would have a fair chance of being one of the successful competitors.

### ANECDOTE OF A HORSE.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

MANY sorrowing relatives still survive who know the truth of the following mournful story, and, therefore, lest they should be pained by the narration we shall give only the initials of the names.

The town of B—, in the West of England, is skirted on two sides by wild and



"IF YOU CANNOT MANAGE A HORSE, SIR, BY KINDNESS, YOU CANNOT MANAGE HIM AT ALL."





TO OUR READERS.

We have to thank our numerous correspondents for their interesting and cheering communications as to the efforts which are being made in various parts for extending the circulation of the *British Workman*. We are particularly obliged for the letter from Bedford, suggesting that employers should imitate the example of the Messrs. Howard, who have had the following card put up in their works—



We have also to express our warmest obligations to those ladies who have so zealously assisted in making the *British Workman* known to their correspondents and friends by enclosing the small *credlers* with testimonials in their letters. During the last two months there has been an increase of about ten thousand subscribers, and we feel assured that our female friends have had no small share in securing this pleasing result. We shall be glad to forward a packet of these small *credlers*, on application by letter to No. 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London, N.



A LADY informs us that an interesting youth who is a cripple, and who suffers much pain by walking, has nevertheless felt so anxious to extend the circulation, that he has made a *general invitation* (not omitting the public-houses and beer-shops,) and after exhibiting a few copies, has succeeded in securing a large number of new subscribers, who are now supplied by the bookseller in the town. If the example of this young friend be generally followed, the present circulation can be speedily doubled. Will a few of our zealous friends try this plan?

FRIENDS there is no one to whom we are more indebted than to an elderly lady in the West Riding of Yorkshire, who, as soon as the "British Workman" arrives at the Booksellers, may be seen with a satchel in her hand containing a supply of numbers, sending her way through the courts and alleys, endeavouring to promote their circulation.



A clergyman informs us "she is between seventy and eighty years of age, and is often seen mounting the stairs of the high tenements to sell the numbers. Last month she disposed of nearly 800 copies." We want a few such helpers in every town.

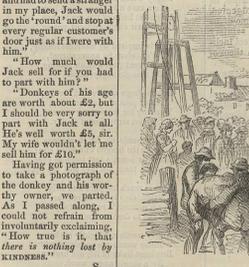
All the back numbers of the "British Workman" are now reprinted. Those who desire to complete their sets, should give orders to a Bookseller without delay.



"Whip! I want no whip, Sir, I have him at a word."

NOTHING LOST BY KINDNESS.

PASSING down Church Street, in Ilington, not long ago, I observed a man with his donkey, and cart of vegetables, about to start on their "round." The vegetables were first-rate, and the cheerful look of the man was pleasing, but what arrested my attention was "Your donkey does you credit," said I.  
"Many folks tell me so, sir, and he is a fine fellow. I don't know how I should get on without Jack."  
"I conclude from Jack's appearance that you manage him without much whipping?"  
"Whip! I want no whip, sir, I have him at a word. He knows his work as well as I do. If I were ill, and had to send a stranger in my place, Jack would go the 'round' and stop at every regular customer's door just as if I were with him."  
"How much would Jack sell for if you had to part with him?"  
"Donkeys of his age are worth about £2, but I should be very sorry to part with Jack at all. He's well worth £5, sir. My wife wouldn't let me sell him for £10."  
Having got permission to take a photograph of the donkey and his worthy owner, we parted.  
"I passed along. I could not refrain from involuntarily exclaiming, 'How true is it, that there is nothing lost by kindness!'"



THE RESCUED PITMEN.

I REMEMBER, some forty years ago, an accident caused by the falling in of the earth between the bottom of a shaft, and the place where the working of the pit was going on, by which nine men were instantly shut up and cut off from all means of escape. The fall of earth was so great, that it could not be removed in time to save the men. There was no other way of getting at them, but by working through from a neighbouring pit. The best and strongest diggers, immediately went to work, and in order to save their utmost strength, no man continued longer than an hour at a time; thus the work never ceased night or day. Nerve and muscle, head, heart, and arms, were taxed to the uttermost. This continued for seven or eight days. At length the pick struck through, when it was found, that, though in a fearful state of exhaustion, the men were all alive but one, on whom the earth had fallen. Intelligence of this was sent up to the top. A surgeon and the owner of the pit went down. Strict orders had been given, as the men were in too weak a condition to bear any excitement, that the crowd should keep from all shouting, when the men were brought up. The skull came up, bearing one of the men leaning on the breast of the surgeon, pale, emaciated, and seeming more dead than

alive. As the feelings of the multitude could not gain vent by shouting, they all at the same moment burst into tears. Hundreds of men, who might have been supposed to be with but little feeling in their hearts, were now weeping like children. A carriage had been provided to take the sufferers home, and as the road was rough, numbers of the colliers ran forward with their picks to level it, that there might be as little jolting as possible. Who will say that colliers have no feeling? When the men had recovered, they all appeared together at church, to return thanks for their preservation, and receive an address from an excellent clergyman.—Rev. John Angell James.



"THERE'S ANOTHER MAN."

On remembering the perishing, and let the first breath and effort of your new life be spent for others.  
I give you an example; and in the words spoken for a fellow-sinner's soul.  
During a heavy storm off the coast of Spain, a dismasted merchantman was observed by a British frigate drifting before the gale. Every eye and every glass were on her, and a canvass sailer on the deck, almost level with the sea, suggested the idea that there might yet be life on board. With all his faults, no man is more alive to humanity than the rough and hardy mariner; and so the order instantly sounds to put the ship about, and presently a boat puts off with instructions to beat down upon the wreck. Away after that drifting hull go these gallant men, through the swell of a roaring sea; they reach it; they shout; and now a strange object rolls out of that canvass screen against the lee shroud of a broken mast. Hauled into the boat, it proves to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, so dried and shrivelled as to be hardly felt within the ample clothes, and so light that a mere boy lifted it on board. It is laid on the deck; in horror and pity the crew gather round it; these

feelings suddenly change into astonishment; it shews signs of life; they draw nearer; it moves, and then mutters,—mutters in a deep sepulchral voice,—"There's another man!"  
Spaced himself, the first use the saved one made of blessed reason? The daily practising him. Oh! learn that as in our homes, among our friends, in this wreck of a world, which is drifting down to ruin, there lives an unconverted one,—"there is another man"—let us go to that man, and plead for Christ; go to Christ and plead for that man, the cry, "Lord save me, I perish" changed into one so welcome to a sinner's ear, "Lord save them, they perish." Rev. Dr. GUTHRIE.

ARRIVAL OF MR. GOUGH.

We are glad to find that this distinguished advocate of temperance has again arrived in England. We strongly rejoice in the opportunity of listening to his eloquent addresses. Mr. Gough evidently a special instrument raised up by Divine Providence to effect a great and glorious work. We rejoice in the fact that he gives temperance its right place. Whilst he portrays the evils of intemperance, and the blessings of temperance, with indelible power, he exalts religion—the cross of Christ—high above all mere moral reformations. Ministers of the gospel and members of Christian churches uphold this honoured labourer by their fervent prayers.

"CHEER UP, MY LAD!"

"Rex for a cab—be quick—quick!"  
"A boy caught in the machine."  
I was waiting in a printing office in the neighbourhood of Histon Garden, when these words caught my ear. On hastening to the machine room, I found one of the printers very tenderly binding up with his own blessing and mangled thigh of the poor boy. The wound was indeed a fearful one, caused by the boy having placed his thigh too near to the cog-wheel, by which the flesh was cut down to the bone.  
"Cheer up my lad, we'll soon have you to the hospital—hope you'll soon be better."  
With words like these, the poor sufferer was helped, and although the year started to my own eyes, the poor boy bore his sufferings without a groan.—"Oh my mother! what will my mother say."  
I was about the only word he uttered.  
The cab arrived, and with the utmost possible gentleness, the mangled one was placed on the knee of one of the compositors and driven off to Bartholomew's Hospital, where every possible attention was paid to him by the medical officers.  
As the cab drove off I thanked God for the untiring sympathy which British workmen constantly evince towards their comrades when in distress.  
Remember there are many around you who are suffering not only from wounded limbs, but wounded spirits. A kind, sympathizing word may, by God's blessing, help them not a little.

