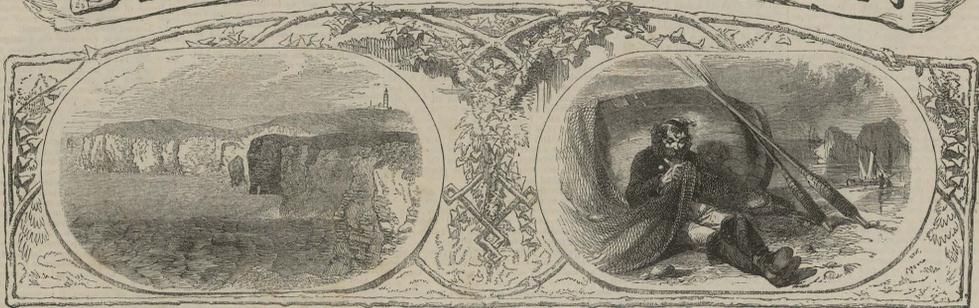


# BRITISH WORKMAN



LIGHTHOUSE AND CLIFFS OF FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

FISHERMAN MENDING HIS NETS.

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## A LIGHT FOR HOME COMFORT FROM FLAMBOROUGH LIGHTHOUSE.

It seems rather far to go to Flamborough Head for a light to illumine home. And yet at the very summit of the lighthouse there, I heard a pleasant ray of comfort into many dwellings. But I must tell my story

in an orderly manner, and begin at the beginning.

One fine day this summer, a party of three, of whom the writer was one, set off for a walk from Bridlington Quay to Flamborough Head. The distance is six miles. For about two, the path is at the edge of the cliffs that overhang the gleaming waters of the noble bay lying to the right, while cornfields and pastures to the left come to

the very margin of the cliffs, leaving but a narrow footpath for passengers. Then the route diverges landward across some fine meadows, and through the grounds of a noble mansion when, leaving these, we came suddenly on a most lovely little valley, the abrupt sides of which were clothed with furze, bramble, and whole heaps of wild flowers in a flash of beauty. A steep pathway led to a rustic bridge which crossed

a deep ravine at the bottom of the valley, where the brooklet, hidden by the rich vegetation and overhanging trees, made a gentle murmur as it rippled along. Then again we ascended to the open fields, passed two farm-yards, crossed the churchyard at Flamborough, where many a tale of disaster at sea is recorded on the humble gravestones; and then two miles along an open road over a wild country to the Head on which,

brilliant in its whiteness, stands the lighthouse. There is a little sheltered cove at the base of the cliff, guarded at its entrance by two wedge-shaped rocks, called the King and Queen, and people who do not mind walking on shingle and sand, and wading at times through rocky pools and over slimy stones, may skirt the bay from Bridlington to Flamborough at low water, and explore the romantic caves on the north





how long our government will keep us in this state of poverty; but as soon as it was really reforming, I found the grand secret. I was in the habit of crying all the Charist meetings with the bell before me, which, however, I found to be no use, those meetings being given up. About this time I went to live at Low Moor, and soon after this, John Clough came to me and said, 'John, will you get a trestle meeting for me?' I said, 'Yes, I will, but for the price of a quart.' He said, 'I will have the quart, but I will have the trestle meeting for you.' So I went and I carried the meeting, and laughed all the time at the folly of the trestlers. However, I went to the meeting, and everything which was said, met my case. It was like a 'ball far'...

JOHN CLOUGH, THE BELLMAN.

BY THE REV. JOSHUA FAWCETT, M.A., Incumbent of Witley, near Brixford, Berkshire, and Chaplain to the Duke, Hon. the Lord Rivers.

These readers of the British Workman will not doubt remember the striking notice which appeared in No. 11 of that periodical, of "JOHN JASPER." In order to show that his is no common or extraordinary case, the following particulars are supplied by one who has been an eye-witness of the character and conduct of the individual to whom they refer; and who can vouch for the accuracy of every statement made. As far as possible, the person forming the subject of this brief notice shall speak for himself; his own experience being best told in his own words; and I have to say that I have not known any one who has lived in John's way for the last ten years, and in whose Sunday-school John has been for the greater part of that time a diligent and consistent teacher.

John Clough is a native of the township of Horton, in the parish of Bradford, Yorkshire, and was born in the year 1810. He was early placed in the Church Sunday-school there, and during his stay, received a Bible from the Rev. Samuel Redhead, the excellent incumbent. This Bible he still possesses, and has told the writer, that it has been his companion in the worst of times; that whatsoever he has been tempted to part with, he never parted with his Bible. Between nine and ten years of age he was put to work in a coal-pit, and there remained until seventeen years old, up which time he earned pennies ever spending one penny in intoxicating drinks. Having left pit work, he went to learn to be a gas fitter, but on account of wanting that he was to get his appetite for drink, having to go to the public-house on a Saturday evening for his wages, a practice much to be deprecated.

Soon after this John married, and joined the Wesleyan Methodists, of which he was a member for five years. What led to his falling into the sad state of drunkenness may thus be told in his own words. 'One Saturday night I went to Bradford with a few friends, and we agreed to go to a public-house to get a glass. There I met a friend who had been a soldier, and was so conscience-stricken that I could not appear at the house of God. That accursed drink had robbed me of my confessor's ear on earth for a time, and blighted my prospects of a heaven hereafter. Having my appetite formed, and looking at my fall, I went on drinking and coal-fighting for the number of years, until I became so degraded, and so disgraced that the Price and the Levite passed by me. I was also shunned by all who stood respectably in society. My poor wife was never broken-hearted; that woman, I mean, that I met down by some of the chairs on some road, and promised never to plant in her bosom a thorn, but drink robbed my wife of her

"THE DARLING."

PROFESSOR YODART, of the Royal Veterinary College, gives the following interesting fact in one of his valuable works. 'A horse in the district at Woolwich had proved so unmanageable to the rough riders, that at length no one among them dared to mount him. His mode of trotting or dismounting his rider, consisted in lying down and rolling over him, or else crashing his legs against some wall, or post, or paling. All means to break him of these perverse tricks proving unavailing, the animal was brought before the commanding officer with the character of being "incorrigibly vicious," and with a recommendation on that account that he should be "cast" and sold out of His Majesty's service.'

Colonel Quist, hearing of this, and knowing the horse to be thorough-bred, and one of the best sectional and greatest horses in the regiment, besought the commanding officer to permit him to be transferred into the riding troops. This was consented to, and the transfer was so sooner accomplished than Colonel Quist determined to pursue a system of management directly opposite to that which had been already attempted. He had him led daily into the riding school, and suffered no heavy work to be shown to him while there, but petted him, and tried to make him execute this and the other little

GALLANT RESCUE OF LIFE OFF SHETLAND.

THE REV. E. J. WILLIAMS, who was an eye-witness of the catastrophe, thus describes a melancholy fishing-boat accident, which recently happened off Shetland, and the gallant rescue of two lives.

'A boat returning to Whalsey Island from the fishing station at Grief Skerry, was blown off the square of wind, and was crew, consisting of six men, were plunged into the sea. One sank immediately; two others were rescued, getting on the side of the boat, one of whom held up a third by the collar of his coat, though not able to keep his head above water. Two more kept themselves afloat upon oars. In this perilous situation, when they had been in the water perhaps half an hour, they were discovered. One of the men on the side of the boat held up an oar; this attracted the attention of some passengers on board the William Telfer. The skipper immediately sailed towards them, and when as near as it was possible to bring the packet, the oar was thrown, and a boy ventured into the small (packet's) boat, and succeeded in saving two of the drowning men. The passengers on board the Telfer were first quite dead; the second had become unconscious; the third was comatose, but not insensible. Unfortunately the men on the oars were discovered last. As soon as they were seen, every effort was made to save them, but having drifted a considerable distance before the packet was discovered, the men sank and died no more. Thus four of the six perished. Two of the strongest seamen on board the Telfer, however, were saved, and a boy ventured into the small (packet's) boat, and succeeded in saving two of the drowning men. The passengers on board feared every moment to see them sink, but a gracious Providence preserved them.'

The Royal National Life Boat Institution, in the preservation of man and shipwreck (a Society which deserves the support of the humane and affiant throughout the land), has conferred on Mr. Ingham, the gallant-hearted life boat, his silver medal and a reward of £2 each.

AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.

We have been much gratified by the receipt of a letter from William Janson, Esq. of Tottenham, in which he says, 'I send you the following, which I have from the pen of the Agent of J. H. Langston, Esq. of Sandon, Oxfordshire, (whose estates are very large) who, from my own observation, has in all his dealings an eye to the comfort and welfare both of farmers and labourers, regarding such as being *looked up* with his own. There are no measures in view on the estate.'

An Easy way of promoting Temperance amongst Agricultural Labourers. HAVE on every farm, attached to the office, a room with a fire-place in it, to which the labourers can go and prepare the coffee and cocoa to drink with their dinner. This plan has been tried in a large estate, and found to answer. The accommodation is greatly prized by the men, although not foolcellars. Stimulating drinks are seldom, if ever, introduced, and the labourers are preserved from the temptation which is so frequently placed, as a stumbling block, in their way.

If this method were adopted generally, and every village had a room, it would be thereby doubtless be greatly promoted.

LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT MIGHTY AT LAST.

BY CHARLES MACKAY. A traveller through a dusty road, A Strewed across on the knee, And one took road, and spat out, And grew into a tree. I've sought this shade at evening time, To breathe its early vows, And Ago was placed, in heats of noon, It stood a glory in its place. The dormice loved its dangling twigs, The birds sweet music bore, It stood a glory in its place. A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way Among the grass and fern, And passing strangers scooped a well, Where weary men might tarry. He walled it in, and hung with care A ladle at its brink. He thought not of the deed he did, But Judg'd that water was toiling on, to make up lost time. His neighbour passed by again, met, and clean, and healthy, and happy, trying to the house of prayer. "What!" said the shoemaker, "off again, can't you afford yourself one day?" "No!" said the young man, "I can my Sabbaths. I work six days, and the seventh is mine. You ride three days, and are suffering two days more, and to keep yourself from starvation you work like a slave the other two days; and with all this you have no comfort. The man who waxes his working days, cannot have a Sabbath day, for God's command is twofold."

"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day; six days shalt thou work, and do all thy labour and rest thou shalt have." In this labour and rest are both blessed. "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day," said the shoemaker, with a sigh, "Satan is a hard master." A NOBLE GIFT. We have much pleasure in stating that four warm-hearted friends of the working class, in the most successful and present 200,000 copies of the British Workman for October to the London City Mission Company, in order that a copy might be sent to every family visited by the Missionaries of the Society. We doubt not that this unprecedented gift will secure a considerable accession to our regular monthly circulation, and that a few friends in all large towns would similarly unite in giving a single copy to every family, and then striving for a general cause, and as subscribers, we should soon have our present issue more than doubled.

NOTICES OF BOOKS, &c.

HEAR MY VOICE FOR WORKING PEOPLE. By J. Brinkley Clark, M.A., Secretary of the Working Men's Association, Derby. Price 1s. This excellent collection of Poetry will have a happy influence on thousands of working men. It is fitted under the following six divisions:—The Heathen King—The Slave—The Country Boy—The Work-Boys—The Best Day—The Truants' Tale.

GODLINESS WITH CONTENTMENT GREAT GAIN. 18 Timothy, vi. 6.

A HUNDRED A YEAR.

A HUNDRED a year is no very large sum For the wants of a family man; All his prudence indeed he will certainly need. To spend it with purpose and plan; He can never afford to copy "my lord," It won't keep a carriage—that's clear; And Fashion and Pride would most surely deride A pitiful hundred a year.

Yet a hundred a year may most amply suffice, With drift, self-denial, and care; 'Twill buy all that's needful, if not all that's nice; And perhaps leave a trifle to spare. 'Tis enough for warm clothes, though not for fops; 'Tis not for a bright beard, though not a gay hall; And 'twould possess it should make a man blest, And anxious for nothing at all.

Ten times this poor hundred might all be his own, Yet bring neither joy nor content, For six or eight times as many he could Either wisely or pleasantly spend; To eat up ten dinners or put on ten coats; To buy a hat thing for even a pair; And rich men there are who'd be happier If they'd only a hundred a year.

The man who would keep off the wolf from his door, Will have to his income must add; Let him try to spend less if he cannot earn; And aim both to save and to give. Thought of course he can't surfeit he scarcely need starve; But from debt may still keep himself clear, If he's but able to earn, and but pretence to spend. His sang lute hundred a year. S. W. P.

ALWAYS READY.

A LADY once asked Mr. Wesley, "Supposing that you knew you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend this evening at Gloucester, Mr. How, Madam?" he replied, "why just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this evening at Gloucester, and again at 5 to-morrow morning; after that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the nobles in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, and print my notes for Tuesday's paper. If I have done so, I should retire to bed, and wake up in the night, to prepare the proper method of preparation for death, is a life of faith in Christ, and a hearty and faithful discharge of every duty. People, to living, cannot take any man's word; they have living grace, and they will need it. "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." They have strength in life to live to glory in death to die to Him. "Electus is that servant, whom his lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing." Matt. xxiv. 46.—T. W. H.

OUR CHILDREN.—For what do we rear them? What is the end of a mother's hope and wakeful night? Is there any surer that the father's hope? However for her children shall move forward by a life of virtue here, and an eternity of happiness hereafter. A mother's trusting heart answers with the firmness of faith, "There is! for has not God said, 'I will not forsake my promise?'" Though it may be long ere the seed we have planted and watered with ceaseless prayer, shall print, yet at some future fruits will appear. I believe most firmly in the literal fulfilment of the promise. "I will up a child in the way she should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Ps. 133. With a smiling eye, 1849.—For your brother work, From Tom the Bird who lives in County Down, And in My Kingdom room.



[JOHN JASPER.]

husband for many years, and I do think that this was the money that I stole. At that time I was what is called a Reformer. I used to say, 'I wonder

**A PLEA FOR THE HORSE.**

**CREEDITY OF THE BEARING REIN.**

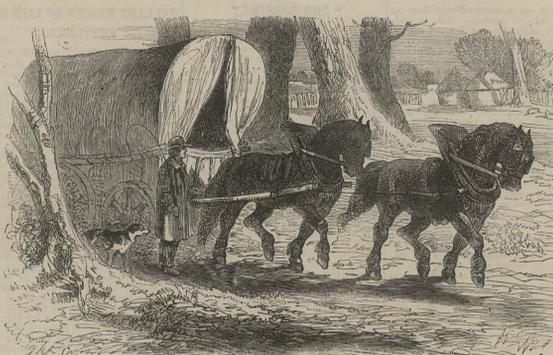
"Good morning to you, Mr. Carter, you had a fine pair of horses to draw your laden wagon—but why do you to their heads up so tightly? they look both unnatural and unhappy. I am afraid you do this under the idea that it gives them a better appearance; but this is a great error, and the practice inflicts much suffering, and produces many diseases. Besides, it robs the poor animals of the strength, which God has given them to draw a load, for it prevents them from extending the neck and all the muscles of the body. Listen to a few words of advice, and be humane. How would you like to be tied up, like the poor fellow in the picture, with a bearing rein, and yet compelled to draw the loaded hand-cart? You would soon beg to have your head set at liberty, and so would your poor horses if they could speak. They would tell you of the great pain you inflict upon them. How much more beautiful these noble creatures appear with their heads and limbs at ease; they go on cheerfully and brightly, just like the industrious porter, who, freed from the tortures of the bearing rein, pulls his load with ease, because he can use all his strength by *bending the body forward*."

Ought we not to do all we can to make these noble creatures, which God has given us to promote our well-being, as happy as we can? They who delight in giving pain, will have to suffer for it eventually, unless they turn from such evil ways and repent; for God hath declared, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." It is worthy of observation that the omnibus and cab-drivers wisely drive without a bearing rein; they know well that horses last much longer without this torturing appendage. Would that all gentlemen and ladies were alive to its cruelty; how often carriage horses of all kinds are punished for hours together by torturing reins.

Let us read what a Royal Veterinary surgeon; a great French landowner, and an intelligent, humane Suffolk farmer, say on the use of the cruel bearing rein.

In a lecture by Mr. Barlow, of the Royal Veterinary College, on the "Confirmation of the Chest in Heavy Draught Horses," he says:—"In the act of draught such horses inevitably depress and continually oscillate the head and neck; by means of these adaptations the line of gravity is brought in front of each fore-foot, alternately placed upon the ground, and an available weight is thrown into the collar. How truly absurd, then, is the habit of reining up a draught horse's head, and yet compelling him to draw a heavy weight. This practice of tightly reining heavy horses may gratify the morbid taste of those who ever seek to destroy such useful provisions of nature as they cannot learn to value. The custom, however, is too expensive and too barbarous to gain sanction in this part of the kingdom, because we know that heavy draught work requires not only a certain massiveness of trunk and limbs, but is rendered easier of performance when trunk and limbs can be in concert with the unrestrained movements of a somewhat depressed head and neck."

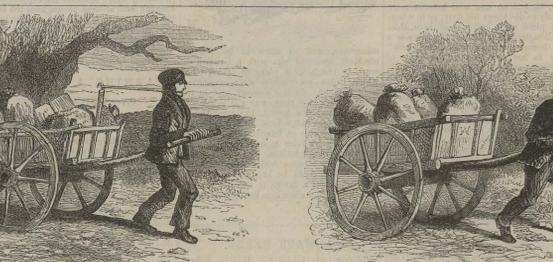
Viscount Downe writes,—"On seeing, the other day, a poor horse tugging a cart full of sand up the cliff at Brighton, with his head tied tightly to his back, we observed to a labourer near, "What a shame not to undo the bearing rein with such a load!" "Oh yes, sir," was the reply, "I like myself to see you free, but *his* custom, sir, custom; they think they looks well." The truth is, draught has little strength to do with it; if people did, but think, the days of the bearing reins



HORSES TORTURED WITH BEARING REINS, SUFFERING WITH FEAR.

"THOU SHALT OPEN THY MOUTH FOR THE DUMB."

"A RIGHTEOUS MAN REGARDETH THE LIFE OF HIS BEAST."



Would a MAN pull a load better by having a bearing rein? Common sense says "No! leave his head FREE."

<p>"A man of kindness to his beast is kind; But brutal actions show a brutal mind; Remember he who made them, made the brute; Who gave thee speech &amp; reason, formed him mute;</p>	<p>He can't complain, but the Almighty's eye Beholds thy cruelty, and hears his cry: He was designed thy servant, not thy drudge; And know that his Creator is thy Judge!"</p>
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HORSES UNRESTRICTED BY THE BEARING REINS DOING THEIR WORK WITH COMFORT AND FREEDOM INSTEAD OF FEAR.

would soon be numbered. When we curb up a horse's head with our cruel bearing reins, and make him eye-necked, we are evidently trying to prevent his using the full unrestrained power of his weight, and are compelling him to overstrain and over-exert constantly those very muscles which should be kept in reserve for extra difficulties—such as greater inequalities in the road, new-laid stones, &c. Now, any one can see that, to an old, worn-out, half-starved, over-worked animal, as too many are, this must be *irretrievable* cruelty. It is a mistake to think that a bearing rein can be of any service whatsoever, unless, as a very exceptional case, to a very young, half-bred, unbroken horse. It is a mistake to think it improves a horse's appearance—nothing contrary to nature can ever really do this; it is a mistake to think it can ever prevent a horse's falling down, though it has been the means of preventing many an old one recovering from a stroke. We ourselves have entirely done away with bearing reins among our own heavy draught-horses; and though our carters were at first rather astonished at being desired to discard their entry and substitute a loose halter or rein at one side instead, they soon found that their horses were not a whit less manageable without bearing reins; and that they did their work with far greater ease to themselves. A great friend of ours, who has turned the sword of a dragon into a ploughshare, and has paid great and successful attention to farming affairs, gives it as his opinion that "a pair of horses freed from this useless tackle and left to step in freedom, would plough one-fourth, if not one-third more, and with greater ease to themselves and less fatigue when the day's work was over, when confined in their action by bearing reins."

An intelligent and humane Suffolk farmer writes:—"All experienced horse drivers will admit that reining heavy draught horses up tightly impedes their progress, and also that the throat strap being too tight is very injurious; the consequence resulting from the constant habit of wearing the throat band tight, is chronic enlargement of the parotid and sub-maxillary glands. The injurious effects of tight reining is chronic tenasis, or rheumatic stiffness of the muscles of the neck, which incapacitates the animal from feeding off the ground; it also causes ossific union or ankylosis of the cervical vertebrae of the neck, and that formidable disease known by the name of *pot-civil*. How necessary then it is that horse drivers should be more careful than they generally are; or perhaps it may not be done with the intention of treating their horses cruelly, but more with the idea of making them look proud and stately. In proof of this, the writer can state from experience, that when going by night on a road of agricultural produce, the rein is often laid down and the horses are allowed the free use of their heads to enable them to draw their load with greater ease, and to pursue their journey as quickly as possible, but so soon as daylight breaks upon them the reins are laid on the seals, and the whip has to be applied to take the place of a loose rein. In taking a horse with a heavy load behind him up a steep hill with the rein tight, observe how distressed he is—how the collar presses on the wind-pipe—how he tries to obtain the free use of his head, but is unable to do so from being pulled back by the bearing rein, with probably a sharp bit attached, cutting his mouth. Take the rein off the seals, *then* see how the horse extends his head, and how *cheerfully* he draws his load."

[We shall be glad to receive further communications on this subject.]