

BRITISH WORKMAN



A VISIT TO THE HAGGERSTONE COAL-HEAVERS.

"Haggerstone," cries an old Londoner, "why, I never saw so much drunkenness in any place in my life as I have seen there. Stop, friend! what you say may be a true picture of what Haggerstone once was, but

there is a happy change in a portion of this noted locality. Many of the men who were once apparently hopeless characters, the husbands of heart-broken wives, the fathers of ragged and wretched children, and the constant visitants of police courts, are now sober and industrious characters; some of them are men who are "doing well" not only for this life, but for the next, and who may now

be seen on the Sabbath, accompanying their well-dressed families to the House of God. A few weeks ago we saw an interesting group of the Haggerstone Coal-heavers, to whom a lady had just given a copy of our little paper. Their courteous and smiling faces showed that they appreciated an act of kindness, and the paper was evidently no stranger to them. An opportunity for con-

versation was speedily afforded, and we soon found that one of the group was a kind of Captain, or Generalissimo, in the moral reformation already referred to. We subsequently visited some of the group at their homes, and there saw and heard sufficient to convince the most sceptical that there is no place in our country, however deeply it may be sunk by intemperance, that may not be

raised in the scale of sobriety and morals with proper means are adopted. Wait until our next Number, and you shall have in the testimonies of some of the Haggerstone "Notables," an account of how this is to be done, and we trust that the experience of these hard-working sons of toil will not be given without some good resulting therefrom, both to employers and employed.



FOUR WELL KNOWN CHARACTERS IN HAGGERSTONE, LONDON.

From a Photograph by A. COLLIER, London School of Photography

THE SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN

Many of our readers are acquainted with

whom he is intimate, he could number Dante and Petrarch as his particular friends, and Dante mentions him in his poems. He died in 1336.

WILLIAM CAW,

The author of the recently issued clever little work, entitled "*Truth free among the Heather*," (a Prize Essay on the Evidence of Christianity), is a *Shepherd*, now tending his flocks on the hills of Dumfriesshire.

This Prize Essay, which would have done credit to almost any University scholar in the land, scatters to the winds some of the arguments of modern sceptics.

ld, I have but little share; but having
little cot to pray and praise God in, and
ed to rest on, I have just as much of this
ld as I desire. But my garment is worn
and some of my christian friends think
y must put their mites together, and buy
one, or else I shall not be able to endure
cold in the winter; so I can say, 'Good
the Lord! He is still fulfilling his promise,
I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'"

For twenty years Jacob kept the *sheep* of Laban, in Padanaram, a *shepherd*, so faithful and devoted to his work, that by day the drought consumed him, and the frost by night, and sleep departed from his eyes. The sons of Jacob also, were all *shepherds* from their youth, and as such were introduced to Pharaoh, and settled in Goshen.

MOSES, when he feared the consequences of having killed an Egyptian, fled into the

PRIZES FOR WORKING MEN.
Three Prizes, of £25, £15, and £10 each,
will be given for the best three Essays on the
following subject:
"The BRITISH WORKMAN, HIS WIFE

family,—their social, intellectual, and religious elevation; the shackles thereto, and the means of removing them." The subject is intended to embrace the agricultural labourer as well as the artisan.

DISSECTION OF YOUNG BIRDS

NEVER SAY YOU CAN DO
NOTHING.

When the sowing, when the mowing
 All declare what's been the sowing ;
 The tears, all overflowing,
 Those who wheat have not been growing !

When the dying, when the dying
 Takes an end of all the trying ;
 The wailing and the crying,
 To Christ there's been no flying !

Not wheat, we know, shall garner'd be ;
 No grain shall suffer harm or loss ;
 'Tis id to Christ the sinner flee,
 Eternal life is in His Cross.

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With a lightened heart Patty returned home, and was, of course, questioned as to her stay. Mrs. Vineer evidently had so much fear that Patty, who was now really a most valuable servant, would be asked to leave her, and though she was now most kindly treated

Feed your mind as well as your body, for it, you know, must go into the scales at last.
Never either praise or dispraise yourself, your actions do this sufficiently.
Never reproach a man with the faults of relatives.

It is the characteristic of a wise man to act on determinate principles; and of a good man, to be assured that they are conformable to rectitude and virtue.

Do your best to enter some respectable club. Strive to make a beginning in the Savings' Bank; even two shillings once lodged there will induce you to go again and again. *Be much in your own house and little in*

appointment of its young projector, attendant on the disastrous failure of any little enterprise, is of itself sufficient punishment, even where the result was brought about by carelessness. To add more is as cruel as it is unprofitable.

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The child who does ill when he meant to do well, merits pity, but not upbraiding. The disappointment of its young projector, attendant on the disastrous failure of any little enterprise, is of itself sufficient punishment, even where the result was brought about by



"THE FATHER IN A HAIRY HAYES SAID, 'DRINK.'"

"DRINK."

One morning, about half past nine, a quiet time since, whilst passing through High Street, Whitechapel, I observed a jester at work at the exterior of a public house. A boy, not eight years of age, apparently his son, was assisting him. As I approached I observed the man present to the boy a pewter pot containing beer, which the child recoiled from as though it were medicine. The father in a harsh manner said: "Drink" when the poor little fellow, with both fear and compulsion depicted in his countenance, reluctantly complied with his father's command.

How frequently do parents, through mistaken kindness, cause their children to form intemperate habits. It is a melancholy fact, which parents cannot too well bear in mind, that some of the most abandoned and dissipated characters and hardened criminals have said, when referring to the early history of their downward career, "Drunk has been my ruin, and the first glass I ever tasted was given me by my father!"

I. J. [We beg to thank our esteemed correspondents for the above fact, and the clever pencil sketch which accompanied his communication. It is, indeed, a sad truth, which cannot be too deeply pondered by both parents and teachers of the young, that the seeds of intemperance are too often sown in childhood. We have now before us a letter from a minister of the gospel, who was recently called to visit the death-bed of a young man, who had ruined his constitution by drink. That fearful disease, *delirium tremens*, had seized him. In the agonies of death he cursed his intemperance and now poor wretch-broken mother. Almost the last words that he uttered with gasping lips were these: "My Mother gave me my first glass." No. 11. W.]

THE NATURAL BRIDGE;
OR, ONE NICHE THE RIGHT.BY ELIUD BURBURY, *The American Statesman.*

THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four ledges standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unheaven rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting limestones—"when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers, is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, upon those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel.—The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last, this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them, and say that others have been there before them. They see the masses of hundreds cut in the limestone battlements. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant.—"What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up and

curve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical illustration, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cesar, and Bonaparte, shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firm hand, and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts a gain into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up, and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are repelling him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep, into that flinty alium. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he curves his name in large capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. The voices of his friends were weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall.—He is faint with severe exertion and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retreating his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that freeze their young blood. "He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destined fate. The one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's heart-strings.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with the energy of despair, "William! William! don't look down! your mother, and

Henry, and Harriet, are all here, praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!" The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards Heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below.—How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economises his physical power! resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot, where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is now half-way down the west; the led has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall; and now he finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rock, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; he vital life is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spilled ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the

outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last.—At the last faint gasp he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart, and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. "Thou hast a moment—there!—one foot swings off—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark!—a shout falls on his ears from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulder. Quick as thought, the mossed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the moss. Darkness comes over him, and with the words *God! and Mother!* whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of the last shadow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up by his arms before the fearful, breathless multitude, such shouting—such heaping and weeping for joy—never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

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