

# BRITISH WORKMAN



The reclaimed Drunkard visits the shops of the Butcher, Grocer, and Baker.

The astonished wife cannot believe that the provisions are for HER.

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PRICE ONE PENNY. PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR.

## GOOD FOR TRADE; Or, the Happy Change in a Workman's Home.

A RECLAIMED drunkard, after a few week's abstinence, of which he said nothing to his wife, went one Saturday to a butcher and purchased a piece of beef; to a grocer and ordered some tea and sugar; and to a baker and bought some bread—desiring each of them to be sure and leave the provisions where he lived.

A few hours afterwards, a boy brought the meat; the poor woman refused to take it in, assuring him it was a mistake, but as the boy declared he was to leave it, and it was "all right," she had no alternative but to take it, although she thought it never could be for her. He had not been gone longer than half-an-hour, when the tea and sugar arrived. She now became uneasy, and told the person who brought them she had just ascertained there was a family of the same name on the opposite side of the street, and requested him to take it

there. He also refused, stating that the master had described the place, and told him to be particular in giving them to *her*. At last the baker came, and he also was certain he was correct. The poor woman was now still more uneasy, and fearing that some ill-natured person, as she said, was "endeavouring to get them *into trouble*," she became "oppressed. The time at length arrived for her husband to return home; and as soon as he sat down she related" the particulars. . . . "Now, John," she said, "do you think it is a mistake,

or does some one want to get you into prison for being in possession of all these things? None of your relations have sent them, I'll answer for it, and nobody else would!" Her husband seeing her troubled, placed the receipt for each article in her hand, and said— "Martha, two months since, I became a member of the temperance society. My not coming home earlier arose from my attending the various meetings, which at first I deemed necessary, in order to form new



THE RECLAIMED HUSBAND HANDING THE RECEIPTS TO HIS ASTONISHED WIFE.





## THE LITTLE SHOES.

It is wonderful what trifling things produce an influence on the heart and mind. A seed borne on the wings of the wind, drops at last into suitable soil, and by-and-by grows up into a stately tree. A little spring leaps out of the side of a hill, and the child who stoops to drink of it, can span its breadth; but if it flows on down to the valley, and winds along the plains, and gathers strength and volume in its course, until it rolls a stately river, bearing the commerce of cities in the ships that navigate its waters. And so it is with human life. A look, a word, has changed the whole career of many an immortal being. The writer once lived opposite a beer shop called "The Fox and Grouse," and with pained attention often watched the doings, and alas! heard the sayings, of the cus-



tomers. One winter evening, a shoemaker's boy came with an assortment of children's shoes, and the landlady of the "Fox and Grouse," who had a most marvellous shrill voice, began calling to a little dirty slave of a nurse girl to bring "Addlehead" (as she pronounced Adelaide) to have her new shoes tried on. I could see the little creature, who was at once fine and flimsy, sitting under the gaslight in the bar and kicking and screaming as the shoes were coaxed on her feet. At last a pair fitted, and the spoiled pet was lifted up triumphantly in her mother's arms. "Here, do look at her—the darling has let me get a pair of the very best ones—look, did, do!" said the mother calling to her husband. Just then a tall man, very thinly clad, came out

of the tap room, passed the bar, and saw the child stretching out her feet for her mother to see. Now, a poor woman had been hovering about at the corner, peeping now and then timidly into the bar window, and then creeping to the door; she had a child in her arms, and looked ready to drop with cold and weariness. I had seen that woman on many a Saturday night, waiting and watching thus for her husband to come home. Ah, then he is riveted for a moment, looking at the new shoes—with a start he rouses himself and rushes out.

"What, Bill, going so soon?" he hails the landlady. Bill pulls his hat down over his eyes with one hand, clutches his old jacket right over his chest, and answers the words with a sort of grunt. He is outside there's the wind, and little one. For a moment the woman starts at him timorously, and half swears aside, as if she feared—what I will not write, lest the manhood of my readers should be wounded. Something Bill took reassures her, and she goes up close to him, softly but yet coarsely; he took the child from her tired arms—the little creature gave a short, quick cry of fright—

and as he lifted it I saw that its little feet were bare; it drew them swiftly up under its poor frock, but not before the father saw that his hat had been off that I might have seen his face so those two little hives chilled in her mother's eyes. I noticed that he put them in his bosom, and buttoned his jacket over them, and

held the child close, and went on his way with a heavy stamp, as if he beat his feet down on the ground; his wife slyly-shed and tottering, had hard work to keep up with him.

I had a faint suspicion of what was passing in the man's mind. From that



## THE BROKEN PIPE.

Mr. KATNER, one of the London City Missionaries, states—

"In October, 1852, I gave a hard-working man in Islington a copy of that excellent tract, 'The Leasher Almanac.' The anecdote about 'Penny Puffs' interested him exceedingly. After some deliberation, he took his pipe, and calling his wife's attention, he snapped the pipe over the edge of the table, exclaiming, 'There goes penny puff.' "He then procured a wooden box, nailed down the lid, and bored a hole in it, through which tobacco could be dropped. 'Now,' said he, 'I shall put into this box the sum I have usually spent in tobacco; three-half-pence a day shall be dropped through the hole of this box.'

"About fifteen months after, I received a very kind invitation to take a cup of tea with the man and his wife. After tea, I read a portion of the Sacred Scriptures and engaged in prayer. My host then brought the heavy wooden box, and with a happy-looking face, said, 'The box is full, and I wish to have the pleasure of opening it in your presence.' "

"The contents were poured on the table, and we counted, in pennies and half-pennies, the sum of THREE POUNDS AND EIGHTEEN PENCE! "I have since attended another opening of this box, when the contents were not less than SIX POUNDS NINE SHILLINGS, AND FOURPENCE! "From Cash's Illustrated Hand Bills.

I was glad that I saw him no more among the frequenters of the "Fox and Grouse." He, and his wife and child, weal or woe had dropped out of my ken, and almost out of my mind.

Some months after, there was a meeting at the Temperance Hall of the district, and many working men were present, and gave their testimony to the good effects of perfect sobriety; now and then they told little bits of their history about the reasons that led them to give up the public-house. One tall, well-dressed, respectable looking man, listened earnestly, until one who sat near him said, "Say a word, William Turner, you've known as much about the mischief as anyone here or anywhere; come, tell us, for I never heard, how it was that you changed right about face, from the mouth of hell to the fields of hope; come, man, out with it, I'll be glad to do good."

"The young man thus urged, rose at the first word, and looked for a moment very confused; all he could say was 'The little shoes, they did it.' With a throat voice, as if his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this:

"There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and at length some thoughtless young people began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment heard this sound, and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a dash, he drew himself up and looked at the audience, the choking went from his throat. "Yes, friends!" he said in a voice that cut its way clear as a deep-

tone bell, "whatever you may think of, I've told you the truth, the little shoes did it. I was a brute, and a fool, strong drink had made me both, and starved and stripped me into the bargain. I suffered, I deserved to suffer, but I didn't suffer alone; no man does who has a wife and child, for the woman gets the worst share. But I'm no speaker to enlarge on that, I'll stick to the little shoes. I saw one night, when I was all but done for, the publican's child holding out her feet for her father to see her fine new shoes—it was a simple thing, but my friends, no fast ever struck me such a blow as those little shoes. They kicked reason into me. "What business have I to clothe others and let my own go bare?" said I, and there outside was my wife and child—in a bitter night. I took hold of my little one with a grip, and I saw her chisel feet—Men! fathers! if the shoes smote me, what did the feet do? I put them—cold as



to my breast; they pierced me through and through. Yes! the little feet walked right into my heart—and turned out my selfishness. I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf, and a pair of little shoes. I never tasted anything but a bit of that bread, all the Sabbath day, and I went to work like mad on Monday, and from that day I have spent no more money at the public-house—that's all I've got to say—it was the little shoes did it."

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## FAMILY SECRETS; OR, THE TWO WIVES AND THE TWO HOMES.

The foundry bell rang, and Matthews hastened home to his breakfast. The first sound that met his ears on opening the door of his house was the squalling children, while his other senses were regaled with a bad smell of ashes and steam, and the sight of his wife in the act of mopping up a puddle of brown and white soap, which was spreading itself over the floor. "The character of poor Matthew's domestic comfort generally, might be seen in his wife's toilet on the morning in question. Her uncombed hair sticking out under the border of a dingy night-cap, her gown open behind, upon hanging by only one string, and boots dirty and unlaced, completed the appearance of the thorough

slattern. Her husband was up to work regularly at six, but she lay in bed till the last minute, and then all was hurry to get breakfast ready in time. On this morning, as usual, she brought down the baby, which for want of washing and dressing, lay screaming in the cradle. A little boy, tired of being left alone, had crawled to the top of the stairs, and there sat crying in tears. Mrs. Matthews had made the coffee, and put the milk on to boil, and had only just run up to smelt the noisy, undressed archon on the stairs, when she heard the milk boiling over, and, hurrying to snatch it off the fire, she upset the coffee pot, and was mopping up the wasted beverage as her husband entered. She

eyed him with an angry frown, meant to show she was not afraid. He said nothing, and looked round. On one side were the supper things of the night before; on the other, the extinguished fire—in front, the table covered with dust, and the sloppy floor. He turned on his heel, and went to breakfast at a coffee-house, which he was almost forced to look upon as a much more comfortable place than his own house.

Richard Cooper, also a workman at the same foundry, went to his breakfast at the same hour. No sooner did he open the door leading into the kitchen, than a little girl, the picture of cleanliness, ran for a kiss, and a little boy, just able to crawl, seemed eager

to jump from his mother's arms. Richard's wife was a light and trim little body, always neatly dressed—never looking slatternly, even when at work. The room was cheerful and clean, breakfast quite ready, the bright coffee-pot stood steaming on the hob, and a dish of porridge and milk on the table for the children. Richard snapped his fingers to the little girl, kissed the girl, lifted them both into their chairs, and sat down opposite his wife, looking and feeling very happy. His half-hour's visit to his family every morning sent him back to his work with renewed hope and confidence. The secret of his comfort and good temper lay in his wife's habits of early rising and prudent management.



"CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS."