

# BRITISH WORKMAN

The Sagacious Chelsea Dog guarding the Children.

The Soldier's Horse, and the astonished Cabman.



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### OUR FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS.

AMONG all the animal creation there are no two creatures so completely the friends and companions of man, as the Horse and the Dog. What noble qualities have both these creatures—how loving, honest, faithful, and industrious they are. How the dog will guard his master's property, follow his footsteps, watch his looks, defend his person. He bears hunger, cold, and alas! too often ill-usage, and yet never deserts or

betrays the master he has once loved or the household he has once felt to belong to. You are often compelled to distrust the sincerity and the fidelity of man, but a loving dog—never.  
How base to repay his honest affection and patient watchfulness with harshness and blows. The pain and suffering of the poor dumb beast when ill-used comes not in words to the ear of his brutal master—but his cry of agony, the laboured throbbing of his faithful heart, his low moan of pain and famine!—they are

heard by the All-hearing Ear, seen by the All-seeing Eye. The famished dog, wretchedly left to starve to death, or kicked and lashed till life is a torture—that poor beast is God's creature as well as his master. Oh, remember, "blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."  
I have known—indeed who has not—sole instances of faithfulness in dogs. About twenty years ago there was a family living near Sloane Square, Chelsea, which consisted of a man and his wife, and four young children from one to seven years old. One

evening the eldest boy who had been sent on an errand, brought home a famished dog that had followed him for some distance. It was a rough, ugly-looking Scotch terrier. At first they all were for turning the dog away, except the little boy who had brought him home, and who, with tears pointed to the weak, miserable look of the creature, and begged to keep him for that night; and truly the beast was in a woful plight; his feet and legs were covered with mud, and one of them lamed; his sides in lumps as if he had been



SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A.

From "The Book of Art."



open all the time. The lady kindly made the best of it. She told Jane not to mind the bedstead, just then that Norton would make her another cup as soon as she was at liberty, and she might just get a few coals out into the mantel-piece.

"I am afraid Jane is very careless," said Mrs. Green, as soon as her niece had gone out into the street, "but she is not doing all she could to put things in order again."

"I cannot persuade her to believe," said the lady, "that servants have any occasion to be tidy, but, perhaps, she is a little out of time. What I want just now to speak to you about, is of great consequence to Jane. It is, that Norton seems to attach great value to Norton so much as I should have liked; because, as she tells me, Norton is so cross, and she does stretch herself to the cook, because, as she says, 'the cook is so kind.' Now, I have nothing to say decidedly against the cook. She is a very clever servant; but whether she is a very good woman, I am not quite so sure. Norton, I do not know, and have known long. The cook is so much a stranger to us all, that I want you to give Jane a caution about being so very intimate with her, until we know her better."

"Mrs. Green quickly took the hint, thanked the lady very much for her kind caution; and after a little conversation about her health, wished her good night, and went down."

"Norton had been directed by his mistress to leave Mrs. Green a little while alone with her niece; so she said she would take another cup of coffee, and she had poured out the coffee, and saw that her niece was made comfortable."

"Well, Jane," said Mrs. Green, "I hope you are getting on a little better now."

"Perhaps a little," said Jane, "only Norton is so cross."

"Why child," said her aunt, "I should not wonder, if you were made so many blunders as you did just now."

"I don't know what blunders I made," replied Jane. "Missus pulled the tea herself—that I'm sure she did, with catching at the tray."

"Mrs. Russell used to say that of all the little vexing things a servant could do, she most disliked a rule of bringing in her work, and dropping it down upon her work, or her writing."

"I never saw her work, nor her writing, nor that stupid stool that always throws me down."

"That is just where the fault was. You might have seen them, and you ought to have seen them. Do you remember what I said the other day about making tea and wine?"

"Yes, and I'm sure I have been thinking a great deal lately."

"What about, I wonder?"

A slight blush spread over Jane's face, and she said, "I have been thinking of the mention, and I went to say, 'Who else you live with, and especially a mistress so young and delicate, ought to be the subject of many, nay, most of your thoughts; or how can you serve them either acceptably or faithfully, if a sick-room requires a more than usual deal of thought. Every moment, every act, must stand for something in a sick-room. You must either bring something, or take something away; and often both might be done by one going across the room. You are, for instance, you might have taken out with you an empty plate that I saw on the table by the window. If I dare say Norton clears away all the medicine bottles, cups, and spoons; but if he does not, you might see a number of them that can be found in a respectable house, it is where there is illness, and nobody thinks of taking things away when they are done with. Why, I have known servants and ladies too, that would go in and out of a sick-room, and leave the chair, or the table bed all heaped up with things that were not wanted, and that were very unsightly, too."

"Now all this, you see, is done by thinking a little, and by not being very careless, just as well in other rooms, besides that

where illness is. I tell Harriet her kitchen would be thousand times more comfortable, and she would then, I am sure, had what it is, if she would never get empty handed out of it, but always take something with her into the parlour, or the cellar, or some place to which it belongs. This is one of the great secrets of making work light and pleasant, and of keeping your room, and all plenty of time upon your hands."

"Well," said Jane, "I suppose I shall learn in time. I am sure if scolding and fault-finding will teach me, I shall be able to do better."

"I am sorry to hear you speak in this way," said Mrs. Green, "for your mistress seems to be a kind lady, and Norton I am sure means well."

"There is nobody very kind to me here," said Jane, "but the mistress and her I'm sure I could not stay."

"And how is the cook so kind?" asked Mrs. Green.

"Oh, she always comforts me, and tells me not to mind. And one day when I had broken a glass, she hid all the pieces, and told Norton there had only been four glasses on the tray, when she counted them up and asked for the other. Indeed, she often stands my friend, and tells me never to fear any of the things in the house."

"And she tries to make you a good servant, and a good girl, does she Jane?" asked the widow.

"She tries to make me comfortable, and she tells me to be good to my mistress."

"The widow Green looked very earnestly at her niece, and then said, "Jane, my dear, I am glad to hear that you are so well. Again the blush, only deeper than before, spread over Jane's face, and this time she closed her head, and seemed as if she could not speak."

"But she thought, perhaps, it would be best not to press the matter any further just now, especially as Norton came down with some message, and she was waiting for her niece, and then went up to her to put on her bonnet and shawl. As she went down again, the cook was waiting for her at the foot of the stairs. She whispered something to Jane, who immediately arose, and she said, "I am sure it was for her purse that she went back, because in her haste to get it into her pocket she let it fall, and it jingled on the floor. Mrs. Green, however, said nothing at the time, but thought she should never mention it in all this. So she walked away with her niece rather more silent than usual, for she was pondering in her mind the best way proceeding so as to do good rather than harm."

"As it was still early, and the afternoon was fine and pleasant, Mrs. Green proposed to take a walk in the garden, and she said, "I know you would, she said, "living in this neighbourhood, all alone, and often in great want of company, and I think we will look in and see how she is to-day."

"Not in that nasty place," said Jane, "I should like to see her a few steps from the path up to a little thatched hut which had been built against the side of another cottage, and looked really not fit for any human dwelling."

"Yes, it is here," said her aunt "that poor Nancy lives, and laying her hand upon the latch of the door, she opened it and went in at once. The little miserable hovel had but one room for bed, and food, and everything; if indeed that could be called a bed, which looked like nothing more than a bundle of rags of the filthiest kind. Indeed the whole place was dirty and rotten beyond description, and the only chair, a broken one, and upon that an old woman sat, who looked like a pig, and whose eyes were blazing under a kettle with a broken pot and no lid."

"Yes, it is here," said Mrs. Green. The woman looked up with a vacant stare, almost like an idiot. But she soon looked down, and laid enough, and fast enough, abusing her neighbours all around, and

complaining both of rich and poor that they had her starve and hunger there, without ever giving her a crust, or even of lending her a helping hand."

Jane was quite shocked and frightened. But when the old woman changed her tone, and began to whimper and cry, and say how long it was since she had had a mouthful of bread, and that to Jane's heart grew pitiful, and she also felt very much inclined to cry.

"Well," said Jane, "I suppose I shall pocket for a few pence to relieve the old woman's distress, when her aunt pushed forward a shilling, and she took a little bread out of the basket she carried in her hand, said, "There, Nancy, that will help you a little while; and here is a bit of tea besides. I meant both for another person, but I don't like to leave you without anything in the house."

"The old woman did not look so thankful as Jane thought she would; but getting up from her chair, she came sideling and smiling up to Mrs. Green, to ask her, in a whispering sort of way, if she had so much as a sixpence to bestow upon her."

"No, no," said Mrs. Green, "no money from me, Nancy. You know the reason why. And so saying she hid her good afternoon, and went away."

"Mrs. Green said the widow, after they had walked on a few yards—only think of that miserable creature! She is not many years older than I am, and she has her hand shakes, and her legs totter. She is once in a while sitting in the same place as she was the week, and I was under her. She was a clever woman, and one of the best things in the house."

"Poor thing!" said Jane, "what a pity that she should ever come to this!"

"Yes, poor thing!" said her aunt. "And how do you think it was?"

"I can't say, but I think it was through being so unfortunate, and having no friends."

"I can't say, my aunt," that was not it, she was always sitting at something to make her comfortable, as she used to say, until it got such hold of her, that at last she took to desperate drinking. And yet, Jane, she was very kind to me—in a certain way, and would have had me go for her to get the gin, and other filthy stuff; but I refused, and then she turned against me, and she lost my place by it. But God was with me; for though it was a heavy trouble at the time to be suspected of the things she charged me with, I lived through it, you see, and was not really hurt. Oh, Nancy! there is no one friendlier to me than kindness either, but that upon which we can ask God's blessing!"

(To be continued.)

**CASTLE HOWARD PARK.**

One of the finest sights which the county of York affords to the traveller, is the noble mansion of Castle Howard Park. It was once there a party of artists and amateurs who had gathered from all parts to see the grand collection of paintings, more particularly the celebrated one of "The Three Marys."

"The Park, the paintings, the grounds, are superb," exclaimed one.

"Thanks to the noble owner for allowing the public to have such a treat," said another.

"One of the finest sights I have ever beheld," said a third.

"Do you see yonder cottages?" remarked a friend from Sittenham, who was one of the party, "they are occupied by the tenants of the Park. The finest sight I have ever seen on this estate, is that of the worthy crier in one of those cottages, reading the Colours, and then praying with the sick and dying."

**THE TWENTY-EIGHT SUGGESTIONS.**

CORRESPONDENTS.—Suggestions for increasing the Circulation of the "British Workman" may be had on application to the Editor, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London. (N.)

**HINTS FROM HELPERS. No. 5.**

A gentleman writes from Bromyard:—"In this little town, with an agricultural population, and where six months ago, only a very few copies of your paper were disposed of, and those nearly all gratuitously, now two hundred copies are sold, most of them by an active youth whom I employ as a colporteur. If any person having the means of procuring a few copies correspond with your publishers, and procure the useful supply either from them or a local bookseller, so as to allow an active lad consequently on the sale, the circulation would be largely increased, and the moral tone of the neighbourhood improved."

A lady writes from the Isle of Wight:—"Some weeks since I introduced your valuable paper into one of the ship-building yards in this island, and I have just ascertained that upwards of 200 subscribers have been obtained for it amongst the men."

**SOLDIERS AND THEIR FRIENDS.**

THE June number of the "British Workman" will contain costly engravings of Sir Henry Havelock; Group of Highlanders; (one of the best engravings we have issued) with various Hints, and Good Counsel for

Soldiers, from some of their best Generals and friends. We are anxious that copies should be scattered in every part of the world where British Soldiers are to be found. We hope that all our readers who have brothers or friends in the army will send them copies. A penny stamp will pay the postage of a copy to any British Soldier, and we will send you a newspaper, the ends of the wrapper being left open. This must be no writing, except the address.

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"Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour: whom RESIST steadfast in the faith."—1 Peter, v 8, 9.

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