

BRITISH WORKMAN

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TO OUR READERS.

IN consequence of the accounts we have received of the fearful ravages which AMARACK and other strong drinks are making amongst the troops in India, and more particularly in Calcutta, we have felt it a matter of duty to devote the chief portion of this number to SOLDIERS. When it is borne in mind that upwards of fifty thousand of our countrymen have left our shores for India, and that the "climate and drinking" will, in all human probability, cut down many thousands of these, year after year, we will assured that we need offer no apology to our general readers for the course we have adopted.

We rejoice to find that great efforts are being made in the army, to wipe away the reproach which has so long attached itself to the British soldier. Not a few officers and privates are setting themselves to work in good earnest, and God is evidently blessing their efforts. In one case, an active sergeant gathered a group around him, and reasoned with them on "righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come." "Comrades!" said he, "is it your ambition to figure very often in the guard-room and cells? DRINK is the most speedy road to these unenviable places. Beware of the first step down the hill." By persevering efforts, a temperance society has been formed by this individual, comprising more than one-eighth of the entire regiment!

To such workers, we hope that No. 42 of the British Workman, will afford some help and encouragement.



THE LATE SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

In three short months, the name of HAVELOCK had become a "household word," and when, two months later, tidings of his death arrived, all England mourned as for a friend departed. America united with us in this grief, and for the first time since 1774, the ships in New York harbour exhibited signs of sorrow for the demise of a British subject. Havelock is dead, but he is not lost either to the army or the world. He still speaks, and where is the British soldier who will not listen with interest and deference to the lessons of his life? Some of these lessons relate to that personal piety, which he cherished amid the routine of the garrison, and the turmoil of the camp. It is, however, his TEMPERANCE experience on which we purpose to dwell, as a beautifully illustrative of his character, and as a legacy from which every one may profit.

He yet speaks we have said, and he does so most decisively upon the *necessity and non-utility* of intoxicating beverages in hot and trying climates. He early detected the fallacy, at one time all but universal, that under extremes of weather, and arduous labour, alcoholic liquors are indispensable, or at least highly useful. India was his home for upwards of thirty years; yet, "as his rule, he drank neither wine, beer, nor spirits," and we are further told, that "when at the commencement of the Afghan war, he took a little wine, at the recommendation of his friends, and then had a slight attack of fever, he ascribed it to his departure from his ordinary practice, and immediately



"Comrades! Is it your ambition to figure very often in the GUARD-ROOM and CELLS? DRINK is the most speedy road to those unenviable places!"

"TRUMPETS, PIPES, AND STRINGS!"

THREE travellers being obliged to pass the night together in a coach, endeavoured to shorten the tedious hours by relating stories. One of them, an officer in the army, who had seen much of the world, and had encountered the perils of war, spoke of his past dangers and former comrades with so much vivacity, and in so interesting a manner, that his companions would have been charmed with his recitals had he not interpersed them with continual oaths and imprecations. When he had finished his tale, an elderly gentleman who had not yet spoken, was asked for a story. Without hesitation he thus commenced his narration:—

"Gentlemen, it is now nearly twenty years since I was travelling on this road, on a very dark night, when—*thousand trumpets, pipes, and strings!*—an accident occurred,—*Trumpets, pipes, and strings!*—of which I cannot even now think of without shuddering. I truly believe—*Trumpets, pipes, and strings!*—that it happened on the very spot which we are now passing. The coach was going on at the usual speed of—*Trumpets, pipes, and strings!*—when we were suddenly alarmed by the noise of horses galloping after us—*Trumpets, pipes, and strings!*—We distinctly heard voices crying, 'Stop! stop!—*Trumpets, pipes, and strings!*—said I to my companions, we are pursued by robbers!—*Trumpets, pipes, and strings!*—'It is not possible,' cried the other travellers.—*Pipes and strings!*—'Oh yes,' said I, 'it is but too true,' and on looking out of the window, I saw that those—*Trumpets, pipes, and strings!*—of horsemen had overtaken us. Just as soon as the carriage—*Trumpets, pipes, and*

Here the officer's impatience could no longer be restrained. 'I hope you will excuse my interrupting you, sir,' said he, 'but for the life of me I cannot see what your *Trumpets, pipes, and strings* have to do with your story?'

'Sir,' replied the old man, 'your remarks greatly astonish me. Have you not perceived that these words are quite as necessary to my tale, as the oaths and imprecations with which you seasoned yours?'

'I could not listen to you without deep pain. Allow me to offer you a few words of counsel;—you are yet young, you can yet correct this sad habit, which shows lightness of character and disrespect for God's sacred name and presence. There was a moment's silence, the officer then took the old gentleman's hand, and pressing it with emotion, said—

'Sir, I thank you for the interest you have shewn in a stranger, and for the kind lesson you have taught me; I hope it will not be in vain.

NOW! NOW!

Mr. PHILIP HENRY said to some of his neighbours who came to see him on his death-bed, 'O, make sure for your souls, my friends, by getting an interest in Christ, while you are in health. If I had that work to do now, what would become of me? I bless God I am satisfied. See to it, all of you, that your work be not undone when your time is done, lest you be undone for ever.'

'Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.'—2 Cor. i. 2.
'Therefore let us not sleep, as do others, but let us watch and be sober. For they that sleep, sleep in the night; and they that are drunk are drunken in the night. But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love, and for an helmet, the hope of salvation.'—1 Thess. v. 6-8.

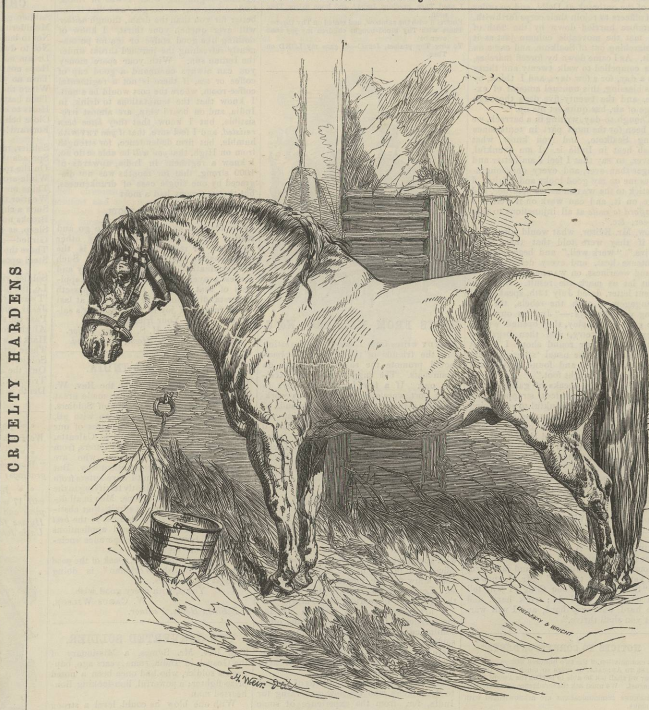
The 28 Subscriptions.

We beg to thank those friends who are so kind in enclosing for us in their letters the 'TWENTY-EIGHT SUBSCRIPTIONS for increasing the circulation of the British Workman.' If any of our readers will lend a helping hand, we shall be obliged. A supply may be had, post free, from the Editor, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London. (N.)

Our best thanks are also due to those friends who are exerting themselves to secure an increased circulation in the manufacturing districts. We have heard of one lady who has recently secured 200 subscribers. An employer also writes, 'Since your *British Workman* has been circulated amongst our men, we have had less intemperance than previously.' Such gratifying testimonies cheer us onward in our work.



KINDNESS CONQUERS.



SOFT WORDS SUBDUED.

"Fight the good fight of faith!"



"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to Thy Word."—Psal. cxix. 9.

THE AMERICAN HORSE KNEER, OR, THE MAGICAL EFFECTS OF KINDNESS.

Mr. RAREY, the celebrated Horse Tamer, who is now in this country, is doing good service to the cause of humanity. Mr. Rarey's precise method of taming vicious horses, is at present a secret, but one thing is notorious, he requires neither "thick sticks," nor "heavy whips," to bring the most stubborn horse into a state of docile submission.

Mr. Rarey having tried his powers upon various very unmanageable horses belonging to Messrs. Tattersall, Lord Derby, and Her Majesty, with unfailing success, he was asked, if he dared to take the celebrated "Crusier" under his control. Some idea may be formed of the difficulty and danger attendant upon this case, from the statement of Lord Colchester, the owner of the horse. He says, "he was vicious from a foal, always troublesome to handle, and showed temper on every opportunity; his savage propensities rendered the care of him too dangerous an office for any man. For days he would allow no one to enter his box, and on one occasion, he tore an iron bar, one inch thick in two, with his teeth! He was so vicious that it was necessary to keep him constantly muzzled."

So confident of success, however, was Mr. Rarey, that he gave a bond either to return the horse "cured" within three months, or to forfeit £100.

Horse-dealers, grooms, and stable-boys, indeed, when they heard of the rash attempt of "Crusier" more than a match for him," was the general remark; but the American's faith in the power of kindness urged him to "try."

The trial was doubtless a dangerous one. Twice the horse flew like a tiger at "the tamer," with a savage cry, and it required some tact on the part of Mr. Rarey to keep out of its reach. After many attempts, the horse's head was tied to the rack. This restraint secured for a time to almost madden the horse. For twenty minutes he was in such a frenzied state of frenzy, that Lord Colchester cried out, "Mr. Rarey, don't peril your life—think no more of the £100 bond."

NALVEY DESPAIR!—KINDNESS WILL CONQUER!—These were the American's mottoes. He persevered, and to the amazement of every one, he succeeded. It occupied not three months, for Lord Colchester states, "in three hours Mr. Rarey and myself mounted him, although he had not been ridden for nearly three years!"

A gentleman who has witnessed Mr. Rarey's trials, writes, "a few days ago, Crusier was a frantic savage, now he is bridleless, following Mr. Rarey, just like a dog round the ring—stopping or trotting, just as he is told. Every trace of savage life has left his eye, and he seems ridden to enjoy being fondled thus otherwise."

We hope to give some further account of Mr. Rarey's labours in a future number. The man who can lessen the sufferings of the dumb creation, by proving that kind words will succeed, where hard words fail, deserves to be honoured by all the friends of humanity.

How to secure monthly packets of the "British Workman" delivered at your own door.

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* Fewer than your copies cannot be sent.

EXAMPLE.—Four persons uniting their subscriptions, and remitting four shillings in advance to the Publishers, will have a packet containing four copies of the *British Workman* sent (to the address of any one of the parties) post free for 12 months.

* We hope that those of our readers who have relatives in the army will forward them copies of this paper. A single copy will go per post to any British Colony for a penny, if posted before 15th June. The wrapper must be left open at the ends.

ALL ORDERS to be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. Partridge and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London. (E.C.)

