

THE BRITISH WORKMAN.



THE GIPSY FAMILY (FOUR GENERATIONS). FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. R. FISHER.

NOTICE—The next number of the "British Workman" will contain the remarkable narrative of "THE MAN THAT KILLED HIS NEIGHBOUR." We should like to read aloud in every Farmer's family in the land. Those who are troubled with bad tempers will do well to read it twice over. Booklets in agricultural districts will supply for many this No. widely known.

The "British Workman Almanac," for 1864, with costly illustrations by first-class artists, will be ready in October. Price One Penny. To prevent disappointment, those of our readers who desire to secure copies, are recommended to give their orders to a Book-seller without delay.

DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE.

"British Workman" Relief Fund. The Treasurer acknowledges the receipt of the following contributions from 1st June to 28th July, 1863:— Henry God Barclay, Dept. of Agriculture, 102, Colonnade, St. Paul's Church, Cornwall, 71. 10s. E. Heslinge, Esq., Colonnade, 4s. 6d. Collected by Master William Eubank Taylor, Cradock, South Africa, 11. 12s. 6d. Mr. William Egan, New South Wales, 11. 4s. Collected by Miss Jane Gilbert, Cleveland, Tasmania, 11. 2s. Collected by Mr. Edw. P. Patterson Row, St. Ann's, Emrys, Glamorgan Valley, 10s. 11s. 2s. 6d. St. Battenburg, 20. 31s. 6d. Miss Anne Smith, 41s. 6d. Total—£370 10 0 Received from 1st June to 27th July, 1863, from the readers of "Children's Friend," 3 11 6 Total—£366 10 0

N.B.—A Book of Water-colour Drawings of Italian Flowers, from a Lady's Album (Anon.), a Breast-pin, from a Lady's Appendix, and a pair of Buttons, in agricultural have not yet been disposed of. When sold, the amount will be remitted to the Central Committee, in Manchester.

Treasurer's Cash Account.

Table with columns for Date, Description, and Amount. Includes entries for Cash received from Readers of 'British Workman', Cash-Bills, Disbursements, and Receipts from 'Children's Friend'.

I hereby certify, that I have examined the above account, and also the vouchers for the same, and find that all monies received (without any deduction) have been remitted to Lancashire, the entire expenses of clerks, postages, collecting papers, advertising, &c., having been defrayed by the Editor of the "British Workman."

S. O. B. HARRIS, Public Accountant, 4, Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, London.

SHATTESBURY, Chairman. SAMUEL GURNEY, M.P., Treasurer. 31st July, 1863.

BALLAST-HEAVERS, THE PRINCE CONSORT, AND THE QUEEN.

The ballast-heavers of the port of London have tendered a pleasing testimonial to the goodness of the late Prince Consort. In a letter to the Queen they state:—"Before we came to our sad end we could only get work through a body of river-side publicans and middlemen, who made us drink before they would give us a job, made us drink while at it, and kept us waiting for our wages, and drinking after we had done our work, so that we could take only our own way home to our families, and that half too often reached them through a drunkard's hands." They could get no help till they appealed to the Prince Consort. He got a clause in the Merchant Shipping Act which put them under control of the "Trinity House," passed rules for their employment, got their wages paid in full, gave them a house to wait in for their work, supplied it with papers and books, and arranged them to get their sick and aged children. They concluded their letter by asking the Queen for an engraving of their benefactor to hang up in their room. "I following reply accompanied their letter:—" Windsor Castle, June 12, 1863.—My Dear Sir: I have had the honour to lay before Her Majesty the Queen the petition from the ballast-heavers of the port of London, which you have forwarded to me for presentation. Her Majesty has been deeply touched by this spontaneous testimony to the acts of benevolence of her beloved husband, and amongst all the tokens of sympathy in her regard for such she has been especially pleased to have classes of her people, no one has been more gratifying to her, than the simple yet so important tribute from these honest, hardworking men. I am commanded to request that you will assure the ballast-heavers that the interest in this matter on the part of the Queen is so great that she has employed in endeavouring to benefit the people of this country, it is fully shared by Her Majesty, and that Her Majesty rejoices to see the happy change in their moral and social condition. The Queen has the greatest pleasure in complying with the request contained in the address, and has ordered that the prints of the Queen's name in one uniform, and in one ordinary dress, to be framed and presented, to each of the men in the room in which the ballast-heavers wait; so these Her Majesty has added one of herself, as the Queen would wish, in the remembrance of these grateful men, and to preserve the memory of her great and good husband, whose virtues they have so highly and justly appreciated. Believe me, my dear Sir, your obedient servant, Frederick J. Purvall, Esq."

THE THREE PICTURES.

A BALLAD. Corn, working-men, come one and all, Come gather in a land, And hear a story, good and true, Of a man who lived in a land of sin. 'Tis not of any warlike deed, Or famous days of old, Yet a noble or a sweeter tale, Which I will never tell you old. Where London City has her seat, And thick as forest trees, A countless host of ships resort, And work with hazy toil. There dwells a man of stately mien, Strong sons of British soil, Who hoars the ballast, load the ships, And work with hazy toil. These honest labourers, many a year, Were cheated and betrayed, By crafty, grasping crew, men true, Who jilted a wretched trade. For with the tempting drunkard's drink They won their sinful gain; And held the mastery of these men, They ground like slaves in chains. Their homes, their wives, and children dear, All fell the bitter stroke, That smote upon their aching hearts, And longed to break the yoke. At length, in mercy to their woe, God raised them up a Friend, The noblest, kindest, truest heart, Of Providence could send. Highest in nature, as in man, He led among men he stood; Ah! with a throbbing heart I speak, Of Albert—Great and Good. Lofly his state: yet dear to him, The lowly soul of soul, Sacred, as dead, he held the rights of all on Britain's soil. He broke the yoke, set free the men, And led the male and female poor; And many a poor man's heart and home Were happy from that hour. Happy! But 'o'er the brightest lot, The dark and dreary doom came; And on one dismal winter's day, Gloom fell on ev'ry home. A cry ran shuddering through the land, That led the love of all, Lay waste the truly pious man's heart, Beneath a funeral pall! The Christmas card of that year Was rather sobbed than sung; The festive greetings of the time Were silent on each tongue. For God had taken what He gave, Our loss no words could tell, And now we knew—amid our tears—We had lost all this world's wealth. And now as time went sadly on, Still more men felt the woe—Of that good Prince, whose death had left A blank upon the earth. All hearts yearned for him—as a friend They had loved and lost; Before his piteous face men wept— "He was our Prince—our own."

Then came, amidst the many cries From London's grateful land, One, from the men of London Port, To the Lady of our land. They asked with loyal, earnest love, A gift their hearts to grieve, They asked that they might lay to day Their benefactor's face. Their simple prayer reached England's Queen, And touched that gentle heart; She felt that in her brave gift, They had a chance to share. And that perchance, the deep low wail, That rang along the ground, Was tender, as the gentlest grief, And that might lighten sorrow. And so she gave the labouring men, With their wives in number three, Two pictures of the Prince she sent To cheer their honest eyes. Her aid, with that tender charm Which sees all hearts at ease, Her portrait. Not as England's Queen, But as her brave husband's wife. Thus men here solemnly remember, These men her name should blend With us—the dear departed Prince, The man who saved our kind.

For nobler does our monarch deem, Goodness, and mainly worth, And wife, and maternal love, Than man's proud intellect. Now we would shout—"God bless the Queen!" But our tears are running o'er, Her pray—"God bless Her!"—in our hearts, And—God her goodness bless. C. L. BALFOUR.

The above verses were read, amid the breathless interest of the Ballast Heavers, at the Queen's 25th Anniversary, on the interesting occasion of the inauguration of the Queen's present.

VALUE OF OATMEAL.

In Scotland, the nourishing quality of Oats, both with respect to man and brutes, is well known. With respect to Oatmeal, the people of England seem to have fallen into an erroneous opinion, in the qualities: from its producing in some a sensation of heartburn, or heat at stomach, they have concluded it as heating; and in a mistake with regard to the quality of Oats, have supposed it to give catenous affections—more frequent in Scotland than in other countries; and which indeed arise from no other element, but always from a contagion communicated from one person to another. Besides, the most eminent French physicians speak of Oatmeal as cooling, and consequently prescribe it in fevers; and the inhabitants of the East and West Indies prefer it to arrow-root, which labouring under inflammation of the bowels, &c. Though Oats be the food of horses in England, yet the people of Scotland live principally upon it; and in no country in Europe do they possess a more healthy and vigorous race of men. Oatmeal porridge is the best food for children; and, as an old nurse has justly observed, "It is the king of groats meats, and the queen of soups, and gratifies nature beyond all others."—Dr. WARRIALL.

THE BIBLE v. SWEARING.

One of the Auxiliaries to the British and Foreign Bible Society, in what is called the "Black Country" beyond Birmingham, determined, about fifteen months since, that every man and woman there should be sent out to two or three Christian men with packets of Bibles, to visit the public-houses and low beer-shops, to induce the miners and other labourers when they were full of money, and to ask them to spend some of the week's wages in buying the Sacred Scriptures. It seems there is a great deal of the sell so hard; but that if you cultivate it in a prayerful and dependent spirit, it will produce fruit unto righteousness, and to the praise and glory of God. One of them present, who had been sold on Saturday night, in public-houses, seventy pounds worth of copies of the Old and New Testaments. It was present the other day when the Report was read, and these men related how, on one occasion, they went into a public-house and said to the men who were assembled there drinking:—"We have come to sell you copies of the Bible." One of them presently said, "Would it not be a good thing to have a copy of the Bible to read down in the pit at dinner-time?" They agreed to buy a copy for that purpose, and received it, when the landlord said the price was too small to read in the pit, and if they would buy with a larger price, he would give a shilling towards the cost. They bought a copy with a larger price, and then one of the men said with a loud voice:—"Well now, if we have the Bible at dinner-time, we must not have it swearing." The old divines used to say, prayer would drive out sin, or sin would drive out prayer. And this simple-hearted man instinctively felt that the Bible must drive away swearing, or that swearing would drive away the Bible. Well, in their own crude, unlettered way they made this law, that if any man swore in the pit during dinner-time, when the Bible was being read, it should be imposed upon him, and the fine was to be this—the man should receive the beer, and might look at the Bible, but if he said as much as he pleased, but must not touch it, but pass it on. You may think there is something of the absurd in this; and it is not at all in a wonderful homage to the power of the Bible? Is there any other book in the world that you could carry into the market in a conveyance of men like that which would make them feel that, if they read it, they must put away some of their sins?—Rev. CHARLES VINCE.

FREE-LABOUR COTTON.

Extract of a letter, just received from a lady in Canada. "Now is the time for English ladies to save the cause of slavery—to form a National League. Let them abstain from the use of all slave-grown cotton and produce, and Slavery must fall. It is not such a glorious end worth any amount of self-denial. We are feeling depressed in this way just now: we see nearer the end of this awful war, and we see and hear how the market supports the system, and that market is EXOTIC!" See the merchant-vessels ride Homeward or the ocean food, Bearing on their backs the lives of millions. Wealthy cargoes; rich and good; Barring home from British soil, Cotton raised by British being read, By a freeman's strong right hand, Raised on many a burning strand. See in dock and wharf the cargoes, Stowed on cotton, piled high, English wools, come and buy. Come, and clothe yourselves freely. Here's no stain of war, and we are clean; No drop of blood have we, Only drops of honest sweat. Buy—and lift th' unkindled fire; Cheer the mother, bleed the sire; Still the children's wailing cry, English wools, come and buy. Let the millwheels' busy hum Still the beating of the drum; And more peaceful smoke arise Than war's dread artillery. Look by the veining and fair, Lovely bride of Britain's heir; She the sweet "Rose of the State; Fashion's queen, and Beauty's great; The observer of every eye.— Ask the royal bride to buy. Fair the marriage blessing heard, Round her young below'd head, In a thousand sweetens should be read, Preserved warm, and children fed. See in dock and warehouse lie, Stowed of cotton piled with care, English wools, come and buy.

THE BAD BARGAIN;

Or, the World Set Up for Sale.

The devil and the Scriptures show, Tempt still the mortal flesh and low; And always seeking to beguile, He suits his bribes to every soul; See then the prince of darkness stand, With his feet on both his hands. To one he offers empires whole, And gives a sceptre for a soul! To one he freely gives in barter, A crown of stars, and robes of gold; To one he pays polite attention, And begs him just to take a pension. Some are so firm to love a name, He bribes them with an empty name; For fame they toil, they preach, they write, Give alms, or suffer foul and light; Poster may praise to God's advantage, And sell their souls for the reputation. But the great gift, the mighty bribe, Which Satan pours about the world, Is—budding reprobate—what's thy drink! Ah!—"to myself"—"to myself!" Round the wide world the tempter flies, Presents to view the glittering prize; See how he goes from shore to shore, And gets each man a little more; Some flock by thousands to be sold, Snit with the love of filthy gold. To one he needsly trades his shop, He bids him cease to be a man; 'Wouldst thou, he cries, 'increase thy treasures, Use weighty weights and scantier measures, Sell that thou thov'st of the trader's willing, And sell his soul to a shilling.

Next Satan to a farmer hies, 'Tis eorn to cheat, 'tis the firmer crime; Yet his whole heart on wealth is bent, And so the devil was content; Now marks him rich, and richer still, And still quite secure. Mark next one cheerful young so jolly, So fond of laughter and of folly; He has a stringy grilling his soul, And gets each man a little more; To Satan too he sells his soul, In barter for a bowing lovel. Thus Satan cries each different state, He bids him cease to be a great, The poor with equal force he plies, But wins them with a humbler price; And gets each man a little more, And fouler sins for older sinners. Oh! too he cheats our mortal eyes, For Satan farther is of lies; He bids us cease to be a play-act, And promises but never pays us. And so, our poor souls are strangely caught, And live our lives in sin, or nought. Nay, oh, with fools a juggler's art, He bids the proflig' gift depart; He pleases sets before our face, The clay and trouble in its place; Sends some huge loss instead of gain, And conjures rapture into pain. Be wiser, then, oh, ye worldly tribe; Nor sell your consciences for a bribe; When Satan tempts you to begin, Resist him, and refuse to sin; And let your hearts be true to God, Who gain a world and lose a soul. HANNAH MORE.

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NOTICE—A complete Edition of the "British Workman" may now be had, as follows, viz.—In Eight Yearly Volumes, in Illustrated Form. Price Eightpence each copy, or, in one bound volume, in cloth. Price 12s. Gilt Edges, 14s.

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All orders, accompanied with remittances, to be addressed to SAMUEL W. PATTERSON, No. 5, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

The Clergyman and the Repentant Burglar.

The world of fiction hardly contains a more thrilling chapter than an incident which marked the life of the late Rev. Mr. Lee, Presbyterian minister, of the village of Waterford, N. Y.

Mr. Lee was sitting in his study about midnight, preparing a discourse to deliver to his congregation, when he heard a noise behind him, and became conscious that some one was in the room. Mr. Lee exclaimed: "What is the matter?" and turning round in his chair, he beheld the grim face of a burglar, who was pointing a pistol at his breast. The ruffian had carried the howl by a side-window, supposing that all the occupants were wrapped in slumber.

"Give me your watch and money," said he, "and make no noise, or I will fire."

"You may just run down your weapon, for I shall make no resistance, and you are at liberty to take all the valuables I possess," was Mr. Lee's calm reply.

The burglar withdrew his menacing pistol, and Mr. Lee said: "I will conduct you to the place where my most precious treasures are placed." He opened the door and pointed to the cot where his two children lay slumbering in the sweet sleep of innocence and peace. "These," said he, "are my choicest jewels. Will you take them?" He proceeded to say that a minister of the Gospel, he had few earthly possessions, and that all his means were devoted to but one object—the education of the two motherless children. The burglar was deeply and visibly affected by these remarks. Tears filled his eyes, and he expressed the utmost sorrow at the act which he had been about to commit. After a few remarks from Mr. Lee, the would-be criminal consented to kneel and join in prayer; and then, with a tearful and representative of religion, of peace, and good-will, told him to "go and sin no more." Such a scene has few parallels.



MR. JEREMIAH CHADWICK CONDUCTING ONE OF HIS "HALF-HOUR MEETINGS," WITH THE RAILWAY-MEN IN MANCHESTER.

OUR RAILWAY SERVANTS CARED FOR.

The City of Manchester furnishes a most pleasing instance of that kind-hearted perseverance in a good object which Mr. Jeremiah Chadwick, one of the City Missionaries there, commenced laboring some years ago amongst the Railway-porters, Engine-men, Lamplighters, &c. At first he had many difficulties to overcome, but by a patient continuance in well-doing, he at length secured the affections of hundreds of the men. Finding that his good counsel was having a beneficial influence over the conduct of the men, the Directors have given every encouragement to the visits of Mr. Chadwick, and at stated times he now has the opportunity of addressing in groups hundreds of men who eagerly attend his meetings. The deep gratitude of the men has been evinced in many pleasing ways. We may mention, on the authority of Thomas Kay, Esq., Goods-manager of the London and North Western Railway, that on one occasion Mr. Chadwick brought a sample of a beautiful pocket-Bible, and immediately, upwards of five hundred copies were purchased by the men! We rejoice to find that some of the Directors of Railways in Manchester, are exerting themselves to lessen the amount of Sunday work on their lines. Such Directors will secure for themselves the heartfelt thanks of thousands.

The Directors of the Stockton and Darlington Railway have set a noble example. They have spent upwards of £1000 in the erection of a building, comprising a Lecture-room, Library, Reading-rooms, Committee and Class-rooms, and a Refreshment-room, (intoxicating

THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

A fox fell into a well, and was sorely puzzled how he should get out again. At length a goat came to the



place, and wanting to drink, asked Reynard whether the water was good? "Good!" said he, "ay, so good, that I am afraid I have carried myself. I have drunk so abundantly." The goat hearing this, leaped in, and the fox instantly jumped on his back and horns, and by their assistance, nimbly leaped out, leaving the poor goat at the bottom of the well.

MORAL.—The lesson to be learned by this fable is, that we ought to consider who it is that drives us before we follow the advice given; for however plausible the counsel may seem, if the person who gives it is unprincipled, we may be assured that he intends to serve himself in the case that is—From *Æsop's Fables*.

No, Never!—A poor simple man once said, "I have lost all my property; I have lost all my relatives; my last son is dead; I have lost my hearing, and my eyesight; I am alone, old, and poor; but I make no difference—Christ never grows old; Christ never is poor; Christ never dies, and Christ will never forsake me.—Never, no never!

"COUNT THEM! COUNT WHAT?"

"COUNT THEM!"—Count what? Why count the mercies that have been quietly falling in your path through every period of your history. Down they come—every morning and every evening, as angel messengers from the Father of Lights, to tell you of your best Friend in heaven. Have you lived these years wasting mercies, treating them under your feet, and consuming them every day, and never yet realised from whence they came? Do you ask "what are these mercies?" Ask the sunbeam, the rainbow, the stars, or the Queen of Night. What is your life but a mercy. What is the property of stopping to play with a thorn bush, then you may just as well pluck sweet flowers and eat pleasant fruits? Happy is he who looks at the bright side of life, of providence, and of revelation—who avoids thorns, thistles and bogs, until his Christian character is such that, if he cannot improve them, he may pass among them without injury. Count up your mercies, my friend, before you complain of your afflictions.

"CARPENTER, HERE'S YOUR 'LOWNANCE."

A SERVANT-Maid came to me one cold day, when I was engaged, in company with some fellow-workmen, doing repairs at a gentleman's house, and said, "Here, carpenter, here's your 'lownance,' and she tried to thrust a jug into my hand. "Thank you, none for me." "What, are you a teetotaler?" "Yes, I am." "Oh, well, you'll excuse me?" "Certainly," and she passed on. Seven or eight minutes elapsed; when the damsel reappeared, this time with a jug of hot coffee and a plate of bread and butter. "Here, carpenter," said she, "Missus says she's very glad there's a temperance man at work here; she always likes to encourage such men; and so I am to get you some hot coffee and bread and butter for your 'lownance' every day, as long as you stop." Mr. man cast a longing eye on the slice of bread prepared for me, of piping hot fragrant nosh, backed up by a nice little pile of well-buttered slices of the staff of life. One of the men spoke up—"I'll tell you what, mates, Glazier is the best off." Mr. only regret was that the good lady had not seen her way to provide hot coffee for all. Our well-to-do friends may depend upon this, that by providing good refreshments, instead of giving either money or beer, they will give a powerful impetus to the spread of sober habits amongst our working population. It is one of those quiet, silent, but powerful ways of doing good, that can be carried out without much trouble, by thousands. W. GLAZIER.

Whom to Marry.—

WHEN A young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly affectionate and respectful, from principle as well as nature, there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her, if what ever condition she may be placed. Were I to advise a friend as to his choice of a wife, my first counsel would be, "look out for a pious girl, distinguished for her attention and love to her parents." The fund of worth and affection indicated by such behavior, joined to the habits of duty and consideration, thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail, as a rule, to render her a mild, obliging, and invaluable companion for life.

Paul the Apostle had three wishes, that he might be found in Christ, that he might be with Christ, and that he might throughout life magnify Christ.



"Missus likes to encourage such men, as I am to get you some hot coffee and bread and butter for your 'lownance' every day, as long as you stop."



RAILWAY-WORKMEN'S INSTITUTE, NEAR THE STATION, DARLINGTON.

drinks excluded) for their men. Already the most pleasing results have arisen from this excellent step, and we hope that other Companies will follow this good example. It is worthy of note that the Stockton and Darlington Railway is the oldest in the land (opened in 1825)—has, we believe, the least Sunday traffic of any line, and says the best dividend!

Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.—Psalm cxli. 3.