



A large Engraving, with a life-like Portrait of Mr. Braidwood, the brave 'Chief' of the Fire-Brigade, will appear in our next.







THE GLEANER. FROM A PAINTING BY F. TAYLOR.

**IRISH GLEANERS.**

wise man once said, "He who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is a great benefactor to his species." It is pleasant to think of the number acres of reclaimed land, particularly in Ireland, that are now yielding rich crops of golden grain, and were once more swamps.

In 1849, the writer went on an excursion to Dumbrovo, in the county of Wexford, and on returning in the evening, had a long walk on an embankment, that was called a sea-wall, and kept out the water from flooding a vast tract of corn land, that had been drained, and brought into cultivation. How many distressing labourers would be employed tilling, and sowing, and reaping these acres, reclaimed from waste and barrenness, and how happy would be the cottage homes as the inmates, young and old, after a day of gleaming, and his sons, and Ruth, gleaning in the field of Boaz; and making them His fragrant meal. The Lord of the Harvest has taught all generations to consider the poor field, and hasten to reap a sheaf in the field, that slant not again to fetch it. It shall be for the stranger, for the God-fatherless, and for the widow, that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hands." Farmers will do well to remember the words of Deut. xxix. 19.

**FEMALE SERVANTS.**

It has been estimated, that in London alone there are no fewer than one hundred thousand female servants. Upon their fidelity, punctuality, and good-conduct, depend, to a considerable extent, the security and comfort of many respectable families. But this is not all; to female ser-

vants is committed the care, and in some respects, the guidance of the rising generation; and if the morals of the nursery and the kitchen be not pure, it is in vain that pure morality is taught and practised in the drawing-room or the parlour. This subject has not been considered as its importance demands; indeed, it has been strangely neglected, and the neglect has been signally visited in a vast variety of melancholy instances.—*Miss Martineau.*

once traits, &c. placed there by the Waterman. Groups of men are frequently observed reading and discussing the good advice given on this door. For years past this Waterman, who is well known amongst the Cabmen as "Cold Water Bob," has not only supplied nature's liquid to the horses, but has induced many of the drivers to relinquish their glass of gin, for a draught of good water. learn a lesson from 'Cold Water Bob,' and be more in earnest in handling with that great curse of the industrial class—strong drink.

**Cooling Drink.**—At a time when cooling beverages are so much required by the labouring-classes, perhaps it will not be out of season to publish the following:—Take two Lemons, cost 2d. 2 lb. FINE SUGAR, 1½d. Cut the lemons in very thin slices and put them into a jug with the sugar, pour on about one quart of boiling water, and when cold fill a gallon jug with cold water. This is easily made and very wholesome in hot weather, and a quart costs less than half-a-pint of porter.

One hot day, at the end of last May, sixteen men were repairing the road opposite my house, where the main drains were had been made; and at about three o'clock in the afternoon they seemed very fatigued by the work and heat of the day. A gallon of lemonade had been made according to the above form, and I went out and asked one of them if it would be acceptable, if so, to send for it. The man thanked me, and came for it immediately, and in a short time all partook of it, and the empty jug and glass were returned with thanks. Every day afterwards, until the work was finished, a man came about the same time and asked if we could favour them with a little more. The beer-came shortly afterwards, but went away without a customer!

A FRIEND called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. His friend looking at the figure exclaimed, "By no means," replied the sculptor; "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have imbued it with life, and given more expression to his lip, and his forehead, &c." "Well, well," said his friend, "but all these trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

**A HINT TO SHEPHERDS AND DRIVERS.**  
THE following interesting letter tells us of our readers:—**Sir,**—Many months ago, the writer communicated to you a fact, about a Driver who led his sheep, and would not allow his boy to strike a lame sheep, even with his open hand, but insisted, that it should be dealt with gently!



To that communication you were pleased to reply by private letter, desiring me if ever I saw that driver again, to obtain his name and address, for you. I have not seen him since, though I looked out diligently for him. But I have recently met with another driver, who was also leading his sheep. The following is the substance of a conversation that took place between us.

"Do you make it a rule, driver, to lead your sheep, when they have been reared. It is only those that come from the lower part of Germany, that we can lead."  
"Some sorts of sheep, sir, we do always."  
"Why, how is that you do not lead all?"  
"When we know where they come from, we treat them as they have been reared. It is only those that come from the lower part of Germany, that we can lead."  
"Then, don't you lead English-bred sheep?"  
"Oh, no, sir; that would never do, we should lose half of them, they are not used to it."  
"Might it not be done so here, if it were tried?"  
"Oh, yes! but our farmers and graziers will not take the trouble; they don't keep them on hand two or three years, but only a few months, just long enough to get them ready for the butcher. Now, sir, if we were to attempt to drive the German sheep, we should have no end of trouble, they would run after anybody, and down every street for a leader! I have now some grazing in Hackney Marshes, which have been brought up by hand, and they are so gentle, that they would follow me anywhere. They would go even into my bedroom after me."  
I thanked the driver for the information. His name is Ripley, and he resides in St. St. Thomas's Road, Stepney, E. S. A. *World's End, Stepney.*

**Query.**—Might not the members of the Royal Agricultural Society do good by giving Prizes to their Shepherds on attaining the skillful humanity of the Germans?



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**COLD WATER BOB!**  
It is interesting to observe in how many instances, men in humble life are "eminently affected in a good cause." A pleasing case has recently come under our notice. Against the cab-stand in Charles Street, in the Hamptonian Road, there is an old door, upon which may be seen a goodly number of illustrated hand-bills, placards, temper-

**PITY THE CABMEN!**  
We know of no class of persons whose social and moral condition calls for greater sympathy than that of the London Cabmen, Omnibus-Men, and Stables-Men. Thousands of them never enter the doors of worship! Many of them are seen outside the doors of churches and chapels on the Lord's-day, but never inside! Who will plead for them?

The month of the just bringeth forth wisdom.  
Proverbs x. 11.