

BRITISH WORKMAN

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SUSPENSE.

Engraved, by special permission, from the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

Anecdotes of Dogs.—The pencil of Sir Edwin Landseer, and the pen of the venerable Mr. Jesse, have done much during the last twenty years, to awaken in

the public mind, feelings of regard and admiration for that noble and useful creature—the Dog. We feel assured our readers will be gratified by the possession of the

above engraving of one of Sir Edwin's favourites. The life-like anxiety with which the dog is listening for his master's footsteps, may teach man a lesson of fidelity to

his "Master in heaven." It is impossible fully to estimate the value of dogs, when they are well trained, well fed, and kindly treated. One of our poets has well written:—

"With eye upraised, his master's look to scan, The joy, the solace, and the aid of man; The rich man's garments, and the poor man's friend, The only creature faithful to the end."

The Miller's Dog and the Letter.—Mr. Spink, Miller of Bantingham, in consequence of a scarcity of wind, got on the 1st day of May with his grandfather at Marsham, a distance of about four miles. On the following day there was a fresh breeze, and first he shouldered his assistance, and having no record to send after him, Mr. Spink determined to try and get a letter from his grandfather written and tied round the animal's neck, and he was forthwith despatched on his errand. On his arrival at the house, a good dog, which he had never seen, told him not allowing any one but his young master to touch the note, but he successfully performed his mission.

A Friend in Need.—A shepherd's dog belonging to Mr. G. Machin, farmer, of Eton, showed a remarkable degree of intelligence which proved exceedingly useful to two men who were driving a flock of sheep. The sheep were the property of Mr. B. Tomlin, Esq., of Stonefield, and the men in charge were almost at their wits' end in trying to drive them to their destination, the difficulty being increased by the approaching darkness. Mr. Machin's dog, which happened to come up, although quite a stranger to the men, volunteered his assistance, and went with the flock to their destination, about a mile distant from where he met them. Having done his work he returned home.

Recovery of a Watch by a Dog.—An English gentleman some time ago, went to the French Vauxhall Gardens with a large mastiff, which was refused admission, and the gentleman left the dog in the charge of some guards who are placed there. The Englishman, some time after he had entered, returned to the gates and informed the guard that he had lost a watch. The guard's sergeant, that if he would permit him to take his dog, he would soon discover the watch. The dog was granted, the gentleman made motions to the dog of what he had lost, when the sagacious creature immediately ran about among the company until he had discovered the watch, he still at last he laid hold of a man. The gentleman insisted that this person had got his watch, and on being searched, not only the watch, but a considerable sum of money was discovered in his pockets.—Brown's Natural History.

A Robber Captured.—Some years ago, a person respectably dressed, and of Eton, showed a remarkable degree of intelligence which proved exceedingly useful to two men who were driving a flock of sheep. The sheep were the property of Mr. B. Tomlin, Esq., of Stonefield, and the men in charge were almost at their wits' end in trying to drive them to their destination, the difficulty being increased by the approaching darkness. Mr. Machin's dog, which happened to come up, although quite a stranger to the men, volunteered his assistance, and went with the flock to their destination, about a mile distant from where he met them. Having done his work he returned home.

OB, THE SUNDAY EXCURSION TRAIN.

"Or, where is the place?" Do show me the place! The demand, which was rather an entreaty, proceeded from an elderly workman in a Sunday frock, who was intensely excited. Tears were flowing down his cheeks, where time had already made its furrows. The same excitement was on every countenance. It appeared some great calamity had occurred. We followed the old woman and her guide into a large room, where a most awful and ghastly sight lay before us. Upon various tables lay *hundred* corpses! There were the old man and the infant; mothers, daughters, sons, and husbands; some of them almost crushed out of every appearance of humanity.

What was the cause of all this? No powder-mill had exploded, and sent forth its lurid flames. No ravaging army had spread slaughter and destruction around. It was Sabbath morning, and the people were returning merrily from every step, to welcome the day of rest. A party of pleasure was on its way to London. Laughter and merriment were in the air, and the conversation while the laugh was ringing in the ear, and the jest had scarce parted the lips—the air was wet with shrieks and groans of mortal agony. A collision had taken place between the two trains, and, without warning, twenty-two persons suddenly perished from time to time.

The old woman went from time to time to one mangled body to another, until her eyes rested on that of a young man in a Sunday frock, who she recognized. With a paroxysm of grief, she took the cold hand in hers, and seeing I looked sympathizing at her, poured out her grief in broken words. "Oh, sir! she said, "this poor lad was my son. He was a good boy, sir."

"He would," I answered him. And now—your son. He was a good boy, sir."

"Do you think," said I, "that he had given his heart to God?" "I had doubts myself, for I thought that man had truly come to Christ, would know the value of the Sabbath as a means of grace, and would have been diligent. Still I was anxious to know if there had been any signs of repentance, for you know but in that awful hour, God, who is in mercy, will not allow the death of any one, who in the hour of extremity, implored salvation in the Savior's name."

was very young, leaving a small annuity to his widow. Out of this, Mrs. White appropriated her son to an English school, and she was very diligent in her conversation with his apprentices, urged them to give their hearts to the Lord. Young White felt softened and resolved to go. It was the 1st day of May, and the Spirit, whose "viewless way" it seen in every good thought and holy emotion, was at that time regularly attending on his soul. But in an evil hour he formed the acquaintance of a young man, who was a very bad man, and who was dissipated. He ridiculed White so intensely that he led him to avoid all mention of religion, while he assisted in every trade and influence. The young man's friends are help, either good or bad. If they do not assist us heavenward, they aid in our ruin.

Young White, by his friend's society, and he gradually yielded himself entirely to his influence. The first stirrings of conscience were quenched. Sunday evening was spent in strolling about and smoking. He had and several others were out bathing. Every fond of adventure, White sought the deepest part of the pond. He had swam some time, when he felt the cramp; and before he had time to cry out, he sank. Presently one of his companions called out, "Where is White?" An alarm was raised; the pond was dragged; and he was recovered. For a time he hung between life and death. With returning consciousness, he begged the doctor to turn to God. In an agony of soul he sought for pardon through Christ. Several weeks passed. Every one who saw him, said, "It was a miracle that you were of time he recovered; and while walking one day, he encountered a White-haired man, who had been told to shun him; but it was in his own strength his resolution was made."

"I didn't believe it, for I thought you had too much good sense for that; but I heard the parson describe you, and I turned a saint again, Tom," he said. "I didn't believe it, for I thought you had too much good sense for that; but I heard the parson describe you, and I turned a saint again, Tom," he said.

It was true, old fellow? No, I lie is not. So come to my lodgings, and let us have a little together—will you go?"

White, conscious, but unable to resist, White consented. He listened to the rascal scorn heaped upon religion, and the blasphemous infidelity of his companions. He felt that he had been deceived, and was seized on his soul. In vain did poor Thomas White try to drown the voice of conscience in sin—it still made its way.

In due time Mr. White returned to Brighton. Here Tom's evil companion led him into still greater dissipation. The friends of the young man, who were very anxious to see him, were told that he was in the city. He went still the same place was urged, "I will by-and-by go to see you, and I will be with you in a week." He went to see him, and he found him in a state of great distress. He thought if he gave a man a trial, twice, or even three, and he does not seem, that he has further cause to be angry with him. But just think of the numberless times the Lord designs to try us. He knocks at the closed door. He knocks at the door, and he knocks again, and still waits, long after human patience would have been exhausted. He knocks at the door, and he knocks again, and still waits, long after human patience would have been exhausted. He knocks at the door, and he knocks again, and still waits, long after human patience would have been exhausted.

White and his prodigal acquaintances were returning home, he fell remarkably sick. The storm made no impression on their minds. Just, however, as they were turning the corner of a street, a chimney-pot was thrown from a tall chimney, and fell full length on the head of Thomas White recovered. His heart was not grateful. He thought not of the mercy that had hitherto spared his life, but of the punishment which he had just received. He thought not of the mercy that had hitherto spared his life, but of the punishment which he had just received.

White and the female he have alluded to were spending "what" at home. The female was a publican in the former was man the worst of his kind, and before he had time to save to the utermost. Satan urged his repeated backslidings, and despair seemed to oppress his heart. By slow degrees, after much prayer, his mind grew calmer. He seemed to be in a more hopeful condition. But it was only a transient beam of light. His soul was unimproved. The impression was not lasting. In his heart of hearts, he longed to return to the sins that he loved, and to the pleasures of the world, which he had so dearly loved. Thomas White recovered. His heart was not grateful.

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THE COLPORTEUR IN THE HIGHLANDS.

AVAILING ourselves of the increased facilities of travelling, we have lately visited the highlands of Scotland, and it may be worth while to state, that we had a ticket which took us to Aberdeen and back in a most comfortable and rapid train, for the rate of which we paid a half-price. The fare from Aberdeen to Inverness was 7s. 6d. That we travelled 120 miles, with a month to ramble among the mountains, for 2s. 6d. for little more than a half-price, and let the tourist note those facts.—The North British Railway Co. have a railway traffic on Saturday, and on Sunday, and on the 1st day of the month, and that arising from early arrangements, they pay four and a half per cent. divided, while the Sunday travelling railway companies pay on an average only three per cent."

Well, here in the neighbourhood of Strathpeffer, in the Highlands, Walking along one of its glens, and rising occasionally to the mountain level, the grandest scenery appears to view. The population is sparse, and the people are poor, but wherever you meet them and show a smiling face, they receive you joyfully, and may be trusted to any extent. Enter their houses, and though they are but huts, you will find them generally clean, with a well whitened hearthstone, and the self-warranted the walls, clean as a mirror. There are no locks on their doors, and they all have the Bible, and no Catholics on their shelf near the fireplace, or single nook. The children are not dirty, and as for shoes and stockings, they are never worn until the age of ten or twelve, but where you can find more healthily-looking people, and with every variety of vegetable diet. Animal food is rarely to be seen. When Dr. Johnson was compiling his Dictionary, he defined the word "English" as "the language of the English people." "How will that do, Boy?" said the Dr. to Boswell. "Very good," replied James, "for where we find such a people, and where such horses? James was right, and the healthy, happy looks of those poor people, who live chiefly on the oatmeal attest the soundness of his opinion."

In the course of our tour we came upon a cluster of men in one of the dingles near Strathpeffer, evidently increased in a display of books or pictures, which a quiet-looking middle-aged man was expounding to them. The children around are dirty, and as for shoes and stockings, they are never worn until the age of ten or twelve, but where you can find more healthily-looking people, and with every variety of vegetable diet. Animal food is rarely to be seen. When Dr. Johnson was compiling his Dictionary, he defined the word "English" as "the language of the English people." "How will that do, Boy?" said the Dr. to Boswell. "Very good," replied James, "for where we find such a people, and where such horses? James was right, and the healthy, happy looks of those poor people, who live chiefly on the oatmeal attest the soundness of his opinion."

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THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The 1st of May, 1862, was a memorable day in the history of our country. The opening of the Great Exhibition of Nations was an event long to be remembered by all who were favoured to be present. Just as the clock struck one, the heralds of the world, in the robes of their respective nations, entered the centre of the Great Building. Hairs of Thence, Dukes, Earls, Bishops, Ambassadors, Judges, Lord-Lieutenants, and other high dignitaries, in the presence of those who had long been looked forward to as chief ornaments—our beloved sovereign, and her late Majesty, the Queen, were present. The procession approached the platform at the foot of the great orchestra, where 200 instrumental and vocal performers, posted forth in sounds of harmony, never excelled—the National Anthem—"God save the Queen." Then came Meyer's March, specially composed for the beautiful ladies by Ferruccio Busoni. Then Austria's March. The Bishop of London now invoked God's blessing on the undertaking in an impressive prayer. After which the Hallelujah Chorus was sung with a power and influence almost overwhelming. On the National Anthem being repeated, the Duke of Cambridge, as Her Majesty's representative, then proclaimed the Exhibition to be "Queen!"

Some critics have complained that the International Exhibition Building of 1862 is inferior to the one of 1851. The building, however, is a masterpiece of architecture. The building, however, is a masterpiece of architecture. The building, however, is a masterpiece of architecture.

Working men who propose voting London for the Exhibition of 1862, and secure labouring, if possible, before the opening of the Exhibition, and secure labouring, if possible, before the opening of the Exhibition, and secure labouring, if possible, before the opening of the Exhibition.

CLERICAL CONFERENCE. An important Conference of Clergymen was held at the Lincoln Coffee House, Ludgate Hill, on Friday the 2nd inst. The object of the meeting was to consider the best means of promoting habits of temperance, more especially amongst the young men of the country, and to consider the best means of promoting habits of temperance, more especially amongst the young men of the country, and to consider the best means of promoting habits of temperance, more especially amongst the young men of the country.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS. To BOOKSELLERS.—We have received many letters from friendly Booksellers, complaining of the difficulty they experience in obtaining a copy of the "Fish Workman," and we are glad to be enabled to send a packet of them to you, gratis, monthly, for the purpose of giving you an address, on receipt of two shillings.

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By BRISTOL POSTER.

SUMMER.

He cauths the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth.—*Psalm civ. 14.* And I will send grass in thy fields for thy cattle, that thou mayest eat, and be full.—*Deuteronomy x. 15.* These wait all upon Thee; that Thou mayest give them their meat in due season. That Thou givest them they gather: Thou openest Thine hand, they are filled with good.—*Psalm civ. 27.* All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.—*Psalm civ. 10.*

SUMMER SONG.

This sun is carving in glory and might,
Mid the deep blue sky and the cloudlets white;
The bright wave is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breeze go lightly by;
The air and the water dance, glitter and play,
And why should not I be as merry as they.

The linnet is singing the wild wood through;
The fawn's bounding footstep skims over the dew;
The butterfly flits round the flowering tree,
And the cowbird and bluebell are bent by the bee;
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay,
And why should not I be as merry as they.

Mary Russell Mifford.

A SUMMER MORNING'S SONG.

Up, sleeper! dreamer! up! for now
There's gold upon the mountain's brow—
There's light on forests, lakes, and meadows—
The dew-drops shine on low-set bells,
The village clock of morning tolls,
Up, men! out, cattle! for the dells
And dingles teem with shadows.

Up! to the fields! through shine and storm;
What hath the dull and drowsy hour
So blest as this? the glad harvest leaping
To hear morn's early song sublime;
See earth rejoicing in its prime:
The summer is the waking time,
The winter time for sleeping.

The very best that crops the flower,
Hath welcome for the dawning hour,
Arise! smile! her beck'nings claim thee;
Listen—look round—the chirp, the hum,
Song, low, and beat—there's nothing dumb—
All love, all life.—Come slumber, come!
The meaneast thing shall shame thee.

Oh, happy, who the city's noise
Can quit for nature's quiet joys,
Quit worldly sin and worldly sorrow,
No more 'midst prison-walls abide,
But, in God's temple, vast and wide,
Four praises ev'ry eventide,
Ask mercies ev'ry morn'—*Tollens.*

Whosoever thinks himself wise enough, or virtuous enough, is in a fair way never to be either.



"WHAT'S THE USE?"

"WHAT'S the use Dick of depending your time over that fiddle—come with us and have 'a glass, like a man?"
"No, thank you, Tom," replied Dick, "I love my home and my music better than the public-house. I mean to practice until I become a first-rate player."
Working-men! amongst the skillful musicians who took part in the memorable opening of the grand International Exhibition last month, more than one 'Dick' might be seen in the great orchestra!
Working-men! Working-boys!—Reclaim the time. An interesting anecdote of an Agricultural labourer, who, by wisely filling up his 'spare hours,' became a celebrated musician, will shortly appear in our pages.

GOOD CONDUCT TOKEN.

The Directors of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway have set a good example by presenting their old servant, Thomas Fob, with a Silver Medal, which bears the following inscription—*Presented to Fob by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company for good conduct during twenty-three years' service as pointman.*—In whose hands the limbs and lives of hundreds of thousands of human beings are yearly intrusted,—who for nearly a century has maintained "a good name," is worthy of honour. Long may he be spared!

The following is extracted from an excellent address just issued by the "Lion's Day Observance Society."



LIVE AND LET LIVE; A PLEA FOR OUR OMNIBUS-MEN.

Of the 1200 omnibuses licensed for this Metropolis, 1092 run on an average ten single Journeys every Sunday. These employ not only drivers and conductors, but also horse-keepers, washers, time-keepers and others. Thus these servants, many thousands in number, now work for the convenience of the public, they are exposed to all the changes of the weather, to heat and cold, to winds and rain. Many of them are married men with families, but they seldom see their children, save when they are in bed. These men are most anxious for their children. On their behalf we now call upon you not to employ them on the Lord's-day. Through us, they now appear to each Sunday traveller who sees employes there. They justly feel that it is by individual demands, like your own, that this evil is created and continued; and that you are personally answerable for depriving their bodies of this God-given rest, and for depriving them of the enjoyment of spending its hours with their wives and children in their homes; and, above all, for depriving them of the only opportunities of hearing of, and preparing for, the heavenly, the eternal rest.

Procrastination.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON, the ablest preacher of his day, thus sets forth the folly of the great majority of mankind. "Many men pass fifty or sixty years in the world; and when they are just about going out of it, they begin to repent of their sins, and reform their lives, and make their peace with God, and in time to prepare for eternity."
Sir loosely to the world's joys, Have a feeling of chastened gratitude and thankfulness when you have them; but beware of resting in them, or investing them with a permanency they cannot have. Jeers had his eye on heaven, when he said, "your joy no man taketh from you."

Are you an Artist? The public responded to your call, when you asked that ten and-a-half hours should be the limit of your day, although you already had the enjoyment of your Sunday. Surely, then, your love of fair play will move you to help to secure to your over-worked brother man rest on the Lord's-day.
Are you engaged as a Clerk, Salesman, or Assistant in a wholesale or retail business? Have not the public responded likewise to your appeal for "early closing," and for the Saturday half-holiday? Have you not, therefore, the enjoyment of these, besides that of the Lord's-day? Is it then fair or right that these men, who have carried you to your places of business in all weathers, during the week, should now be deprived of their rest for your pleasures?

Or are you now being driven in an omnibus to some distant church or chapel? Can any one feel surprised that many among this class of our public servants are sunk low in the scale of society, seeing that they never hear the glad tidings, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.) Is not their impression of what is due to the Lord's-day derived from what they witness among church-going people, who tempt them to profane its hallowed hours for momentary convenience? No man can be said to keep the Sabbath, who keeps it at the expense of tempting another man to break the Sabbath.

As you reverence, then, that Father of all, who has given to all His children alike a rest of one day in seven; and as you pity these wearied, hard-worked servants of the public; and as you would give them opportunities for that preparation for heaven, without which there is no hope for their knowing rest in the next world any more than in this; and as you would like that they too should have this day, as you have, to spend with their wives and children, do not, by now riding in omnibuses on the Lord's-day yourself, employ these drivers and conductors, horse-keepers, washers, time-keepers, and others; but try by your example and influence to gain for them, what you now have, a weekly day of rest.



THOMAS FOB, Pointman, on Lancashire and Yorkshire Railways.