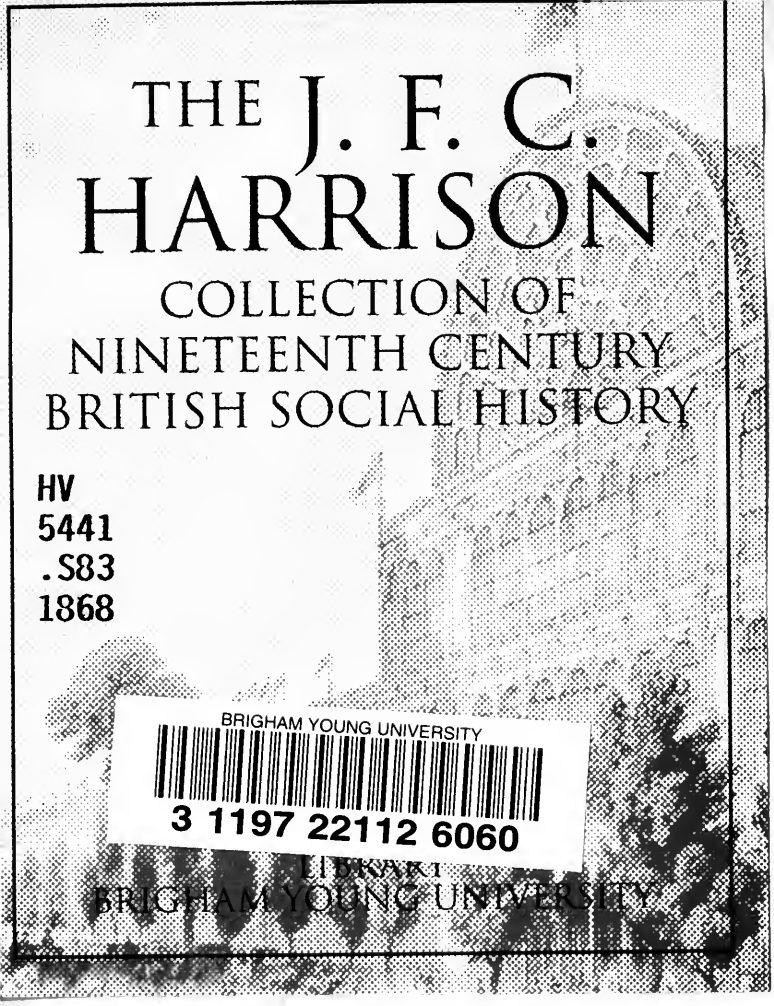
THE STAUNCH TEETOTALER, 1868,

BY JOSEPH LIVESEY,

Containing the whole of his Autobiography.

PRESTON: Published at 28, Church Street.—PRICE 1s. 4d.



J. F. Harrison.

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BY J. LIVESEY.

No. 13. JANUARY, 1868. ONE PENNY.

A NEW YEAR'S APPEAL.

(Addressed to all who are not Teetotalers.)

DEAR FRIENDS,

I feel thankful that I have been spared to make another New Year's Appeal to my fellow countrymen in favour of universal sobriety. I don't intend on this occasion to dwell upon the horrible effects of our national intemperance—to harass the feelings of my friends by the details of the killing and slaying that is going on daily by the drinking system—of the broken hearts and domestic wretchedness—the poverty of the poor, and the bankruptcy of the rich and middle class—the crowding of workhouses, prisons, and asylums—the smashing of railway trains, the sinking of vessels, or the burning of cities (as at Quebec)—or on the brutality, tyranny, and lawlessness, lately revealed, of vast numbers forming the lower stratum of our population—all the effects of drink, drinking, drinking customs, and the facilities for drinking in the shape of public-houses, and dram and beer-shops. No; I would rather try on this occasion to exhibit to you the blessed results of a *sober life*—of an *entire freedom* from the liquor that disturbs and destroys man's rationality—the curse of nations, and the source of all disregard to law, human and divine. To be *quite* sober and *always* sober, can only be attained by an entire and unceasing abstinence from all intoxicating drinks; and nothing short of *perfect sobriety*, I maintain, is the will of our Father in Heaven. *This is teetotalism.* It means better health, longer life, purer blood, more equal circulation, sounder nerves, a clearer head, sweeter breath, a heavier purse, and a uniform and kindlier temper. It is demonstrated that the teetotalers, as a body, have less sickness than drinkers, and, if sick, that they sooner recover. Teetotalism, for the poor family, means a fuller cupboard and better food; more clothing, and that clothing safe at home; more furniture; good blankets and warm bedding, and this is a great comfort these cold nights. It generally means freedom from the pawnbroker's, the Scotchman's, and shopkeeper's books; sometimes a little in the Savings' Bank, and buying everything in for ready money. It means *peace* at home, mutual love and esteem betwixt wife and husband, and paternal, filial, and religious duties respected. To the shopkeeper and tradesman, a freedom from drink adds much to their reputation; it lengthens their hours, strengthens their judgments, improves their address, prevents bad bargains, secures confidence, increases capital, and, when faithfully adhered to, seldom fails of ensuring success. Equally so would it benefit the upper classes. The embarrassments of thousands, brought on by the drinking fashions and their tendency, would be prevented. By an abandonment of the liquor, their wine and spirit bills would be saved, and doctors' bills greatly reduced. The removal of the drink from the table, the sideboard, and the cellar,

would be the removal of many a fatal temptation—temptations to servants, to friends, visitors, but, above all, to the young men of the family. The broken heart of many a good mother would be healed, and the jarrings and contentions that are created by liquor would be unknown. It would be the salvation of many a female—many a lady who tipples in private, and whose frailties for a while are concealed, but growing more and more inveterate, seldom fail to come before the world. For the sake of such, surely no man should refuse to banish the bottle. Let teetotalism spread, and its effects will be most manifest in connection with all our institutions. A sober man becomes a thinker, a reader; he feels that he should attend to his religious duties, and do some good to his fellow creatures. And, if ministers and leaders in religious bodies would declare their downright hostility to the drinking system, and act consistently at our social gatherings, by abjuring the wine bottle and defending the temperance reformation, their schools would be more prosperous, and their churches and chapels filled by reformed characters. In fact, as the love of drink is the root of all evil in this country; to abstain from it would be the harbinger of all good. Teetotalism is the pioneer of civilization, morality, loyalty, and religion. It is good for everybody; it is good for the young and the aged, and those in middle life; it is good for the rich and the poor; for the wife and the spinster; for the master and the servant. Those who abstain from stimulants, it has been proved, can endure far greater hardships, and can pursue enterprise with less suffering in colder climates and high temperatures, than those who take them. Our plan, though costless, is nevertheless a treasure; it meets all cases, and is as obtainable by the penniless drunkard as the port wine drinking debauchee. It is good at all seasons, and in every place; it is good for time, and good for eternity. Do you know one that ever repented being a teetotaler? I don't; I have known thousands that repented bitterly that they had not had courage to give up the drink and their drinking associates.

Let me not be misunderstood. Though I am crediting *teetotalism* with all the above excellencies, I am far from maintaining that all *teetotalers* possess them. We have had many unworthy members in our societies, as is the case in all others. What I mean to say is, that *other things being equal*, teetotalers are superior to drinkers, and that abstinence leads to virtue, and secures advantages that drink tends to destroy. I know, whatever I may say, that a great many of my readers will wrap themselves up and feel quite easy in the garment of moderate drinking. If asked to sign, their reply is, "There is no need for me to sign, I can temper myself," forgetting, it would seem, anyone but themselves. If asked, "Are you a teetotaler?" they will give these answers: "Not exactly;" "As near as possible;" "I am next door to it;" "It is very little I take." Hence we see, after all, that it is the wish of most people to get as *near* to us as they can, and yet not to be with us "exactly." It is only the "little drop" that divides us. So much the better; you have *less* to give up; less sacrifice to make, if sacrifice it be. But, remember, this little drop numbers you with the *drinkers*, and *not* with the *abstainers*, and though it may be a fact that you never take more than a "little drop," the world will scarcely believe you. Everybody understands what teetotalism is; but little-drop drinking is bad to define, and to trace its *tendencies* you have only to gaze upon the drunkenness you see all around you. As the ocean is made up of drops, so does the black sea of England's intemperance take its rise in the *sips* and *half glasses* of the family table, the sick room, and the social party.

My Friends, to conclude: with all the blessings of teetotalism before you; a practice so good, so cheap, so well tested, and now spoken of so well by everybody, why should you not embrace it? Why not enter this promised land; drink the wine of Paradise, and bask in the sunshine of a consciousness that you are

doing good for yourselves, pleasing God, and benefiting your fellow creatures? Why not let the 1st of January, 1868, be your new birthday, as it respects abstinence from all that can intoxicate? To many of my readers another January will never come. I may never have another opportunity of making my annual appeal. Here is health, wealth, and happiness; peace and comfort, and a wide field of usefulness in the world and in the church—such as is incompatible, even with moderate drinking—and why not embrace all these? It would be a great deliverance, a freedom from the bondage of appetite, and a victory over that vile tyrant—fashion. Acting thus according to your convictions would be a wellspring of satisfaction, enhanced greatly by the conviction that your *example* is now a *safe* one—safe to your children, your kindred, your neighbours, and the world; and that no one could ever rise up and say "*You* have been my ruin, in inducing me to take a glass or two, at which I was unable to stop." Surely it ought to be one of the choicest pleasures of a Christian to join the little band of water drinkers in breasting the flood of intemperance that surges through the land? The happiness of a good man is to make others happy, and to do nothing that could possibly lead anyone astray. It is a daily feast to know that you are doing good to your fellow creatures; and, on your death-bed, in surveying your past lives, the consciousness that you have been the means of saving some from the vortex of ruin, cannot but help to smooth your dying pillow.

I am,

Your affectionate Friend,

Preston, Jan. 1, 1868. J. LIVESEY.

P.S.—You may become an abstainer without signing a pledge, but if you prefer signing, the following is respectfully offered to you:—

A GOOD RESOLUTION.

By God's help, I am determined to ABSTAIN *from all kinds of* INTOXICATING LIQUORS *to the end of the year* 1868, *and at that time I shall consider whether I should renew my promise.*

_____1868.

THE EDITOR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—No. 1.

In sitting down to write my autobiography, as promised, I feel several discouragements. The first I alluded to before. In going over the events and collecting the incidents connected with so long a life, it is very difficult to make a selection such as shall not omit what would be deemed by my friends as important, and yet not to tire them with details of little moment; and to do this without exposing myself to the charge of vanity and egotism is still more difficult. Next, my memory of late has become very much impaired, and this increases the labour required, to be certain that facts, events, and dates are truly narrated. Fortunately, I have the benefit of a very copious memoranda, which I made while residing nine weeks at a Water Cure Establishment on the Rhine, in the year 1853, which has been laid by, unperused till now. The following is the first paragraph, giving the reasons for drawing up the sketch, which was not intended to appear during my lifetime, and little did I think that fourteen years would elapse before it would be disturbed.

"My experience of sixty years may possibly, if placed upon record, be of some service to those who are but just beginning to tread the active stage of existence.

If it should convey to such, useful hints that may enable them to escape any of the ills of life, and prompt to a course of virtue and usefulness, I shall be well rewarded for the trouble of my narrative; and, if not, the writing will beguile away a few hours, which I now find myself, from infirmity, unable to appropriate to a more useful purpose; and, at any rate, these memoirs will be read with some interest by a few whose friendship I have had the happiness to enjoy. It may also be pleasing to my numerous family to have condensed, ready to their hands, the most striking incidents of my life, some of which they may have never heard of or forgotten; and possibly, they may here trace some of the advantages which they at present enjoy over the children of many other families."

I drew my first breath in a humble cottage in the village of Walton, on the 5th March, 1794. This village is beautifully situated on the banks of the Ribble, one mile and a half from Preston. I was born in that part called "Walton Cop," and there I resided in three different houses, almost contiguous, till after my marriage, when I came to Preston, in the winter of 1815. I was named after my grandfather, Joseph Livesey, my other grandfather being William Ainsworth. They were both small farmers in the township of Walton; the former occupying a farm in Toad-house Lane; the latter, one called "Watering Pool," near Tardy Gate. My father's name was John; my mother's Jennet. I never had a sister, and only one brother—William, who died early. My parents both died of consumption, in the year 1801, within ten weeks of each other, leaving me at the age of seven without father or mother, sister or brother. I was taken by my grandfather, Livesey, whose family consisted of my grandmother, and one uncle, Thomas, and I remained with him, as I shall show, till I was married.

My father, from the time of his marriage, resided in the same row of houses in which I was born. He was a hand-loom cloth manufacturer, had his warehouse close by, and, of course, was among the earliest makers of cotton goods in this district. He had received a good education, as is evident from his productions at school, which I have still in my keeping. Being taken away in the prime of life, at a short notice, nothing remained but for my grandfather to carry on the business in which he had already invested all he could spare. I was taken to my grandfather's farm, but as he had now the cotton business in hand, he shortly relinquished farming, and came and resided at my late father's house in the village. Here, his troubles, poor old man! commenced. He knew nothing of the business, and my uncle, upon whom most of the management devolved, knew as little. Either from "bad times" or bad management, or both, the concern came to grief. I don't recollect how long, but I suppose they did not carry on the business more than three or four years. Their embarrassments kept increasing; and I remember well the old man, on a Tuesday night, upon the return of Thomas with unfavourable reports from Manchester market, crying like a child. Young as I was, I busied myself in the warehouse, sometimes at the warping-mill, sometimes helping to hook pieces, or weighing out the weft. The "moutre" trade was then carried on to a great extent, and the disputes with weavers and threats of "bating" were frequent. Both yarn and cloth were enormously dear, so there was a great temptation for weavers to sell cops, to take off "half beers," and, by obliterating the "smits," to get longer fents than they were allowed. Not long ago, there resided in Preston a female who had a cambric petticoat, the material of which she said she bought of my father, at seven shillings a yard. Warping only was done on the premises; winding, sizing, and weaving were all done out. Ridgway's and Ainsworth's wagons (bleachers) used to call weekly for the goods. It was about this time that Mr. Bashall commenced manufacturing at Bamber Bridge, and he and my father, I understand, were on friendly terms; and the success of one family

compared with the other, having about equal means to start with, forms an instructive contrast. My poor old grandfather lost all he had—the savings of his farming and his industry—and the only consolation that remained connected with his misfortunes was, that he was just able to pay, in full, all his creditors. In those days, all the small farms in Walton, Penwortham, and the adjoining country places, were "weaving farms," having a "shop" attached, to hold a certain number of looms; and as grandfather and uncle had both learned the trade, nothing now remained for them but to return to the loom, and for many years they had to rely on this alone for a livelihood.

From this period, being then about ten or eleven years of age, I remained with them till I was twenty-one. For some time my chief employment was winding weavers' bobbins. My grandmother grew infirm and died soon after, and as we were too poor to keep a servant, and having no female help except to wash the clothes, and occasionally to clean up, I may be said to have been the housekeeper. We lived in a house of £5 a year. From necessity I became pretty proficient in all kinds of labour connected with domestic life, and I never regretted this, for in speaking to the poor during my visitations, I have found my early experience of great service; and in the event of any reverse of fortune, I always felt that I was prepared to live where others would be beset with difficulties, or perhaps starve. The cellar where my grandfather and uncle worked held three looms, and so soon as I was able I was put to weaving; and for seven years I worked in a corner of that damp cellar, really unfit for any human being to work in—the fact that from the day it was plastered to the day I left it the mortar was soft—water remaining in the walls—was proof of this. And to make it worse, the Ribble and the Darwen sometimes overflowed their banks, and inundated this and all the cellars adjoining. It has to me often been a subject of perfect surprise how I bore up and escaped with my life, sitting all the long day close to a damp wall. And I can only suppose that this was counteracted in a great measure by the incessant action of almost every muscle of the body, required in weaving. "All fours" never cease action on the part of the hand-loom weaver. Yet, it is very probable that the four rheumatic fevers that I have had to endure, and the seven years' chronic rheumatism in my lower joints—rendering me unable to walk without great pain—which followed, had their remote cause in that miserable place. I remember taking our pieces to Messrs. Horrocks and Jacson's warehouse, and I never wove for any firm but this, and the late Mr. Timothy France, of Mount Street.

I never regretted that poverty was my early lot, and that I was left to make my own way in the world. It was here, I believe, I learned to feel for the poor, to acquire the first lessons of humanity, and to cultivate my own energies as the best means (in my case the only means) of self-advancement. Up to this time I had had little schooling, only about sufficient to read the Testament, and write, and count a little. This cellar was my college, the "breast-beam" was my desk, and I was my own tutor. Many a day and night have I laboured to understand Lindley Murray, and at last, by indomitable perseverance, what long appeared a hopeless task, was accomplished without aid from any human being. Anxious for information, and having no companions from whom I could learn anything, I longed for books, but had no means with which to procure them. There was no public library, and publications of all kinds were expensive; and, if I could succeed in borrowing one, I would devour it like a hungry man would his first meal. Indeed, few of our young men can have any idea of the contrast betwixt the present and the past, as to the advantages of gaining knowledge. At the period I refer to there were no National Schools, no Sunday Schools, no Mechanics' Institutions, no Penny Publications, no cheap Newspapers, no Free Libraries, no Penny Postage, no Temperance Societies,

no Tea Parties, no Young Men's Christian Associations, no People's Parks, no Railways, no gas, no anything in fact that distinguishes the present time in favour of the improvement and enjoyment of the masses. Most of the articles of necessity for a poor man's home, during the war with France, were nearly double their present price, and all felt the pressure of the times. My only pocket money, when a lad, was "the Sunday penny;" and I have a distinct recollection how proud I felt when I went among my companions on the Sunday afternoon with threepence in my pocket, which was my increased weekly allowance.

In a few years after I was tasked to do so much, and all that I could earn over I was allowed for myself. It was then I got my grammar, exercises, and key, Cann's Bible with references, and a few other books, as my means would allow. I seldom got a meal without a book open before me at the same time, and I managed to do what I have never seen any other weaver attempt—to read and weave at the same time. For hours together I have done this, and without making bad work. The book was laid on the breast-beam, with a cord slipped on to keep the leaves from rising. Head, hands, and feet, all busy at the same time! I had a restless mind, panting for knowledge, and incapable of inaction; and I remember that sometimes—there being nothing else that I could see out of my window—counting the number of people that passed in an hour, distinguishing males from females. That part of the loom and the wall nearest my seat were covered with marks, which I made to assist me to remember certain facts, and these hieroglyphics were there when I left. This cellar is only a short walk from where I am now writing, and I feel a pleasure in making a call at this hallowed spot. The privations connected with poverty, in my case, admitted of no exceptions. The day seemed too short for my love of reading, and as often as I could, I remained to read after uncle and grandfather had retired to bed; but I was allowed no candle, and for hours I have read by the glare of the few embers left in the fire-grate, with my head close to the bars. It was a fault I had then, and which has continued with me through life, to skim over a book. If I took one up I seldom felt content to lay it down till I had reached the last page. Looking back sixty years, I cannot help constantly exclaiming "What a contrast there is betwixt the present advantages of poor people and their children compared to that period!" And, I may add, "How little do the wealthy really know of the sufferings and adversities of those who all their lives have to toil for their daily bread!" While thousands of costly volumes lie dormant, unopened and unread by their owners, the backless volume of a borrowed book was read by me with eagerness; and this doubtless has been the case with many others. What would I not have given at that day to have had the opportunity afforded by the Preston Institution—to have availed myself of its valuable library—a privilege too much undervalued by the working classes of the present time. And yet it is a question, in many cases, whether want or plenty makes the most sterling character. My first book-case consisted of two slips of wood, value about eightpence, hung to the fall by a cord at each end, and the first work placed upon these anti-aristocrat shelves was "Jones' Theological Repository," a periodical of a number of volumes, which I had got at second-hand. I shall never forget, as I descended the cellar stairs, how I sometimes turned back to look and admire my newly-acquired treasure!

So far my history is of a cold and chilling character, and the reader will feel it more than I did myself. I had always a hope that better days would come. Surely, thought I, when looking at my condition, I am not doomed always to spend my days on the loom; and brighter days *did come*, as my subsequent history will show. I made several early efforts to get off the loom. I went to learn the shuttle making

business, but did not succeed. I followed, at one time, "twisting in" for weavers, and in this I succeeded better. Once I tried for a situation as jobber, lost a week, but got no wages. Naturally precocious, I was always thinking of the future. When reading the Scriptures, I often pictured myself in the pulpit dividing the text after the manner of ministers; and, at a very premature age, I thought of the miseries of single blessedness, and wished for a house of my own. With the country habits of my uncle and grandfather, there was little that was interesting in the way of social intercourse among us, and not caring to mix much with the lads of the village, I was a good deal isolated and left to my own resources. I never could join them in their rough sports; and by the fighting parties, for which the village was famous, I was always put upon and called "soft," and, of course, had to endure many humiliations. I generally made the girls my companions, in preference to the boys.

Still, at the earlier part of this period, I had my play and favourite amusements as well as others. With the present Mr. George Longworth (late cryer of the court), and the late Mr. Robert Snell, and others, I used to play marbles, but nearly always to a disadvantage. Lads and lasses together, we used to romp, and play at "hare and hounds," "prison bars," "hide and seek," "tig and touchwood," and in-doors at "forfeits." We used to beguile the evening hours in telling about "Jack the giant killer," and all the other legendary tales. We all believed in the existence of bogies, and the exploits of the "Bannister Doll," a noted Walton bogie that had some connection with the Bannister Hall print-works. Thomas Jolly's house was our chief rendezvous; with their own large family, and the collection of so many other children, the crowding and the noise was such that Mrs. Jolly many a time got out of patience with us, and drove us all home. We use to go a nutting in Cuerdale woods, but always in fear of the keeper. I once had a day's hunting, and only once; following the hounds all day in my clogs, I never desired a repetition of this sport. I delighted to wade in the river, and fishing was my favourite sport. For hours together I could sit at the Ribble side watching the swimmer, if I did not get a single bite. In the season, I laid night-lines in different parts of the river—at Cuerdale, at the "Church deeps," and above and below Walton Bridge; but sometimes I had the mortification to find that both lines and fish had been taken away. During my boyhood, I remember one visit to Preston which had a special interest. It was at the Guild of 1802. I was then eight years of age, and in Cheapside, a relative of mine seated me on his shoulder while the imposing procession passed by. Mr. Watson and Mr. John Horrocks had then introduced cotton spinning into the town, and this rising and profitable business was strikingly represented at this gala. The following notice is from Mr. Hardwick's "History of Preston:"—

> The gentlemen's procession commenced on Monday morning, immediately after breakfast; it was preceded by the Marshal, armed cap-a-pie, on horse-back, trumpeters on horse-back, &c.; then came twenty-four young, blooming, handsome women, belonging to the different cotton mills, dressed in a uniform of peculiar beauty and simplicity. Their dress consisted wholly of the manufacture of the town. Their petticoats were of fine white calico; the head-dress was a kind of blue feathered wreath, formed very ingeniously of cotton, so as to look like a garland; each girl carried in her hand the branch of an artificial cotton tree, as the symbol of her profession. The gentlemen walked in pairs, preceded by Lord Derby and the Hon. T. Erskine. They amounted to about four hundred, consisting of all the principal noblemen, gentlemen, merchants, and manufacturers of this and the neighbouring counties. On Tuesday was the ladies' procession. A numerous body of gentlemen, holding white rods in their hands, walked before, and filed off, making a line on each side of the street, through which the ladies were to pass. The girls from the cotton manufactory led the van as before; afterwards came the ladies, two and two. The Rev. Mr. Shuttleworth, rector, and Mrs. Grimshaw, the mayoress, and queen of the guild, walked first; after them came the Countess of Derby, and Lady Charlotte Hornby; Lady Stanley, daughter of the Earl of Derby, and Lady Ann Lindsay; Lady Susan Carpenter, and the Hon. Mrs. Cawthorne; Lady Gerard, and Lady

Houghton; Lady Jerningham, and Lady Fitzgerald. Several other baronets' ladies, and the rest of the other ladies, followed, walking in pairs; in all, near four hundred in number, consisting of the most distinguished ladies in this and the neighbouring counties. They were all superbly dressed, and adorned with a profusion of the richest jewels.

It has been this *cotton* which has converted our aristocratic town of six or seven thousand to a hive of industry, with a population now approaching 100,000.

Among the places where drunkenness prevailed, I am sorry to say, Walton was no exception. The weavers crowded the public-houses, and they regularly kept "St. Monday." The villagers all thought well of drink, and at the dame's school, kept by Jenny Holmes, to which I was first sent, there was spiced ale or wine at the Christmas banquet, and the little folks, I remember, were showing off by imitating the drunkard. We had a sad wet lot connected with the Church. The grave-digger and his father were both drunkards; ringers and singers, both were hard drinkers, and I remember the latter singing in my father's kitchen, one Christmas Day morning, in a most disgraceful condition. The parish clerk was no exception. When the Church clock was standing for want of winding-up on a morning, as was often the case, the remark was "the clerk was drunk again last night." The hospitality of my father's house always included the bottle. One of my uncles (Ainsworth), a timber dealer in the village, a fine healthy man, killed himself in the prime of life with drinking, and left a large family unprovided for. I need not say more.

I was surrounded by mental darkness and vice, without the companionship of congenial spirits, but, cherishing the aspirations of future advancement, it was to me a great consolation and a source of future hope to become acquainted with a family of the name of Portlock, the heads of which and some of the members were decidedly religious. I began then, when about sixteen, to feel the value of existence, the importance of sacred things, and to enjoy the comforts of religious and friendly intercourse. The particulars of this event and what followed I must reserve for my next.

DRINK AND DRUGS *VERSUS* NATURE.

A prevailing and popular error, among all classes, after recklessly impairing their constitution, is, to fall back upon *drugs* and *drink* for its repair; from which, though they may get temporary relief, they cannot acquire any constitutional vigour. They keep doctoring and stimulating till nature gives way, and then sink into a premature grave. They are never content, especially females, unless they are taking pills or medicine of some sort; every pain requires an additional dose. They have not learned to know that what we call "being poorly," or "out of sorts," or "having no appetite," or "a bad head-ache," or "a pain in the bowels," should, in most cases, be taken as the symptoms of processes going on for our good, for the removal of something that is injurious; and that to interfere by medicine, in nine cases out of ten, is only thwarting nature, and defeating the object she is seeking to accomplish. In many cases, just at the time when the struggle is the severest, and nature is gaining the conquest, an enemy, in the shape of an apothecary's preparation, interferes, and the contest is prolonged with increased debility. What we should do, day by day, and year by year, is to *strengthen the constitution.* This is the way to *prevent* diseases, and to grapple with them successfully should they occur. Preissnitz, the great discoverer of the bathing processes, said, "I never cure disease, I cure the man." And this is not to be done, as most people seem to think, simply through the *stomach.* In health or in sickness, the notion of many is that all is to be done by eating, drinking, and drugging. If a man cannot eat he is sure to be "going to the dogs." Never was a poor donkey overworked like the human stomach. It is allowed no rest, although it shows every symptom that bespeaks

the importance of repose. If it cannot take food, it must be drenched with medicine. And at a season like this, when men are singing "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will toward men," they are at the same time exercising every power of invention to overload and overwork the already debilitated organs of digestion, in the shape of Christmas "cheer." Roast beef, plum pudding, mince pies, nut-brown ale, cakes, almonds, and sparkling wines—and then what? Gastric derangement and the doctor! Could anything else be expected? Fasting occasionally, simplicity of diet, exercise in the open air, no alcoholic disturbance, no physic, cleanliness and friction to the skin, not "caring about many things," but a contented, resigned, cheerful state of mind, and the time well employed in rendering services to our fellow creatures—*these I hold to be the true agencies of health*, and a thousand times better than all the medicines and all the fiery drinks that doctors or drink sellers can supply. The people, even educated people, deem it too much trouble to think for themselves—to judge of the capabilities of the human frame to provide for the wants, infirmities, and vicisitudes of the tabernacle in which they dwell. They live as they like; they eat, and drink, and smoke, and set at defiance all the laws of health; and at every ailment, even the slightest, they send for the doctor. This, I repeat, is a special weakness of females. With many of those who can afford it, and with not a few who can't, "the doctor is never out of the house." If a child be a little feverish, which would be all right to-morrow if let alone, some one must run for the doctor; if the mother has got "a bad head," probably the result of cramming the stomach with more than it could digest, either the doctor is called in, or some one of the numerous medicines—quack or orthodox—which are kept in store, is taken to get relief. Nearly all this is founded in ignorance. People not only bring on by indulgence and want of simplicity in living nearly all their complaints, but they seem thoroughly to ignore the restorative powers of the system—in medical language, the *vis medicatrix naturæ*. This inherent agency is always at work; and the derangement of every part of the system, internal and external, even till it come to the scratch of a pin, is under its care, and well provided for. Nearly all the cures attributed to physic, and to the cleverness of the doctor, are effected by the conservative power of the human frame, and probably would have been effected sooner, had it not been for the extra efforts required to eject or get clear of the disturber—the "two spoonfulls three times a day." It is not the doctor's fault; I wish this to be distinctly understood; it is the patient's own fault, and the doctor must succumb. I don't say but there are cases where medical advice is useful, but far less would be required if people learned more about themselves; for, as to the administration of medicine, it appears to be based on no settled principle, and when doctors differ so often as they do, thinking people are apt to take Shakspeare's hint, and "give physic to the dogs." "Doctors don't give half the medicine that they did formerly," is often said, which shews that they were either wrong then or they are mistaken now. And the current is so changed that it seems to be a recommendation for a physician that "he gives very little medicine." It is often remarked that physicians seldom take their own physic; and I had an instance the other day. In conversation with one of first-rate standing in his district, I said, "Doctor, I have the advantage of you, I take a splash in water every morning." "So do I," replied he. "But," following it up, "I never take physic." "Neither do I," he instantly rejoined."

But the worst of all is, that let the ailment be what it may, scarcely any prescription is complete unless it either contains alcohol, or admits, as an accompaniment, this "stimulating poison" under some of its popular forms. After the disease has been "got under," it would be marvellous, indeed, if parties could regain their strength without wine or porter. If it were not for these drinks in the

hands of some doctors, they might give up their practice. There are a few who have given the subject a thorough investigation, and have lost all faith in "bitter-beer," "claret," or the "best brandy," and have openly avowed it; but the greatest number are still in communion with the brewer and the wine merchant, and tacitly acknowledge that unless these important personages are called in, their patients would never get strong. Though the family doctor may be convinced that a basin of milk is far better than a pint of wine, yet he knows if he attempt to withhold the convalescents' allowance, they are sure to help themselves. They believe in stimulants—they like them; they like to feel a little lively, not knowing or caring that such forced action indicates no restoration of the system, but rather an increased wear and tear. They have a little brandy always ready for emergencies, and, to give them an appetite, bitter-beer is their favourite medicine. Till these notions can be exploded, and doctors make still greater reforms in their pharmacopeia, the temperance cause must labour under an immense disadvantage. In this case medicine and beverage run so close together, and so much one into another, that, admit intoxicating liquors in one case, it is sure to be continued in the others. But, making every concession to the opinions of others differing from those here expressed, I would say emphatically, if any doctor believe that he has no other substitute equal to alcohol, he ought to order it to be compounded by the same hands as other prescriptions, and sent to the patient's house in the same form. He ought not to leave to his patient's uncertain judgment and likings any discretion; for the serious results of doing this are obvious every day. Nor should the cure of disease or restoration to strength depend on the judgment and honesty of the publican or the spirit dealer. In an article so potent for evil as alcohol, if other medicines are to be given by grains and pennyweights, so ought this, and to be compounded as carefully. But there is really no safety in allowing any kind of intoxicating liquor to be taken "as medicine." It is from the effects of medical advice that we lose our members in the middle classes, nearly as fast as we gain them. If you have 600 abstaining ministers to-day, you don't know, next month, how many of these have been broken down by the doctors, or by their own defective knowledge of the faculties and functions of the body, and their want of faith in its own powers of restoration. I do feel thankful I am delivered from this state of thraldom. At one time, in our house, were to be found as many pill boxes and physic bottles as in most people's (though seldom were their precious contents all used), but for about fourteen years I have jogged on, with improved health, without medical advice, and without ever alarming the stomach by the entrance either of pill or "mixture." I don't say but I *may* have to consult a physician—and I should do this if it were only to please my friends—but I still retain my confidence in the restorative powers of nature, and if I should be induced to believe that a little "help" might be afforded, most assuredly it should not be by taking any liquids that contained the intoxicating ingredient—alcohol.

Another case of medical break-down. A drunkard and his wife were induced by the entreaties of a friend to sign the pledge. In less than two months a change was visible in the household. Some fine new furniture had made its appearance—a faint type of the change that had taken place in the thoughts and feelings of the now comparatively happy young couple. In the course of another month, however, he was obliged to seek admission to the infirmary to undergo a painful operation. After being sent home, on his bill of fare, there was this prescribed by his physician—"One pint of strong beer daily." His friend called at the house of the convalescent a few days after, and found his wife in tears. It was the old story—the pint of bitter beer brought him back to be the slave of the monster from whose grasp he had so nobly struggled to be free. Would to God medical men would consider their responsibility in prescribing strong drink to weak, erring mortals, many of whom, as in this case, are struggling to conquer an appetite that has all but destroyed them.

WILL THE DOINGS OF DRINK NEVER AROUSE THE NATION?

Nothing is more discouraging to the temperance reformers than the apparent insensibility of the nation to the dreadful effects of the drink and the traffic in it. Men in power seem alive to every evil but this. If a few, in the whole nation, be poisoned by arsenic from some druggist in mistake, forthwith there is a clamour throughout the country; the public press sounds an alarm; and nothing less than an Act of Parliament will allay public excitement. If a lad or two be suffocated by getting fast in some circuitous chimney, humanity arouses itself for the protection of climbing boys, and forthwith, Queen, Lords, and Commons, make a law forbidding, under penalties, any young boy being used as a "sweep." If acts of cruelty be noticed in running dogs in small carriages, forthwith Parliament enacts that no dog should be harnessed in or within so many miles of the metropolis. The removal of all kinds of nuisances is provided for and pursued assiduously but the drink nuisance. The rinderpest commanded a national effort for its removal, with power to make every ratepayer contribute to the cost; but not so the drink pest. Deaths, multitudes of deaths from drink, are passed over as of no interest. One man jumps into a pond and is drowned; another quarrels with a neighbour, is knocked down and kicked till he is taken up dead; another is upset in his gig and killed on the spot; another quarrels with a landlord, and gets so furiously excited that he drops down, and is taken up a corpse; another strikes his wife with his fist on the head, felling her to the ground, which proves mortal; another takes an axe to bed, and rubs his wife's neck against it, and severs her windpipe; another falls under the main crank of the engine, and is crushed to death in a quarter of an hour; another, in bravado, drinks a gill of whisky, falls speechless on the floor, and dies the following Friday; another falls down stairs and kills himself; another falls into the fire, and is burnt so severely that she dies in the hospital; another, without home, has crept near an ashpit to pass the night, and in the morning is found mutilated and dead by his own hands; another ties himself up by the neck, and hangs till he is dead; another is run over in the street, from the effects of which he dies the next day; another falls into the canal, and is dragged out a lifeless corpse; another falls from the quay into the river, and when got out life is extinct. Indeed, time would fail me to refer to the awful deaths which drink is inflicting daily upon our fellow creatures. And yet, such is the apathy, such the insensibility of the country, that they are passed over as matters of course. Nay, instead of creating an alarm and producing efforts to devise and enforce a preventative, everyone concerned seems anxious to prevent the worst features of the cases being known. Not in one instance out of five, of deaths induced by drinking, when inquests are held, is the real cause of the death brought out, namely, having taken intoxicating liquor. Through a false delicacy the public interest is sacrificed to a regard for private feelings. "Accidental Death" covers nearly every case which should be "Death by Drinking;" and apoplexy, brought on by excess, is "A Visitation of God!"

We are all aware of the weakness of laws in dealing with moral evil; and it is not Acts of Parliament that we rely upon for a remedy so much as a *more healthy moral feeling* among the influential classes, in regard to the terrible evils of the drinking system. We are grieved to see daily those, in the upper walks of life, shying this subject—to see them devising first one remedy and then another to meet the poverty and suffering and criminal tendencies of the lower classes, but always unwilling to go to the root of the matter. The poverty of Liverpool, in nine cases out of ten, is drink poverty. When in full work, the men spend all their wages, and often more, saving nothing for a slack time; and no suitable effort is made by their superiors to teach them better. The wealthy, just now, are alarmed

at the approaching power of the masses which the electoral franchise will give them, and not without reason; but instead of taking steps to make these men sober, and consequently safe, they are bewildering themselves again in the mazes of educational systems; as if compelling their children to read the spelling-book, to write, and count, would secure morality, sobriety, loyalty, and obedience to the laws. Like all previous efforts, it will be a failure. If the "roughs" have become so numerous and formidable, alongside all the present extensive ramified arrangements of schools, institutions, churches, and chapels, it is quite time our leading men should look honestly at the cause—the true cause of all this; and if their *own habits* hitherto have checked the inquiry and prevented suitable action, it would be well for them to calculate whether, in future, the loss of their own indulgences or the uproar of the country would be the greater calamity. We cannot get any class, excepting the teetotalers, to look the drink question fairly in the face, and simply and truly because *they drink themselves*—because they themselves are, less or more, smitten with the same evil; and hence they would devise any expedient, and subscribe any amount of money, if they could get the people right, and yet retain their own friendship for the bottle. This applies to secular and sacred professors alike. Any subject, at a religious congress, is allowed for discussion in preference to the drink question. Most of the men that are now so poor as to beg for soup tickets, would never have needed to ask relief, if it had not been for their drinking habits; the men that are so violent as to have no regard for God, or man, or human life, would be comparatively harmless if they had always been without drink. This is what our aristocracy, our clergy, and rich men should consider; and, instead of tinkering at old effete remedies, they should come out at once, and head the people in waging war against the use o intoxicating liquors—the greatest of all the causes of England's sufferings.

I feel it truly painful to read over the cases of murders, suicides, and manslaughters that come up every week (to say nothing of the other acts of violence now so common); but I imposed upon myself, for once, to note down the following, for the purpose, if possible, of making a stronger impression upon this subject. This is only a specimen; and, if my time would have allowed, I believe I could have filled the whole of this number with horrible cases similar to these, including many of a more wholesale character :—

A man went into a public-house drunk, got more rum, and was found dead in the canal next morning.—A publican, mad with liquor, went upstairs and threw himself from an upper window, and was a corpse in twenty minutes.—A drunken man threw the poker at his wife, whom it missed, but struck their little boy and smashed his skull.—A tailor, inflamed with liquor, took part of a bedstead and beat his wife to death in the dead time of the night.—At a wedding, two friends fell out over a trifling matter, and the one killed the other on the spot.—A staff sergeant, after drinking hard for a fortnight, put the muzzle of his rifle to his mouth and sent the ball right through his head.—A labourer quarrelled with his neighbour while drinking in a public-house, and, seizing the poker, felled him to the floor a corpse.—The master of a cutter was so drunk that he lay down at the foot of the stove, and was found with his clothes all burnt, his body charred and horribly disfigured.—Six men were drowned on a vessel, owing to the captain being maddened with drink, who declined the assistance of pilots, telling the lifeboat men they might go to hell.—A young man, only 20, going home intoxicated from a public-house, quarrelled with a companion, who stabbed him with a knife, from which he sunk exhausted, and died soon after.—A respectable young man, aged only 16, after leaving the theatre, got so drunk that his companions put him in a back room and locked the door. A loud crash was heard at the rear of the house, and it was found that the deceased had opened the back window and thrown himself on to the pavement below, and thus fractured his skull. —A drunken woman was carried in a most filthy condition to the workhouse, being covered with vermin, where she died, brought on by drinking.—A woman who had gone to bed in liquor, got up in the night to obtain a drink of water, but, missing her step, fell down stairs, and died three days after.—A saw sharpener went home drunk, and, attempting to go up stairs, fell to the bottom, concussion of the brain and death were the consequence.—An engine tenter went to his work on Saturday evening, under the influence of

liquor; next morning his body was found in the water cistern, quite dead.—A man who had been intemperate for twenty years, suffering severely from *delirium tremens*, escaped from his home, threw off his clothes, jumped into a river, and was taken out a corpse.—A quarrel among the navvies, at a beershop, led to fighting, and one struck another such a blow as to fracture the base of his skull and kill him instantly.—A man went into a stable drunk; the ashes of his pipe set the building on fire, which was burnt to the ground and, the poor fellow was found burnt to death among the ruins.—A young man, of most intemperate habits, only 21, on his addresses being refused by a young woman, went into a privy and with a pistol committed suicide; when found, the right side of his face was blown off, with a number of his teeth, and his brains scattered about.—A sailor, mad with drink, under a slight provocation, stabbed a comrade fatally, and said he would have the lives of thirty or forty men more that night.—A woman at Manchester, going home drunk, fell with her head against a wall, from the effects of which she died next morning.—A working man, in a state of intoxication, rambled on the Manchester and Sheffield Railway; next morning he was found shockingly mangled, and his legs severed from his body.—A woman was placed in the lock-up cell, drunk and incapable. She was found dead next morning, having strangled herself by tying something tightly round her neck!!

I make no apology for laying the above before the public, concealing the names and mostly the places. This is a mirror, in which is reflected but a small specimen of the effects of the drinking system; and which, if it were in my power, I would hold as near as possible to the vision of every one who professes to be a Christian teacher, or a philanthropist. Most of them either don't know the real state of society, or they fear to trace it to its true cause. We seem in the midst of carnage, and yet are not conscious of the cause. The slayer, at one time or other, scarcely leaves a house without a victim, and yet there are no symptoms of mourning and lamentation. If we pray against "sudden death," why not against a living death, endured by every hard drinker? Pestilence, war, and famine are put into the shade when compared with our deadly foe, who shows no pity for age, sex, or class. And yet, we cannot arouse the people. They cannot see blood, although every garment is stained with it. Killing by liquor has become an English Institution, entailing a cost greater than that of the National Exchequer. If a soul is worth a world, what is the value of all the souls that are cut off in the midst of their cups; and yet we hear of no clerical weeping, no sackcloth and ashes to stay the plague! May we repent, before the flood of intemperance bursts forth in the shape of disloyalty, riots, and outbreaks, sweeping away the best institutions of the land! My wish and entreaty is, that my countrymen would at once become *abstainers*, abandon the drink, remove it from their habitations, and take the people by the hand with a solemn decision to do all they can in the cause of sobriety to elevate the masses.

VARIETIES.

Mr. Smithard said he strongly advised young men to avoid spending their money on beer and tobacco. If at the age of twenty they began to put away 6d. a day, at the age of fifty they would have a sum at command of £540.

"What shall be done with our criminals?" This has been asked many a time, and commissions and committees have been appointed to give the answer. There is a previous question, I think, that ought to be mooted, and that is, "What shall we do to *prevent* the people becoming criminals?"

Little Jemmy was only seven years old. He had never tasted intoxicating drink, and was very proud of saying that he was a "Band of Hope boy." His papa had taught him that all these drinks were evil, and though so young he had a thorough hatred of them. The damp, foggy weather of November gave him a severe cold, which, with a painful toothache, caused his face and mouth to become very much swollen and inflamed. Poor little fellow, for several days he was in great agony. His grandmamma, with whom he was visiting, very anxious to relieve his severe suffering, took a little cotton wool, dipped it in *whisky*, and was about to apply it to the offending tooth. But little Jemmy noticed what was going on, and exclaimed, "No, no, no, grandmamma," in great alarm, "*I won't have it. I won't break my pledge!*" Nor could all the persuasion of a loving and anxious but injudicious relative cause him to take within his lips that which he fitly termed "*the wicked spirit!*"—*Onward.*

Our cause is progressing in Swansea. Our meetings are filled to over-flowing. All working-men address our meetings—men working before great fires in the copper works, and have been 28 years staunch teetotalers.—Yours truly, R. MALLEY.

The target at which every teetotaler should level his argumentative musket is the connection betwixt *sober drinking* (as some consider it) and *drunken drinking;* he should demonstrate that use and abuse are cause and effect; and though it may be a long and intricate lane that lands a man in dissipation and ruin, the starting point is the *moderate glass*. There should never be a speech without putting forward this vital point.

In a certain quiet village, one afternoon, the Church bells suddenly began a merry peal. What was up? Was the Queen expected, or some of the Royal Family, to pass that way? or was the Abyssinian war at an end? The parson, poring over his Cruden's Concordance, preparing for his Sunday sermon, was startled, and off he goes—ascends the steeple to ascertain the cause, when, behold, the subject of this rejoicing was—what think you, reader?—the opening of a beershop! The ringers expected to wet their whistles, but the parson cut the matter short—stopped the bells, and sent them all about their business.

An Anti-bribery Act is to be introduced by the government. It is to be hoped that if this does not close public-houses altogether during elections, it will make some provision for putting a stop to the shameless exhibitions of drunkenness which now prevail. But however stringent the Act, unless there be some independent authority for enforcing its provisions and securing the infliction of its penalties, a large measure of drunkenness is sure to prevail. No local authority can be relied upon. There ought to be inspectors, armed with authority; and no excuse ought to be tolerated for breaking the law because it was at an "election time."

The increase of vagrancy is becoming alarming. The "casuals" visit our workhouses in such swarms that a conference of guardians has been recommended. In Blackburn Union, the numbers had increased from 4,848 in 1866, to 7,916 in 1867; in Bolton, from 5,449 to 9,007; in Bury, from 4,745 to 7,704; in Burnley, from 5,084 to 7,070; in Manchester, from 16,634 to 24,077; and in Preston, from 7,072 to 9,492. No doubt the immediate cause of this is bad trade, but in nine cases out of ten the *remote* cause is drinking. Good times or bad times, it makes little difference with many; after the scantiest allowance to the wife for the support of the family, all the rest of the wages is spent in drink. As usual in every other case, the only remedy recommended is to use more severity in dealing with the tramps; nothing is said, nothing is done, about removing the flood of drinking that lands so many of these "sturdy beggars" at the workhouses for lodgings. Instead of the gospel of sobriety being recommended an "amendment of the *law*," is the guardians' panacea.

Among the advertisements which have lately appeared was one announcing the publication of a poetical recitation, by Miss Harriet A. Glazebrook, of Otley, entitled "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine." The following is a specimen:—

"When William next comes, I will soon let him know
He must give up the liquor, or else he must go;
'Twill be a good chance, I've no doubt, to prove,
If he's really sincere in his vows of deep love;—
He must give up at once and for ever the wine,
For the lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine!"

It has often been said that men are better than their creeds; and we must all confess that we have known persons connected with the drink trade who have been so devoted to philanthropic objects that we have been puzzled to understand how two pursuits so antagonistic could be followed by the same individual. To no public men does this apply more directly than to Charles Buxton, M.P. Some years ago he wrote, and got inserted in the *North British Review*, an anonymous article, entitled "How to Stop Drunkenness," which has seldom been exceeded in earnestness and hostility to the drinking system by the most zealous teetotaler. By some means it oozed out that Mr. Buxton was the author, and the article has since been re-published in various shapes, the seventh edition having just made its appearance. No passage has perhaps been so often quoted as the following:—"The struggle of the school, and the library, and the Church all united, against the beer-house and gin-palace, is but one development of the war between heaven and hell."

In a previous number I offered a prize to the youth that should get the greatest length of "Barrel and Bottle Work" cases from the *Alliance News*, by Christmas; and to add eight yards of cases which I had cut out to the first applicant who had done the same. The following was the first application, and the statement is satisfactorily attested by a friend. The writer is 13 years of age.—"9, Phelp Street, Walworth, London.—Dear Sir,—I write to inform you that I have eight yards nine inches of *Barrel and Bottle Work* joined together in one strip, and I hope I am the *first* to claim the eight yards promised by you to the first applicant. I also wish to know whether you intend *your* eight yards to form part of the strip claiming the Christmas prize. The entire length when completed will be at your service.—I am, Sir, Yours respectfully, JOHN T. HARRISON, Member of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Band of Hope."

While giving a statement of the M.P.'s whose teetotalism reached back to the years 1832 to 1837, I was anxious to learn if I could include B. Whitworth, M.P., in the number, and I wrote to Mr. Nelson for information. The following is the reply:—"Manchester, November 24th, 1867. — Dear Nelson,—Your kind favour is to hand, and in answer to the enquiry how long Benjamin and myself have been teetotalers, I am proud to be able to say all our lives. My father commenced working in this cause in 1829 or 30, and received a silver medal from the Rev. Father Mathew, on his visiting my native town Drogheda, so we had a good example.—Yours truly, ROBERT WHITWORTH.—P.S.—Benjamin 50 years, Robert 30 years."

On Saturday, December 14, the annual meeting of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union was held in the Trevelyan Hotel, Manchester. Mr. Edwin Barton occupied the chair; and amongst those present were the Rev. James Shipman, Messrs. J. H. Raper, W. D. B. Antrobus, T. H. Barker, W. Brunskill, O. Whyatt, W. Heywood, R. Whitworth, James Teare, and J. W. Owen, some of whom addressed the meeting. The Secretary—Mr. Charles Darrah—read letters of apology from parties who could not attend, and the Hon. Sec.—Mr. William Hoyle—read the report. This Union comprises 152 Bands of Hope, 36 having joined during the year. I am glad to read so favourable a report; but I would urge on all connected with this Union to see that the meetings are well attended, that speakers keep their appointments, and that *internal* vitality be their great object of concern. This is of infinitely more importance than any *external* display of large numbers, or of imposing patronage. Let the monthly *Onward* be made as practical as possible.

Mr. David Makepeace, of Norton, celebrated his one-hundredth birthday on the 9th of September. He retains his faculties in a remarkable degree, eats and sleeps well, and says that he enjoys life about as well as he did twenty years ago. There is no doubt but his total abstinence, together with his systematic and abstemious eating and good sleeping, is the cause of his great age. He took dinner with his relatives assembled on his one-hundredth birthday, and appeared to enjoy it as well as any of them. He certainly managed his plate and cup of tea, with their contents, as well as most men do at seventy-five years of age. He was the first man in Norton to try the experiment of getting hay without liquor; it was so hazardous an experiment that neighbours expected to see the haymakers give out before the last load of hay was in the barn, but the experiment was successful, and he never furnished liquors to the haymakers afterwards.

"Mrs. Gardner, would you give me half-a-glass of sherry; I have had three services to-day, and I feel very much exhausted." So said a minister, calling at a friend's house, as he returned from chapel. Here is the common mistake. Here is a human frame overworked—the nervous power exerted to the utmost, longing for rest. But instead of yielding to its demands—instead of the man throwing himself upon the sofa and remaining quiet, and by and bye taking a little nutritious food of easy digestion, to make up for the waste of the day, he takes a swallow of alcohol to whip up the poor jaded nerves, that he may be lively and converse with the family. Oh! it is a sad mistake, and yet it is practised daily by those who have paid no attention to the wants of the human system. Repose to the nerves in such cases is the essential want, and next nutrition, but repose and quiet above everything. What is there in this half-a-glass (which, of course, means a full glass) of sherry? There is a little alcohol, that startles and wakens up the nervous power, which on an occasion like this, almost above every other, should be soothed to rest.

Mr. Buxton, in his paper issued in the *North British Review*, wrote in favour of a revision of the licence system, in favour of Sunday closing, and of closing every night at ten o'clock. He would raise the price of licences, and take a money guarantee for the observance of their conditions. He was not unfavourable to the Maine Law, but gives it a "permissive" character, in the following words:—"We think, under these circumstances, it might not be amiss to *permit* the application of a similar law to some parts of the United Kingdom . . . But what we would throw out for consideration, is the question, whether it should not be allowed, that where five-sixths of the ratepayers of a parish demand the entire extinction of all the places for the sale of fermented liquors, their prayer should be granted, and all licences then existing should expire, after a fair time had been allowed for the publicans to make other arrangements." It is said, and I believe it is true, that it was this passage that first suggested the idea of "the Permissive Bill."

A female servant, writing in the Church of England Magazine, says:—"During the thirty-one years I have been a teetotaler, I have seen many sad things and had various experiences myself. A fever, when I was a girl, left me very weakly, and I have had a deal of bodily suffering. I know well what hospitals and infirmaries are; they have been a great comfort and blessing to me. I have had beer ordered over and over again, but I find if patients resist, doctors are reasonable. 'Well, you're a wise woman,' one doctor said to me, 'you would never have lived till now if you'd been a beer-drinker.' In the London Hospital, porter was ordered for me every day; I would not drink it; the patients said I should be turned out, and they would drink it for me. But no, if it was bad for me, it was not good for them; and when the doctor heard about it, he ordered me a pint of beef-tea instead, and it was the best I ever tasted. Surely it did me more good than beer."

"Well, Henry is off again; he has not been at home for a week; he will kill himself, that he will; his wife is almost crazy about him." "No matter for her; I should not be sorry if he came home and gave her a good thrashing. He has been three months at a spell and never tasted, but she would have her beer, and he was not likely to stand, with beer on the table noon and night, and his wife drinking it." So discoursed two neighbours. This lady was not like the treasure of a wife, who, anxious to reform her husband, said:

"If William, dear, will but consent to sign,
There's not be a name 'twixt his and mine.

The Alton murder, perpetrated last month, excited universal attention; and many a long article appeared in the Dailies and Weeklies attempting to account for an act so outrageous, and to decide whether Baker, the perpetrator, was responsible for his actions. After attempting to explain the cause of this act of butchery, the *Standard* thus concludes its leader—"This question we may well leave crowded in its congenial obscurity;" stating that Baker might have "allowed himself to cherish a sort of rabies, such as an old German legend says at times enters into depraved and cruel souls by a species of lupine metempsychosis!" One sentence uttered by the fellow-clerks of this unfortunate man clears it all up, but it seems not to have been an inviting incident for the broad sheet to dwell upon. It is this: "they noticed nothing particular in his manner *except* that he had been *drinking*." All drinkers are lunatics, less or more; and there are lunatic *intervals*, as well as "lucid intervals." If not labouring under a measure of *delirium tremens*, there is no doubt but the influence of the drink upon his hereditary "homicidal tendencies" will account for the deed.

The following is given as a painful instance of the detrimental influence of the alcoholic treatment of disease, and created a very painful sensation at the time:—"Charles Hindley, M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne, in his last illness, was attended by his family physician, Dr. Granville, author of the "Spas of Germany," &c., and by Dr. Bright, famous for discovering the renal disease called after him. Their treatment was taking effect, and every hope of recovery was entertained. Dr. Todd, of London, was then chief of the Alcoholic-Medication School, and had attained perhaps the highest eminence in England as a practitioner. In an evil hour he was called in for consultation on Mr. Hindley's case, when he peremptorily ordered his favourite panacea—brandy and water. The unfortunate victim was made to swallow six pints of brandy in about seventy-two hours, and when life was ebbing fast Dr. Granville entreated on Dr. Todd to withdraw the brandy treatment, but he obstinately refused. Dr. Granville then left in disgust, and Mr. Hindley died that night, December, 1857. Dr. Granville refused to sign the certificate of death, and subsequently published a pamphlet to prove that Mr. Hindley had been disposed of by the alcoholic treatment."

Since I closed my "Reminiscences," I have learned that Mr. T. Irving White, one of the agents of the National Temperance League, has laboured since the year 1835, first in the midland counties, and afterwards in other places. He received T. Swindlehurst and W. Howarth, of Preston, in Edinburgh, when Secretary of the Western Scottish Temperance Union. He also received Thomas Swindlehurst on his first visit to the above counties, and took him to the good Dr. Higginbotham at Nottingham, and held a meeting there in the Market-place. When living in Bedfordshire, he received James Teare; and at another time Thomas Whittaker, on their first journey toward London. William Horsell and he were then hard workers in Bedfordshire, Northampton, and Bucks.

Notices.—Successful as I have been during the past year, I look for a great increase of circulation during the present. But this depends upon the exertions of my friends. Devoting most of my time, and incurring considerable pecuniary loss, I think I have some claim upon all the staunch teetotalers for help. If they cannot give an order themselves, they can render their help in two ways; first, by inducing those to whom half-a-crown a month can be no object, to give *monthly orders* for 60 copies for gratuitious distribution. And next, by inducing as many as possible, boys or active persons, to sell it at the meetings, at the stalls, and to regular customers, and thus to be able to give a *monthly order* of a shilling's worth, or half-a-crown's worth according as they succeed. I hope this appeal will not be in vain; and for these purposes, at any time, I will supply a parcel of numbers free.—Nos. 1 to 12 are now made up as a yearly part, price, in printed paper covers, 1s. 2d.; in cloth, 1s. 4d.—If any one received last month No. 11 instead of No. 12, or imperfect copies, if they will return them, correct ones shall be sent in their place.—20,000 copies of the "New Year's Appeal" are printed for distribution to every house in Preston and neighbourhood. Any one can be supplied at 4s. per 1,000.

Published by Tweedie, 337, Strand, *London;* and may be ordered through any bookseller. Sent from the office, 28, Church-street, *Preston*, in parcels—18 for 1s., 60 for 2s. 6d., or 4s. per 100. *Carriage or Postage Paid to any part of the Kingdom.* The back numbers are all in print.

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THE

STAUNCH TEETOTALER,

BY J. LIVESEY.

No. 14. FEBRUARY, 1868. ONE PENNY.

AN ADDRESS TO SCHOOLMASTERS.

DEAR FRIENDS,

In our social arrangements there is no personage more important than the schoolmaster. He has "to teach the young idea how to shoot," and, next to the parents, if he does his duty, he moulds the minds, and influences the future character and conduct of his pupils for good almost as much as they. At all times, and under any circumstances, the office of schoolmaster is one of great responsibility; but, looking forward to the probable results of the present educational agitation, this responsibility is likely to be increased. An extension of schools, it seems, is to be the panacea for all the moral evils with which this country is afflicted. It seems we are to pass by the parents as incurable; and to excuse the ministers of religion in failing to teach them their duty to their offspring—the fruit of their own bodies—and to commit this important work into *your* hands. In the speeches delivered at the large meetings now being held, and in the lengthy newspaper leaders which appear on the subject of education, *two* things are thoroughly ignored and constantly kept out of sight. First, the fact that the wretched condition of our youth, and the ignorance, vice, and immorality which mark the character of the Arabs of the streets, in nine cases out of ten, can be traced, directly or indirectly, to the *drinking habits of the parents.* Pity it is that the broad sheet and the platform don't dwell on this important, this indisputable fact. And next, which is also a fact, that the ministers of religion, who should be the shepherds of the people, and who claim to have the "cure of souls," and are paid for it, have not roused themselves to action, so as to apply a suitable remedy. They have not worked among the drinkers, and for want of sympathy and example, they have not rescued the masses from the slavery of drinking, and *through them,* as parents, secured the proper training of the children. Thus we are now called upon to *reverse the order of nature;* parents are to be given up as hopeless, and drink is still to rule. The ministers, who have been looking on, it seems, are to be held blameless for not attacking it, and, under the guidance of the State, *you* are to do the work.

State measures have always promised great results. When short-time was agitated it was sure to secure to the people intelligence, morality, and increased domestic comforts. Even the Beer Bill was to be the harbinger of morality, in securing pure drink, weaning people from spirits, and keeping them from the public-house! And if ever this wonderful educational scheme get moulded into a living form, and the contaminating influences of the drinking system (patronised by many of these friends of education) remain in force, I expect, in the results, nothing but the usual disappointment. Make the tree good, and the fruit will be

good also; but how is it possible, with any teaching which the children can get at school, that we can expect them to grow up wise and virtuous, with the drinking temptations of the street, the workshop, and home in full force?

However, if *you* are to be the saviours of our country, my desire is that any disappointment that may follow shall not be your fault. As temperance reformers, we have long lamented that so few of your profession have joined our ranks or seemed to understand our principles. Those principles are based principally on physiology. We hold that the alcohol in all our popular drinks is a dangerous poison; that none of these drinks are adapted to the healthy working of the human body; and that the stimulating alcohol which they contain disturbs and deranges it, so as to produce an almost universal departure from perfect sobriety, and by consequence, becomes chargeable with nearly all the poverty, wretchedness, crime, and immorality that everywhere abound. And as to the question of taking these drinks *moderately*, we are completely at issue with popular opinion. Moderate drinking *in itself* is a slight disturbance of that sober equilibrium which nature has established; it has been also the *starting point* in every case where persons have gone to excess; and, in the hands of the strong, it is a temptation certain to mislead and do harm to those who are more feeble. On these grounds we know that *abstinence alone is safe*, and by trial, we find it fraught with the richest blessings. Hence, my appeal to you is to examine our principles, and, if convinced of their truth and importance, to teach them to all your pupils. No subject, I think, can be more important or attractive than physiology, and without being profound, if you can teach them the true influence of intoxicating liquors upon the human frame, you will convey information that will be useful to them through life. Beer is often treated as a comparatively harmless beverage, although nearly all hard drinkers began with beer. On the properties of *beer* the English mind is thoroughly beclouded. Tradition and not science, on this subject, has been the nation's instructor. This beer —this wonderfully nutritious beverage—is nothing more or less than *adulterated water*. A pint of beer is a pint of water, coloured and flavoured, and containing sufficient of *whisky* to excite the nerves and lead the people to think it imparts strength. Now, understanding this, you will teach the lads that for quenching thirst, assisting digestion and assimilation, there is no liquid equal to water; and that by always taking this at their meals they will be in little danger of acquiring a a love for stronger liquors. This, and milk, are the favourite beverages of children when left to themselves, and it is a pity that parents or others should teach them otherwise. At some boarding-schools, beer is always supplied to dinner, and a taste for it once acquired is not easily eradicated; it is much more likely to grow—especially under the fostering care of indulgent mothers—into a love for wine and ardent spirits.

In conclusion, may I beg that you will take this matter into your serious consideration. And, whether, by new enactments and fresh educational "minutes," you be installed or not in the important office of doing what some ministers of religion have virtually confessed themselves unable to do, I trust you may see the necessity of helping forward the temperance reformation. It must be sad for you to hear of some of your most promising boys becoming the grief of their parents, and nuisances in society; and let us do what we may, either by "compulsion" or "voluntaryism," either by legislation or moral effort, if a great change is not brought about in regard to the drinking habits of the heads of families, and of the industrial classes generally, whatever efforts are made, we need not expect a truly sober nation.

I am, yours respectfully,

Preston, Feb. 1, 1868. J. LIVESEY.

MORE PRIMITIVE MINISTERIAL LABOUR WANTED.

There are constant complaints of ministers not visiting as they ought to do, and none have occasion to lament this more than the teetotalers. If the teachers of religion went among the people, and saw, as some of us see, the awful doings of strong drink—the utter ruin it brings upon the artisan families of the country—they could not rest satisfied till they applied a remedy, and that remedy they would soon be convinced, is nothing less than entire abstinence; and in applying it to others they would at once be convinced that they themselves must be abstainers. They would also see the utter hopelessness of teaching the people religion till they had got them weaned from the drink. Many ministers have failed to understand the pernicious qualities of the liquor, so as to be convinced that they themselves are injured by it either at present or in prospect. Yet they allow that for the sake of saving others it is "expedient" that they should abstain. There are a few who understand the subject thoroughly, of whom I may name the Rev. G. W. M'Cree. And like his Divine Master, we find him constantly "going about" doing good—constantly labouring among the "sinners" in the worst parts of London, especially in St. Giles's. I have a great number of extracts which I have taken of his visitations, but I will only give the following as indicating the course he is pursuing:—

Mr. G. W. M'Cree, in a walk during a few hours in St. Giles's, found the following cases:—An artisan, who with his wife and two children have had typhus fever; his wife is dead; two fingers of the man's hand have been poisoned, and he cannot do any work at present. In another place, an aged woman, deformed, gets her living by needlework; she earns 4d. a day. A mother, and two sons, husband dead, have all had typhus fever; landlord has taken their bed for rent. A poor man's wife "confined" in a cold cellar. In another place a widow, son, and two other children; the boy, his mother's chief support, has lost one eye, and will probably lose the other; could not pay their rent, and had spent two cold nights in the streets. A mother, a Frenchwoman, in a bed on the floor, with her newly-born child beside her; her husband is dead in the hospital, but they dare not tell her; five children are left; her husband was a refugee. In another place, up a dark pair of stairs, in a back room, Mr. M'Cree found the dead body of a man; he was not in a coffin, although he had been dead for four days; "his ghastly face was exposed to the view of the children, who were playing near the corpse." Such are the views shown by a short walk in this parish. From other places we have similar tales. From Bethnal Green comes the usual weekly report of death from sheer starvation, pestilent rooms, fever close to ill-drained water-closets, and yards on which the surface water stands, short water supply, and those other evil conditions.

Mr. M'Cree is always found where a minister ought to be found, among the worst, the most profligate, the most sinful, and the most helpless of our kind. This is just what is wanting at the present day. The increase of wealth, and the accession of rich people to our congregations have tended to draw away the teachers of religion from the poor and needy, and to absorb too much of their time and attention with the rich and respectable. They must try to shine in the pulpit; church and chapel services must be duly attended to; but "visiting the fatherless and widows in their afflictions;" and "going about" among the idlers, the drunkards, the profligate,—among the "sinners"—is a work in which they certainly do not excel. Just now society is alarmed at the ignorant and lawless condition of great numbers of the lower classes, and not without reason. There is nothing so likely to tame and reform the masses as going among them in a kindly spirit, and convincing them that you have no object but their good; and in this ministers of every denomination, instead of appointing insufficient substitutes, should take the lead.

For many years, sometimes daily, I have had occasion to go through one of the most depraved neighbourhoods in Preston, and I never yet met a minister visiting these people. When once in Scotland, so much was said about keeping the Sabbath, I felt inclined to learn how the common people kept the day; hence on the Sunday morning I arranged with a friend to visit Cowgate, in Edinburgh. Well

dressed people were flocking to Kirk, and no poor were lounging in the streets as we see them in England. We ascended the stairs leading to the various flats, (the remnants, as they seemed to me, of former noblemen's residences) and visited about 50 families, each family, as a rule, occupying only one apartment. I have seen a great deal in England, but I never saw as much poverty, misery, dirt, squalor, and the effects of drinking, concentrated in a small space as I saw here. Some were in bed, many had but just risen, all were dirty, some confessed to having had drink the night before, and others had had it fetched that morning. Out of the whole lot, there was but *one* family from which any person had gone to a place of worship. We constantly put this question: "Do any of the ministers of religion come to visit you?" And the invariable answer was "No." Can this be right?

Now to me it is plain there must be something wrong in the present system of teaching as it bears upon the masses of the people; and something that requires to be altered. If the streets are dirty, we blame the scavengers; if crime goes on undetected we reflect upon the police; if sickness and disease prevail we look to the doctors to check it; and if sin and immorality abound, how can we avoid complaining of those who are appointed and paid to teach the people their duty, or accusing the system under which they act, as unsuited to the present condition of society? They are called the "salt of the earth," "the light of the world," the "shepherds of the people," and if darkness and corruption prevail; if the flock are a prey to the ferocious wolves of immorality, is it not time to enquire into the cause of all this? Is there too much "ceremonial" service? Certainly there is too little of that Christ-like labour that induced his enemies to taunt him with being a "friend of publicans and sinners." Are not the people on whom the minister's pay chiefly depends, more anxious for a "good preacher" than for a good worker in the "highways and hedges," themselves taking a part?

It is impossible to know the real condition of the people without going among them personally, and it is impossible to make that condition better by merely descanting upon it at public meetings, or by advocating compulsary parliamentary measures. The most imposing societies, existing chiefly by royal, noble, and sacradotal patronage, for reforming the people, never did and never can produce impressions fit to be compared to the sincere and devoted labour of humble self-denying men, exercised among them under a consciousness of personal responsibility. The men who are the best paid generally do the least work. It would be easy to point out numbers of clergymen who have time to attend the magistrates' bench and public dinners, but who overlook the habitations of wickedness. Expedients one after another are adopted to make up for this neglect, and the next, it seems, is to be the introduction of "a system of compulsory education." Only let the ministers take cognizance of the real condition of the multitude,—go among them daily, and above all by teaching and practice do their best to rescue the parents from the power of drink—and through them the children—and no further state efforts for extended education would be required. The practical part of our religion seems to be at a great discount, and if *ministers* don't adopt it, their congregations are not likely to do so. Let the minister take the lead, invite his people to join him in this labour of love, and just as the doctors are found where there is the most sickness, let them be found where there is the most sin and the most wickedness. Speaking to a friend one Sunday as "the church was loosing" I said, "there you see a congregation I suppose of nearly a thousand persons; the church is flanked with public houses, and houses of ill-fame. These remain undisturbed, and neither minister nor congregation has ever made any suitable effort to rid even the surroundings of the church of these abominable nuisances." It seems we have come to this, that the care of the poor is committed to the officers of the union, and the wicked to the hands of the police.

It is seldom now that our teachers can be found fault with for "eating with publicans and sinners." There are not many of whom it can be said that "*daily* in the temple and in *every house* they cease not to teach and preach Jesus Christ." There are few like the shepherd who sought the *lost sheep* in the wilderness, and when found rejoiced more over the *one* than the ninety and nine that went not astray. We know who it was that said "the whole need not a physician, but they that are *sick*," and "I came not to call the righteous but *sinners* to repentance." "The *poor people* heard him gladly;" he was surrounded by them. How different to modern times! Pointing to a poor widow who gave only two mites, he said she had given more than all the rich of their abundance. The parable of the father's dealings with his prodigal son,—the doom of the rich man and the happiness of poor Lazarus,—the conduct of the priest and the Levite contrasted with that of the good Samaritan,—Jesus' admonition that when we make a feast we are not to call our friends and rich neighbours, but the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind,—and his declaration that "publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before the Scribes and Pharisees,"—all these show how he was attached to the poor, how he sympathised with them in their sufferings and delighted in their company, and how he sought out and endeavoured to save the vilest of the vile.

Now the course that Mr. M'Cree is taking is in spirit something like this, and if every town was blessed with a number of such men, they would soon produce a conviction that religion is an *every day* and *every place* affair, and not a mere attendance at a place of worship twice on the Sunday. St. Giles is the special mission ground of this minister, but he visits in Westminster, Ratcliff Highway, and Whitechapel, and the scenes of drunkenness, vice, and dirt he has witnessed and made public are almost incredible—sufficient to convince us that the Christian Church has quite as much need to mission among the heathen at home, as among those in foreign parts. I may just add the following note which I received from this friend to the poor:—

Dear Mr. Livesey,—I send you some papers which may perhaps interest you. You will be glad to hear that several public houses have been shut up near our Mission Hall, and, we hope, in time, by God's blessing, to shut some more. I am just going to speak to a large party of navvies, and will not forget to urge them to sign the pledge. During the last two weeks I have given dinner to 118 poor children, and, do you know? they contrived to enjoy it without any bitter ale to wash it down? They enjoy the pure cold water provided for them. May you live long, and do good, and enjoy sweet peace in the Saviour of the world, and believe me, yours very truly, GEORGE W. M'CREE.

16, Ampton Place, London, W.C.

THE EDITOR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—No. 2.

I must bespeak the patience of my readers while I linger a little longer in my native village, Walton. From the time I lost my parents to my removal to "Proud Preston" was fourteen years, and it is not easy to cram the incidents of such a period into a few pages. It will already have been seen that I had hard exercising ground; but still, I think, well fitted, in a case like mine, to qualify for the battle of life I had to fight. I referred in my last to the total absence of those conveniences, comforts, and advantages now enjoyed by the working classes, and I may here take up the same tale. For instance, in my young days, there was no water-supply from any public works, and I had to fetch all we needed, for common purposes, from the river; and, for drinking, from a neighbour's pump. "Kitting" milk had not then been invented, and I had to fetch it daily—about a mile and a half—from "Cockshot Farm," not far from the Brownedge Catholic Chapel. I remember the first coach that ran through Walton; it was called a "boat coach," from its form, and a Mr. Cooper was the proprietor. The inside was not unlike

our omnibuses, and the passengers sat on the top without seats. At that time the travelling luxury for common people was the hinder part of a wagon drawn by eight horses with stumped tails, at the rate of about two and a half miles in the hour. The wisdom of those times decided that if you cut off the tails of the horses you increased their strength; and though this was an act of great cruelty, having only to be done once, I don't think it was so cruel as the modern fashion of punishing these noble animals, by always "reining up" their heads when at work. A pack of hounds was kept at Walton Hall, by Sir Henry Bold Hoghton, and our gentlemen hunters always cut a dash by appearing in red coats, but our parson always retained his canonical black. At church we had some singular practices. At the close of the forenoon service the sales and other notices were read out in the church-yard. At a wedding the minister was privileged to salute the bride as soon as the ceremony was over, but whether he *always* availed himself of this favour I am not certain. In anticipation of the old ringers being done up (and their habits were no guarantee against this), a new set was formed, and, though only sixteen, I joined them; I rang the second bell. We had fines for being too late, and for other offences, and these accumulated till Christmas. We had no one to teach us better, so we decided to spend the money in a jollification at the White Bull. We had a supper, and afterwards, as much liquor as we pleased; mulled-ale, rum-shrub, and raspberry-brandy, and whatever we pleased to call for. I need not say what was the effect. It is very much to be regretted that even now, for want of better guidance and better instruction, young men in such cases are left to themselves, to indulge in drinking practices that often end in their ruin. Every Sunday, "Watson's Apprentices," as they were called, attended Walton Church. They were workers in the cotton mill, known as "Penwortham Factory," and came in order, under suitable superintendence, wearing a uniform of brown coats, with cuffs and collars of yellow. It was said they were obtained from a Foundling Hospital in London. Many of them were crooked-legged, becoming deformed with having to stop the machinery by placing their knees against it. Sir Henry Bold Hoghton, who resided at Walton Hall, was afflicted with gout, and could scarcely walk. He always came to Church on a cob, but Lady Hoghton came in the carriage. When the carriage drove up, we boys, who were sauntering in the church-yard, always ran to see her get out. We had several distinguished families in the village, some of whom will still be remembered. After Sir Henry, who resided at Walton Hall, we had "Squire Ashton," of Walton Lodge; Mr. Charles Swainson, of Cooper Hill; Mr. E. Pedder, of Darwen Bank; Mr. Jackson, father of the late Mr. Charles Jackson, of Preston; Mr. Tongue, father of the late Mr. Tongue, of Forton Cottage; Mr. Fisher, father of the late Mr. John Fisher, of the Lancaster Bank and his brother Samuel, and others. The most distinguished ladies, all unmarried, were the Misses Sergeant, three sisters, noted for their kindness and benevolence to the poor; the Misses Cooper, the Misses Woodacre, Miss Rhodes, and Miss Barton.

When very young, I remember the Methodists attempting to get a footing in Walton, but with little or no success. They held their meetings in the house of Joseph King, clogger, and I attended some of them. Mrs. King and other females belonging the Society, wore "Quaker's bonnets," and I presume, at that time, more respect was paid to the advice of Wesley, by his followers, as to ribbons and dress, and, I hope, smoking and drinking too, than at the present day. When about seventeen years of age, I became acquainted with a family of the name of Portlock. They were Baptists, and were very kind to me. I was soon impressed with the importance of religion, and began to attend the Baptist Chapel (Leeming-street, Preston), sometimes the Independent's (then at the North end of Chapel-street), sometimes the Methodist's (then in Back-lane). Charles, one of their

sons, and Thomas Jolly, jun., and I, became close companions. Our souls seemed knit together, and many a happy night have we spent in talking upon religious subjects. The result was that Charles and I were baptized together, I believe, in the year 1811, in the Baptist Chapel, which stood where St. Saviour's Church has been newly erected. Thomas Jolly was baptized some time after. I felt a strong conviction that I was doing the will of God in this service, though it was in opposition to the wishes and entreaties of my grandfather and other relatives. To me it was a day of great enjoyment. I remember well, after the baptism was over, joining with great fervour in singing the hymn—

"Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee;
Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines to endless days."

The return of Sunday was to me a feast of good things; all the fervency of youth and the zeal of a new convert were added to a deep conviction of the importance of religion. With what delight did I use to go, in my clogs, to Preston, to the evening prayer meetings held in the vestry! I have still, in my possession, Watts' hymn-book, which I bought at the time. On the inside of the front cover is written, "Joseph Livesey's Book, 1811." On a blank leaf is the following, "Is any merry, let him sing Psalms. *James v.* 13." And, at the end, is this verse—

"Hope is my helmet, faith my shield,
Thy word, my God—the sword I wield;
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart."

The congregation was too poor to pay a minister; and, at that time, a Mr. Baker, tailor and draper, regularly officiated as such; but, unfortunately (I don't exactly remember the cause), a division ensued; one part of the people adhering to Mr. Baker, and the other wishing to get without him; and this devision became so strong that, one Sunday morning, the chapel having been locked up by one party, was broken open with violence by the other. The ordination of the Rev. Mr. Edwards was about to take place at Accrington, and it was then agreed to refer the quarrel to the decision of the ministers who would then be assembled; but this was attended with no satisfactory result. Sometime after this I left the Society, and joined what were then called the "Scotch Baptists," whose meeting place was in Mr. Charnock's school-room over the "Horse Shoe smithy," in Church Street.

I cannot refrain dwelling a moment upon our mission to Accrington on this unpleasant business. Along with others I walked from Walton; the distance would be about 14 miles. The Rev. Mr. Stephens preached the Ordination Sermon from the text "One is your Master even Christ, and all ye are brethren." Equality was what I admired, and I was much pleased with the discourse. At the close of the service it was announced that any one who wished to take dinner could be accommodated at a certain inn, at 1s. each. But I learnt that there was a free dinner for the ministers and other rich friends. I felt as one of the poor who really needed a dinner, and not having a shilling to spare, that the doctrine of equal brotherhood, though brilliant in the pulpit was not so in "word and deed." But what offended me most was, that, being allowed to enter the large room after the dinner, I saw the ministers and other friends enjoying themselves with their long pipes amid the fumes of tobacco, drinking spirits and other liquors. Though physically feeble, I was never deficient in moral courage, and when we were introduced to the rev. gentlemen who were to hear our case, I could not forbear giving vent to my feelings. I protested against this eating and drinking, and said that in primitive times men were ordained to the ministry with "prayer and fasting." A poor, simple, ill-dressed, illiterate, unknown lad lecturing divines on the primitive duties of self-denial! A regular laugh was the response, and indeed what else could be expected? I believe this exhibition gave a cast to my mind of which I have never got clear, and I should be glad to believe that nothing similar is to be met with in the present day.

My mind from this time was directed to religious subjects, and whilst my connection with the Scotch Baptists was a valuable defence against all the wordly temptations with which youth is surrounded, in another respect it was rather a misfortune. They attached so much importance to what they called "soundness in the faith," that it was with reluctance they held fellowship with others who did not hold the same belief. There were but a few in the society, and imbibing the same views, my religious intercourse was greatly circumscribed. I became the zealous advocate of opinions rather than the promoter of charity among all good people. At any cost I would "stand up for the truth." I gave my mind to controversial theology, and spent far too much time in settling (as I thought) disputed points—especially those betwixt Calvinists and Arminians, Unitarians and Trinitarians—points which have occupied polemic champions through all ages and are yet unsettled. There was what would be called a "self-confidence" about me that was not inviting to others. I remember getting a severe rebuke from a minister in Manchester. In a long controversial letter I wrote to him, I used the words, "I never see anything wrong, but I am determined to set it right." Coming from a youth of about 18, it was not very modest, and the minister at that time performed a friendly service in giving me a check which I never forgot.

I now come to an interesting period. Whatever people may say, I believe there are very few who don't think something of wedding before they are out of their teens, however long it may be before their wishes are accomplished. My habit was always to act with promptitude; some would say with precipitancy. I never could endure delays with anything in prospect. No doubt there are reasons,—in some cases strong reasons—against early marriages; but on the other hand, there are stronger against late ones. No age can be fixed upon as a standard, for almost in every case there are peculiar circumstances that have to be considered. But with some experience, and a long range of observation, I have come to the conclusion that the advantages are greatly in favour of persons marrying young; of course making a judicious choice, and being prepared with means to start with comfort, out of debt, and with a fair prospect of resources to meet eventualities. It was not personal acquaintance that decided my choice. I heard of Miss Williams as an amiable, religious girl, and before seeing her, my choice was decided, provided I could obtain her consent. I don't recommend such a course to others, for though in my case it turned out everything I could wish, to decide so momentous a question without a more extensive knowledge and more opportunities of knowing each other, would in many cases be attended with the worst results. Her father was a Welshman, a master rigger, in Liverpool: he had married a second time, and as the daughter had no peace or comfort at home with her step-mother, she left, and when I first heard of her, she was living at Mr. Jackson's, an intimate friend of her father's who kept an earthenware warehouse and china shop in Swan-street, Manchester. The family were "Scotch Baptists," worshipping in Cold House Chapel, Shude Hill, and she was a member of the same church. Thus, as it were, exiled from home, she might almost be considered an orphan like myself. On my first visit I attended their meeting, and as I was in the habit of giving exhortations at Preston, I was invited to do the same, and she has often told me since, that it was my speaking that prepared her more than anything else, to give a favourable response when I "popped the question." We were thus fixed 30 miles from each other, and with the exception of about three visits, all the "love-making" which lasted about a year was done by long sheets of paper filled to every corner. There were no railways then; I had to walk all that distance, and I well remember one of the times that, having got as far as Bolton, 20 miles, and it was getting late, I felt unable to proceed. There was a mail coach, and the question was betwixt taking the mail, and staying at Bolton and proceeding next morning. Of course I wanted to reach Manchester, and out of my poor means I had to pay 5s. for riding outside the mail, a distance of only 11 miles. Having no means to furnish a house, if there had been no other reason, I was obliged to wait until I came of age. A relation of mine had bequeathed to me about £30 to be paid then, and with this I furnished a nice little cottage in Walton, rent £7 a year, with a garden attached. I used to attend sales and purchase articles of furniture as cheap as I could, regardless of the jokes and taunts that neighbours would pass upon me; and I hold it to be right that no man should

take a wife till he has a house furnished ready for her to come to. To commence in lodgings, as some newly married pairs do, is abominable. The time was fixed, and on the 30th May, 1815, without the attendance of "ten carriages," or even "one," the display of "orange blossoms," or "Honiton lace," in St. Peter's Church, Liverpool, the knot was tied. It was a very quiet affair; the parson took us into the vestry, which is a very unusual thing, and gabbled over the service as quickly as possible. I remember paying him with a 5s. piece, and afterwards remarking what a cheap wife I had got. Mr. Williams, her father, gave a supper in the evening to a few friends. I was turned 21, and Miss Williams 19 and a half; and though very delicate looking at the time, it has surprised us both, how much she improved and the great amount of work she has gone through. There was no driving off to spend the "honey-moon;" our "wedding tour" was from Liverpool to Walton next morning; and I need not say that when we made our appearance in the villiage we received the congratulations of our neighbours, and no doubt many strange remarks were made by the females, looking on, as to the wisdom of my choice. Here we both settled down to our work, Joseph to his loom, and Jane to her wheel; and though as low in means as most people to start with, we have "lived and loved together," now more than 52 years, never once having reason to regret the step we took. Some of the incidents connected with this long period, the large family we have brought up, and the favourable change which took place in our circumstances and position will be noticed in future papers.

"THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC."

These are expressive words; they call forth such an array of evil practices—such an amount of human misery and human suffering,—that thoughtful disinterested persons, whose earnest wish is to see society happy, are thoroughly amazed. They are astonished that this traffic retains a legal sanction, and that, notwithstanding all its crimes and enormities, it is carried on and upheld and defended by persons of the highest standing in society. It is the growth of ages, the offspring of ignorance, cupidity, and vice. And though it inflicts its curses upon all classes, all classes support it. But the "traffic" ought to have a wider meaning than is usually given to it. By many, and in the addresses at meetings, it is confined to the *makers* and *sellers* of intoxicating liquors; chiefly those who deal it out in public-houses, beer-shops, dram-shops, and wine-shops,—and all the pauperism, crime, and drunkenness, is laid to their charge exclusively. That the publican and his wife, the beer seller and the dram seller with their satelites, stand out most prominently as the authors of these evils there is no doubt; but as "it requires two to make a bargain," there is another party which ought always to be included, and never lost sight of, when we are surveying the ravages of the "traffic." While the *sellers* are chargeable with guilt, are we to hold the *buyers* innocent? It is true if there were no sellers there would be no buyers, but it is equally true if there were no *buyers* there would be no sellers. Our blood boils when we think of a man serving out drink which robs the families of the poor of their last meal, starves the children, and breaks the mother's heart—but does not such a transaction include the *man* who *purchases* the drink as well as the man who supplies it? Why should we condemn the one and pass by the other? The makers, the vendors, and the purchasers are all culpable. They have all a share in the evil, and ought all to bear the blame. A larger quantity of liquor by far, is consumed in private than in public houses. In a town where there are 500 sellers, there are perhaps 15,000 buyers, all of whom seem to be passed over by many who are fierce in denouncing the evils of the traffic. It is easily accounted for. The evils of drunkenness *culminate* in the drink shops; it is here that all the mud and filth of the drinking system wash up. The mad acts of those who have been domestically trained to like liquor are sure to be performed here. Police and public houses seem to be twin

institutions. The temptations of the drink shop no doubt are the ruin of thousands, but those who go into the way of temptation ought not to be excused; and those who place the dangerous article daily upon their tables ought not to complain if the appetite thus created seeks a greater allowance at the tavern than what can decently be had at home. What are we to say of the vast quantities of barrels and bottles that are being delivered daily by brewers', wine and spirit dealers' carts, by the railways, and the common carriers? It cannot be said that the persons who use these were *tempted* by the open doors of the dram shops at the corner of the street, or by any other open door. And how can fathers and mothers,—the owners of the 1,000 jugs that are daily fetching in drink in a town like Preston,—talk against public-house temptations? Here in fact are the unnoticed springs, the insidious influences that display their disgusting effects at the public-house and the tavern. Almost every house (excepting of course the teetotalers' houses) rated at £15 and upwards has its *temptations* stored ready to be brought out on every plausible occasion. And the publican himself is sometimes tempted and teazed as much as he tempts and beguiles his customers. On a Sunday morning they hang about his doors, begging for a glass, joining in an array of scouts to watch for the police, and rushing in the moment the door is opened! The fact is, the appetite, the love of liquor is the greatest temptation, and in a majority of cases this is first created, not at the public-house but by influences connected with home. Call the public-house a deadly Upas tree, but to ascertain the sources of its vitality you ought to examine the roots and numerous fibres which are concealed beneath the surface. The drinking system is broader and deeper than most persons have conceived, but because its monstrous evils are brought into a focus at the drink-shops, they are spoken of as alone constituting the "traffic."

It does seem to me that we have been too one-sided in our denunciations, and that when we descant upon the evils of the traffic we should in this case, as in all others, include all parties concerned. The abominations of the slave traffic were not *confined* to the *sellers* of slaves; the *buyers* as well as the sellers were guilty. A gentleman speaking at a great meeting, said "We charge the brewer and the distiller with manufacturing that which vitiates the human body and brings men to a premature grave. We charge them with producing that which brings men to shame, brutalises the intellect, and evokes the worst passions of the human heart. We charge the brewer, the distiller, the gin-palace, the tavern, and the jerry shop keepers, with trading and fattening upon the misery of others. In a word, we charge the whole fraternity who produce or retail drink with this." Now these are heavy "charges," in which I fully agree, but they come short of the *whole truth*. The brewer, the distiller, the keepers of the tavern, the gin-palace, and the beer-shop, are all included in the indictment, but those who *buy* the drink, and *swallow* the liquor which "brutalises the intellect," "evokes the worst passions of the human heart," and "brings men to a premature grave," are entirely omitted. The publican very properly figures the foremost, for his business may be considered the "main sewer," down which the collected filth flows in a torrent, proceeding from thousands of other mains and pipes, many of them too small to attract attention. When we speak of the "drinking system," we should include malting, brewing, distilling, selling, buying, and *using*, with all their auxiliaries, and involving in the responsibilities every person who places alcoholic drink upon his table as well as the man or woman who serves it over the counter.

Here one cannot help asking where is the consistency of those who are so horrified with public-houses as to shut them all up, and yet are not prepared themselves to abstain from the drink that makes them so odious? Though one would think no person could be found so inconsistent, yet it is a fact that there are

many such. There used to be a party, (I think now almost extinct) who said "it is not the *use*, but the *sale* of liquor to which we are opposed." The fact is, that it is the *use* exclusively that does all the mischief, the selling and buying being merely preliminaries. Drinkers can only get the liquor in *two* ways—by *buying* it or *making* it. If they *buy* somebody must *sell;* and, if it is commendable to *make* it, why not a neighbour make it for them? Drinking, and at the same time forbidding drink to be sold, is an inconsistency that no sophistry can defend. It seems like Satan casting out Satan—a burlesque on consistency which no sensible man can tolerate. I can easily understand a vegetarian assenting with all his heart to the shambles being closed; but how a "beef-eater" should contend for upsetting all the beef-seller's stalls, I confess I cannot comprehend. The terms "The Liquor Traffic" I contend ought to have a more comprehensive meaning than is usually given, and that no man who buys and drinks himself ought to escape the censures which are cast upon the sellers. He that agitates for a Maine law, positive or permissive, ought to make one for his own throat and for his own homestead.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED WIFE.

(Published in 1836.*)*

I saw her when her cheek was bright,
And beautiful and fair;
Love, joy, and all that wins delight,
Which charms the heart or glads the sight,
Seem'd met together there.
The glow, the glance, from cheek and eye,
Her hair of smiling jet;
The look, the smile, and stifled sigh,
Her forehead arched, and white, and high,
Methinks I see them yet!

I saw her on her bridal day,
With hope upon her brow;
Her smile, her blush, was brightly gay,
And joy, with his ethereal ray,
Was there to gild her vow.
The jest, the laugh, the social cheer,
All bitterness forbid;
Her heart was light, her cheek was clear,
And dark and long the lashes were,
Which fringed her fallen lid.

I saw her when her cheek was wan,
Her eye look'd dim and dead,
Her charms had faded one by one,
Her hair was bleach'd, her smile was gone,
Her every beauty fled.
She bowed beneath the misery
Which hearts corroded know,
Her face had lost its gladdening glee,
And sadly calm she seem'd to me
A monument of woe.

I saw her in her winding sheet,
A senseless thing of earth,
An aged form was at her feet,
Her countenance with grief replete,
'Twas she who gave her birth.
Another, in a secret place,
From all the throng apart,
Was seen to glare upon her face,
Which smiling, lay in death's embrace—
'Twas *he* who broke her heart!

It has often been suggested that a fresh plan should be adopted as to arranging the work of those who are regularly engaged as temperance agents, say by the British Temperance League, or any other similar organization. At present, the *compensating* principle is so much adhered to, that far less work is done and far more expense incurred than need be. An agent will be planned, say one night at Leeds, next night in Westmoreland, and, may be, the remaining part of the week in Worcester. On this system great expense is incurred in travelling; there is little time for visiting through the day; but the worst of it is, the agent has generally to leave the place without making much impression, one meeting or lecture only, now-a-days, being insufficient for this. A better plan would be for these agents to *go where they are most needed*, and not merely where the people are able and willing to pay. This should be left to them after they see the effect produced. A week is quite little enough to stay in one town, and perhaps three nights or so in a village. *An agitation should always be determined upon by some means or other.* Nothing better than for a quantity of small bills to be prepared, and for the agent and some resident teetotaler to go round with him to the workshops and other places inviting the people to the meeting. If this be followed up day after day, as it should be, and if, in addition, a reformed drunkard can be got to speak each night, before the end of the week the meeting is sure to be crowded. It is pitiful for an agent to ride 100 miles for one meeting, and to have to address an audience of 150 people. The League Fund either is or ought to be sufficient to carry out this plan. The "self-supporting" principle should not be adhered to either in the issue of the publications or the appointment of agents. I strongly recommend the consideration of this subject to the executives of the different Leagues.

VARIETIES.

Great efforts are being made to secure, during the approaching session, the passing of a Sunday closing bill. The drink interest is quite alive to the movement, and intend to put forth all their strength to thwart this measure. The decision of this question rests with the country. If the same apathy and non-exertion which, to a very great extent, has characterised those who profess great reverence for the Sabbath continue, the result will be doubtful; but, if the whole country would express by action and petitions what they profess in words, the measure would be carried at once. Properly speaking it is a citizen's question, and, as such, petitions should go from every village, town, and city, and these will have more weight with the legislature than coming, as they have often done, from chapels and congregations. Above all, don't let the friends of temperance seem as if they were fighting against each other rather than against the common enemy. As a principle, we must ask for the suppression of the sale of liquor all the day for consumption either in or out; but, if that is not likely to be obtained, it would be bad policy to oppose a measure that limits the time, and forbids the sale altogether for consumption on the premises.

As announced, the first number of *The Methodist Temperance Magazine* was published last month, and it is said that more than 20,000 copies have been purchased. This augurs well for its future success; and I hope, under the guidance of the Rev. C. Garrett and the other two ministers, it will stick close to the subject, and not be allowed to be diverted to other purposes.

One of our opponents says that drunkenness will never cease till Providence thinks proper to blight the vine, as if the vine, any more than our apple trees or gooseberry trees, yielded an intoxicating juice. This gentleman, if he is not already paired, should be united to the worthy dame who, in defending beer, clenched the argument by asking "What did God send malt for?"

We have a horse fair early in January, lasting a whole week. Amongst the cruelties inflicted upon that noble animal, there is nothing that plays a more conspicuous part than drink. It seems that neither buying nor selling could be done without it; and a man has only to step into the dram-shop, the doors of which are always invitingly half open, to "liquor up," and then he is ready to use the whip and spurs with double force, at the expense of the feelings of the animal. The cost of this cruelty, as usual, goes into the publican's till.

We have to lament the loss of another of our early friends and fellow workers. Everyone who knew William Janson will lament his loss. If he was not exactly at the birth of the tee-total cause in London, he was the main supporter of its boyhood. His purse was ever open to sustain the cause, and to help it out of its difficulties. I delighted in his company, and I had once a good meeting at Tottenham, where he resided, and slept under his roof. He was only permitted to see the first day of the present year, and the loss of such a dear and valuable friend reminds one how fast is the first generation of temperance reformers passing away. His labours, his liberality, and his virtues will be long remembered, and may it be the determination of those that are left to take up the work with double diligence.

Christmas Day, says the *Record*, was kept up with spirit in the metropolitan workhouses, plum-pudding, roast beef, and beer being liberally doled out to the inmates. With one or two exceptions, the rule was to allow each adult a pint of beer. In one union only was a less quantity given, while in another union *two pints* were furnished to each adult. The results were what might have been expected. In one workhouse a general riot took place, in another the labour master was dismissed for drunkenness, while in a third nearly all the paupers who had obtained a day's holiday returned completely drunk. Such is the effect of "the poor man's beer," and such the folly of guardians paying for beer instead of milk, or something harmless for these poor people.

Another agitation is being got up to repeal the Beer Bill, but like all the previous ones it ignores the main question. We have lords and gentlemen, magistrates and ministers, members of parliament and chaplains of gaols, condemning the Beer *Shop*, but not one—no, not one—ever refers to the *beer* itself, and yet all the mischief is here. Substitute milk, or tea, or coffee, for the whisky and water called beer, and the people would be as quiet as you could wish them. Why all this bitterness against the *shop?* The beer will produce exactly the same effect when sold under the magistrates' licence as that of the excise; and the reason given for the change is, not that the beer will produce less drunkenness, but that it will be better to manage by the police under the direction of the magistrates. When gentlemen's cellars, and dinner and supper tables, and servants' halls, and butlers' pantries, are cleared of beer, *then* we shall have a rational crusade against the mad bull and not against the building in which he is kept, but till then these gentlemen will go on as they have done for 30 years, in a muddle, fighting the shadow instead of the real substance.

I see one of our friends is lecturing *on* "Nooks and Corners of our Towns." Very good. Would it not be a good thing to be lecturing *in* the nooks and corners of every town? Why should the police only have the honour of visiting these places?

"Dear Sir,—I am very happy to inform you that a Band of Hope Society has been formed in connection with the Stockport Sunday School—the largest school in the kingdom, and that there are now nineteen Bands of Hope in connection with different schools in the town, whereas, twelve months ago, there were only two. I believe no Church is complete without a Sunday-school, and no Sunday-school is complete without a Band of Hope.—Yours, very truly, W. LINGARD."

"Well, my dear fellow," said one of our leading country gentlemen, one day at his own table, to a clergyman who had become a teetotaler, "I must say you have surprised me since you joined *these teetotalers*. I expected you would have grown lean, lantern-jawed, morose, and unsociable; but I must own you have improved, instead of the contrary, in every respect, and I admire you for it. I think persons who sign for example's sake deserve every one's good opinion. But the truth is *I* can't; I like a good glass of wine."

"Increase your milkman's bill," a capital medical prescription. An abstaining clergyman, like many others, was 'run down' with hard work. He consulted his doctor, who advised him to take wine to 'keep up the system.' This he did for a fortnight, but with so much discomfort that he gave it up. He met with Dr. Edmonds, of Fitzroy Square, who said that wine was not a suitable remedy, but gave him this simple prescription—'Increase your milkman's bill.' The gentleman began to take a cup-full in the forenoon, and another at ten o'clock in the evening, with a slice of bread and butter, and he has never 'run down' since.

We distributed a copy of the New Year's Appeal to every house in Preston—16,000, and 4,000 in the country. Three days were allowed to do it in, but such was the feeling and activity of our friends—about 50 of whom were engaged in the work—that the distribution was nearly completed the first day. This expedition, I perceive, has this great disadvantage—that it gives no time for talking to the people, and I have great faith in the talking and *going about* mission. Next time (and I don't care how soon it is), I should recommend that we take a *month* to do the work in. With this, a few kindly words might be left with the people occupying every house we visit.

"You require a stimulant." Quite correct, and who is to provide it? The brewer, the distiller, the spirit merchant, the wine seller, and the publican? Allsop, Bass, Buxton, Guinness, or—He that made us, and knows exactly what we want? Thank Providence He has made ample provision for this. What are light, air, food, water, exercise, bathing, and good company, but stimulants of the first class? If Mr. Spirit touches the spring of your watch to make it go an hour and a quarter in an hour, it must be stopped to get it to correct time, at a cost of unnecessary wear and tear; but if the True Artist handles it, if too slow or too fast, He sets it right and keeps it so. As a natural stimulant there is nothing equal to fresh air; water, inside and out, is next. But when a little down Nature requires time and *repose*, and all forcing in these cases is injurious.

Most of us have heard of "after dinner speeches." A Mr. Hargreaves, who attended the Licensed Victuallers' meeting at Accrington, seems to stand A 1 for cleverness in this line of performance. He said, "there was a party in this country who, if they might have their way, would have them go through the world with *long faces*—(laughter); and, without disparaging teetotalism in any one degree, teetotalers appeared to him as an unhappy race of beings. (Great laughter.) The Lancashire witches were a sober-minded and temperate people, and he was thankful they were *not teetotalers*.—(Laughter and applause.) If they were all like the Lancashire women, they would have no need of teetotalers." (Hear, hear.) Is it gallant, when drink is in and *wit* out that the toast, "The Lancashire Witches," at the fag end of the business, should be proposed? "Long faces," let me tell Mr. Hargreaves, don't belong to teetotalers; "long faces," especially in a morning after a fuddle, and blotched faces, belong to the drinking tribe, who awarded his cleverness with no little "laughter." I don't think the females of this county will feel themselves much honoured by this "toast," steeped in the drunkard's drink.

"I often think of the 'last dram.' A party of us were marching from Ponomali to Madras, to embark on board a ship for England. There was an old man that had served for 25 years, going home to be discharged and get his pension. He had been drinking a good deal the day before, and he wanted some that morning, observing to his wife that it would be the last dram he would have in India. I told him to come away, as the ship would sail soon; but he said he must have one for the last. His wife was on board, and all of us waiting for him, when his comrade came on board and told us he was dead. He took the last dram, and when coming towards the beach felt ill, sat down, and spoke no more. When his wife heard of it she went nearly out of her mind; we were obliged to watch her, for she attempted to commit suicide, and she never held up her head all the way home.—*I. W. W.*"

At a recent meeting, the Rev. J. Hutton said he had been ten years the chaplain of Northampton gaol, but, during that period, he had never known one teetotaler admitted as a prisoner.

Sir Thomas Watson, M.D., (Resident of the College of Physicians,) at the meeting held at the London Tavern, for promoting convalescent homes, said, "Fresh air—that great essential necessary *for giving nature fair play*—fresh air in its purity, fresh in the *change* of air—these were the things *wanted by all* who were just raised up from a bed of sickness. These views would afford in teaching valuable lessons to the sick, *one lesson above all*, that their own health is very much in their own hands, (cheers) that *strength* is not to be obtained by the use of *strong* liquors."—Observe, when the *abstract* statement is made, the fashionable philanthropists 'cheer'—but when the doctor comes down to the concrete fact of abstinence, there is an ominous silence. Human nature this!—F. R. Lees.

John T. Harrison, a boy 13 years of age, residing at 9, Phelp-street, Walworth, London, obtained the prize of 10s. for the greatest length of *Barrel and Bottle* cases. He writes:—"Dear Sir,—I received, yesterday, a packet from you containing the stamps for the prize, and a copy of the *Staunch Teetotaler*, for which I thank you *much*. My friend, Mr. Clarke, says he will take the earliest opportunity of exhibiting the strip at some of the meetings, and state the object of it. You conclude your letter by saying that you trust I shall remain a staunch teetotaler while I live. I have *never* tasted beer or spirits, and, by God's help, I intend to remain *firm* to my pledge, and will do my best to get others to sign and keep the pledge. Again thanking you for your kindness, I remain, dear Sir, yours respectfully, John T. Harrison."

A man of means should never grudge giving £50 or £100 to the temperance cause; and it is much to be regretted that many scarcely give as many shillings as they ought to give pounds. But money is not all; *labour*—suitable labour—is better than money; and with this, teetotalers who have little "funds," may still prosecute their benevolent enterprise. The most good may be done, by those who have the means, with superintending the expenditure themselves. This is the error of many rich men; they will make contributions but do nothing more, leaving the appropriation entirely to others; and often, by falling into unsuitable hands, the money does far less service than if wisely and judiciously expended by themselves. I repeat, labour is more valuable than money, and it is notorious that all the religious sects that have started did the most good, and worked harder in the days of their poverty than when they became wealthy. It is not the richest church or congregation that makes the greatest impression upon the sinning world. If you have health and strength, labour to promote the good of others, and if you have money don't hoard it for others to squander away, but dispense your bounty with a liberal hand during your lifetime. And, if you purpose bequeathing anything to the temperance cause, just think whether you had not better see to its expenditure, at least, part of it, while you live.

Public writers are striving to discover the reasons why there are so many unmarried women, and so many men in the ranks above the working classes who are unwilling to embark in matrimony. "There ought," says one writer, "according to the census returns, to be only 400,000 women between twenty and forty unmarried, and yet there are 1,230,000 shut out from their most natural and most useful position in society." Another writer throws the whole blame on the women, and launches out into a tirade against them. Their dress, their cosmetics, their demands for settlements, their extravagance after marriage, all come in for his unqualified censure. The greatest cause of this unnatural state of things is, I believe, the fast living and drinking habits of the men. One of this selfish dissipated class has the audacity to put the following in print: "My £800 a year keeps me in luxury as a bachelor—the club, the rubber, the little dinner at Richmond, *the bottle of* '34 *claret*, the opera stall, the month at Baden-Baden, are quite within my modest means; but the moment I marry I exile myself from this easy paradise."

I have ever found the greatest weakness among our friends in not withdrawing the wine bottle from the wedding breakfast. Though abstaining themselves, they often allow it to come on the board for the accommodation of others, who think that their congratulations would be incomplete unless washed down by a glass of wine. Such is the tyranny of fashion. Noticing one day in the papers the report of a wedding, at which there were ten carriages, and attended by many ministers, and knowing that the bride and the bride's mamma were staunch teetotalers, I took the liberty to write a line, inquiring how the breakfast went off, as it regarded teetotalism. The answer of the dear old lady will be read with pleasure:—"My dear Sir,—I have been quite anxious to answer your very kind letter, and to thank you for the honour you confer upon us in being interested about our doings. We had really a very splendid day on F——'s wedding. The sun shone out most gloriously all day, and the moon at night was equally bright and unclouded. May we hope life with them may be bright and unclouded. I am *proud* to tell you *our* breakfast and the evening before, when all the six groomsmen met the bridesmaids, was a *thorough teetotal one*. There was no drinking of either ale, wine, or spirits."

A tap on the shoulder! Ah, what may it not do? It saved poor Gough, and through him, tens of thousands of others. As he sauntered in a Square, at Worcester, in Massachusetts, a stranger—good Joel Stratton—laid his hand on his shoulder, and invited the poor degraded drunkard to the temperance meeting. He went; he heard the appeals there made. With tremulous hand he signed the pledge of abstinence. By God's help he kept it, and keeps it still. "Methinks," says a writer, "when I listen to the thunders of applause that greet John B. Gough on the platform of Exeter Hall, I am hearing the echoes of that tap on the shoulder, and of that kind invitation under the ancient elms of Worcester!"

In the abstract, direct taxation may be preferable, and more subservient to national economy than indirect; but as it implies the repeal of all duties upon malt, beer, wine, and spirits, and upon all licences to sell these dangerous compounds; though often urged to join the Financial Reform Association, I could never reconcile myself to do so, and I wonder to find the names of many of our good teetotalers among the subscribers. The removal of excise or customs duties upon every necessary of life, and placing the same upon the shoulders of property, I hold to be good policy; but to sacrifice upwards of £20,000,000 sterling, which, at least, acts as a partial impediment in the way of increased intemperance, is what we are bound to oppose. If the country is not already sufficiently flooded with drink, we have only to *untax* it and make the sale *free* to secure a perfect inundation, such as would scarcely leave a wreck of civilization or happiness behind.

Messrs. Allsop and Bass are said to have reduced their beer to 60s. the barrel, in consequence of the good crop of barley. Sixty shillings the barrel of 36 gallons of what? Does it never strike you when you see a lurry passing, laden with these barrels, that nearly all their contents are the teetotal element—*water!* What would Bass and Allsop do but for the *pump!* Every barrel of 36 gallons contains 32 gallons of pure water "too honest to be a sinner." Then about 2½ gallons of the remnants of the barley, a-kin to barrel bottoms, but so light as to float in the liquid; and, as a finish, 1½ gallons of alcohol—a fiery material, exactly the same as spirits of wine, with which our furniture is polished. Three good sovereigns for a barrel of water, coloured, fired, and flavoured at the brewery, and two more for the privilege of drinking it under the shade of a Government licence! Truly, "—— and their money are soon parted."

Dr. Hook, Dean of Chichester, at one of the Church Congresses, said "He was a teetotaler, and could therefore speak from experience. The fact was, he found he could say nothing to his poorer brethren with effect until he became a teetotaler. He had in his parish a man who earned 18s. a week. Of that he gave 7s. to his wife and spent the rest in drink. I went to him and said, "Suppose you abstain altogether for six months?" "Will *you*?" he replied, "Yes," I said, "I will." "What!" he said, "from beer, from spirits, from wine? How shall I know if you keep it?" I said, "You ask my missis, and I'll ask yours." When the six months was nearly out, his wife came to me and told me that he said, "It would be all right next week, and he would have a jollification." Upon this I went to him, and said, "Well, the six months is nearly up; suppose we agree for six months more." Eventually he agreed, and never resumed the bad habit he had broken, and he is now a prosperous and a happy man."

The following is useful for us to remember:—Potatoes contain 75 per cent., and turnips no less than 90 per cent., of water. A beefsteak, strongly pressed between blotting paper, yields nearly four-fifths of its weight of water. Of the human frame (bones included) only about one-fourth is solid matter (chiefly carbon and nitrogen); the rest is water. If a man weighing 10 stone were squeezed flat under a hydraulic press, 7½ stone of water would run out, and only 2½ stone of dry residue would remain. A man is therefore, chemically speaking, 45 lbs. of carbon and nitrogen diffused through 5½ pailfuls of water. Berzelius justly remarks that "the living organism is to be regarded as a mass diffused in water;" and Dalton, by a series of experiments on his own person, found that of the food with which we daily repair this water-built fabric, five-sixths are also water. Thus amply does science confirm the popular saying, that water is the "first necessary of life.—*Quarterly Review.*

Decanters on the table on the Sunday afternoon, and each of the grown-up part of the family taking a drop of spirit and water! Not very seemly, but, as they think, a great comfort. The "Sunday dinner" demands these spirituous appendices. If people will stuff, take three full courses, with beer, and a fruit dessert after; one of two methods is generally adopted. They either go to sleep, that the mill may have a chance of grinding down its excessive load, or they swallow an alcoholic disturber to rouse the oppressed nerves to action, so that they may converse and be cheerful under their burden. Of course, present enjoyment must be had whatever becomes of the work of healthy digestion. And those that can bring out the brandy and rum bottle on the Sunday afternoon for relief and enjoyment, will have no scruple about placing them on the table on other occasions. Of course, little Harry and Amelia must each have an orange and some almonds, but no toddy; but by some circuitous route they manage to get a *sip;* and, "when I am grown up," says Harry to his sister, "I shall take my glass like my father."

A very bad practice prevails, and especially countenanced by ladies who do it out of kindness—that is, giving "allowance." If a man be joinering or painting, or doing any kind of repairs in a house, the mistress orders the "allowance;" the same on the delivery of goods of any amount—a glass, sometimes a pint of beer is ordered. It is altogether a mistaken act of kindness. The beer really does the man no good; it gives no strength; it excites for a time, just as gin or whisky will do, but it is quite common to hear the parties say that it "dies in them;" that is, they feel so much duller afterwards. This has grown into such an evil at Great Yarmouth, that the *brewers* themselves have issued a circular requesting their customers to refrain from giving their men allowance. The following is a copy of this circular:—"Messrs. E. Lacon and Sons present their compliments to Mr. ——, and would feel much obliged if he will refrain from giving their men allowance. They have so many places to call at, and get so much, that it quite interferes with their business."

Those individuals and families who have been the greatest sufferers from intemperate relatives, are the last to join our society. A lady with one son and three daughters were asked to sign the pledge; they not only refused, but manifested great hostility to the temperance cause. After leaving them, a clergyman of the place gave me their sad history. They have for many years been cursed with a drunken husband and father who frequently abused them most cruelly. Upon a cold winter evening in February, he returned from the tavern, and after brutally beating his family, drove them from the house. They, afraid to return, went through the snow to a neighbour's, where soon after, they were alarmed by the cry of fire. Their house was on fire, and *an intoxicated husband and father was consumed in the flames.* There are many individuals who have drunken children, drunken brothers, drunken husbands, drunken wives, and who have suffered and been disgraced by them, yet they will not join the temperance society; they can temper themselves, and they won't deny themselves their odd glasses even to save their nearest relatives.

Among the suggestions for increasing the number of teetotalers, and an adherence to the pledge by those who sign it—that of working men of the same trade forming themselves into classes or local societies, and fitting up a cottage or some apartment, thus being constantly in each others company, I always regarded as promising the best results. I have a communication from Robert Biddle, of Blackburn, stating that he and some others connected with a cotton mill, called "Ciceley Bridge Mill," have done something like this. They have formed themselves into a society, and got the use of a school. They have called themselves by the name of the mill, and by holding meetings and other efforts, in three months, he says, they "have reclaimed many old topers." He considers a temperance society, in connection with a mill, a novelty; and says, "if other mills and large workshops would take up the matter as we have done, a great amount of good might be done."

The New Year's festival of the National Temperance League was held on Thursday Evening, Jan. 2nd, in Exeter Hall, and passed off with great *eclat*. After tea, addresses were delivered by the Rev. Newman Hall, L.L.B., Mr. Michael Young, and Mr. William Saunders—Mr. J. Taylor presiding. The speeches were reported at length in the *Record* of Jan. 11th.——The City of London Temperance Association held its annual New Year's festival at the Albion Hall, at which the well-known Mr. George Thompson made one of his powerful speeches.——The annual tea festival and concert in connection with the Manx Temperance Union was held on New Year's Eve, in the Victoria Hall, Douglas. There were 39 trays, presided over by as many ladies, and the attendance was so large that two courses had to be served. After tea, the chair was taken by J. Wingrave, Esq., of Greeba Castle, and speeches were delivered by Mr. J. S. Moore, M.H.K., Col. Guise, Rev. T. Caine, vicar of Lowan, the Rev. Mr. Ainfield, and Messrs. King, Browne, M'Iver, Cubbon, and others. There was an excellent choir in attendance, Mr. J. S. Bamber acting as conductor.

Notices.—I hope that the readers of the *Staunch Teetotaler* will see that a copy of this number is handed to every schoolmaster in their districts.——There is no better mode of extending the circulation of the *Staunch Teetotaler* than that of sending a few numbers to friends, who, for selling or distributing, are likely to give monthly orders. All are supplied *carriage and postage free*, from a single dozen to parcels of 250 or 500. ——A mistake was made in paging a few copies of the December number. Anyone holding these may have them exchanged and the carriage or postage paid.——It is very desirable that *names* and *addresses* should be written as plainly as possible; for want of this, mistakes are sure to occur.

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THE

STAUNCH TEETOTALER,

BY J. LIVESEY.

No. 15. MARCH, 1868. ONE PENNY.

TO THE ADVOCATES OF MODERATION.

DEAR FRIENDS,

I want to have a few words with you on the moderate use of intoxicating liquors, which so many attempt to defend. Our controversy with those who do not believe in teetotalism is now reduced into smaller dimensions than formerly, and the difference is easily defined. You agree with us in *two* points at least; *first*, that all excessive drinkers—(drunkards in common terms)—ought to abstain; and *secondly*, that there is no harm, if not some good, in anyone becoming an abstainer. But there are other points about which we are not agreed, and these I want to discuss with you.

You say, "Why should we deprive ourselves of our moderate glass because others abuse it?" I answer, there are two reasons why you should do this; first, for *your own sake*, and secondly, for *the sake of others*. We will take the last reason first. I need not enlarge upon the awful condition which a man or a woman is brought into, over whom liquor has got the mastery. Taking it in all its bearings, it seems to me, unequalled by any scourge that can afflict humanity. And as the unfortunate individual is seldom brought into this condition without the influence of others, so his redemption is almost hopeless if left to himself. Now you are surrounded by these; some of them are probably of your own family, or your own relations, friends, or associates: some of them in a chronic state of intemperance, and others fast approaching it. If you have a spark of humanity about you; if you have any charity, or make any pretensions to religion, tell me, if you don't think you ought to forego your moderate indulgence rather than leave these to perish? Don't you feel a desire to save them, a yearning to raise them from their brutal indulgences to the dignity of man; to restore them to the position of good fathers, good mothers, honest tradesmen, and respectable citizens? I am sure, if ever you allow yourselves time for reflection, these will be your feelings. But all that you do, or attempt to do, will be useless, unless you set a good example. Nothing but abstinence can save such; and unless you adopt the same course, you will neither have the *disposition* nor the *power* to do these people good. Think of the temperance reformer going, with the glass in his hand, to the liquor slave, and saying, "This is a good thing, and you must do as I do; take it good, and leave it good." By personal *abstinence* you may be the means of saving many, and feel that you have rendered useful service in your day and generation; but your moderate drinking puts you out of court, and worse, it exposes you to the suspicion of taking a good deal more than you admit. Then, next, for *your own sakes*, the excess of others should lead you to abstain. Look at the drunkard, and the half

drunkard, and the host of drinkers, that exceed what even you would allow to be the bounds of sobriety. Were they not all as sober as you are at one time? Did any of them wish to be drunkards, or to go beyond the bounds of moderation? And yet, by influences, which it would be wisdom in you to consider, you see they have done so; the strong have become weak, and the sober man a drunkard. It has been a work of time; some drink moderately for years, and gradually begin to "get over the line," till the vital resistance of the frame becomes enfeebled, and demands an increase of that which had laid it prostrate. Now, *what has brought so many down may bring you down;* you are only flesh and blood like others; and though some, I allow, do escape, do you think it is wise to risk so much for the chance? Your neighbour's "excess" ought to be a warning for you to avoid the beginnings that brought it on, and if so, you will change your minds as to moderate drinking. Don't say, "I know *I* shall never be overcome." You know nothing of the kind. All drunkards have thought so, and yet they have been overcome. For a time you may stop at a certain point (and this often against your likings), but drink is like nothing else in its deceitful leadings. You may take your three cups of tea, or your glass of milk, for twenty years together. and never care for more; but you cannot do this with liquors containing spirit. Moderate drinking, generally, is a struggle betwixt likings and conscience, betwixt intellect and the cravings of a disordered nervous system. Taking these two things into consideration—your neighbours' good and your own good—I think the excesses of others afford strong reasons why the moderate drinker should abstain.

Then, again, you say, "If I found it getting the better of me, I would stop." This is just the time you are the least able to stop, and it so difficult that few who attempt it succeed; if they pull up for a while they go back again. They might have stopped sooner, and this is the lesson I wish you to learn. Before the normal condition of the palate and the nerves become perverted it is easy to stop, but not afterwards. It is painful to notice the teachings of many great men on this point. They speak as if individuals might go on taking the drink *till* they feel that it is getting the mastery over them, and that *then* they should begin to abstain. Besides the almost impossibility of this, they overlook the world of evil that takes place, *before* people are brought to that state called "drunkenness." This long course of drink-training is an unceasing source of misery and wretchedness *in itself*, as well as in its *results;* nay, I don't hesitate to say that, if it were possible to make a calculation, we should find that by far the greatest amount of evil connected with the use of intoxicating liquors *precedes* the condition of real drunkenness.

This brings me to ask,—supposing you had a guarantee (which no mortal ever can have) that you would always drink in moderation, and never go to excess, do you think the indulgence worth the penalty—the gain equal to the loss? I say nothing of the loss of time, the loss of money, the loss of moral influence in your family and in the world, but simply would fix your attention on the loss sustained in the vigour and strength and endurance of the body, with which all the others are connected. You cannot convey alcohol to the stomach, even in small quantities, without some disturbance, and if this is done daily, it is a rasping of the constitution that is sure to tell in the end. Mark, it is only the *alcohol* found in all our popular drinks that we object to, and instead of this substance doing good either as food or fuel to the system, it is taken in as an intruder, and after abnormally affecting various functions, the brain especially, it is discharged by the excretions unchanged. I maintain, therefore, that in *itself*, without looking at consequences, the moderate use of alcohol is decidedly injurious. It will neither digest nor assimilate, and by occasioning stimulation, tends to weaken and enervate the system. It is stated as a fact, which I can easily believe, that the body suffers less

from an occasional drunken bout than from the constant moderate use of intoxicating liquors.

But what is this moderation? We all know what abstinence is, but no two are agreed as to what moderation means. To pretend to drink with any degree of safety this ought to be strictly defined. We know that while some would confine it to a "glass or so," others would extend it to three times that quantity. But all moderate drinkers exceed, at one time or another, their own rule of moderation—often in *quantity*, but oftener still in the sufferings it produces; and hence the concealments, the excuses, and the no little amount of hypocrisy that associates with moderate drinking. Abstinence is just as easy as moderation is difficult. To secure what you would call sobriety, *three* things are absolutely requisite. *First*, you should always know the *alcoholic strength* of the liquor, for, without this, you drink at random, and run great risk. But no drinker will take the trouble to ascertain this; and the seller of the drink does not often know it himself. Hence people are surprised, when they have taken their usual quantity, that "it has taken hold of them." *Secondly*, for each to know when *to stop*, you require a *nerveometer*, so as to ascertain the relative strength of each drinker's nervous system. Not unfrequently, you will find two men drinking alike, both as to quantity and quality, and yet one appears to continue quite sober, but the other is so "far gone in liquor" as to be considered drunk. In the *third* place, to be safe, every moderate drinker should carry this instrument with him, and apply it before venturing upon his usual allowance, for sometimes the body is so much more susceptible of being alcoholized, that one glass will do more at one time than three at another. So that, I think, to reconcile moderation and sobriety, or as one great man expresses it, "to disassociate drinking from intoxication," you have such a task before you that you had better at once become a teetotaler.

"Oh," but says a friend here, after reading the above, "it is so *very little* I take, it can never do much harm." "I take only a drop now and then," says another. Well, less and better; it will be so much easier for you to give it up. But there must be some reason why you pride yourselves in taking "so little." If it is *better* to take *little*, would it not be *best* to take *none?* Your own statement is a testimony in favour of teetotalism. You never make a merit of taking "very little" water, milk, tea, or coffee, so that you here admit that there is something dangerous in alcohol. If it is a good thing, I don't see why you should limit yourselves to "drops" and "very littles," and, if beyond these it is a bad thing, the point where it becomes so ought to be infallibly marked. But I believe alcohol to be essentially *bad* for the human system in *all quantities*, as proved by observation, experience, and scientific investigation; and, in conclusion, I would therefore urge and entreat you, both for your own good and for the good of others, to become out and out teetotalers, never forgetting that the most sure and certain remedy for England's greatest curse is to *avoid the first glass.*

I am,

Your affectionate Friend,

Preston, March 1, 1868. J. LIVESEY.

At a Friends' meeting at London, Francis King, of America, said: "Ladies little knew what evil might arise from offering a glass of wine to their friends. The late Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, once was pressed by a lady to take a glass of wine. She thought him very extreme in his views, and told him there could be no harm in a glass of wine. He said, 'Madam, go into the corner of the room and think over your circle of friends, and bring to mind who among them have fallen victims, and then, if you wish it, I will take wine.' 'I will do anything you tell me,' she said. She came back to him. 'Oh, governor,' she said, 'how could you tell me to do anything so dreadful.' She was astonished at the ruin she had remembered."

THE EDITOR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—No. 3.

My last paper left me at Walton, just settled with my dear wife, who has been a treasure to me, as I stated, for nearly fifty-three years. Our cottage, though small, was like a palace, for none could excel my "Jenny" for cleanliness and order. I renovated the garden, and made it a pleasant place to walk in. On the loom I was most industrious, working from early in the morning often till ten, and sometimes later, at night; and she not only did all the house work, but wound the bobbins for three weavers—myself, uncle, and grandfather; and yet, with all this apparently hard lot, these were happy days. Hope springs eternal in the human breast; and young people just beginning life, however poor, if they are united and affectionate, sober and industrious, feel its inspiration, and work on with joyful anticipations of better days. I soon learnt the truth of the old saying, "In taking a wife you had better have a fortune *in* her than *with* her;" and if all men were guided by this, and the females knew it, we should have happier marriages, and the girls would aim to acquire *substantial* instead of *artificial* attractions.

Living in Walton, for various reasons, was found to be inconvenient, and we removed to Preston in less than a year. Our first house was in Park-street (at the back of Paradise-street), at 2s. 6d. a week. Here, our first child was born, bringing with him a little brother. It was in our wedding year that the cursed Corn Laws were passed, the House of Commons being surrounded by soldiers with drawn bayonets. Under the blighting influence of this measure, food was enormously dear, and the price of labour much depressed. In such circumstances, to have *two* additional mouths to fill all at once was rather discouraging, but one died soon after birth, and the other is now in his fifty-second year. We struggled on for some months, when unexpectedly, in the autumn of 1816, an incident occurred which gave an important turn to our affairs. My health was bad, the house was not adapted for weaving in, and a family coming on, our prospects just then were very gloomy. The turning point was a trivial circumstance, which it may be interesting to relate, as it has led to results of which I had not the remotest idea. The doctor I consulted said I ought to live better, and that a little cheese and bread and a sup of malt liquor (the old remedy!), about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, would be of great service. I forget whether we got the malt liquor, but I distinctly recollect our purchasing a bit of cheese. It was of a common quality, sold at 7d. or 8d. a pound. Just at that time (Oct. 11) was the Lancaster cheese fair, and I heard some people stating that prices had declined to about 50s. the cwt. Calculating this, I found it was only 5d. per lb.; and it occurred to me, that if I could purchase a whole cheese and divide it among our neighbours, it would be doing them a good turn and be a saving to ourselves. Farmers then stood with cheese in the market. I went to inquire the prices, and met with a farmer of the name of Bradley, from the Hill House, Wheeton, who had just two cheeses unsold. To finish, he offered to take 4¾d. per lb. for them. This, I thought, was a fine chance, but where was the money to pay for them? I had none; indeed, I remember on one occasion, that we had to wait till I returned from the warehouse with my piece money before we could raise the necessaries for our next meal. John Burnett (a good friend to everybody in time of need), kept a draper's shop in Friargate, and I stepped down to tell him the case, and he at once lent me a sovereign, with which I paid for the two cheeses. In a short time these were in Park-street, and what a sight! Two whole cheeses on a weaver's table! What was to be done as to the division and distribution? I told the neighbours of my achievement; each consented to take a piece, and in order to cover any loss by weighing out, they paid me 5¼d. per lb. John Burnett also kindly lent me a scale and weights. Persevering

as I always was, after the neighbours were served I took a stool, with the scale and cheese, and stood during the remainder of the Saturday afternoon at the bottom of Vauxhall-road, and sold a quantity in small pieces. I had still some left; but, in the evening, I counted up my money and weighed what was remaining, and found to my surprise that I had made about eighteen-pence profit. Being more than I could have made by weaving in the time, I was quite lifted up, and on the Monday morning, determined to finish, I went hawking the remnant till all was sold. I then resumed my weaving, but the people in the town came through the week for my cheap cheese, so that I was induced the next Saturday to renew the attempt, Mr. Burnett finding me the means.

For some time I continued weaving through the week, and cut cheese out on the Saturday, first at a corner of Syke-hill, and then in the Market-place. Here I fixed my table, and produced considerable excitement by cutting out cheese at 5½d. per lb., the general price being 7d. I soon succeeded in retailing as much as three hundred weight in a day. Shortly after this my wife took the table and I became a sort of wholesale man, selling whole cheeses, and sometimes a hundred weight. She was quite as active, as persevering, and as successful as myself. Winter though it was, we stood out in all weathers, caring little for present comfort, in hope of future success. I then began to attend Chorley, Blackburn, and Wigan markets, and thus filled up the week. I gave up the loom, and made a present of it to a poor man in Queen-street, named Joseph Woodruff, and some years after I sought it out, gave him a sovereign for it, and out of the various parts a writing table was made, on which I am now correcting this article. Turn it over and you will see the several pieces that constituted the cradle of my future usefulness; and when I am in the grave, may this remind my children that their father was a poor man, and that of all the duties incumbent upon them they should never forget the poor! Seeing my success, I had two or three friends who lent me money on interest, with which to keep up my stock. It will be remembered that there were then no railways, and when, in addition to the other markets, I began to attend Bolton, (20 miles) I walked there, stood market, got dinner in the street, and walked back the same day. By and bye, I got a pony ("Billy,") and began to go into the country among the farmers to buy their cheese. I was my own ostler, for I did not spend a penny that I could spare; and I remember I used to think it very hard, after returning from Bolton quite fatigued, when seated in the corner, to have to go to the stable to clean and feed the pony. For twenty years I scarcely missed a Monday going to Bolton, first walking, then on horseback, and afterwards in a gig; for, next to Preston, it was the best market I had. Till 1824, when a part of the Preston new Corn Exchange was allotted for the sale of cheese, I stood on the Saturday for eight years, along with other cheese dealers, in the street, near the Castle Inn, Cheapside. Imbued as we all were with the old delusive notion that drink would keep the cold out, we used to run across the Market-place to Mrs. Rigby's, the Blue Anchor, who was noted for her good twopence-halfpenny ale. While on the one hand I was kept from going to excess, on the other I fear that my example induced the others to go, and once there, they would sometimes remain till they were intoxicated. Cheese buying in the country, too, was a dangerous business, the farmers generally keeping the bottle to bring out over making a bargain. Many have been ruined, and it is a mercy that neither I nor any of my sons were ever overcome by it. Sometimes I would make a venture to a distant place, to Ulverston for instance; and I remember leaving Ulverston one evening to catch a coach at Levens Bridge, when I had to go through a district in which I was quite a stranger. It came on dark, with a heavy dew. Not knowing where I was, nor what course to pursue, I kept on the road till I came to a farm house. I was

afraid to knock at the door lest I should be misunderstood, and lest some dog might be within, so I quietly got into an outbuilding, and laid on the hay (I cannot say I slept) till break of day, when I crept out, nobody being the wiser, and found my way to Levens Bridge. On another occasion, going on foot over the Eleven-mile Sands, from Hest Bank, where so many have been drowned, I had nearly been overtaken by the tide. I saw it rolling in westward, and I ran east with all the speed of which I was capable, and recovered the land, but had a very narrow escape. These are a few incidents connected with my early experience in the cheese trade. This business for fifty one years has gradually increased, especially since several of my sons have taken a part, and whose exertions have contributed very much to our success. For most of that time, it has had a larger connection than any similar establishment in North Lancashire.

Though almost interdicted, I cannot do justice to my feelings if I do not say a few words as to the excellencies of my dear wife. In our early struggles, when commencing business out of nothing, she was not only my councillor in difficulties, but an active and efficient helper to the extent of, and even beyond her power. She was no lady wife; though respectably connected, and accustomed to plenty before marriage, she willingly shared my poverty and privations, and bore a full part of our burdens. She shared my joys and more than shared my sorrows, for she wiped them away. Whenever I was cast down she was the one to revive my spirits. For a long time she did all the house work as well as attending to business, and she would sit up past midnight making and mending the children's clothes. And when she first got a servant, and, indeed, ever since, her ideas of cleanliness are so extreme, that she would always put a hand to herself. No pen could do justice in describing the sympathy she showed towards every sufferer that came within her reach; nor set forth her willingness to undergo any toil to give them relief. If ever a "good mother" existed she deserves that name. No labour was ever too much, no anxiety too great, or sacrifice too severe to provide for the wants of her children, to get them well educated, and to bring them up respectably. Her motherly kindness never waned, and never will; for, to this day, her happiness is bound up with the happiness and well-doing of her family. Though delicate from the first, the amount of endurance she has manifested is truly wonderful. If ever we had a bit of a "tift" (and these are sometimes useful in clearing the connubial atmosphere), it was almost always about her working too hard; and yet, I am strongly inclined to think that this exercise, and the pleasure she had in seeing her house and children nice, have contributed far more to her lengthened life than the opposite would have done. A lady's life of soft indulgence, rising late in the morning, lolling on a sofa most of the forenoon reading novels, with little exercise, fed with rich food, and pampered with delicacies—these have killed many a thousand with better constitutions than Mother Livesey's. One day I received this positive injunction from her: "See thou sayest nothing about *me*." We always *thou'd* each other, and, for equals, I am fond of this Quaker's style. However, I have ventured to state the above, for which I may perhaps get a "curtain lecture," but I know it will be short and sweet.

This may not be an improper time for noticing our family. I was always fond of children, and am so to the present day, and hence, I was not like some fathers, who are troubled when the "little strangers" make their appearance. If the man is "blessed that has his quiver full of them," I may, at any rate, claim a share in that blessing. Every two years, as a rule, brought an addition to our numbers—thirteen in all—and, without any choice, the boys greatly predominated—ten of one sort and three of the other. Four died in infancy, and nine remain, eight sons and one daughter. Mother often used to pray that she might be spared to see

her youngest child grown up, and all settled in life; and her desire in these respects has been realized. However, I find I must curb any inclination to enter upon details, for a full narrative of all the events and circumstances, enjoyments and disappointments, successes and reverses, connected with half a century's experience in bringing up so large a family, would more than fill a three-volume treatise. Suffice it to say that the good has greatly predominated over the evil; the bright over the gloomy. Mother is proud of her family, and well she may; there are not many at our age that have eight sons, all grown up, the youngest thirty-two, and the eldest nearly fifty-two, and all doing well; and the position of our daughter, the ninth, is equally satisfactory. Seven out of the nine are married, and, counting the grand-children, we find they number twenty-seven. I enter this week upon my 75th year, and Mrs. L. is less than two years of the same age. I said the four we lost died in their infancy, and it is remarkable that since 1840, now twenty-seven years, we have not had a single death in our family, either of children or grand-children. Some couples feel it a hard task to have the charge of a small family of three or four children, and some parents I have known almost at their wit's end with a single son, as to fixing him to a trade. How would such manage if they had eight boys to provide for? Our last little girl, Priscilla, was a great favourite, and as I was proud of them all, I got a friend one day, Mr. Edward Finch, to make a sketch of the family group—then ten in number—in the drawing-room; the father sitting, with nine children, round the table, according to ages, reading, and the mother close by, in the rocking-chair, with her little darling on her knee. This I have preserved, and, if I am spared to finish this memoir, I intend to get it engraved as a frontispiece.

There are very few families, even among the wealthy, which have not had to lament the profligacy of some of their sons, and I don't know a greater trouble that can come to parents than to see the objects of their brightest hopes become pests in society, the reputation of the family being tarnished by those who ought to do it honour. We have, fortunately, been saved any such infliction. If I were to name what I think has mostly contributed to this result, so far as we have been concerned, I would say that, in the first place, as soon as ever their progress in education would admit, if not before, I accustomed them all to *work*. Every one, so soon as he was able to do anything, was put to some kind of employment, and this, in training children, I deem of great importance. Idleness, whether in young or old, nearly always leads to evil. Next; they were not sent from home, either to to get educated or learn professions or businesses; and hence they were not exposed to the numerous temptations which are always surrounding young people, unshielded by the watchful care of parents. To this there was a slight exception, but not of long continuance. I deem the watchful eye of the parents of great importance as a protection to youth, and I can trace the ruin of numerous young men, most promising at one time, entirely to their being sent from home at an age the most dangerous—some to college, and some to trades. In the third place, at home, they had not only good lessons given them but good examples; and, as it respects drink, even before we became teetotalers, we kept none in the house, and it was scarcely ever seen on the table. Water or milk was our invariable beverage at meals. Since then my 37 and Mrs. L.'s 35 years' teetotalism have benefited them much. Being so numerous, they were company for each other, without seeking for companions elsewhere; and perhaps I ought to add that I myself was their companion. I always took delight in their company; I used to play with them, run with them, romp with them, and, when sitting by the fireside, sometimes I should have one on each knee, and one or two climbing up the chair-back, perhaps combing my hair or pulling my whiskers. While we allowed nothing that was

vicious or unseemly, we put as few restraints as possible upon their youthful vivacity; no doubt, this endeared them more to home. Thus, being in contact with us constantly, they naturally imbibed, to some extent, the habits of carefulness, economy, steadiness, and industry which they saw in their parents. Then as to businesses; I created trades for most of them myself. The cheese trade kept expanding, so that it afforded an opening for at least three, or more of them, as they grew up. In 1832, I commenced the printing business, and in 1844, the *Preston Guardian* newspaper, and these found employment for others. One learnt to be an engineer, and the rest have been provided for without much inconvenience.—I intended to refer to the great change which has taken place in the town of Preston since my first coming to it, and to some other topics, but these must stand over till next month.

THE LOVE OF DRINK.

Our country seems to be made up of liquor-loving people; and perhaps thirty-five years is too short a period in which to eradicate an innate, hereditary passion for strong drink. If we had only *judgments* to deal with, or even *consciences*, seared as they may be, we could make more way, but *likings* are far worse to reach, more difficult to grapple with, and if arrested for a while, spring back to the old position. The love of liquor, like most other passions, feeds on that which created it, and direful as are the inevitable consequences, every additional indulgence seems to intensify the thirst for more. The palate gradually acquires a relish for the pungent flavour of spirituous liquids, but more tempting still is the enjoyment of those lively feelings which, however transitory, are artificially induced by the alcoholic stimulant. The stolid gentleman, from whom you can scarcely extort half a dozen words in a railway carriage, after taking his whisky-toddy, becomes surprisingly fluent and convivial with those about him. It was clearly made out the other week by the Rev. Mr. Muir, at Edinburgh, that the "*liveliness* of social life" was only compatible, on public occasions, with the retention of the bottle. All know the "penalties" of drinking, but the "pleasures" come first, and both rich and poor risk the consequences. Say what they will, men like to feel a little bit tipsy. "A short life and a merry one," is not a mere form of words; in spirit, all drinkers act upon it. Let a man get "fond of his glass," and *appetite* becomes his incessant prompter, in defiance of judgment, conscience, interest, reputation, and every other consideration. A *liking* for liquor is a slavery that brings with it, in many cases, an awful end. A man on the spree risks everything, even the danger of death itself, to gratify his passion. I often think it is this *latent liking for the glass* that makes magistrates so shy at holding drink-sellers to the terms of their licences, and ministers so unwilling to commit themselves to the temperance reformation. The unseen tippling that is carried on in so many houses is induced by the lurking desire for preter-natural arousement; and this is too much encouraged by the doctors, who know that when every medicine fails, their patients will not refuse what they always *feel* to do them good. Every charlatan relies upon alcohol; no desperate deed could be done without it. The spirit of enterprise is in the bottle. The broad acres hanging under the auctioneer's hammer become broader still when the old Jamaica begins to work. With many, the tedious evenings could not be endured if it were not for the inspiration of their evening glasses, which serve to kill time, and to bring out in free discourse the fulness of the soul. What are all these agricultural dinners, cutting of first sods, launching of vessels, opening of parks and town halls, mayor's dinners and grand balls, and anniversary celebrations, but so many opportunities of applying the bottle forces to dame nature, to raise

her from the dead level into a more exalted and ethereal atmosphere—regardless of a law which compels her to fall, and often, in the end, with fatal consequences? "I don't like this teetotal," said a man, "it is like travelling on one continuous flat, I like ups and downs." This may be very nice, but the "downs" have it, and often with a terrible reckoning.

Once let a man begin to "like drink," and the liking constantly increases. This feeling, unless gratified, becomes his tormentor, and a man's own reasoning goes for little when pitted against his likings. The drinker, snuffer, and smoker, are in this respect alike—against conviction, against decency, and all remonstrances; the one has his fingers involuntarily in the box, and the other is out of all temper if he cannot mouth his pipe or his cigar. The nerves have been played with and pampered till they demand what leads to their own destruction. A man will submit to be immersed in a rain tub, or to lose a couple of his teeth, for a quart of ale. A neighbourhood will flock to a vessel wrecked, containing casks of spirits, as they did at New Brighton, and drink till they are stupid or dead on the field. Hunger, it is said, will break through stone walls, and we know well that "thirsty souls" find little difficulty in mastering both locks and bars. Lord Derby once said that Ireland was his great "difficulty." Say what we will about the temptations of the public-house, *our* great "difficulty" is here,—it is *the love of drink*. Constantly have we to lament the fall of those who sign the pledge, and who never go near the public-house. Whilst a love of stimulation remains, and men want to live faster than God intended them, this will continue to be the case, and pledge-breaking will never cease. The poor, it is true, are tempted by the gin-shop; the sale of drink and the man's longings, like the negative and the positive, soon find an easy communication. When this is better understood, we shall know where is lodged the power that defies all laws, human and divine. *Here* is the resisting force against the prohibitory measures in America, and the same force, if not stronger, is seated in the stomachs of the Irish, English, and Scotch, to such an extent, that all attempts at prohibition in every shape have been set at defiance. We cannot even repeal the Beer Bill, an odious measure of thirty-seven years standing, though successively condemned by every authority. An act of parliament can be changed at once when "the ayes have it," but here you have to fight with millions of individual stomachs, blistered with drink, and craving for more daily. It is proper, therefore, that we should know our work, and how to go about it, and where our greatest difficulty lies, so that after spending one generation with such feeble results we should not exhaust another, and be where we started.

I once had a man in my employment whose love of drink was such that, after various trials, I was compelled to discharge him. The following letter will shew how sincerely, at the time, he intended to reform; he signed the pledge, but his love of drink was stronger than all his resolutions, and he fell, and soon after committed suicide by leaping into the lake in the Moor Park:—

"Mr. Livesey, Sir,—I have made the following solemn vow, and which I will not break for all the world, viz.:—On my bended knees I have vowed to the Almighty and kissed His sacred word that I will not taste any kind of intoxicating drinks whilst in your employ, and which I hope would be until death, if you will only have the kindness to try me once more, and I hope you will never have occasion to repent.—R. A.—Nov. 16th, 1843.—And may the Lord help me to keep my vow."

Allowing for the difficulty of saving the drink-loving class, there is still ample scope for working, and for hope. They don't all drink *because* they *like it*. Some drink from *ignorance*, and only need enlightenment to induce them to abstain; others from *fashion*, and if the *fashion* can be changed, or they can rise above it they may give it up; and not a few take their glasses from *association* merely, and if such can be induced to break off with their companions, they may be redeemed.

But still, we must bear in mind that even these inducements, if not soon removed, tend to create that most formidable of all obstacles in the way of reform—the *love of the drink*. The importance of training children aright cannot fail to occur to all my readers, in families, in schools, and in Bands of Hope, before they acquire a taste for intoxicating liquors.

CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS.

"The Reminiscences of Early Teetotalism," which appeared in nine numbers of the *Staunch Teetotaler* of last year, are now printed in a pamphlet, (price 3d.) The following reflections were added:

In reading over the previous pages, very few will feel as I do. There is a great contrast betwixt the present and the past—betwixt the spirit, the activity, the devotedness, the liberality, the self-sacrifice, and the success connected with the first five years compared with what we witness at the present day. I seem like one of the "ancient men," who, at the building of the second Jewish Temple, "wept" on beholding its inferiority compared to that which was erected by Solomon. Every meeting we went to in town or village was crowded, but now it is painful to notice in the returns of the numbers who attend, that meetings addressed by such men as John Sergeant, or J. W. Kirton, are put down at 70, 100, or 150. Our own anniversary, which now passes off quietly in one evening at the Temperance Hall, like an ordinary meeting, used to occupy six nights at the Theatre, filled to overflowing. Those engaged at present, whose teetotal experience does not reach beyond ten or twenty years think they are doing a great deal; and if we read the reports of fifty societies, including the large organizations, we always find a laudatory tone—an enumeration of great efforts; but, when we apply to the true test—the quantity of liquor consumed and the number of places that sell it—we find the facts are against us. This should arouse our societies from their slumbers, and warn them against complacency and self-deception. In the early days we felt that we were really engaged in a "Temperance *reformation*." We gave heart and soul to it. The conflict was fierce; and the resistance manifested in hostile opposition, served only to fire our zeal. We seemed as if we would turn the world upside down. We scarcely feel in this mood now. Our working men—sawyers, mechanics, and men of all trades—were constant speakers at the meetings; they went everywhere, and no others were listened to with equal attention. Instead of these fearless heroes, reverend gentlemen and professional lecturers, to a great extent, have taken their place (more so in Scotland than here), although for penetrating the masses and benefiting the millions, there is no agency equal to the plain, pointed, short, unvarnished speech of the teetotal artizan.

We had for a long time great help from the Friends. Most of these distinguished supporters have died off, and though we have some good Friends left, there will soon be a great vacuum; the young ones are not coming forward to take the vacant places of their fathers. Statements are now frequently put forward of the numbers of abstaining ministers, as signs of present progress; but I very much doubt whether the number of *consistent* men of this class exceeds what *we* had at one time; and, for *labour* and *devotedness*, my belief is that they *then* excelled. Our early periodicals, too, went more into the *heart* of the work than the present ones do. They seemed to be a real echo from the battle field, where working and fighting alone were known; not so tame as some at present, nor diluted with tales that only just touch the subject, and so gently as not to give offence.

Though I may seem to some to be writing in a desponding spirit, I assure all my friends that I feel quite happy in the belief that a sound system of sobriety,

based on science and experience, and tested by time, has been established; and though I may never again see the fire and enthusiasm of the olden time, it is a happy reflection to know that one has done somewhat towards establishing principles that command the admiration—if they don't secure the practice—of nearly all good men. It is not difficult to account for the change. The novelty of the enterprise has subsided; persecution has almost ceased; and the confidence that we should in a few years sweep away the whole drinking system we have been compelled to relinquish. We did not, at one time, stop to calculate the strength of the strongholds of the enemy, nor to conceive of the difficulties in the way of overcoming them. Experience has sobered down our youthful enthusiasm; and repeated disappointments, I regret to say, have induced many to relinquish the work. And instead of *widening* the basis of our movement and making it as broad as possible, there has grown up a disposition to *contract* it; to place it principally in the keeping of the Church, as an auxiliary to its success. Instead of making teetotalism a dietetic and an hygienic question—of embedding it in physiology—and advocating it on moral, social, domestic, and national grounds, it has become regarded by too many as a useful expedient only, for the furtherance of denominational religion. "Never will it succeed," say many, "till the Church takes it up." This has been said for thirty years, and the Church (speaking of it in its widest sense), has not yet taken it up; and I think a very little reflection will shew that, as a body, it is not likely to do so—at least, with the energy, plain speaking, zeal, and devotedness of primitive times. The temperance cause requires a course of hard, aggressive, self-denying, unfashionable labour, which few ministers are willing to undertake, and which mere Church and Chapel goers don't understand. Owing to the temptations of the public-houses causing so many to backslide, many workers became lukewarm, and fixed their hopes on the removal of these temptations by a Maine law, and, latterly, by a permissive bill. Though repeatedly disappointed, they still adhere to these as the best remedies, and regard the primitive mode of agitation—relying on moral suasion and not on law—with much less favour than formerly. Another phase, which has served many as an apology for not working as before, is the Band of Hope movement. Regarded as an *adjunct*, it is excellent, but too many are making it a *substitute* for the old-fashioned mode of going among the people, instructing the parents, and with them the children. They are relying upon Bands of Hope, as others are upon *law*, for effecting a temperance reformation, and my fear is that both will be disappointed. However, whatever form the agitation takes, so long as abstinence is the basis, I rejoice, and hope it will become more and more vigorous. We have a great work to do—to contend against appetite, fashion, and interest, strengthened by all the auxiliaries of the evil practices of modern times. Whilst others look on with indifference, *we* should feel the high and responsible position we hold in consequence of our professions. The first generation of teetotalers is passing away; in taking their places, may we be their worthy successors in devotedness, disinterestedness, and perseverance! Five and thirty years, looked forward to by a young person, seems a long and tedious period, but looked back upon by one advanced in life, like myself, seems but a span, and the pleasanter it has been passed and the shorter it appears. May we all be reminded of the uncertainty of our time, and the importance of working while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work.

P.S.—An excellent article headed "A Visit to Preston," by Jabez Inwards, appears in the *Temperance Record*. This is a very appropriate sequel to my "Reminiscences," and shall be inserted in my next number.

RELIGIOUS DRINKING.

For long arguments, long sermons, and *long drinkings*, we can scarcely compete with our friends across the Tweed. Religious drinking seems to be no exception. At the ordination I referred to on a former occasion there were twenty-one toasts; since then one was reported in the papers at which twenty-three toasts were drunk, of course several of them of a very sober and religious cast. There was another a few weeks ago. The United Presbytery of Glasgow met at Pollokshaws, for the purpose of inducting to the pastorate of the United Presbyterian Church there, the Rev. Robert Whyte, M.A., late colleague and assistant to the Rev. Mr. Renton, Kelso. After the induction services were concluded, about 100 gentlemen met in the Town Hall, to celebrate the occasion by a dinner, attended by a goodly number of ministers. About the drinking part which was to follow there was a schism in the room. A brave and consistent Church member, named James Airlie, protested then and there against following up the solemn services in the Church with the profane indulgences of the bottle. But the ex-provost, Mr. Duncan Watson, assisted by others, regardless of Mr. Airlie's crotchet, adopted the advice of the Rev. Dr. Jeffery, and "passed on to the *business of the meeting*,"—that was, filling and emptying the glasses, and vocifering hip, hip, hurrah. But the worthy provost did make one important concession—instead of "toasts" he would substitute "sentiments"! and with this, off they went and drank to the glory of God and the good of the Church, as the following "sentiments" will shew:—Mr. Algie gave "The Kelso Congregation," to which Mr. Tait, Kelso, replied; Mr. James Fleming gave "The Congregation of Eastwood Parish," to which the Rev. George Campbell replied; Mr. Tait gave "The Pollokshaws U.P. Congregation," replied to by Mr. Peter Nicol; Mr. Samuel gave "The Officiating Clergymen;" Rev. Dr. Frew gave "The Presbytery of Kelso," replied to by Mr. Polson, Jedburgh. These were followed by, or rather associated with, many others, the exact number of which I have not been able to obtain. It is difficult to say how much these worthy Caledonians, lay and clerical, can "stand;" and it is not without reason that they have been credited with the merit of being "scientific drinkers."

Since then, a meeting of the Edinburgh Presbytery of the U.P. Church has been held, at which the question of toast drinking was fully discussed. The Rev. Mr. Fleming introduced the subject in language as inoffensive as he could make it, but his motion met with a strong opposition. It is evident he saw no chance of putting down drinking at the ordinations, and therefore he only proposed that "the drinking of healths should be discontinued." Dr. Peddie "thought the 'hip, hip, hurrahing' was incongruous with the character of a Christian minister, but he was not prepared to go the length of recommending *the disuse of wines and spirits at these dinners;*" and in this, it would seem, most of those present were agreed, and after a long discussion they carried, with a small majority, an amendment to the effect that they would "be glad to learn that *toast* drinking at ordinations is discontinued." But mark this,—the discussion did not turn upon the *drink*, but upon the *echo;* so that the change will simply be the substitution of "sentiments" for "toasts"—wine and whisky remaining as before. Parties are recommended to be a *little quieter* over their glasses. Instead of the popular powder and shot, they are to kill their rooks with the air-gun, which is so much less noisy.

From an address delivered to the church and congregation of St. Paul's Chapel, Wigan, by the pastor, the Rev. W. Roaf, I take the following interesting paragraph:—"Why should we not have the best Teetotal Society in Lancashire—one in which temperance shall be the nimble intelligent handmaid of religion? So impressed am I with the importance of this topic, that, after looking at the fearful drunkenness of the town, and marking its stealthy progress, as a cancer-claw in the vitals of the Church, I am prepared to make you a deliberate offer. Here it is. If you as a church and congregation, will give me a three months' furlough, finding under my sanction good supplies for my pulpit, and continuing my salary, I will devote those three months to visiting every house in Wigan, entreating earnest attention to the subject of Temperance. Perhaps I might specially prepare a tract for the service. There is the offer; I lay it at your feet. If I die in the effort, may God accept it as the last offering of a soul grateful for his infinite mercies to me. I desire to resemble the ox standing between the plough and the altar, ready for either—ready for work, ready for sacrifice."

VARIETIES.

The second reading of the "Sunday Closing Bill" being deferred, will afford more time for increasing the number of petitions from the country. No delay should be allowed to take place in this the most important step towards accomplishing the object. And it is to be devoutly wished that the divided opinions of temperance people—some contending for J. Abel Smith's Bill, and others for total closing—may not retard this useful work. From the remarks of John Bright it is pretty evident that he is disposed to give his support to more restrictive measures than are in force at present.

In London it is difficult to get a servant without allowing her beer or "beer-money" in its place. About £2 a year is given as beer-money. In making engagements with females in the country they sometimes bargain for their beer. When the family has it on their own table I don't see how it can be refused, but abstainers should never countenance beer-money any more than beer itself; at the same time they ought to give good wages, so as to silence any that might say they did this to pocket the benefit. Mr. Cobden, in one of his letters to me, stated that they allowed their servants no beer, but gave them money instead.

In attending anti-beershop meetings, or meetings for reducing the number of public-houses, or for a revision of the licensing system, our leading teetotalers should beware lest by an entire silence as to the true remedy they help to keep the country in darkness, and throw our friends on the wrong scent. Any measure that can be carried for reducing the consumption of intoxicating liquors is useful, but the radical remedy, which we must keep constantly before the public, is their *entire disuse*. Nothing else can be relied upon. Every palliation short of this is but a repitition of the expedients that have been tried from time immemorial, with disappointing results.

Well done Liverpool! At the Mayor's grand ball, only ninety-seven dozen bottles of champagne were consumed—1,164 bottles. It used to be said, "like priest, like people;" it may be said here, like corporation, like people. When the Rev. J. Jones writes his next "Slain by Drink," should he not include the magnates of the borough as being *accessories* by bad example? How gracious it would seem next day for a magistrate on the bench to be lecturing a poor fellow for the effects of his gin drinking, his own breath sending out the disagreeable fumes of the previous night's champagne! How much better it would have been to spend the cost of this ball in teaching the people sobriety and good conduct!

"The Island of Java," remarks the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "must be a pleasant place to live in. According to the latest official statistics published, 148 persons were devoured by tigers in one year; and in another the same fate befell 131 persons. The crocodiles during the same period ate about fifty people a year, and between thirty and forty a year were killed by serpents. The inhabitants, however, do not seem to allow their habitual equanimity to be much disturbed by the fate of their fellow-colonists." Is not this a fit emblem of an island much nearer home, where liquid tigers, crocodiles, and serpents are devouring far more than these, and yet the "equanimity" of the inhabitants is equally undisturbed?

Referring to an exhibition for the Ragged School, which was lately held in Preston, the chief promoter says:—"In our late exhibition committee, it was proposed to sell intoxicating drinks at the refreshment stall, but being warmly opposed, it was withdrawn; and although I have been again and again assured that we lost at least £100 through not selling 'the drink,' I rejoice to think that we were enabled to keep out the 'accursed thing.' And it has been a sufficient reward to me, that some of the mothers whose sons frequented the exhibition, have testified their thankfulness that we placed no temptations in the way of their young people. Better the exhibition had resulted an utter failure, which I am glad to say it has not, than we should have derived a single shilling from the sale of these drinks, which are ruining our country."

Now is the time for teetotalers to assert the importance of their principles. While the subject of education is being agitated among all parties, and by the public press, ought we not to make it manifest that the idleness and vicious conduct of the children are owing to the neglect of the parents, in consequence of their drunken habits? and ought we not to show that the proper course is not to *take* the *children* and *leave* the *parents*, but to instruct and reform the parents, and with them, and through them, the children? This is what the genuine teetotalers are aiming to do. And if all the array of religious agency which everywhere stares us in the face is not competent for this, it is quite time to have a change. We may try to reform the children by compelling them to go to school; but the drinking influences of the street, the workshop, and home, will soon neutralize nearly all that can be done in this way. We ought, therefore, to let the country hear us at this crisis. Everyone of our periodicals, and every lecturer, and every speaker should take up the subject; and no teetotaler should be passive while a movement is going on which virtually ignores the real cause of ignorance amongst the poorer classes.

It ought to be known that there are about forty societies in London, chiefly conducted by working men, not connected with any large organization. The proceedings of these are mostly reported in the *Temperance Star*.

Master J. T. Harrison, who got the prize for the largest length of "Barrel and Bottle work" cases from the *Alliance News*, handed over the slips to a friend of his, named James Clark, in whose hands it has been extended to the length of seventy-five feet. He says, "I think we had better stop when we reach one hundred feet." If he could stop the tap, the cases would stop also.

A child is a living, restless, and never ceasing interrogator, perpetually wanting to know something, perpetually asking what? and how? and when? and where? and above all why? perpetually putting all such questions to nurses and parents. Could not this be turned to account at Bands of Hope meetings? Indeed, could we not have temperance meetings, professedly for persons to ask questions and receive answers at? A number of questions in writing might be proposed at one meeting for consideration, and answers given at the next. It would be something fresh, and we all know how exciting the end of a lecture is when questions are allowed to be asked.

Want of sympathy, which is said to be the sin of the age, is but another name for selfishness; and selfishness may be said to be only another name for irreligion. To love one another, to do good to all men, to rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with those who weep, to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, to visit the destitute and defend the oppressed—are better than all burnt offerings and sacrifices. A selfish man makes a bad teetotaler, as well as a bad Christian; and, in these days of ceremonial services, are we not in danger of confiding in them and neglecting practical duties? We should never shut our eyes to the sufferings of individuals and families through strong drink, nor consider any labour, any sacrifice too great to effect their deliverance. This is what we should constantly teach, and without its practice our cause will never triumph.

During the past month we have buried our oldest teetotaler, "Temperance Mary." She was in her 90th year, and had been an abstainer 33 years. Till within a few years she often came to the Temperance Hall to advocate the cause; and, in private, to the last she would defend it against all gainsayers. On the authority of the *Lancet*, we learn that a woman at Claydon, in Suffolk, lately died at the age of 106. This remarkable specimen of hale old age was accustomed, up to within a month of her death, to walk alone, and without the aid of a stick, on Sunday mornings to Claydon Church and back, a distance of more than a mile and a half: and her faculties remained perfect almost to the last, her eyesight being so good that she never wore spectacles. She herself told our correspondent that she had *never tasted beer*, "and except for illness (of which, thank God, I have had very little) never spirits, and then only the smallest quantity of brandy."

Another case that the Rev. G. W. M'Cree gives is that of a lady, the wife of a West-end physician, showing the terrible degradation to which ladies may be reduced when they become addicted to drinking. On one of his visitations he says: "I saw upon a doorstep a little boy asleep in one corner, and a girl in another. I woke them up and said to the girl, 'My dear, where is your mother?' 'Mother's in prison, sir.' 'How came she to get there, dear?' 'Please sir, she got drunk, and she was locked up.' 'How came you here?' 'Please sir, when the landlady found my mother locked up she turned us into the streets.' 'Come along with me,' I said, and took them by the hand and led them to our Refuge, and there in a short time they had all the comforts they needed. In a few days the mother came out of prison, and having gained access to the refuge, she demanded her children. They were refused; but, after another locking up for drunkenness, she came again, and took them away, and actually placed the girl, only fourteen years of age, in a house of ill fame."

Mr. James Haughton, of Dublin, referring to a statement made by the Rev. Mr. Harkness at the Social Science Meeting at Belfast, gives the following statement of the increased consumption of intoxicating liquor in Ireland:—

Home made Spirits retained for consumption—

In 1863.....	3,862,937 gallons.	In 1865.....	4,157,241 gallons.
„ 1864.....	4,090,109 „	„ 1866.....	5,036,814 „

In Foreign Spirits we witness the same results—

In 1863	183,686 gallons.	In 1865	250,111 gallons.
„ 1864	200,288 „	„ 1866	324,995 „

In Beer, Porter, and Ale—

In 1863, barrels brewed ..	1,150,356	In 1865, barrels brewed ..	1,242,671
„ 1864, „ ..	1,236,239	„ 1866, „ ..	1,535,209

While this increase goes on we need not wonder at the poverty of Ireland, at the spread of Fenianism, or at any calamity that may visit that unhappy country. And yet neither the priests nor the people seem disposed to embrace the only remedy—entire abstinence.

Some "long measure" advocates think they have floored the teetotalers when they can procure a case of a man drinking Burton ale and clear whisky, and yet living till he was ninety. And a single case of this sort (supposing it were truly stated) is set up against hundreds on the contrary, who, by taking these liquors, don't live out half their days. By a similar mode of reasoning, they might refute all that has been said in favour of health and long life being promoted by pure air, exercise, and cleanliness. The Rev. W. Davis, incumbent of Stanton-on-Wye, who died at the reputed age of 108, took no exercise for the last 35 years of his life. Old Mrs. Ianson, an eccentric widow, who died in London in 1806, at the age of 106, would never have her rooms washed, and abhorred personal ablutions, alleging that "people who washed themselves were always catching cold." Who has not seen very old men, whose daily work was cleaning out midden steads? Defenders of drink, from these cases, might become defenders of dirt and a polluted atmosphere.

"Nobody can do my business and be a teetotaler; I have to go into public-houses to receive payments, and some of my customers will not pay unless I give them a glass." So said a fruit and fish dealer, who is convinced of the truth and importance of our principles, and who has sometimes abstained a month or two. To such, I would offer two considerations; first, whether it would not be better even to risk a loss in trade, so as to secure a gain in all other respects. The gain in health, character, comfort, and usefulness, is far above that of pounds, shillings, and pence. But, secondly, it is doubtful whether, at the twelve months' end, there would be any loss. You might lose some customers, but you would gain others, and even some of those who are so clamorous for their glass would be led to respect your consistency so as to forego it; and, again, people who were well served would not leave you, provided you gave them the value in money. And, in addition, you might calculate upon the custom of all the teetotalers, and of many more who respect them and their principles. I never knew a real staunch teetotaler who balanced losses and gains, but who was satisfied with the result.

Tourist Excursion Offices, 98, Fleet Street, London, January 29, 1868.—"Dear Mr. Livesey,—I happened to be in here this morning when your chest of *Staunch Teetotalers* was opened, and it brought back to me such a crowd of old and pleasant memories that I feel impelled to write to you. You are doing a great work in reviving the memories of the former days, stirring up the embers of the old fire. That, my dear Sir, is what we want—simple earnest teetotal and teetotal work. I feel that I ought to give you some help in this noble work, and my wife blames me for not having done it sooner. But really I have had such work and such a fight against drink in Paris that I have had no opportunity of attending to the 'Home Department.' I am happy to tell you we bore a good testimony to teetotal in Paris. I suppose mine was the only teetotal hotel ever known there, and it astonished the natives to see the numbers provided for without drink in that dissipated city. Our 'family' consisted of about 5,000 visitors of various classes, and from all Anglo-Saxon countries; and though some would smuggle in the drink, it was not permitted to show face on our tables, and the business was done on strict abstinence principles. Wishing you great joy and success in your latter days, I am, my dear Sir, Yours very truly, THOMAS COOK."

Everyone has heard of Mr. Thomas Cook, of Leicester, the great excursionist. It is pleasing to know that these trips, now so interesting, had their birth in the teetotal zeal of the great tourist. He says, "My first project was in connection with the Temperance Movement, to which I had been warmly attached for five or six years previous to 1841. It was in the spring of that year that I was walking from Market Harborough to Leicester, to attend a temperance meeting, which was to be addressed by Lawrence Heyworth, Esq., of Liverpool, when the thought suddenly flashed across my mind as to the practicability of employing the great powers of railways and locomotion for the furtherance of this social reform. Betwixt Kibworth and Leicester, a distance of nine miles, this new-born idea formed the theme of my musings; and on the temperance platform that evening, I proposed to the friends assembled to get up a Special Train to Loughborough, a distance of twelve miles, at the time of an approaching District Meeting of Delegates. The proposal was received with enthusiasm by a crowded meeting, and on the following day I submitted it to J. Fox Bell, Esq., in whom centred the Secretaryship and the Leicester management of the Midland Counties Railway. A special train was arranged, and on the day appointed, about 500 passengers were conveyed in 24 open carriages, the amazing distance of a dozen miles! I believe this was either the second or third train of the kind ever run on the Midland Railway; and the gathering so fully justified the expectations formed of it, that I then proposed a series of similar meetings to be held alternately in the three principal Midland towns, Leicester, Nottingham, and Derby, and special trains were arranged for facilitating these gatherings of temperance friends."—This "day of small things" has been followed by 26 years of hard toil in this useful work, and multitudes of people have been enabled to visit all parts of England, Scotland, the Continent of Europe, and even America, and now he is projecting an excursion to the Holy Land!

Words often mean more than strike the ear. For instance, when the beershop deputation waited upon Mr. Hardy, the Home Secretary, he said, "Towards *the end of a Parliament* was a bad time to introduce any measure in reference to public-houses and beershops;" which, being interpreted, meant that members were so near the time of meeting their constituents, and were so much afraid of the drink-sellers, that they could not be expected to be sufficiently independent as to support a measure that would give offence to that class.

The Rev. G. W. M'Cree says: "My bell was rung one Sunday morning at seven o'clock; I went down into the lobby, and found there a man. He had a battered hat upon his head. He had an old grey paletot fastened under his chin, poor and filthy under garments, no stockings, his shoes were full of holes, and I could see his feet through almost every part of them; he shivered with the wet and cold. I knew him. 'Ah,' he said, 'I remember, not many years ago, riding my horse in Tottenham-court-road, followed by my servant upon his horse, and last Saturday I sold old magazines in that road to get myself a bed.' Who was he? He had been the deputy coroner for one of our largest counties, a splendid young fellow who led to the altar a young lady who brought him £6,000. He is a wretched drunkard now, and who, two or three years ago, was promised by his brother £1,000, if he would keep the pledge for a year. He kept it for eight months, and then broke it."

The rinderpest has been a mere flea bite compared to the drink pest. But it shews that while men are alive to other evils, they are unwilling to grapple with *this*, and until their own hands are clean, the drink dirt will remain undisturbed. If the decanters are kept in the house, supplied with spirits, how can the master or mistress denounce spirit drinking? If the lady tries to assuage her trouble or relieve her debility by a glass of wine, is it likely she will join in a crusade against the wine bottle? If those connected with schools—Sunday schools especially—join drinking parties, and deal in "toasts" and connive at "bumpers," they are not likely to instruct the children to abstain. If ministers take a glass on their visits, and attend ordinations and other religious gatherings, where there is plenty of wine on the table—where religious sentiments and "God's cause" are mixed up with alcoholic fluids—we need not wonder at so many evincing coldness and unconcern as to the awful prevalency of drinking.

Mr. Teesdale, of the Scottish League, says:—"The best, the most natural, the most powerful, the most effective way to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks is so to educate the people that they will not buy them, nor even take them as a free gift. The mere fact of there being no public-house or spirit-shops in a place does not preclude drinking. There is a great deal of drinking in the Shetland Islands which has nothing to do with the public-house and spirit-shops. The fishermen bring brandy in large quantities from the Faroe Isles, belonging to Denmark, and I was assured by the superintendent of police that there is not a house of the poorer people without some of this coarse and fiery brandy. So that the chief evil here is not the licensed sale of intoxicating drinks, but the smuggling of foreign brandy. And the mere putting down of the sale of drinks at home would do nothing but increase the smuggling of foreign stuff from abroad. If these poor ignorant Shetland fishermen were educated to see that the drink is harmful, they would neither buy it at home nor abroad, nor smuggle it into their houses." Speaking of Orkney, he says:—"In these islands the sale of the drink has been put down by the strong and good will of one or two good men. But the prohibition of the sale does not mean the prohibition of the use of the drink. The very first time I crossed from Kirkwall to Strapinsay, part of our cargo consisted of a lot of drink, and a man roaring drunk! From all I have seen in the Orkneys and the Shetlands, in connection with the prohibition of the sale of drinks, and the smuggling of drinks, I am more than ever convinced that the chief means of destroying drinking and drunkenness must be moral suasion, or the means of educating and enlightening the people, of remoulding their wills, reforming their tastes, and redirecting their lives."

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THE

STAUNCH TEETOTALER,

BY J. LIVESEY.

No. 16. APRIL, 1868. ONE PENNY.

TO THE WORKERS IN THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

DEAR FRIENDS,

You will excuse me recurring again to the old topic—that is, *working harder* in our blessed cause. It has proved itself so by raising thousands from the filth and mire of drunkenness, and making their families happy; and still more so by preventing multitudes pursuing the dangerous paths they had begun to tread. Never did the cause of total abstinence stand higher in public estimation than at present; and although too strict in general to break down the barriers of usage and fashion, its self-denying and self-enjoying teaching (for it has both) is exciting increased attention. In this spirit we cannot but notice the gift of a splendid water fountain for Hyde Park, and the language used at its inauguration by the Duke of Cambridge. It is for us to strike while the iron is hot. There are two seasons in the year when we seem to feel anxious to make a fresh start—the approach of winter and the return of spring. We are always casting in our seed, but we are now approaching the most inviting time of the year for scattering it with an unsparing hand. I always hear our friends about this time talking of "buckling on their armour afresh." Depend upon it *work* is a pleasure; and, if there be any peculiar enjoyment, it is reserved for those who do the most good to their fellow creatures.

Now, what are we to do? In the first place, our leading teetotalers, who are qualified to take their share in public meetings, and to join in the discussion of plans for the cure of intemperance, should never fail to fix public attention to the *real cause* of the evil, *the baneful influence of alcoholic drink upon the human system*, and the *real remedy—entire abstinence from it in every shape*. They should state distinctly that the controversy is not *now* betwixt *much* and *little*, but betwixt *little* and *none*. While "lords and gentlemen" are all speaking disparagingly of the "public-house" and the "beershop," they should shew that the prevalency of intemperance is neither from the *house* nor the *shop*, but from the *use* of alcoholic drinks sold there; and that its *use* in private houses contributes largely to make drinking respectable, and to perpetuate intemperance. These are the great points to be demonstrated, and which many who profess to be "enemies to drunkenness" do their best to avoid. Admitting this doctrine to be true, they see at once that in storing the same drink in their own cellars, and placing it daily upon their own tables, they are contributing no little to the spread of intemperance. We must shift the question at issue from *times* and *places* and *quantities*, to the *drink itself*. This is the only sound view, and I would not have it concealed on any occasion.

And now for a more general agitation. Some people are made converts by simple *teaching*, but more by *association* and *sympathy*. We should try both. Make teetotalism as enjoyable as possible. I never care how many tea parties, how many entertainments, how many concerts, how many excursions we have, provided teetotalism stands out sufficiently prominent, and that nothing is admitted to counteract it. Then, as to *teaching*, there cannot be too much of it. Never mind people who talk about "riding your teetotal hobby to death;" it is such a sweet easy goer that you may well never be tired of it. You must get as many to work as possible. We ought to double, treble, and quadruple the number of speakers. Meetings should be held in every nook and corner of our towns; and now that finer weather and longer evenings are approaching, you must be at work out of doors. Depend upon it there is no State road to national sobriety; it has to be accomplished by hard work and incessant agitation. The formation of "Unions" and "Leagues" are of no value except they help to bring sound teetotal teaching within the hearing of increased numbers. We must not be deterred from doing our duty by those who declaim against "Sunday work," but who themselves will not move a finger either Sunday or any other day towards saving the country. Publicans work, and we must work; alcohol works, and teetotal must work. Of all others, this is the day when you have the best chance of getting the ear and the attention of the people. The Sunday forenoon is the only time when in visiting you are sure to find the husband at home, disengaged, and often in the best mood for being talked to. If, as it is said, they don't go to a place of worship, what could be better than to go and talk to them at their own firesides? At one time I visited, every Sunday morning, for three years together, the worst parts of Preston, and my conviction is, that I never did as much good with the same amount of labour; and I don't believe any temperance society will be in a healthy condition where Sunday visiting is neglected. It is not very seemly for anyone to be intruding on the work day, when the wife is busy, and the husband away at his work; and it has always occurred to me that home missionaries had better rest on Thursdays and Fridays, and do double work on Sundays. We don't do half the good we might do on the Sunday; and our love of ease is too ready to shelter itself behind the notion of keeping the Sabbath after the manner of the Jews. I would give every encouragement to Sunday meetings and Sunday visitations. During "service time," in the forenoon, you meet in the streets with groups of men and boys to whom you can give tracts, and who are willing to listen and enter into conversation upon the subject of drinking, whose attention you could never get at any other time. In this way you find useful work for numbers of good hearted teetotalers who cannot mount a platform. This work need prevent no one from going to his place of worship. If we call the day only fourteen hours, surely you can afford a couple for this urgent duty, and yet attend to all your domestic and religious obligations. I am afraid the question is not "Teetotal labour *versus* attendance at worship," but "Teetotal labour *versus* indifference and love of ease." And then, instead of conducting the meetings in the streets as religious meetings, I think it is far better to reserve that for more suitable places. I remember the simple plan we once adopted at Leeds on a Sunday forenoon, and which, I think, is worthy of being followed. A number of us started off to one of the worst parts of the town; we halted at a commanding spot, borrowed a chair, gave out tracts or sung a verse, and then spoke to the people, who flocked to see what was to do. We then went a street or two further and did the same, and kept on till dinner time, remaining only about half an hour at a place. This is a plain, homely, inexpensive mode of teaching, which I should like to see going on every Sunday in every town in the kingdom. I feel that we ought to carry our message to *all* the people, to the most ignorant and the most vicious,

and especially for the sake of the women who scarcely ever attend a regular temperance meeting. I may just notice here how I once acted in Edinburgh. I suppose it will be thirty years ago, when a Sunday meeting was considered a great profanation of the Sabbath. Going on Calton Hill with some temperance friends, and seeing a great many people there, I said, "Could not we have a temperance meeting?" "Oh dear, you would ruin our cause if you attempted such a thing." "Well, but would there be any harm in a temperance sermon?" They thought that might do, so we sang a hymn, and I gave out the text,—"The sin that doth so easily beset us;" and, speaking from these words, I attracted the people and kept them together, illustrating and enforcing the temperance principles much in the same way as I should have done if it had been called a lecture. A real temperance reformer must be prepared at all points, and must let no opportunity slip for making himself useful. We must thus, by holding meetings, Sundays and work days, by visiting the drinkers, and circulating tracts, as well as by aiding every social attraction embodying the abstinence principle, try to keep our standing, and to make as many inroads as possible upon the kingdom of drunkenness. In promoting sobriety we are preparing the people for the better performance of all their citizen, domestic, social, and religious duties.

And, what shall I say to the *non-workers*—to those who count their savings, take their ease, shut their mouths, and shut their pockets? Alas! I pity them. There is a feast, but they won't taste it; a pleasure, but they cannot appreciate it. We must bear with them; scolding won't make them workers. By degrees, by persuasion and kindness we may attract them to the work, and, once started, we don't know what they will do. Example has great influence; and if the old workers will keep in the field and be faithful to their trust, they are sure to attract others.

In conclusion, my dear friends! let me say, never look back; never be ashamed of the good old cause; before priests and peoples, kings and nobles, I would defend the principles of total abstinence. There is a great work to do; and it almost seems as we alone were looked upon to do it. None of us can do too much; I never knew one accuse himself of this. There is so much happiness in making others happy, so much pleasure in rescuing our fellow creatures from the thraldom of drinking, that the wonder is we need to be urged to our duty. These considerations, with a good conscience, and a belief that we are pleasing God, ought to be sufficient to stimulate every temperance man to do his duty.

I am,
Your affectionate Fellow-worker,
Preston, April 1, 1868. J. LIVESEY.

SEQUEL TO "THE REMINISCENCES OF EARLY TEETOTALISM."

After commencing my "Reminiscences" I scarcely knew when or where to stop, and though closing with the year, I felt that a deal was unreported that would have been read with delight. In this mood, upon the appearance of the following article in the *Temperance Record*, entitled "A visit to Preston," by our friend Jabez Inwards, I determined to reproduce it in the *Staunch Teetotaler*. I have an additional pleasure in doing this, because Jabez's conversion to teetotalism was the result of a visit from his brother William, and William's conversion was the result of his attending our second meeting in London, addressed by myself, Swindlehurst, and Howarth. He was attracted to this meeting by hearing us announcing it with the bell in Theobald's-road where the police stopped us.

Preston is the Bethlehem of teetotalism. It is a town honoured in the history of our cause. Within its precincts the first teetotal meeting was held, and

from it the gladsome sounds went forth. Here the temperance principles were embraced with an affection and love which can never die. The hearts of the people were moved, and several felt themselves to be the subjects of the same impression that something must be done. They knew that, like a dark portentous death-cloud, intemperance had encompassed them, and on the right hand and on the left they beheld the dying and the dead. Many had prayed to be delivered from this plague, but still the desolating river rolled on. At length, the holy and the heavenly truth of abstinence from alcohol flashed upon the minds and penetrated the hearts of the first few who went forward with clear and dauntless spirits to wage a battle against a terrible foe. Here were the first movings of the waters. Here the light was kindled which showed more clearly the horror of the gloom. Here the pledge of freedom was first written and first signed. Here the temperance truth was felt, before it was known, and perhaps the most ardent of the first disciples of our cause had no conception that they were defending a principle which both science and Scripture should prove to be consonant with all the laws of nature and in strictest harmony with the morality of the Sacred Word. But as the years have passed away that one grand thought of abstinence from alcoholic drink has continued to receive additional glories, and some of the best and most philosophic spirits of the age have conferred upon it their most approving commendation. Poets have been enamoured with its beauty, reformed drunkards have lived in its sunshine, and dying they have spoken of it with devotedness and love, and we still hope that the world may bask in its glory. I was glad to meet with a few of the old temperance friends, and although I have never spoken in defence of our cause in this town, they were good enough to conduct me to a few persons and places with whose names I had long been familiar. Mr. James Stephenson and Mr. Thomas Walmsley favoured me with their company. Passing down the street, I saw in large black letters the name of Joseph Livesey. We entered his place of business, and walking up a somewhat old and rather darkened staircase, we found in the front room over the warehouse this well known temperance reformer in the midst of his literature and his letters. And although he has seen more than three-score years and ten, he still reads well and writes much. He has a very ruddy and healthy-looking face. His hair is quite white, and his eyes beam with light and intelligence. The facial developemont is expressive of thought, humour, and love.

Our stay was short, and all our conversation was upon the subject of temperance; and we mutually expressed our abiding conviction that moral suasion is the most effective implement that can be used to put down drunkenness and drinking. And when we shook hands with this venerable patriarch, we expressed a wish for ourselves, and all the true friends of temperance, that his valuable life might be spared for many years to come. We then went to see the far-famed Cockpit, where the first teetotal meeting was held, and where weekly for years the place was crowded with attentive and delighted hearers. It is a large square building, and has long been disused as a place for temperance meetings; yet the old bare, naked place had charms for me, for it has been the birth-place of many a reformed drunkard, some of whom have passed away to a better land, and others still live to work in the good cause. Here Joseph Livesey, in the full strength of his manhood, uttered his weighty and practical thoughts; here Thomas Swindlehurst uplifted his strong and powerful voice against the whole host of intoxicating drinks; here Edward Grubb poured forth some of his most brilliant and impassioned utterances against the tempting and seductive influence of alcohol. Here James Teare, with an earnestness which has never been surpassed, denounced alike the traffic and the drink, and implored the citizen to abstain; here the orator and the poet, Henry Anderton, with a deep and impassioned love for temperance, and a

thorough hatred against alcohol, poured forth his almost matchless eloquence in defence of entire abstinence. When we think of his extraordinary efforts, of his ever active mind, of his intense love, and of his yearning desire for his country's freedom, and for his country's good, though we cannot but regret, we do not wonder that he was called away so soon. But it was better that his ardent, loving soul, should find a resting place in heaven. Here stood Mr. John King, one of the oldest, the truest, and the best, of the first who leagued themselves together against our common foe. And here stood the quaint, the well known, and simple-hearted Dicky Turner, and I was shown the spot where he stood, when in trying to say total he stammeringly said, tee-tee-tee-total, and that was the origin of the word which has now become classical, and it could not have had a more appropriate birthplace than the Cockpit at Preston. Although this first and once famous place for temperance meetings is now comparatively desolate, while there I could not but feel the presence and the power of the spirits of some of the departed ones, and it was to me a joy that there are many living in Preston now who are devotedly earnest in the advocacy of uncompromising teetotalism. After leaving the Cockpit, my afore-named friends accompanied me to the nice little village of Walton. It was a pleasant walk. The sun shone brightly, and the valley through which the river Ribble flows, looked green and beautiful. Walton is a pretty spot. The church stands upon a hill; and there, in its quiet and silent resting-place, we stood by the grave of Henry Anderton. Though long dead, he yet spoke to us. Some of the great truths he had uttered still lived in our memories, and our souls were deeply impressed with the shortness and vanity of human life. He was a poet and a Christian. He worked for temperance and for Christ. By the graves of some of our poets we have felt a deep and solemn regret. We have thought of their mis-spent lives, of their prostituted talents, and of the sensualism of their verse. But it was not so at Walton. The breeze blew gently, the sun shone brightly, the river flowed peacefully, and above us the clouds were few and the sky was clear. All that surrounded us spoke of peace and temperance. The spirit of our departed brother was devoted to the good and the true. He was zealous, and he worked while it was day. And while standing at his grave we appeared to feel a deeper love for the temperance cause. The still small voice spoke to us, and we knew that if the spirit of the departed could speak, it would bid us go forward in the name of the Lord. . . . . .

In returning we met a temperance friend, who informed us that he had recently seen Mr. James Teare, and from what he said we learned that there were no signs of returning health; the nervous energy was gone, the once strong body was trembling with weakness; yet, though the voice faltered, and the once clear mind had lost much of its power, he could indulge in fond expressions of love to Him in whom was centred all his hopes of the joy which is unspeakable, and of the life which is eternal. In the afternoon of the same day I visited the resting-place of Richard Turner. The Temperance Committee purchased the spot of ground, and upon a plain stone which covers his grave there is the following inscription, "Beneath this stone are deposited the remains of Richard Turner, author of the word 'Teetotal,' as applied to abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, who departed this life on the 27th day of October, 1846, aged fifty-six years." There, said one of my friends, is the school-room where the temperance meeting was held when Richard went into it a poor drunken man. He listened to the telling and earnest advocacy of Mr. Swindlehurst, and was persuaded to take the pledge; he went in a slave and came out free, and he was faithful to his principles to the day of his death. We well remember seeing this singular man at the World's Temperance Convention, and we were told he had walked from Preston

to London for the purpose of being there. There are some who say they do not like the word teetotal; well, it signifies but little whether they do or not, it is now an acknowledged word in the English language. It is inserted in the dictionaries, and down all the ages it will mean abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, and it is much easier to say, "I am a teetotaler," than to say, "I abstain from all intoxicating drinks." In Preston I saw the first pledge which was signed, the place where the first temperance hotel was opened, the first temperance secretary, and the first temperance historian; and I saw the first seven names which were affixed to the first pledge. It was to me a solemn and a pleasant day. It is true strong drink is not yet driven out of Preston, for notwithstanding all the efforts which have been made, alcohol maintains a fearful supremacy. It is true he has received a great check, but he is not yet banished. There is still a great work to do, and we must not relax in our efforts. We must not forget our first love; we must desire more and more not only to return to first principles, but to possess the power and the energy which characterized the first noble advocates who went forth full of zeal and love to make known to all the blessings of temperance. It was to them an inspiration and a fact, and shall it not be so now? Is not alcohol the foe of all, and is not his power the power of death? Has he not corrupted our neighbours? Has he not slain our friends? He has; and impressed with the conviction that he is a false, foul foe, and a fierce fiery fiend, we will banish him from our homes and from our country, and, if possible, from the world.

THE EDITOR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—No. 4.

It was my fortune, or perhaps misfortune, to commence married life at a time of all others the least encouraging to persons in the humble walks of life, dependent upon their own exertions. It would be difficult to convince the present generation of the hardships endured in the past—from about the years 1810 to 1832, and indeed, with the interval of a few good harvest years, to 1846. When the temporary peace was made in 1813, and after the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, the final one, in 1815, instead of "peace and plenty," as everybody expected, it turned out to be *peace and poverty*. The long Peninsular war, and the war with America, had exhausted the resources of the nation; and what was worse than all, just at the time when we might have been benefited by the free intercourse of nations, extension of trade, and a supply of cheap food for the people, the ruling party resolved upon the mad policy of protection, which goaded on a starving people almost to rebellion. At one time, oatmeal was £6 a load, and I well remember flour selling at 2lbs. for a shilling. The average prices of wheat were—

In 1810.....	106s. per quarter.	In 1812.....	125s. per quarter.
In 1811.....	94s. „	In 1813.....	108s. „

When peace was made prices came down rapidly, and the landed interest being in the ascendant in Parliament, the Corn Laws were passed to keep up prices by preventing foreign importations. The indecent haste with which the bill was passed was calculated to arouse the opposition of the people as much as the measure itself. If we want a proof of the wantonness of *class legislation*, of the regardlessness of the rights of the people, and of the sacrifice, even of common decency at the shrine of *selfishness*, we find it in the history of the passing of the Corn Bill. Bills embracing matters of little moment will frequently be months under discussion; but this which seriously affected the interest of every tradesman, and every working man, and every eater of food in the kingdom, was passed with an almost unexampled precipitancy, as the following statement will show:—

1815. HOUSE OF COMMONS.
March 1 .....Corn Bill read *first* time.
„ 3 ..... Ditto *second* time.
„ 6 .....Committee on the Bill.
„ 10 .....Read *third* time and passed!
(Riots in London, and the House of Commons surrounded with soldiers.)
HOUSE OF LORDS.
March 13 .....Bill read *first* time.
„ 15 ..... Ditto *second* time.
„ 20 ..... Ditto *third* time and passed!!
„ 23 .....The Bill received the *Royal assent!!!*

Thus it was *ten days* only in the *Commons; eight days* in the *Lords;* and, three days after, this monstrous enactment became law by a dash of the *Royal pen!*

The harvest of 1816 was said to be "one of the worst ever known in England, both for quantity and quality." No loaves could be baked, all the wheat being unsound, and flour could only be used by being made into cakes. It was by military force that the people were kept down, mobbing and rioting taking place all over the country. The Luddites, in 1811 and 1812, committed sad depredations in breaking machinery. They mistook the cause of their sufferings; being led to believe that the depression in trade and the reduction in wages were caused by the introduction of machinery. There were alarming riots in Westminster when the Corn Bill passed; at Dartmouth, seven were killed and thirty-five wounded. We, in Preston, had great radical meetings in Taylor's Gardens (where William-street, Oak-street, &c., now stand). In Peter's Field, Manchester, on the very spot where the Free Trade Hall now stands, the "Peterloo" tragedy was enacted. The meeting consisted of people from all the adjacent towns, estimated at from 60,000 to 100,000. This assembly of unarmed people was suddenly assailed, by order of the magistrates, with the Manchester and Cheshire Cavalry, assisted by a regiment of Hussars, who rode in among the people with drawn sabres. Eleven were killed and six hundred wounded; Mr. Hunt, the chairman, was taken prisoner, and committed to take his trial at the York assizes, where he was sentenced to two and a half years' imprisonment in Ilchester gaol.

It would be difficult to convey to the present generation an adequate idea of the sufferings of the people, or of the distracted state and revolutionary feeling of the country at this period. Public subscriptions and charities, distributions of bread and soup, and various modes of relief, from time to time, were devised by the benevolent. In all those for Preston I took a part, and in a future paper I think it may be desirable to enter into the details of our operations. At one of the distributions in 1811, although it seems never to have occurred to the committees to advise the people to abstain from brewing and using intoxicating liquors, by which so great a waste of good food is induced, they issued the following advice:—"That it be strongly recommended to all house-keepers to be economical in the use of bread and potatoes, to abstain altogether from pastry, and not to use any bread until after the expiration of twenty-four hours from the time of its being baked; and that it be also strongly recommended to all persons who keep horses to be economical in the feeding of them, by diminishing the quantity as much as possible." Even in the days of my poverty I contrived to spare something for those poorer than myself, and that which seems natural to me has been greatly matured by my constant connection, in one shape or another, with those who are the poorest and the greatest sufferers among the people.

Though not a professed political agitator, I took a share in every movement which had for its object the freedom of trade and the untaxing of the people's food. It was impossible for me to remain a mere spectator, when I saw my fellow creatures suffering so severely from a removable cause, and on every occasion I

endeavoured to expose the cruel tendency of the Corn Laws; the wickedness of excluding foreign food when the people were starving, for the selfish purpose of keeping up the value of land. Ten years before the Anti-Corn League was fairly at work, in my *Moral Reformer*, I wrote strong articles upon this subject. The following, which appeared in the March number, 1831, will shew my sympathy for the poor weavers, and my denunciation of the wicked Corn Laws, under which they were suffering:—

"Weavers' Wages, and Corn Laws.—To me it is quite clear, after the opening of the budget, that, in the present circumstances of the country, to expect an efficient relief for the poor and labouring classes from a reduction of taxes merely, would be the greatest delusion. What relief is there offered to the poor weaver? About a penny a week in candles! Is this likely to conciliate the country? To live like human beings, the weaver's wages must be doubled; but as that is not practicable, the price of his bread ought to be balanced with his wages. *The curse of the country is the Corn Law*, and till that is repealed, persons may drag their weary limbs about, may beset the dispensary for physic, crowd the workhouse to excess, may sink beneath their sufferings, and die from hunger; but there will be no relief. I could fill a volume with detailing the most miserable and wretched cases which have come before me during the past month. Oh! how hard, that honest and industrious men should hunger, while God gives bread enough and to spare! The following is a correct statement of the respective earnings of nine weavers, upon an average of the last six weeks, after deducting for candles, winding, sowin, &c. These persons devote the whole of their time to weaving, and some of them work from five in the morning to nine or ten at night. This statement is taken from the books of a respectable manufacturer, and to which reference at any time may be made. The first on the list gets the most money of any weaver he has, and the list itself may be considered as a fair specimen of all his weavers. So many exaggerated statements are abroad that I thought this might be useful:—

W. M.....8s. 7d.	W. N..... 6s. 8½d.	R. G.....4s. 10d.
R. H. .....7s. 3d.	R. M..... 6s. 0½d.	J. P. .....4s. 6d.
J. B. .....6s. 9d.	J. H. ..... 5s. 0d.	T. G. .....4s. 2d.

Making an average of 5s. 11¼d. each per week. Such is the miserable pittance of the weaver, and with provisions at the present exorbitant price, if any man in the country can behold this state of things without raising his determined voice against it, he must be destitute of the common feelings of humanity."

This extract will show how well I was prepared to join the Anti-Corn Law League, and to engage in the work of giving to the nation free access to the markets of the world for the sale of its manufactures and for the purchase of its food. I never engaged in a work with more earnestness, or with a deeper conviction of its justice; and a strong belief that suffering humanity would be greatly benefited, stimulated me to make extraordinary exertions. And though, at that time, an increasing business and the cares of a large family pressed hard upon my time and energies, I still found opportunities to write, to lecture, and to agitate for the repeal of the Corn Laws. Though I never assumed the character of a political agitator, yet, I feel it no slight honour to have stood with "Cobden and Bright," on a platform in the open air, denouncing monopoly, and pleading for the people's rights. And, comparing the last twenty with the previous thirty years, I don't hesitate to say that the free trade policy advocated so long by Colonel Thompson, Villiers, Cobden, and Bright, and at last taken up by Sir Robert Peel, has saved this country from revolution, and, in fact, has been the forerunner of that contentment, tranquillity, and progress which have marked this latter period. It would be difficult for me to narrate all that I did in this good cause, but I will name some of my labours. Perhaps the greatest service I rendered was in the publication of *The Struggle*. For four years and a half I brought out this little work, every Saturday morning, price one halfpenny, commencing with 1842, and closing in June, 1846, the very week that Her Majesty signed the Repeal Bill. Every issue had engravings, after the fashion of *Punch*, but rudely executed. These, with the pithy articles, illustrating the principles of commercial freedom, and especially proving that free trade

was for the interest of the farmer and farm labourer, were perused with intense interest, and were circulated extensively in the rural districts. A Friend of the name of Christy, spent much of his time in travelling among the agriculturists distributing my *Struggle*. The engravings, of which there were altogether 378, attracted their attention, the arguments convincing them that all pretence for excluding foreign provisions for the labourer's and farmer's benefit was a delusion. I don't remember the average circulation, but I know at one time it was 15,000 weekly. I was indebted to Mr. Harvey, of Liverpool, especially, for the design of many of the engravings. It is quite refreshing for me, now and then, to take down the *Struggle* and look at the "pictures." To give a slight idea of the engravings, I may mention two. The advice of the protectionists to the people was, that they should emigrate, and schemes and plans of all sorts were afloat for promoting this. To expose this notion, one of the engravings represented parties pulling a cow by the tail on to a house, to eat the grass that had grown among the thatch, instead of cutting the grass and bringing it to the cow. It was well known that for some time before the repeal, Sir Robert Peel had his misgivings as to the effect of the Corn Laws, and another of the engravings, entitled "Peel's Meditation among the Tombs," exhibited him in a solemn mood, seated on a grave-stone in the Church-yard, calculating the number of deaths by starvation which the famine laws had produced. My space will not allow of extracts from the numerous articles which made up this little missionary for free trade, but I give the following, as showing the spirit in which they were written :—

"THE DINNER AGITATION!—It is pleasant to have a clean table and everything in good order; it may be flattering to be called by great names, and to be looked upon as wise; but after all, it is mortifying to be *without a dinner*. A table, but *no dinner;* plates, but *nothing on them;* a stomach in the best order, but *nothing for it*. Oh! plague on such pleasures; let me rather have *a dinner*, although I submit to Paddy's style of eating it. Nothing is so difficult to dispense with as *the dinner*, especially when it is to answer the place of a late breakfast. So says John Bull. It's pleasant no doubt to advance in arts and sciences; to excel in writing and printing books; to carry one reform after another. All this may show how we progress in modern "civilisation;" but still these are not *bread*. Catholic emancipation, repeal of the test and corporation acts, cheap knowledge and cheap postage; all these are progressive reforms; but John says they do not *fill his belly*, and he begins sadly to grumble, because he finds that of all his demands, the claims of the *belly* are the least regarded, and the last to be granted. John did at one time pride himself as he walked abroad in seeing the country studded with mansions and new churches; in beholding prisons enlarged, and new workhouses erected; but he was mortified when he looked upon his numerous family and found that they had *no dinner*. In plain truth, next to the air we breathe, our first want is *food*, and the *first* act of every legislature should be to secure *an abundant supply to every human being*. It is truly vexing to read over the titles of the bills brought before Parliament every session for the exercise of the collective wisdom of the nation, and not to find one solitary bill for supplying all the people with *food*. The nation should listen to nothing else till *this* be done. The people should set their minds upon it, and be determined to have it. The *dinner agitation* should be the *first*, and every other question regarded as of inferior moment. What inconsistency to build new churches, and yet never attempt to provide *daily bread!* What is the use of enactments for draining and ventilation when people cannot get enough to *eat*, soap to wash with, or good houses to live in? Every kind of medicine for the sickly horse is thought of but *corn*, and every kind of national reform but that of giving *bread* to the people. Look at our miserable hunger-bitten population, and then think that though you have 'British and foreign societies' of every sort, and a concentration of professed religion and humanity in every shape, you have not one society for supplying the *staff of life!* Till *bread* is secured for the whole people, I would neither petition nor pray for any other measure whatsoever. In our Father's house there is *bread enough* and to spare; the earth is God's table, and it is abundantly spread; why should any perish with hunger? Let us see that everyone has a chance of plenty and then, and not till then, if they abuse it or act unworthily, may we adopt other means for their correction. When anyone asks you to subscribe to some new public building, ask him, have the people in the neighbourhood *enough to eat;* when they ask for taxes to enlarge prisons, put the question—was it not the *want of food* that increased the number of inmates and made this necessary? When asked to subscribe to convert heathens and Jews, reply, 'I will do so when I have

succeeded in *feeding the hungry* of my *own land.*' When you step into the cottages, keep your eye fixed on the poor man's *cupboard*, and when you find the family compelled to make three meals into two, and to dilute the porridge with water instead of milk; when you find dogs and horses far better fed than human beings, I trust you will adopt my resolution—to command all the power you possess in favour of *the dinner agitation.*"

And among other curiosities in *The Struggle*, I may add the following petition, forwarded in 1843 :—

FAMILY PETITION.

To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled.

The Petition of Joseph Livesey (and family), cheese factor, Preston, in the County of Lancaster,

Humbly Sheweth,

That they regard the Corn and Provision Laws of this country as unjust, cruel, impolitic, deceitful, and impious, and fast tending in their influence to ruin the whole country.

They, therefore, humbly beg your Honourable House IMMEDIATELY *to* REPEAL *the same, and your Petitioners will ever pray.*

Joseph Livesey,
Jane Livesey,
William Livesey,
Joseph Livesey, junior,
John Livesey,
Newton Livesey,
Howard Livesey,
Jane Livesey, the younger,
James Livesey,
Alfred Livesey,
Franklin Livesey.

Looking back, I scarcely know how I managed to get through all I had in hand at that time; and, if Peel's bill had not passed, I should have had to give up the *Struggle*, for I remember I was so near being exhausted that I could not arrange for an engraving for the last number (No. 235), but inserted that which had appeared in the preceding one; and I had to ask the aid of one of my sons to write a leading article. This work soon became scarce, and my last spare copy I forwarded, bound, to Mr. Cobden, which is now, I dare say, in the library of him whom I regard as one of the greatest statesmen that modern times have produced. Mrs. L. and myself had a stall in the great Free Trade Bazaar which was held in Covent Garden Theatre, where we remained a fortnight, in which place we never saw daylight. This was held in July, 1844, to assist in raising the £100,000 fund of that year to carry on the agitation. Those who have been pressed into the service of begging and providing materials for a bazaar stall, and have had to superintend the sale of the articles, can easily understand the anxiety and fatigue of such a position, and of the mortification often felt at seeing their goods sold below their value. I formed one of a large deputation that waited upon Sir Robert Peel at Whitehall Buildings. The worthy baronet was not then converted to the principles which, to his everlasting fame, he afterwards so lucidly explained, and so vigorously carried into effect. There were three causes that brought about the repeal of which he at last became the advocate—to the disruption of the tory party. First, the great change in public opinion as to the policy of protection; secondly, the failure of the harvest, including the loss of the potato crop in Ireland; and thirdly (and some think principally), the movement for increasing the freeholds, so as to qualify free trade voters in the counties. For this, it was proposed to raise (and had not the repeal been granted every farthing of it would have been raised) a "quarter million fund." I have kept two of the collecting books as a memento of this effort. I assisted to purchase £17,600 worth of property for freeholds in Preston, for which Mr. Ascroft was agent, and with purchases made by others, it is probable that £20,000 worth of property was obtained in this borough for making freehold votes. The same efforts were made in Cheshire, the West Riding of Yorkshire, and in most of the counties where there was a chance of carrying a free trader. I purchased freeholds for myself and sons in North and South Lancashire, and in North Cheshire, and I have had a freehold vote for five different counties or divisions. Our great financier was "George Wilson," and about the most liberal giver was "John Brooks." Though no orator, he was always ready with his "thousand pounds," and he would go round to

Stalybridge, Ashton, Hyde, &c., and had only to say the word, and the "thousands" were ready. It was this *money power*, more than the arguments, that confounded the protectionists, and compelled them at last to relinquish the law for crippling trade and making food dear. Though there is nothing I dislike more than mixing up with electioneering contests, yet, viewing the repeal of the Corn Laws as a question of humanity, I never hesitated when an opportunity offered. I always encouraged our friends to hoist up the "big loaf," as the best banner to fight under; there are many that will remember *this*, and the cry of "sour pie," which we raised in this Borough against those who opposed the reduction of the sugar duties, and by which we succeeded. At Walsall, I spent ten days, assisting at the election of Mr. John B. Smith, president of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, and President of the Anti-Corn-Law League. Mr. Rawson, Mr. Hickin, Mr. Acland, and others from Manchester were there. Believing in the power of the press, I suggested and superintended the issuing of a small paper every morning, called "The Alarm." It was an anxious time; the contest was severe, and we were beaten by 27 votes, though in five months there was another contest, when a free trader, Mr. Scott, was carried by 23 votes. At one of the County elections, I attended, at the Court House, Lancaster, with Mr. John Brooks, and nominated Sir Thomas Potter. We had no intention of going to the poll, but embraced this opportunity for promulgating the free trade doctrines, though in a great measure prevented by the "hooting" of a great lot of roughs hired for the purpose. After this, such was the change produced in North Lancashire by the purchase of property for qualifying County voters, that though the County had been represented by tories from time immemorial, and had had no contest for a century, on this occasion, Mr. James Heywood, a liberal and a free trader, was returned without the protectionist party daring to nominate a candidate. At the nomination I addressed the electors in reply to Mr. Towneley Parker, and was loudly cheered, in that same hall where, on the previous occasion, at the nomination of Mr. Talbot Clifton, I could scarcely get a hearing.

I have been connected with many public institutions and philanthropic movements, local and general, but I feel convinced that I have never rendered as much service to the cause of humanity and national good, as by my labours in promoting free trade and the temperance movement. The one serves to provide liberally the necessaries and comforts of life, and the other teaches the people the rational way of enjoying them. If there be one day in the year which I should like to celebrate as a day of thanksgiving and gladness, it would be the 26th of June, the day on which Queen Victoria, in 1846, placed her Royal name to the charter of our commercial liberties. The Prayer Book speaks gratefully in favour of "cheapness and plenty," and if ever there is another thanksgiving service added it ought to be for the repeal of the Corn Laws. I have often wondered that no monument worthy of the event has as yet been erected in any part of Lancashire.

THE DRINK AND HOW IT WORKS.

The drink and how it works! This is the most important question in connection with the temperance cause that can possibly engage the attention of every class of people in this country, and not in this country only, but in every part of the civilized world. There is no question equal to it. And yet there is not a subject about which less is known, and about which there is greater indifference. People see, it is true, that drink and poverty, drink and crime, drink and insolvency, drink and premature death are leagued together someway or other; but to trace the *nature* of the article, and *how it works* in our wonderfully created frame, is an enquiry about which very few care to trouble themselves. The discoveries of many of our wisest men, the opinions daily enunciated by a great part of the public press, the orthodox belief of the medical faculty, the crude and ineffectual measures of legislation, and indeed the prevailing ideas and practices of the upper, middle, and lower classes generally,—clearly shew that ignorance and confusion reign in the public mind upon this subject. Cobden once said "the nation is governed by the ignorance of the nation," and if in truth, this ever could be applied to any one matter, it is to the use of intoxicating liquors. The drink and its doings perplex a great many, but unfortunately their own likings prevent them

entering upon such an examination of the nature of the drink as to create any doubts of its good qualities.

It is a perfect puzzle to our legislators to know what to do and what changes to make, and hence the regulation of the drink trade constitutes, as they themselves acknowledge, "the most difficult problem of the day." Everybody denounces the beer shops, but no class (excepting teetotalers) appear clear headed enough to see that it is the *beer* simply that makes these places the scenes of vice, crime, and disorder. No clergyman, no magistrate, no gaol chaplain is disposed to say "Now let us examine this *beer*, and see if these evils do not proceed from the *article* itself," for if he does, and the beer be still sold, the "shop" will not be one bit better or worse for being licensed by the magistrates instead of the excise. And then to fortify this ignorance and keep away from the real point—that is, the working of the alcohol contained in the beer—men of influence assume at once that the intoxication cannot proceed from the beer in its purity, but must be the result of some adulteration, the use of some poisonous drugs with which it has been doctored. They are bred and born, and brought up with the conviction that beer is a nutritious beverage, highly to be esteemed, and a great boon to the working classes, and it is next to impossible to induce them, *de novo*, to investigate the properties of this national drink. They cannot believe that beer and whisky, beer and gin are of the same kindred, only that beer is favoured with a greater portion of the teetotal element. They cannot believe that there is the same alcohol in all three—the same article that disturbs and confuses and upsets the equilibrium of the system, and fits it for everything that is vile and bad. They cannot believe a bad thing of wine, although they witness its terrible effects upon themselves and all around them. Though death is constantly laying the wine bibbers in the dust, they will still celebrate its praises, spend fortunes to accumulate a lot of it in their cellars, and present it as their best pledge of friendship. If reminded of the effects of these liquors—of the death and distruction with which they are scourging the country, they always fall back upon the thousand times exploded defence that these victims took "too much." But they have never attempted to produce a measurement as to how much different men of different temperaments may take and be safe, (the teetotalers have done this)—they have not yet invented a nerveometer that would guide the same individual as to how much he could "stand" in his different conditions. They have not even learned the child's play of knocking down bricks—that if the first be let alone all will remain quiet, but if the first goes there is no answering for how many may follow.

All our legislation is based upon ignorance of the drink and its tendencies. The aim is to secure to the people intoxicating liquors and yet to prevent them being intoxicated. Human laws can never sever what God has joined together. If you use fire it will burn, and as sure as you put alcohol into the stomach, it will more or less derange the healthy working of the system; it will, according to the quantity taken produce a removal from perfect sobriety. And it is a mercy that God has attached drunkenness to drinking; it operates as a safety stop valve to the individual, and as a warning to others who are looking on.

Every temperance lecturer should master this question. He should qualify himself to explain what is meant by the nervous system, and how in the first instance it is affected by the alcohol, and how through the nerves the muscles are first excited and then lose their power. We should be able to show the total fallacy that alcohol aids nutrition or gives an increase of animal heat. Above all we must either be able to floor the medical theory or it will floor us. We must go into this question earnestly but calmly, and without indulging in personal reflections. As we say by ministers, when apologising for their infirmities, "they are but flesh and blood," so we must remember that the opinions of doctors, in a great measure, are simply those of the school in which they have been taught. Amid so much difficulty in dealing with delicate, enfeebled, and shattered constitutions, so many disappointments in giving medicines, it is no wonder at both patient and physician being willing to "try" brandy as a stimulant, and in convalescence bitter beer and porter to fetch up the strength. I say our lecturers must master this subject, and instead of merely amusing an audience by anecdotes, witticisms, or irrelevant matter, let them stick to this point, with the conviction that until the public mind is right here, the progress of our cause will be greatly retarded. So long as the

people have faith in feelings—mere feelings,—they are sure, whenever ailing, to get a dram; and where the doctor happens to be wiser than his patients, he is so "kind and indulgent" that he succumbs to their wishes. But without either his advice or permission, it is seldom there is a sick room without the bottle, and while so much ignorance prevails it will remain so. Instead of lectures on six different topics in one place, our agents had far better give six lectures on this one topic in six different places. This is, in fact, the gospel of teetotalism.

Fortunately a few medical men have broken the chain. They have examined the subject and declared against alcoholic medication with unanswerable arguments. We have now in the professional field Drs. Higginbotham, Martin, Mudge, Beaumont, Munroe, Edmunds, Smith, Gairdner, Wilks, and others; but what are they among so many? The *Lancet* may appear to waver, but it is only to advocate medical "moderation" instead of the "excess" which Dr. Todd and others had fostered.

Indeed, independent of purely temperance principles, it must be a most interesting inquiry to ascertain how articles, solids or liquids, work after being conveyed to the stomach. To know ourselves thus far—to know what becomes of the materials we swallow so many times a day, and to ascertain which of them does us the most good or the most harm, and the reasons for it, must be a gratifying acquisition. Although we may not be able to go far with the professed physiologist, yet by reading, observation, reflection, and experiment we may learn a deal; and this will probably be the result—to discover that alcohol is not merely a poison, but that it is inimical in every sense to the healthy working of the human system,—that the man who takes it either in the disguise of ale, porter, wine, or ardent spirits,—either for food or physic,—is his own enemy. This subject is so important that I wish the present article to be considered only as an introduction to others to follow.

A JOLLY SET OF TT'S.

A remarkable gathering was held at Manchester, in the Roby Rooms, about a month ago, consisting of teetotalers of 20 years' standing and upwards. 477 persons were present, and after tea a meeting was held, addressed by 28 speakers, male and female, who were limited to five minutes each. Alderman Harvey, who 81 years of age, and has been an abstainer 58 years, was expected to take the chair; but a life teetotaler of 60 years of age took the precedence. It appeared that out of 477 present, 36 had been abstainers for 20 years, 43 for 21 years, 32 for 22 years, 33 for 23 years, 28 for 24 years, 33 for 25 years, 32 for 26 years, 34 for 27 years, 31 for 28 years, 25 for 29 years, 27 for 30 years, 13 for 31 years, 46 for 32 years, 24 for 33 years, 17 for 34 years, 9 for 35 years, 2 for 36 years, 3 for 37 years, 2 for 38 years, 1 for 39 years, 3 for 40 years, 4 from 41 to 45 years, 1 for 50 years, and two over 60 years. These numbers included 126 who were life teetotalers. About as many ladies as gentlemen were present. The total years of abstinence for the whole party was 13,470, being an average of 28½ years each. The following is a list of the speakers as given in the *Alliance News*:—

Rev. W. Caine, M.A. (33 years); D. Crossley, Farnworth (life); Robert Whitworth, merchant, (life, 40 years); Edwin Barton, insurance agent (life); James Whiteside, sign-writer (life); Samuel Marsh, tinplate worker (life); John Edwards, clerk (life): Jonathan Milner, jun., clerk (life); James Boyd, merchant (25 years); Alderman Harvey, J.P. (58½ years); Peter Spence, merchant (24 years); Mrs. Brocklebank (33 years); Mrs. O'Brien, Liverpool (30 years); Mrs. Gleave, Stockport, (30 years, president of the Stockport Female Temperance Society); James Gaskill, merchant (53½ years); Luke Seddon, surgeon dentist; James Crossley, (34 years, the first pledged abstainer in Manchester); William Heywood, (34 years, chairman of the Manchester and Salford Temperance Union); Charles Brazier (28 years); William Gorton (35 years); W. Pickstone, Bowdon (33 years); John Tyrer, decorator (28 years); William Hanson, Rochdale (29 years); T. H. Barker (33½ years); Christopher Hodgson, ironfounder (29 years); H. Winckley, shopkeeper (22 years); James Cowin, hotel proprietor (30 years); W. Forbes, London (life); W. Brunskill, merchant (34 years); C. West, merchant (30 years); J. F. Morgan (life).

It seems to me a great pity that no report was given of the speeches of that evening, at least I have not seen any, as I am sure many of them would have been highly interesting. I felt sorry that I was not able to be present; I should have been with the trio who had been abstainers 37 years. In reading the notice of this meeting, a variety of reflections crosses one's mind. The experience of many of these veterans connect the present with the beginning; they are able as it were to lay one hand on the first years and the other on the last. I hope our friends present did not rejoice in the number of years in which they have been enjoying their freedom from the bottle, so much as in the amount of *exertion* they have made and the amount of *good* they have done during that period. And if some were present (as I fear there might be) who may have been putting their light under a bushel, and hiding their talent in a napkin, I trust the spirit of the meeting will have aroused them to action. What could not these 477 accomplish if they were to set their shoulders to the wheel in good earnest, and not button up their pockets too closely! Now supposing, for contrast's sake, the patrons of liquordom in the city of Manchester only, were to assemble all their dupes of 20 years' standing and upwards, where would the building or the ground be found that would hold them? Fancy a review day of these worthies, each bound to appear in nothing but his own attire. We should be ready to exclaim "Look at this picture and then at that," and shout with many of our Band of Hope Boys "There is nothing like Teetotal."

VARIETIES.

Mr. Booth, of York, is doing good service to our cause by bringing out several four page tracts on the physiological phase of our movement. The first two, now ready, are entitled "Medical Testimonies in favour of the Non-Alcoholic Treatment of Disease," and "Medical Counsels for Nursing Mothers."

An old teetotaler residing near Ashton-under-Lyne, has sent me, pasted together, and wound round a cylinder, cuttings of "Barrel and Bottle Work," fixed in a box, extending to 55 yards. These are pasted on thin cambric, and bordered with black paper. A slit is made in the box lid so that the long list can be drawn out something like a tape measure. It is wound up by means of a handle. This will be a great curiosity to exhibit at some of our meetings, or at the front of a temperance hotel.

Evening "Entertainments" in schools connected with places of worship have become very popular. At these there are readings, recitations, and singing, and upon the whole, if the right sort of people can be got to attend, they are calculated to wean them from the public-house and low company. But these counter inducements would be still more likely to benefit those who attend, if the exercises put forth oftener recognised the abstinence principle. Temperance recitations and temperance songs, if possible, should be interspersed along with others.

An attempt is being made to establish a "Temperance and Hygienic Hospital" in London, on the principles of that of Dr. Trall in New York. Mr. J. Burns, publisher of the *Progressive Library* is active in forwarding the undertaking, and is delivering lectures for that purpose. If the financial requirements can be met, there can be no question but cures would be performed without either drink or drugs, such as would shew how the world has been misled as to the best means of restoring health.

I have just received another circular soliciting aid towards a "Testimonial" to be presented to ——— "for his useful and valuable services to the temperance cause." I beg here to intimate that if parties are, through misfortune or any other unavoidable cause, needing relief, their friends should say so; but not to do it under the guise of a testimonial. There may be special cases to which little objection could be made, but the general run of these testimonials is very objectionable. They are mostly started by some friend; and many persons are shamed into giving against their wishes, knowing at the same time that many others are more entitled on the ground of disinterested labours than the individual. Parties that will not spend a pound in tracts to visit with among the drinkers, will work hard to raise £50 or £100 for a testimonial. It is become a terrible tax upon congregations almost every time they change their minister; and I have known them stretch every nerve to present their retiring teacher with £100, when many a poor tradesman could not get £10 for work done to the chapel, which had been owing a long time.

At the Trevelyan Hotel, Manchester, on Monday, the 16th of last month, our old friend and fellow worker, James Teare, breathed his last. He was interred on the following Friday, in the Harpurhey Cemetery, in the presence of about fifty of his former friends. The funeral service was read by the Rev. William Caine, M.A. The Rev. Charles Garrett, of Manchester, and Professor Kirk, of Edinburgh, delivered addresses on the consistent life and happy death of this untiring temperance advocate. In every part of the kingdom there are families that bless the day they ever heard his powerful advocacy of the cause of teetotalism. The loss of so many old veterans should be regarded by our younger friends as a solemn invitation to come forward to supply their places.

On St. Patrick's Day, at Preston, there was but one case of drunkenness in the care of the police, and that was an old woman, whose potations had no connection with the Saint's anniversary. The cause was, the priests had wisely prevailed upon large numbers to take the abstinence pledge till the festival was over. Does not this point out the best plan of promoting Irish prosperity and peace in Ireland? I have nothing to say about the question of the Church, or of land tenure, but drain Ireland of whisky, and persuade the Irish in America from drinking it, and you will not be much troubled about Fenians.

On Good Friday, a Conference of the friends of the Band of Hope Movement will be held in the Trevelyan Hotel, Manchester. Morning sitting at Nine o'clock prompt. Afternoon sitting commencing at Two o'clock; the Rev. G. W. M'Cree will be present. The Annual Children's Festival of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union will be held on Saturday, the day after, in the Free Trade Hall, when it is anticipated that almost all the space will be occupied with Band of Hope Children. William Romaine Callender, Jun., Esq., has kindly consented to preside.

In New York alone during the year, 58,943 males and 21,589 females were arrested, making a total of 80,532. Of these, 17,709 were arrested for intoxication; and 9,422 for intoxication and disorderly conduct. These were independent of all the other charges, many of them springing from the same source. And yet New York at first sight would seem to be a religious city; full of churches and abounding with preachers, some of them receiving enormous salaries. Out of the total number arrested for all offences, there were of English, 2,764; of Scotch, 970; of Irish, 38,128. Is not this a matter of serious reflection for the Catholic Priests? And among all the nostrums that may be devised, there is no cure but that of which Father Matthew was the great advocate.

The Wolverhampton *Temperance Diary*, alluding to the plans for eight houses which were exhibited at the Licensed Victuallers' meeting for their *aged* and *decayed* members, observes that not a word was said about providing for the *aged and decayed* topers, whose ruin and misery have resulted from the success of the association. Is the maintenance of these ruined ones to devolve upon other people? We are sorry that there were no plans of houses for the reception of *aged and decayed* drunkards submitted for inspection. We can hardly fix upon the number of houses that would suffice for the accommodation of all the *aged and decayed* drunkards in Wolverhampton; but while eight houses are intended for the *aged and decayed* publicans, we think that eight hundred houses would be none too many for the *aged and decayed* drunkards. If the publicans were actuated by truly benevolent motives, surely they would do their best to make as comfortable as possible the declining years of their chief supporters.

The second reading of the Sunday Closing Bill, on condition of its being referred to a select committee, though no guarantee that the measure will be carried without considerable modification, is a decided gain upon all previous parliamentary decisions on this question. As the committee are to receive evidence, the best that can be offered is to show that a great majority of the working men are in favour of the bill. Without attempting to dive into the motives of honourable members for opposing the bill, it is evident that they profess to rest their case upon their concern for the comforts of working men more than any other consideration. The falling off in the numbers who have petitioned proves what I have all along feared, that the two parties, Dr. Garrett and his opponents, have been more intent upon opposing each other than the common enemy.

"101, Bishopgate Street Without, London, 3rd March, 1868.—Dear Sir,—It affords me much pleasure to tell you I have given 12 copies of the yearly part to different friends, where I trust the perusal will be as profitable as to myself. I have three parts left which I purpose disposing of shortly, or when I can decide what to do with them for the best. I sent a copy to two houses of business for the library of the young men. I gave a copy to each of my employers, also left one in our reading-room here; sent one home, gave one to the steward of a vessel about to sail for the West Indies; gave one to my sister, one to a Ragged School library; one to the superintendent, one to the secretary, and one to a teetotaler in Sussex; and I cannot but think that as the *good seed* is scattered, it cannot fail to bring forth *good fruit*. Trusting that God may continue to bless and prosper you in your endeavours to remove a curse from our midst, that you may be blessed to your family, and your family to you, is the sincere wish of your sincere friend,—G. BARKER.

"Park View, Blackburn, March 10th, 1868.—Mr. Livesey,—Dear Sir,—I read your article on *Religious Drinking*, and now have much pleasure in calling your attention to *a fact*. *Dr. Skinner you knew*, he died fourteen months ago; last Wednesday we met to induct his successor, the *Rev. A. B. Grossart, at Mount Street*, a thorough teetotaler, who will, in this respect, follow in the footsteps of his predecessor. At the induction dinner at the *Old Bull*, 40 clergy and laymen were present. Many addresses were given, and but *one toast*, the health of Mr. Grossart, and the chairman in proposing it, said it would be done in the wine that was provided for them all, viz.:—*Dr. Skinner's Universal Wine, Pure Water*. They then adjourned to their tea at the school and a first-rate meeting ended the teetotal induction of a teetotal minister. I know you were a worker with my late minister, and I thought the above worth bringing before your notice. —Yours, respectfully, JAMES A. WATSON."

Some one has sent me a tract (No. 1,458) issued by "The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge," which purports to be the report of visits from a parish clergyman to the house of a drunken shoemaker, who was punishing his family by his intemperance. "Why do you go to the public-house?" says the clergyman, "Why not do as I do, have your beer at home?" "Do you drink beer?" enquires the shoemaker, "Of course I do," replies his spiritual teacher, "Why not? I drink beer every day; so does my wife; so do my servants; but we never get drunk as you do." That just suited Crispin, who said, "When the teetotalers come preaching up the pledge, I always answer I feel to want the beer." The upshot of these visits was that the parson and the cobbler started together to a brewer and ordered an 18 gallon cask of ale to the cobbler's house; and when stillaged, his wife was entrusted with the key; she was told to allow her husband a quart a day but never more! If this be a sample of "The Christian Knowledge Society's" teaching, no wonder that the country should be deluged with beer drinking. But this tract shall have a more extended notice.

Nothing excites more attention among the leading men of the day than "The Suppression of Drunkenness." But mark it is not the suppression of *drinking*, but "drunkenness;" and here is their vital mistake. Moderate drinking is tolerated and often commended, but when it has ripened into "drunkenness" then it must be suppressed. Public meetings keep being held to consider this question, at which it is as constantly declared that "something must be done;" but that something generally ends in merely attempting to "lessen the number of temptations to intemperance." There is no party but ourselves willing to attack the "use" of the *drink*, to enforce *abstinence* from the *drink*, or to *prohibit* its sale; and yet they are all alarmed at that which the drink is producing. These conferences all end in a mere revival of the attempts which have been made from time immemorial—to dissever what Nature has wisely joined together,—drinking and its legitimate effects—drunkenness. With these, it is only drunkenness in its full blown character that is to be suppressed; that which leads to it, or approaches it,—and which it would almost be a miracle to find half-a-dozen houses together clear from—that which would often implicate these suppressionists themselves—is left untouched.

"Sunderland, February 28th, 1868.—My Dear Mr. Livesey,—I duly received the parcel containing the *Staunch Teetotalers*. I will make the best use of them that I can. I am much interested in your History of the origin of the temperance movement, and in your Autobiography. Your own long labours and eminently useful life are a blessed testimony to the power of teetotalism. There is as much point and vigour in your articles as ever. I greatly rejoice in all this, and feel that the temperance cause has no truer friend to-day, than its great founder [say, one of its founders]. I am thankful to say I never had more satisfaction in my work than I have now. I have completed the 26th year of my advocacy, and although there are not wanting in my physical energies the effects of constant excitement, heated rooms, and fatiguing journeys, my voice was never clearer or stronger, or my faith in the ultimate triumph of our principles stronger than it is to-day. I never had such a series of crowded and influential meetings as I had this winter, and I have not missed one appointment. With great esteem, I am, yours faithfully,—SIMEON SMITHARD.

Notices.—Parcels of 12 copies for 8d., 18 for 1s., 60 for 2s. 6d., or 4s. per 100, may be had by writing to "Mr. Livesey, 28, Church-street, Preston."——The 12 numbers for 1867 may be had, stiched in paper, 1s. 2d.; in cloth, 1s. 4d. — Every order should be accompanied with the full address, distinctly written. I would advise that no notice or communication be written on the inside of the envelope.——Any friend wishing to promote the sale of the *Staunch Teetotaler* may have a parcel *gratis*, as an experiment, *carriage paid.*——The Temperance Bills at 1s. 6d. per 1,000 are very suitable to visit with.

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THE

STAUNCH TEETOTALER,

BY J. LIVESEY.

No. 17. MAY, 1868. ONE PENNY.

SUNDAY CLOSING.

[The following is from a letter I addressed to Mr. Cobden on stopping the Sunday sale of intoxicating liquors when Mr. Somes's Bill was under discussion in 1863; and, as the arguments are equally conclusive in favour of a similar measure now, I would submit these to the consideration of Members of Parliament and the public generally.—J. L.]

DEAR SIR,

My attention has been drawn to your note on the question of Sunday closing, towards which you express a favourable opinion, though not a "decided" one, but "doubt of any *general* measure of the kind being carried." As your decision is depending upon a further discussion of the question, will you permit me to trouble you with a few remarks bearing especially upon what may be deemed the most plausible grounds of opposition to the bill? In using this freedom, I am the more confident of securing at least your candid consideration of what I may advance, from the kind and friendly feeling you always manifested towards my humble labours when, for some years, we "struggled" together to promote the success of the greatest measure of the age, free trade—a measure which has been the salvation of the country, and the main source of its present prosperity.

It is pleasant to find a general admission that to interdict the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sundays would be attended with great benefits. No observing person who visits the neighbourhoods of the dram shops, the beer and low public-houses, and notices what passes in them and near them; who pays attention to the proceedings of the police courts on Mondays; who is conversant with the different trades of the country, and the loss of labour in the early part of the week; in fact, no one who investigates the causes of the poverty and wretchedness of thousands of families where the head is receiving the highest wages—could come to any other conclusion than this, *that the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sundays would confer incalculable benefits upon society.* This measure would secure a day of rest to those engaged in the traffic, and a peaceful and quiet Sunday to every family where drink is sold. It would remove the national disgrace of seeing the doors and windows of the dram shops and the gin palaces open, when other places of business are closed. It would, in a great measure, extinguish the drunkenness of our towns and villages, which is awfully and visibly prevalent on Sunday evenings. It would remove the temptation by which the youth of both sexes are allured to the singing rooms, where sacred music, drink, and tobacco are disgustingly mixed together. It would prevent most of the disorder, tumult, and indecency which are witnessed in the back streets of almost every place on Sunday evenings where drink is sold. It

would afford great encouragement and hope to anxious parents, to the Sunday-school teacher, to the temperance visitor, and to the minister of religion, that the good impressions produced by their labours would not be erased by the allurements of the drink shop under the sanction of law. By imposing a *break* of a full day upon the drinking appetite of the vast number of working men who commence on the Saturday afternoon or evening after receiving their wages, thousands of wives and children would be benefited and blessed, who pine and starve at home whilst their wicked husbands and fathers are carousing at the public-house. To none would such a measure be more acceptable than to employers, and I am sure I don't exaggerate when I say that in many trades and in not a few workshops it would be the gaining of an additional day every week. Men go to the public-house and begin to drink on the Saturday evening, and are kept there spending their wages until midnight. They go to bed drunk; it is often noon on Sundays before many of them rise or venture to go out, and then the drink shop is open to receive them; they resume their potations, and in the evening get drunk again, and vast numbers from this lose the whole of Monday; and in some towns and at some trades it is well known that many do not commence work till Wednesday. Can any legislation be blameless that affords facilities for such conduct? Under any restriction I admit there would be some who would not work on the Monday, but the number would be greatly reduced by withdrawing the temptation to Sunday drinking.

Now, my dear sir, with all these advantages, I respectfully ask, why should we not have Sunday closing? I cannot see how any political economist, who will give this matter a due consideration, can possibly object to the restriction provided for in the bill, and which is almost universally supported by those who are labouring for the improvement and elevation of the people.

It should be remembered that this is not so great a change as some persons seem to represent, and that, in principle, it is nothing new. At present every drinking place is closed from twelve o'clock on Saturday night to half-past twelve at noon on Sundays; and if it be right to close one half of the day it cannot be wrong to close the other. The same hostility was manifested, the same violence threatened, when the forenoon restriction was proposed as we are assailed with at present; but so decisive have been the benefits of the Sunday forenoon closing that all the power of the liquor trade combined can never wrest this boon from us. Everyone is ready to admit that the Sunday forenoon restriction has been attended with marked results for good; why, then, refuse the Sunday evening closing, which is sure to be an equal if not a greater blessing? I am one of the last that would abridge the enjoyments of the working man; but I know that to tempt them into a drinking shop on a Sunday evening is not only to destroy all rational enjoyment to themselves, but is nearly the sole cause of their poor wives and children being impoverished and neglected, and pent up all the day in their miserable dwellings.

When it is urged that people require "refreshments" on Sundays as well as other days, it should be remembered that the bill merely interdicts the sale of *intoxicating liquors*. It does not interfere with the sale of any other articles, nor, so far as lodgers and travellers are concerned, does it prevent them being served with whatever they desire. Those who consider these drinks "refreshments" must admit that they are of a *dangerous* kind, as is proved by the restrictions placed upon those who deal in them, such as apply to the dealers in no other articles; and a legislative Act to limit their sale to six days is certainly but a small and reasonable addition to these restrictions. It is really amusing to hear it stated that to withdraw the supplies of beer, wine, and spirits is equivalent to depriving the people of "refreshments." "Victuals" of every description, it seems, are all nothing; tea, coffee, &c., are nothing; no liquor, no "refreshment" will satisfy unless charged with the article that fills the country with drunkenness.

Some try to represent this measure as an invasion of the liberties of the people; but I need not inform you that all law is a restraint upon liberty; that if great evils exist by the unrestrained possession of freedom, it has to be curtailed so far as the public good requires it; and when this restraint can be imposed without invading the rights of conscience it is perfectly right to enforce it by legal sanction. Such, indeed, is the true basis of all legislation in social matters. We place a legal veto upon the practice of gambling by closing the gaming-house; we put down various offensive practices in which numbers are ready to indulge, and yet in no such case is it an interference with liberty properly understood.

Next comes the cry, "you are depriving the poor man of his beer." Perhaps this is not the place to expose the great delusion that exists as to the usefulness of beer, but it is the place to assert that if the cry be sincere its authors are much more concerned about the working men's beer than they are themselves; and, indeed, it is not from the working men that the objection emanates. I can affirm that, in the country at least, working men and working men's families, as a rule, do not get beer to their meals either on Sundays or working days. The temperance people, on this point, have taught them better. Beer drinking is indulged in by them on Saturday nights after work is over, again on Sunday nights, but very rarely indeed at dinner or supper. It may, to some extent, be different in London, but I feel confident that the cry of "the working men's beer" finds no echo among the masses of the people. But why not cry out for "the working man's bread," or "the working man's beef," when the law ordains that both the baker and the butcher shall close their shops on Sundays? If anyone believes in beer, and wants it for his Sunday's dinner, he may purchase it on the Saturday, as he does his other articles of food. All restraints have their inconveniences, and if this is a slight inconvenience to anyone, what is that to be set against the mighty good of promoting the sobriety, the material and moral advancement of the people?

And then, the question of "clubs" is attempted to be mixed up with this Sunday closing. There should not, we are told, be one law for the rich and another for the poor. This is quite correct, but it is difficult to see how it applies in this case. If this bill pass, it will be no more one for the rich and another for the poor than the present one, which shuts up every drinking shop from twelve o'clock on Saturday night to half-past twelve on Sunday at noon. The rich will be prohibited from purchasing during the forbidden hours as well as the poor. And if it be said they have plenty in their cellars, and the clubs have the same, does not this advantage apply to other articles which grace the table of the club? Is it not *wealth* simply that makes the difference? It is quite a novelty to learn that one element in law-making is to be that of making the enjoyments of poverty equal to those of wealth! Have honourable gentlemen ever entertained the idea before, that in framing any of our laws the poor shall have as good dinners, as good clothing, as good attendance, the same comforts as the rich family or the members of the clubs? If this far-fetched argument was used on other occasions far more appropriate than this, it would be scouted by those who now use it for want of a better.

In this letter you will perceive that I advocate the Sunday closing on secular, social, moral, and domestic grounds chiefly. On the higher ground of religious obligation it is urged by clergymen and persons of the greatest talents and usefulness; and with most of the members of Parliament, their arguments will probably have the greatest weight. But with others, and not a few, both in the House of Commons and in the country, considerations drawn from the domestic, social, moral, and civilising effects of stopping the taps on Sundays are more likely to gain attention. And they who urge the obligations of Divine revelation also acknowledge the importance of securing to the working man and those engaged in the drink

trade a day of rest, free from the debasing temptations to intemperance, and the neglect of everything that is good.

With the experience of the past, if intoxicating liquors had never been sold on the Sunday, I don't believe there is one man in a thousand who would assert that it was desirable we should commence the practice. Why, then, is there so great a clamour for continuing it? Why try to discover first one and then another petty objection to locking the door of the dram store as well as that of the purveyor of bread or the shop of the butcher? Why resist the petitions of that vast body of men, all but universal, to whom we owe the teaching, the reforming, the ennobling of the working classes, and to whose care and labours are owing, to a great extent, I hesitate not to say, the peaceable disposition, the loyal feeling, and the great improvement now manifested among the people?

I have thus, dear sir, laid before you, I think, strong reasons why the bill should be supported, and have also briefly attempted to meet the objections raised against it. You will at once see that there is nothing *new* in this measure either in principle or practice; that it is recognised in England up to half of the day, and in Scotland to the other half—in both cases with undeniable good effects to all. I can bear testimony that our streets are not now like the same on a Sunday forenoon compared to the time when the public-houses opened in the morning. I am, I hope, no fanatic; I have no wish to compel people to be pious, even on Sundays—this must be left to conscience alone: but I do hold that as drink is so dangerous an article as to require for the good of society an extensive range of restrictions upon those who deal in it, that this additional one is imperatively called for.

I know you will excuse me troubling you with this letter. You, of course, will exercise your own discretion in reference to the bill; but this I may say, that when carried and put into execution, you and I may laugh at the unceasing hostility and groundless predictions which are now uttered as to its consequences, just as we did, fifteen years ago, at the awful forebodings of ignorance and selfishness in the anticipations of free trade. Sunday closing will be a great blessing, an unmixed good to this country.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

J. LIVESEY.

OUR GREAT ENEMY IS THE DRINK, AND NOT THE ACCOMPANIMENTS.

There is a constant restlessness in the public mind as to the effects of the public-house system upon the masses of the people. Nobody is satisfied. Conferences and towns' meetings are being held to debate the matter; but as these are often got up by individuals who believe in the drink, and who are not prepared to abandon it, either as to its public or private use, we find that the remedies which they recommend are merely the pruning away of a few of the most offensive features of the traffic. If by occasionally joining in these movements of respectable drinkers we can secure an opportunity for agitating the whole question and commending the sound principles of abstinence we do well; otherwise it is doubtful whether it be good policy for the teetotalers to appear prominently. Of late there has been great agitation in Scotland to reduce the number of public-houses, and to impose conditions that may lessen the evils which they produce. Everything but the *drink* itself has been attacked, but *this*, the vital source of all the evil, seems to be too sacred to be meddled with, too time-honoured to be removed, too great a favourite with sheriffs, magistrates, bailiffs, and drink-taking reformers. At Dundee, Mr. Sheriff Smith said, "I understand it is not the object of this meeting to attempt to put down *drinking*. Our deliberations are to proceed on the assump-

tion that *drinking to some extent is a necessarily existing fact;* and *the problem is,* how to disassociate *drunkenness* from *drinking.*" Yes, this is the problem that all good people have been seeking to solve for a thousand years. It is a problem that the collective wisdom of St. Stephens, backed by the Bench of Bishops and all the philosophers on both sides the Tweed, can never solve. Oh what a jolly thing it would be if men could drink their fill and yet escape the effects! The teetotalers are the only people that can solve this problem, and they can only do it by showing that if intoxication is to cease, *the use of intoxicating liquor must share the same fate.* When you can enter the battle field and "disassociate" killing and wounding from the discharge of grape and canister, then you may try your hand at making people sober while allowing them to drink alcoholic liquor. It is true there are degrees of intoxication, and the great aim of these anti-teetotal temperance reformers is so to regulate the drinking and the selling of drink, that men generally shall not go beyond what they please to call moderation. They are warmly opposed to "three sheets in the wind," but would not object to half a sheet or may be a whole sheet, with liberty, of course, on special occasions, to spread out a respectable amount of additional sail. The motive of these gentlemen is very good, but they are beating the wind, and disappointment will be the result.

What do they propose? Nothing that I can read of as to the *drink.* No discussion whatever takes place on this point. One would have expected that as the liquid put into the stomach is the *sole cause* of freshness, tipsiness, drunkenness, or whatever you please to call it, our moderation chemists, physiologists, philosophers, and divines, would have set their wits to work to discover some method by which so many glasses could be taken and no one get over the line; or, if that was impracticable, that they would have suggested a suitable alteration in the composition of the liquor. One would have thought that as the *drink* is known by everybody to be some way or other accessory to all the drunkenness in the land, it would have been challenged, if not tried, condemned, and executed for all its crimes. But there it is; there it remains unmolested in the bottles, barrels, and bins, and furious speeches are made against the buildings, back doors, seats, forms, and boxes of its abode, and against the age, sex, and character of those engaged in its service. The thief and the murderer are discovered, but they are allowed to remain unmolested, and the authorities content themselves with uttering furious anathemas against the *places* in which they have taken up their abode! Happy alcohol! thou hast many friends, and they are true to thy service. If after such lengthy discussions, these gentlemen could have discovered that it was the *alcohol,* and the *alcohol only,* in whisky, brandy, beer, and wine that disturbs the sober equilibrium of both saints and sinners, it might have been expected that they would have recommended that this *one* poisonous article should be expunged. Or, if it were desirable to retain a little bit of intoxication—to prevent the absolute death of social society—it might have been expected that a consultation would have been held as to the degree of dilution which they might venture to recommend; that instead of full "proof," or so many "over proof,"—leading its votaries to "stagger to and fro like a drunken man,"—the beer should be reduced say to two per cent., that claret of four per cent. should be the maximum standard for wine bibbers, and that whisky, gin, rum, and brandy, should only be taken in homœpathic "bottoms," with at least ten "waters" for one liquor. There is a fine range here for investigation, comparison, experiment, and if these modern temperance reformers were thus engaged, we should allow that they were at least on the right scent, and that with a little more teetotal light, and a little more independence, in the end they might get right altogether.

Nature is determined to assert her rights; if alcohol invades the stomach and

ventures to intrude into the recesses of the system, a struggle is sure to ensue, and either the effect called stimulation, or a paralysis called drunkenness will follow. Instead of this matter being inquired into, I find, at these meetings, not one of the remedies brought forward include any alteration in the nature and properties of the drink. At one of the meetings *nine* remedies were suggested by the speakers. *First*—They would refuse all licences to *women*. *Secondly*—They would refuse a certificate to every applicant who had not been *bred* to the business. *Thirdly*—They would refuse licences to all who did not *personally* superintend their establishments. *Fourthly*—They would exclude all *low rented* and *inferior premises*. *Fifthly*—They would put a stop to all *transfer* of licences. *Sixthly*—No person should have a licence who *followed any other business*. *Seventhly*—No licences should be granted to publicans who had *back doors*. *Eighthly—Blinded windows*, "as if they were so many bath rooms," should not be allowed. And, *ninthly*—Public-houses with *boxes*, especially those dimly lighted and occupied by young people of both sexes, should be refused. Here is a Scottish list of remedies! At Liverpool, the free trade public-house reformers insist only on *three* conditions—that the premises shall be suitable, the publican's character good, and the wants of the neighbourhood such as to require a drink-selling establishment. Between these two extremes it would be difficult to say how many restrictions and remedies have been recommended by others.

One cannot help feeling grieved that so many good men who are, no doubt, anxious to stem the torrent of intemperance, should be thus bewildered; and, owing to bad teaching, invulnerable prejudices, and tyrant fashions, that they should thus run away from the plain and palpable cure for the evils of intemperance. Men meet and talk and discuss and vote, and memorialize on everything but the right thing. *Take away the alcoholic sting* from the liquor, and you may leave every publican and publican's premises as free and as unmeddled with as you would Mechi's, in London, or Chambers', in Edinburgh. Ours is a hard task; we have to "educate" the parsons, the priests, the doctors, and the magistrates, members of parliament, and men of every class; and the worst is, that when the judgment has half yielded, there remains interest, fashion, association, and appetite, all blinding the eyes to the true remedy, and pleading constantly for the drink under all sorts of pretences. We are sometimes astonished after all the teaching of the last five and thirty years that so much ignorance should still remain, but it is easily accounted for. Our task, though hard, is clear. We must do our best to enlighten and convince every man that the cause of the evil is plain and palpable; that it can be pointed to and picked out of every glass of beer, wine, brandy, or any other spirits—that it is the swallowing of this simply, whether in public-houses or private houses, to which all our intemperance, all our excesses, all our bottle and barrel catastrophies can be traced. We must teach, and teach incessantly all classes, that the only remedy is abstinence, and in order to multiply the number of teetotalers, we must show men how much enjoyment they lose and how many blessings they forego while they remain among the drinkers. And then, so far as our legislators are concerned, we should enforce the same truth, with a view of inducing them to do all in their power to lay the severest prohibitory embargo upon the sale of intoxicating liquors, either on Sundays or other days, that public opinion will bear. But we *must* be careful not to get on a wrong scent, nor by dwelling on extraneous matters to mislead the public, nor divert the efforts of our friends into wrong channels.

One of the prizes attached to the sixpenny tickets in a lottery for the benefit of the Female Orphanage of St. Joseph, in Ireland, is, a hamper containing a Limerick ham, a dozen of port, and a gallon of Irish whisky!

THE EDITOR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—No. 5.

If "order is Heaven's first law," I may feel thankful that I have not been altogether disobedient to it. From a boy I had a strong feeling for keeping everything tidy, in good repair, and in order. For some time after our marriage we changed residences frequently, and we have lived altogether in ten different houses. It was my habit always to be making alterations, and improving the appearance of the places. I am fond of fields and flowers, and there is nothing I have prided myself in more than a nice garden in good order. I have always tried to get a house, however humble, where we had trees and fields to look out upon, and not bricks and mortar and other people's windows, or, if possible, as Mr. Cobden expressed it, a house that the wind could blow round. Attached to our first cottage was a garden, which, when we entered, might have belonged to one of Solomon's sluggards. I soon metamorphosed it—made a nice walk, planted flowers, and for a poor man's garden made it charming to look upon. At the front of the next I levelled the street, a work not belonging to a tenant, and planted flowers behind, though they withered and died for want of sun and air. At a little farm we occupied, at Holme Slack, I spent a deal of money in ridding up hedges, draining, planting shrubs, and re-modelling the gardens, and we were often complimented by visitors for the nice order in which everything was kept. This place was to me a most pleasant retreat, especially in the evenings on returning from the town, weary with the toils of business, or distracted with the turmoil of some conflict on public affairs. Oh how I did enjoy the tranquillity of those delightful walks, and the perfumes of those ever enchanting flowers! I felt a sense of repose as I opened the gate, and the quiet of walking under those shady trees, how it seemed to obliterate the recollection of crowded streets and long chimneys. For about 20 years we remained there, and long before the end of that period I beheld the ivy covering the walls to the eaves, which I had planted with my own hand. There were also the fine Portugal laurels, the tall Irish yew, the holly bush, the acuba, with a variety of roses, forming a pleasant avenue, and rendered ten fold more interesting from the recollection that all these were put down tiny plants by myself at moments stolen from the calls of business. It was some time before we erected a dwelling of our own at Windermere, and there I have had the credit of good taste and a love of order in laying out the grounds with shrubs and flowers. The last little service I did in this way was, the presentation of a dozen choice Araucaria plants to our Park about two years ago, one of which I assisted to plant myself.

I thought it not inappropriate to mention the above as an introduction to a statement I have to make of my exertions, at different times, in assisting to carry out improvements in this borough. A residence of more than fifty years, with a connection with public bodies, has given me many opportunities of effecting improvements, of following up my inclination to remove nuisances, and adding to the enjoyments and conveniences of the inhabitants. Before entering upon these, it may not be amiss to say a few words as to the town itself. As a manufacturing town, Preston is considered second to no other in Lancashire. It is "Proud Preston," not because the people are noted for their pride above others, but because of the eminence of its situation, having to be approached on all sides by advancing ground. Its staple trade is spinning and the manufacture of cotton cloth, and so exclusively so that, during the "cotton famine," it was among the greatest sufferers in the county. To show its progress, a year before I became an inhabitant it had only a piece of a Church, the steeple built of red sandstone, being in a delapidated condition; it has now thirteen. It then comprised little more than three main streets, Churchgate,

Friargate, and Fishergate, and in each was fixed a bar where a toll was collected, there being no ingress or egress for horses and conveyances but through these. I remember well the channels in Church-street running down the middle. The changes which have taken place are not less in the extent of the streets and buildings, and the increase of population, than in the *personnel* of those who were connected with its business. With the exception of Mr. John Taylor, druggist, it is stated that I am the oldest tradesman. Mr. D. Longworth, in his *Monthly Advertiser*, places me second, and says: "Mr. Joseph Livesey, cheesemonger, Church-street, has been in business fifty-two years, and presents a bright example of how a person placed in the humblest walk of life may, by patient and steady perseverance, rise up to a position honourable to himself and useful to his fellow-men." To remember the former occupants of our long streets and shops, and to find that they have disappeared in one's own time, and numbered with the dead, impresses one's mind strongly with the fleeting tenure of human life, and the importance of "numbering our days and applying our hearts to wisdom." Looking back also to the names of those who, at that time, were considered the "heads of the town," it is painful to think of the changes which have taken place—to think of so many names of high standing, either extinct or scarcely to be met with, and so many of their families gone into obscurity. It is still more painful to know that this great change is not traceable to any act of Providence. I once had a list of gentlemen, tradesmen, and professional men who had killed or ruined themselves by dissipation, but I abandoned it, finding that I could not turn it to any practical purpose without hurting the feelings of surviving friends.

Many foolish practices prevailed here when I was young. I never saw the "ducking stool," but I have seen—what I never wish to see again—a bull baited, near the House of Correction. I witnessed, before I was married, the leaping of the colt-hole on "Collop Monday." This was a large hole, some yards across, on the Marsh; and persons called "Colts," who had been elected freemen or bailiffs, had to leap it. It being too large for any man to leap over, substitutes were hired, who, for a consideration, did the leaping, but, of course, leaped in and got a good wetting. On this occasion there was a succession of follies. The colt hole performance being over, the crowd proceeded to Water-lane End, where, by stopping the courses, all the filthy water was thrown across the road; coppers were thrown in—the boys and roughs all scrambling in the dirty water to pick out as much as they could. Next, they came to the Castle Inn, and threw out of the window to the crowd a quantity of pence heated in the fire. After this, I remember, they made to the top of Lord-street, where there was a pump, and the "Colts" were made to run round the pump, the people laying on with hands, hats, or other convenient instruments. Edward Toy, grocer, in Cheapside, I distinctly recollect, was one who was thus honoured in his initiation to municipal honours. Great changes have taken place; bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and the races have all been given up. The time of the latter was a great holiday, and the Derby family paid an annual visit to Preston at the races. The old Earl (grandfather to the present Earl), was strongly attached to the sport of cock-fighting, but both this and the races, and also their visits, were given up upon the defeat of the Hon. E. G. Stanley (the present Earl), at the election in 1830, by Henry Hunt. The Mansion was razed to the ground, and the stables made into shops. The Mansion in Church-street was nearly opposite a shop we then occupied (No. 107), and on the occasion of the races we witnessed the great excitement which used to prevail in this part. The Earl took his airing in an open carriage, with a pair of ponies; but the Countess had a splendid equipage—a coach and six, with the attendants in livery. When the Derby family took offence and left Preston, it was

thought by many that its sun had set for ever; but we have survived, and almost forgotten the shock then felt; and I presume we have learnt this useful lesson—that self-reliance is far better than dependence on patronage and favour.

In the course of my long residence in this borough, I have served the offices of Select Vestry-man, Member of the Board of Guardians, Commissioner for the Improvement of the borough, and Town Councillor. In connection with the Commissioners, I tried to effect several improvements. I was on the general committee, and every Thursday we had a tour of inspection, and here it was that I found scope for my desire to remove nuisances, promote cleanliness, and to recommend such alterations as I thought the town required, especially in the back streets. I would often go ahead of my coadjutors, and but for them holding back, I should have incurred more expense than was justifiable; though what I proposed was not in the way of ornament, but for purposes of real utility. The office of "Inspector of Nuisances" was just the one I should like to have filled. Hence, when I have visited Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Liverpool, or London, unlike those who are taken with the rich parts of the towns and with the splendid buildings, my "lions" were generally found in the streets where poverty, misery, and vice were most conspicuous. I have visited some of the worst places in these towns; for instance, I have visited some of the cellars in Dublin, the miserable holes in St. Giles, and similar places in Westminster, Edinburgh, and Glasgow; and I have hence a pretty correct knowledge how the people live who reside there. Though when in office as an Improvement Commissioner I got on much slower than I wished, yet I did accomplish something. The opening out of Orchard-street, joining Friargate to the Orchard, was effected chiefly by my perseverance; and I got the shops, erected where Lord Derby's stables stood, placed a yard back, after the walls were up about three feet, thus widening the street to that extent. Many a dirty corner I got cleaned out—pig-styes and other nuisances removed; I took considerable interest in the regulation of the markets and the sweeping of the streets; but when on the one hand you have parties to deal with who are conservators of dirt, and on the other, persons who are afraid of incurring expense, you can only get on slowly.

I was elected one of the Councillors for St. John's Ward in 1835, at the first election under the Municipal Reform Bill. I began in good earnest to attempt such reforms as the abuses under the old *regime* had made most urgent. At the second meeting of the Council, Mr. Swindlehurst and I carried a motion to sell all the wine which the old Corporation had left, and which produced the sum of £226 3s. 7d. At a subsequent meeting, among other "articles not necessary to carry into effect the Municipal Corporation Bill," "two japanned wine waggons, five dozen wine glasses, ten decanters, and cork-screw," were also ordered to be sold. I succeeded in carrying a motion for fixing seats along the Ladies' Walk, in Moor Park, though it was strongly opposed by some who alleged that they would only be useful to the young men and young women who frequented that part. At my recommendation a scale was fixed just within the entrance of the Town Hall, to be used, without charge, by persons to weigh their purchases; but, though it is so important to the poor to be sure that they get proper weight, this scale was very little used. I committed a great mistake in persuading the Council to consent to a motion for abolishing the small tolls—my object being to induce the country people to increase their market supplies of vegetables and fruit—but the payment was restored the following year. As all tradespeople have to pay rents for their premises, it is but reasonable that the country people should pay for the accommodation they get in the markets. I proposed to abolish the Mayor's salary, as an unnecessary expenditure, and, from a return I obtained from all the boroughs in Lancashire, I found that there was only one borough besides Preston (Liverpool)

which gave a salary to the Mayor. In this, as in an attempt to abolish the Sunday processions of the Mayor to the Church, I was unsuccessful. The Council chamber is not exactly the place that I seem fitted for. My notions of personal duty, and of despatch, don't find much countenance in municipal bodies. At the end of my term of office, I did not ask for re-election, though some years after I was unwise enough to make the attempt, but was beaten, not by any superior qualification or experience on the part of my opponent, but by that mighty electioneering lever—cash and beer. The Council consisted of forty-eight—thirty-six Councillors and twelve Aldermen, and in looking over the names at its first meeting, thirty-two years ago, I find but one of the same gentlemen now in the Council, Mr. William Humber. And out of the whole forty-eight, there are, besides myself, only three living, Mr. Monk, Mr. W. Humber, and Mr. R. Threlfall. Either nine or ten Magistrates were then appointed for the borough, and out of these there is but one living, Mr. John Bairstow. In the good old Corporation times eating and drinking were orthodox duties; and although Councillors now-a-days, when invited to a Mayor's dinner or other celebrations, do not "with one consent begin to make excuse," yet no part of the corporate funds is applied to these purposes, and upon the whole, there is a an improvement in favour of temperance.

We are proud of our two Parks—Avenham Park and Moor Park—for there is no town in Lancashire where the people have the same outlets for health and recreation as are afforded by these Parks, and by the walks on both sides of the river Ribble. Many persons now living will remember how difficult it was for pedestrians to make their way along the margin of the river from Jackson's Gardens to Penwortham Bridge. I long felt anxious to put this path into thorough repair. The Corporation had neglected it, and I was the means of making it a pleasant footpath. In 1847 trade was bad; great numbers of people were out of work, and both male and female beggars abounded. Large subscriptions were being raised for the relief of Ireland, and this suggested to me the advantage of making an effort to get these poor people some relief through the medium of employment. I mooted the project of making a walk along the Ribble; a public meeting was convened, and a "Labour Association" formed. A subscription was commenced, Mr. Isherwood being treasurer, and Mr. Edward Smith secretary. A number of unemployed able-bodied men were set to work, under the superintendence of William Shepherd, and, besides helps from the Corporation, £445 14s. 7d. was raised and expended. I don't know that I was ever connected with any undertaking that gave me more satisfaction. The following extract from the closing report of the Association will give an idea of the extent and kind of work we undertook, and will be read with interest by many Preston people:—

"Preparatory to commencing the Ribble Walks, your committee levelled Pottery-hill, and also the vacant ground adjoining Bridge-street and Mount-pleasant. They cleared and cindered a large square of open land at the front of Hammond's-row, now enclosed. Vacant pieces of ground in Glover-street and at the top of Great Avenham-street were cleared of rubbish, levelled, and made tidy. A large pit of stagnant water was filled at the bottom of Chapel-walks, and the ground made level. New footpaths were made and cindered on the South side of Meadow-street, on the West side of East View-street, and across the vacant ground from the latter to St. Paul's-square. The East side of St. Paul's-square was levelled, sidestones set, the stagnant water removed, and the whole cindered. After these jobs were completed, the embanking, staking, levelling, and laying out of the Ribble Walk from the corner of Mr. Jackson's garden to Penwortham Bridge was undertaken. At this the men were employed less or more fifteen months, and the great satisfaction expressed by their townsmen as to this improvement assures your committee that in this undertaking they have had the approbation of the public. They very much improved and beautified the walks leading from Ribblesdale-place along Mr. Wyse's garden to the river, and also that from the Tramroad along Mr. Jackson's garden, where they fixed three flights of stone steps. At Swillbrook, at the foot of Avenham-terrace, where the Improvement Commissioners had built a tunnel, your committee removed an

immense quantity of earth from a distance, filling up the chasm, and making it into land as at present, which is admitted by all to be a great improvement. The whole length of South Meadow-lane, from Fishergate to Mr. Dent's (New Bridge Inn), was cleaned, levelled, and gravelled. The new walk along the East boundary of the Marsh was undertaken and finished by your committee; also the re-gravelling of the oblique one running across the Marsh towards Ashton, and the foot-roads connected with the Spa-brow were all put into good order. One of their last undertakings was to level, re-lay, and cinder the foot-road leading from the top of King-street, past Frenchwood, all the way to Walton Bridge. This road, which had been almost impassable, they made into a good road."

I have always felt it a pleasure—as I think every citizen ought—to render any little service I could for the improvement of our town. Formerly we had a number of pumps in the public streets for the use of the inhabitants, but they are nearly all removed, and so far their only substitutes are the eight fountains which I have provided in different parts of the town. These are preachers of temperance day and night to all the passers by, and thousands slake their thirst at these constantly running streams, who might otherwise be tempted into the beer house. I felt anxious to erect a superior one in Avenham Park, but after naming it several times I met with very little encouragment. I placed a small drinking fountain in the Temperance Hall, another in Walker-street School; and in the Spinners' Institute I fixed a fountain, lavatory, and bath, and the same in the Weavers' Institute. At Bowness Bay, near the landing of the Windermere steamers I erected a beautiful fountain which is supplied with excellent water from the grounds of Messrs. Crossley, of Halifax. There is a nice fountain on Douglas pier erected by my eldest son. I name these that others, possessing means, may be induced to do the same; and if temperance men were sufficiently alive to the advantages of water fountains there would not be a town or a village, or any public grounds or buildings without them.

"THE POOR MAN'S BEER."

What is this beer? Beer stands as the name for all kinds of malt liquor, including ale, porter, and stout.

How is it made? In the first place the malt is saturated in hot water for some time; this is called "mashing." Then, the water, now called "sweet wort," is drained off, the "grains" being all left behind. Then, after hop-water is mixed with it, and the liquor being cooled, by the use of yeast it is *fermented* for some days, the sweet part being thus converted into carbonic acid gas and alcohol. It is then allowed to settle; the heavier particles of the barley sink and become "barrel bottoms;" this is called the "fining" process, after which the beer is ready for use.

What is malt? Malt is vegetated barley. The barley-corns are thoroughly wet, and then laid in a thick bed on a floor till they get heated and begin to sprit; and they are afterwards dried on a kiln. The malt is then in quality similar to unsound wheat that has sprit in a wet harvest time.

Is it the object of the brewer to make a feeding liquor? No; the contrary; his object is to make an *intoxicating* liquor, and to be transparent, that is, as clear as possible of feeding matter. You can get as much food in a pennyworth of bread as in a gallon of strong ale.

How much barley is used in making a gallon of strong ale? Six pounds.

How then can there be but a pennyworth in a gallon? I will tell you:—

To brew a gallon of ale we take of barley	6 lbs.
In making this into malt we lose, in "sprits" or "malt combs"..	1½ lbs.
After mashing we dispose of in the shape of "grains	2
By fermenting the liquor, converting the sugar into alcohol, we lose	1
And, lastly, in *fining* the ale, the "barrel bottoms" amount to....	0¾
	5¼

Thus, when we come to examine the liquor, a gallon does not contain more than twelve, but often not more than nine ounces of solid matter—about a pennyworth.

Then this beer is not altogether the juice of the malt? No; it is rather the juice of the pump. A quart of ale weighs about 39 ounces—water 35 ounces, barley 2½ ounces, and alcohol 1½ ounce. A quart of ale is really a quart of water, coloured, flavoured, and fired.

What is this alcohol? It is the *spirit;* exactly the same as *whisky.* Whisky is distilled from malt liquor. It is to produce this spirit that the barley is *malted, mashed,* and *fermented,* and when this intoxicating ingredient is taken out no person will drink it. It is by the process of fermentation in all cases that alcohol is produced.

What about the hop? The hop contains no food; it gives part colour, and the bitter flavour; it is a narcotic, but has no feeding properties, and formerly beer was brewed without it.

Does beer quench thirst? Decidedly not; the more you drink the thirstier you are.

What drink then do you recommend? For quenching thirst there is nothing like water; but if you want to please the palate you can colour and flavour it by a burnt crust, or make it into lemonade, ginger beer, or similar compounds. Milk, tea, coffee, or cocoa may be taken; these are all pleasant, and do not excite and afterwards depress the system.

Is not beer good to meals? No; it induces you to take much more liquid than is useful; in proportion to its alcoholic strength it retards digestion; but the great objection is, that it so often creates a liking for stimulants. It is believed that two-thirds of the drunkards, both men and women, *begin* with the glass of beer to dinner or supper.

Then I suppose you advise all beer-drinkers at once to abstain and substitute something else? Exactly, and the sooner the better, both for themselves and others who may be influenced by their example.

It would seem, then, no great hardship to "rob the poor man of his beer?" It would be the greatest blessing that ever came to him. Fifty millions of money are annually spent in beer, and as much grain destroyed in making it as would be bread for six millions of people. Six weeks' labour out of 52, at least, are lost to the country; and poverty, misery, violence, vice, and crime are multiplied—all from beer drinking.

MAY MEETINGS.

What a grand thing it would be if all the May Meetings would make a faithful and an earnest attack upon the drinking system! From all parts of the kingdom are brought together in London during this month, many of the most active men connected with religious and philanthropic movements. In their speeches or reports we shall have deplorable statements as to the "lapsed masses" and the Godlessness of the people. And we are sure to have the usual cry as loud as ever from almost every society—"the want of funds." Now, if funds will ensure religious progress; if larger incomes will make the people wiser, better educated, and more virtuous, was there ever so good a chance of accomplishing these important objects as by withdrawing the supplies from the service of Bacchus? If only a tithe—say eight millions—of the money spent upon drink was placed in the Exeter Hall Treasury, would there not be a jubilee of rejoicing? And then, as to the terrible amount of ignorance, vice, pauperism, domestic misery, and crime that defaces the land—crime, indeed, in its most horrible cast—which will be clearly depicted at these meetings, there will be no alleviation while the working classes are given up to drink, and others are so silent as to its condemnation. The speeches from the platform of Exeter Hall don't tell upon the miserable people in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Sheffield, unless, by inspiring an abhorrence of the drinking system, they lead ministers of religion, and with them hosts of others, to go among the people with the gospel of abstinence, delivered from a heart full of sympathy, and accompanied by a consistent example. And I feel confident, if those who are so eloquent on these occasions had previously spent their time in mixing more with the masses, it would be impossible for them to allow

any meeting to close without urging the audience to give in their hearty adhesion to the temperance movement. And yet, at the past May meetings, what has been the case? Intemperance has been named so tamely as to hurt nobody; the drinking fashions have remained as privileged doings, and the horrid drink itself—the pestilential stream of poison that legislators, doctors, and the higher classes have taken under their keeping—has been allowed to go unmolested. It is about the greatest difficulty in the world to excite men's opposition against what affects their own cherished habits, and hence, though they are furious against the slightest heresy in doctrine or in "ritual," the sin of drinking and other kindred vices which leave no town, village, or hamlet—scarcely a family—unscourged, are treated so gently as if they scarcely existed. Our friends who attend these meetings, and who have a right to speak, must declare the truth. They cannot clear their consciences if they don't. They may give offence—they are sure to do so to many—but they have a duty to perform, and they must not shrink from it. Wedded as we find so many of the leaders of public opinion are to the present drinking fashions, it is only by "pegging" at it that the teetotalers are to make any impression. The question—"What will such a one think of us?" should never enter our heads: we should feel our sense of duty, and, regardless of consequences, be determined to do it. A May month may yet come when some of the speakers at every meeting will recognize the importance, and venture to recommend the cause of teetotalism.

VARIETIES.

The Church of England Temperance Reformation Society will hold its annual meeting at Willis's Rooms, St. James's-square, on Friday evening, the 8th inst. The annual meeting of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union will be held in Exeter Hall, on Monday evening, 25th inst., and the Annual Conference on Wednesday, the 27th. The anniversary of the Scottish Temperance League will be held on Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th inst. The annual meeting of the National Temperance League will take place on Monday evening, in Exeter Hall, the 4th inst., and the annual Conversazione on Tuesday, the 26th inst.

Bradford has again distinguished itself this year by its Bands of Hope demonstration. On Good Friday, there was a procession of nearly 8,000 persons, chiefly members of Bands of Hope, being about 2,000 more than last year. They had ten bands of music, and such a profusion of colours and banners as is scarcely ever seen. A vast number of carts, duly ornamented, filled with happy children, formed part of the cavalcade. After the procession, the Band of Hope children and the members of the different Temperance Societies, making altogether about 25 parties, moved to their respective schools and meeting places. Tea drinking, singing, and speeches followed, and it is stated that a calculation was made that not fewer than 8,000 took tea that afternoon. Such a demonstration could not fail to make a good impression upon the public.

But little success comparatively has attended the establishment of many Working Men's Clubs. Such is the infatuation of by far the greatest number of working men, that they seem as if they could find no enjoyment but at the public house. Many clubs have been closed for want of support, and some in order to make them pay have begun to supply beer! I know none that have succeeded so well as the one in Preston; but its success is owing mainly to the Refreshment Department. Though this does not bespeak much mental progress, yet as all the eating is strictly on teetotal principles it must be of service in teaching a useful lesson to the numerous customers. I give the following from the last Annual Report:—"The accounts show that there has been received for the sale of 4,640 day tickets, at 1d., £19 6s. 8d.; 3,970 weekly do., at 2d., £33 1s. 8d.; 33 quarterly do., at 2s. 6d, £4 2s. 6d.; 271 quarterly do., at 1s. 6d., £20 6s. 6d.; 61 tickets for broken periods, at 1s. and 6d., £3 9s. 6d.; bagatelle, £51 17s. 10½d.; refreshments, £1,266 19s. 0½d.; sale of newspapers, £8 0s. 3d.; sale of pigs, £9 14s. 4d.; sale of books, £4; hire of rooms, £3 7s.; sundries, 14s. 1d.; bank interest, £1 4s. 8d.; discounts, £1 17s. 9½d.; balance from 1866, £12 8s. 8½d.; total, £1,440 10s. 8d. An increase in the total over 1866, amounting to £120 2s. 10½d., proves that the club still possesses the confidence of its members and the appreciation of the general public." I may add, my settled opinion is, that where good provisions are supplied, the cooking good, the places clean, and the arrangements tempting, there is no doubt of success, although no intoxicating liquor be supplied.

There is an Inebriate Asylum in the State of New York. The Manager was asked by the Rev. R. Lundie, of Liverpool, as to the fruits of his labours. The answer he received was a very sad one. "Some *men*," he said, "who had come in as confirmed drunkards, had been completely cured, but *not one woman*."

The season for excursions is drawing near, and as our friends have often assisted in promoting them, it is wise to consider how far they serve the cause of temperance. I hold that all promiscuous excursions to towns or places where drink-selling is carried on, as a rule, produce more evil than good. The safest plan is to make the destination some part of the country—fields, or a park, or a common—where no drink-selling places exist, and to provide plenty of teetotal refreshments. I have known some cheap trips connected with temperance demonstrations to be a frightful source of drunkenness.

Mr. Kennedy, who is at the head of the Metropolitan Police of New York, adopted measures to ascertain the number of visits to the liquor-shops of the metropolitan districts last year. He stationed police-officers at the door of the licensed shops, and the number of drams sold was counted. Upon the results of the investigation he has given the following statistics:—aggregate daily visits to all the shops, 697,202; monthly, 4,183,112; yearly, 218,724,226; amount of money paid at these visits, 28,382,590 dols. The people must be badly taught and badly trained to lead to such a vast amount of drinking with all its baneful consequences.

I believe more drunkenness was seen in our streets during three days at Easter, say Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, than could be seen in six weeks at any other time. The country people, from East Lancashire especially, crowded into Preston at this holiday. But is it not sad that what are considered religious festivals should, of all others, be the seasons for drinking and debauchery? If you want to select three seasons when drinking is most prevalent, Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide are the three. What has the Church to say to this? and when will it interpose its influence in favour of sobriety and good order?

After witnessing so much drunkenness in the streets of Preston, owing in a great measure to the influx of strangers from the country, it was really refreshing to walk through our Park on Easter Monday afternoon, to witness, I should say, at least 20,000 people there, all apparently free from drink. The great mass of these were juveniles who come at this time every year to "roll their eggs;" and the other part were their parents, friends, and townspeople, who take a great interest in seeing the children running, jumping, playing, rolling their eggs and oranges. What a happy throng! and what a happy feeling if one could forbode that all, or a majority of them, would remain as sober and as innocent as they were on this occasion!

It is very much to be regretted that old disputes should be revived. Some parties in supplying the papers with notices of the death of James Teare called him the "father," the "founder," and the "originator" of teetotalism. Now it is well known that this is a mistake, and letters have since appeared confuting this statement. If the parties in question had referred to a pamphlet, entitled "The Origin and Success of Teetotalism, being a Refutation of the statements made by Mr. James Teare in relation to that question, by James Stephenson, Joseph Dearden, and George Toulmin, all Preston teetotalers from the year 1832," they would not have made such a statement. It was there shewn that he was not one of the "seven" who signed the first teetotal pledge, and though his memory will be long cherished as an indefatigable worker, he was not the "father," nor "founder," nor "originator" of teetotalism. This pamphlet has been published four years, and no one has ever written a word of reply. I am sorry to refer to this matter, and do so simply in the interest of historic truth.

Teetotalism only needs to be tried to be praised and stuck to. It suits all countries and all climates. A sailor, in the *Temperance Record*, gives a valuable testimony. He says:—"I have worked in a hotter sun than ever was in England. In Cuba, where the sun's heat at noon has been 120, I have done the hardest kind of work you know, carrying American sugar-hogsheads, weighing about 100 lbs., and I did not require any of the drunkard's drink. There were three men hoisting them up out of the vessel's hold. They had a square bottle of gin standing on a water cask by their side. I was on the wharf by myself, and had to pile up the casks as fast as those three men hoisted them, from six in the morning till six at night. I could see they kept sipping from their square bottle; they began to waver about three p.m., and soon after two of them were obliged to leave off work, and go to bed. My drink was oatmeal and water, mixed with a little molasses. Since I have been in Hong Kong I have seen scores carried off to their graves—strong men too—their deaths being attributed to the bad climate. I say the climate is a good one. When so many of the 11th died, what was it but the drink? and the General knew it, for afterwards he would not allow the men to go near the public-houses. And the result was, only one man or so died this summer, they were nearly all healthy in the gaol. It is all nonsense, therefore, to talk about the climate. I have been there nearly nine years, and like it better than ever."

"Dear Sir,—Being in the neighbourhood of Warrington, I stopped at a temperance hotel kept by a Mr. Mee. When he knew I came from Preston, he asked me if I knew a Mr. Livesey there; I told him I did, and had done for *forty years*. He said, 'I owe my all to that gentleman, in this way—above 30 years ago he gave his Malt Liquor lecture here, I, and other three drunken shoemakers, with scarcely a shoe to our feet or a rag to our backs, signed the pledge that night, and every man has kept it.' Oh that God may preserve your health and life for many years to come.—Yours truly, THOS. DIXON."

There are very few who like to retain any memento of their past sufferings from the bottle; but we read of one, Father la Logue, an eccentric priest at Paris, who kept the corks, on which was written their history as a warning to others. On one of the corks was an inscription to this effect:—"Champagne cork; bottle emptied 12th of May, 1843, with M. B——, who wished to interest me in a business by which I was to make ten millions. This affair cost me 50,000f. M. B—— escaped to Belgium. A caution to amateurs." On another appears the following note:—"Cork of Cyprus wine, of a bottle emptied on the 4th of December, 1850, with a dozen fast friends. Of these I have not a single one to help me on the day of my ruin. The names of the twelve are annexed below." Drinking friends are poor comforters in the "day of ruin."

Judge O'Hagan's declaration is only a repetition of what many other judges have said. Addressing the grand jury of the county of Monaghan, Ireland, last summer, he delivered these words: "The cases which will come before you originated entirely in the indulgence of intoxicating drinks. If our poor people in this country were free from this vice not a single case would come before you at these assizes. We would have in Ireland less crime than in other countries; but it would be still further diminished if the indulgence in intoxicating drink was completely stopped, or at least far less practised than at present." It is everywhere the same, England, Ireland, and Scotland; drink and crime, drink and murder constantly, and yet those who compose grand juries, as well as others, will not make a stand and join the people in abandoning its use.

We have lost another of our old friends and fellow-workers in Preston. John Catterall departed this life a month ago, and was interred in the Preston Cemetery on the 1st of April, aged 64. He was an early and earnest worker, regardless alike of the praise and fear of man. He projected and got erected the teetotal monument in the Cemetery, and his remains are laid close by. The building used as a malt kiln in North-road, now our Temperance Hall, was purchased by him, though he knew not where the money was to come from to pay for it. He took great interest in Cemetery reforms. He assisted John Proffit in establishing the Orphan School, and our Institution for employing the blind was chiefly his work. He was much respected, and acted often as almoner for persons of ampler means. We can ill spare such as John Catterall, but hope new workers will be raised up to supply the places of those who are being taken from us.

Most people feel that the intended suffrage is not sufficiently discriminating—that the good and the bad, the honest and the rogues, the drunk and the sober, are all put on a level. Basing it on rental or rating, regardless of personal character, it could not be otherwise. But as exceptions have always been made, (that of receiving parochial relief being most noticeable) might not the list of voters be somewhat purified by making crime a disqualification? I am quite sure there would be no injustice, but some advantage in leaving off the register every one who had been convicted before the magistrates or at the sessions or assizes say within two years. Drunken men fined for disorderly conduct are not the men to care for the welfare of the state; and it seems to me to be unwise to put them on a level with the best members of society.

A writer from Westmoreland gives a sad picture of the drinking at sales in that county; and what is most to be deplored is, that it is countenanced by persons of position in society, and unchecked by the clergy. "Reaching the farmhouse after the sale has commenced," says he, "you perceive in the outer courtyard human forms sprawling on the ground in various stages of insensibility. Men are carrying into the barns apparently lifeless human bodies. Yonder a crowd is collected round a man who, it is thought, has really died from the effects of the 'refreshment' administered before the commencement of the sale. These helpless beings, scattered on the grass, are the feebler and less fully-seasoned part of the throng, who have weakly succumbed to the mere 'priming.' Leaving these to inspect the stronger section who are yet on their legs, we find the auctionner gesticulating with all his might, vainly endeavouring to direct attention to the merits of a heifer. The bidding is slack: "Send round the whisky!" cries the man of the hammer. Round goes the raw fiery spirit, up goes the bidding, and down go more feeble-minded imbibers, who are forthwith hauled off to the outer yard or the barn, according to the severity of the seizure. The survivors fight, yell, and bid madly, the auctioneer raises his voice to stentorian pitch, more whisky is administered, and more, until at last the mob, frantic with drink, break into the ring, hustle the auctioneer, and stop all intelligible bidding." This is a description of an actual sale and a statement of facts of constant occurence in this county; and I think it may fairly be asked why the clergy and the guardians of the peace do not show a more active discouragement of these disgraceful practices?

Lancaster is threatened with another disfranchisement. Mr. Alderman George Jackson is agitating to deprive the Councillors of their allowance of wine on Church-going Sundays. Another attack upon the venerable institutions of this once happy county town! Does Mr. Jackson not believe in the inspiration of the bottle? and does he think that these hard-worked members of the municipality of our county town can say their prayers with a dry throat so well as if it were nicely moistened with a half a glass of champagne? Nobody, of course, would be expected to take more. Possibly he may have an eye to the sacredness of the service in which they engage. If the Church is to be *perfumed*, all will admit that it had better proceed from real "incense" than from any substitute issuing from the Corporation pew.

Those who aim to be most useful, and to make a sensation in drinking neighbourhoods, will now prepare to make their voices heard in the open air. There is no other way to get at the mass of drinkers. I noticed in the *Star*, three weeks ago, two of the London societies at work in the open air. I don't think that at these meetings devotional services should be attempted, but due decorum should be observed, and some of the teetotalers should always be outside the assemblage to prevent noisy children disturbing the meetings. A profusion of small temperance bills, thrown from the chair or the platform, is an excellent plan of drawing the people together. In this work you need not wait for the arrangements of central bodies; any three good-hearted teetotalers, accustomed to speak, may get up a meeting, and, if at each gathering they convert one drinker, or restore one backslider, they will be doing good.

"Swinton, Manchester, April 7th, 1868.—Dear Mr. Livesey,—The parcel of *Stauneh Teetotalers* you sent to Keighley came to hand. The great weakness in our movement, in my opinion, is the indifference of its professed friends. O that the earnest, self-denying, intelligent, and heavenly-devoted mantle of the first temperance workers might fall upon the present race of teetotalers! I am happy to report my meetings have been of the most encouraging character; and there never was a time when our principles had deeper hold upon the people. There is, however, much work yet to be done. I am glad to find you so active in your old age, and hope your life will long be spared to adorn the doctrine of teetotalism and to spread its principles. When the moral and religious portion of the community do their duty, the death knell of liquordom will be sounded, and the accursed traffic overthrown. With kind regards and best wishes, I am, dear friend, yours faithfully,—THOMAS HARDY.

The sixth grand festival of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope was held in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on Saturday evening, the 11th ult. The hall was crowded to excess, so much so that it was determined to have another gathering the following Saturday. These meetings were addressed by the leading friends of the cause, among whom may be named the Rev. W. Caine, M.A., Mr. Robert Whitworth, Mr. Benjamin Whitworth, M.P., Mr. Raper, and Mr. Jabez Inwards. A choir consisting of 500 voices sang a number of temperance melodies, and Mrs. Mennie also gave several solos, which were rapturously applauded. Mr. C. Darrah, the secretary, in giving a sketch of the annual report, stated that the Union now consisted of 152 Bands of Hope, which were working by holding meetings, circulating tracts and periodicals, and doing a a great deal of good among the young people.

Was it not too bad for the tipplers of the broad sheet to throw out so many insinuations as to the cause of confusion in the latter part of Mr. Disraeli's notable speech? For, granting they were correct, there is nothing singular in the occurrence. Few M.P.'s avoid occasionally taking a drop too much. Did not the present Sir Robert Peel talk lots of nonsense about Russia from the same cause? And other great men have erred in the same way. Did not the present president, Johnson, excuse himself upon the ground that when he played certain pranks he did not drink as much as some others? So much truth is there then in the statements often made, that the higher classes are thoroughly reformed! But all these parties ought to be excused if moderate drinking be allowed. They cannot always be measuring the *quantity*; they are ignorant of the *strength*, both of the liquor and the present state of their nerves to bear it, and hence how easy it is to be "overcome." Moderate drinkers! you ought not to have been so severe upon Mr. Disraeli, and in this reform you ought all to begin at home.

It is suggested that our friends forward a copy of this number to each of their representatives in Parliament, so that they may read the first article on Sunday closing. ——The "Reminiscences of Early Teetotalism," which appeared in nine numbers of the *Staunch Teetotaler* last year, is now published separately in a pamphlet, price 3d, with the same allowance to agents taking quantities. ——It is desirable where parties are taking 12 or 18 numbers monthly, that they should consult their friends to raise the order to 60, so as to get them at half-price. In all cases the carriage or postage is paid.

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THE

STAUNCH TEETOTALER,

BY J. LIVESEY.

No. 18. JUNE, 1868. ONE PENNY.

TO THE MINISTERS OF RELIGION OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.

DEAR FRIENDS,

From the first—that is six and thirty years ago—nothing has pressed more heavily upon our hearts than the little help we have received in our battle against intemperance from the regular ordained teachers of the people. We could never rid ourselves of the conviction that they should be the *first* to step forward to stem the torrent of iniquity that abounds, of which strong drink is the vital source, and that to accomplish this they ought to be prepared to take the lead, and to make great sacrifices for the good of the people.

Such, I know, has been the abiding conviction of the temperance reformers, in which I have always concurred; and being deeply impressed with the present demoralised condition of great masses of our fellow creatures, I hope you will excuse me now addressing you in very plain, but, I hope, not offensive language on this subject. When it is stated upon the best authority that, in such a city as Edinburgh, filled with churches and preachers, there is a million of money invested in public-houses; that five hundred thousand pounds are spent there annually in drink; that out of the great number of pawn-shops that abound, in one only, in a single month, twelve thousand pledges were taken in less sums than ten shillings each; that "there are 45,000 human beings in Edinburgh more savage, more irreligious, more drunken, more licentious, and more improvident, than any to be found in Caffraria or India;"—it does seem to me that the attention of both preachers and people should be aroused to apply a remedy. I saw much of this with my own eyes in this modern Athens thirty years ago, so that it seems, with all their professed progress in evangelizing the people, there is little improvement in the lower stratum of society. This statement, in substance, applies as truly to London, Birmingham, Liverpool, and other large towns; and if the smaller towns were visited and thoroughly investigated, a state of poverty, vice, and immorality would be discovered, of which those whose movements never descend so low have no conception.

Now, dear friends, if you know this, ought you not to be the first to visit the places where wickedness most abounds, and where the people are perishing in their sins? You are called the "light of the world," and the "salt of the earth," and we look to you to see that every dark place is illuminated with good teaching, and every mass of moral corruption purified by the visitations and labours of God's ministers. We have our remedies for different evils; just as we depend upon the doctors for the removal of disease, and upon the police for the preservation of order, so do we naturally look to *you* to counteract the sins and vicious practices

of the age; and it is not without reason, I fear, that reflective minds, dwelling upon the present terrible aboundings of vice, attribute to you no small measure of neglect. If you should (as I hope you will) feel it your personal duty to go among the poor—to visit the haunts of wickedness—the first thing that will strike you is, that nine-tenths of the extreme poverty, of the most alarming vices of the people, proceeds from *drink;* and you will be convinced at once of the importance—nay, of the indispensable necessity—of the temperance agitation to effect anything in the shape of a remedy. You will see that there can be no amelioration without the abandonment of the liquor, and every minister, and every good man, that would wish to raise the people from their present degradation, must mix with them with clean hands, himself setting the example. I wish you would look this matter fairly in the face. You would then no longer hesitate at once to become abstainers, though at first it might only be on the principle of expediency. This would probably lead you to further examinations, and from close inquiry and physiological investigation, you would soon find that our strong national prejudices in favour of beer, wine, or spirits, are based upon ignorance; that the human frame kept clear of alcohol in all its sheathings, is healthier, stronger, capable of more endurance, and is far fitter to enjoy the pleasures and perform the duties of life, than when these drinks are taken even in moderation.

How delighted we should be to see the ministers spend more time in the "streets," the "market-place," the "highways and hedges!" Might you not abridge your visits to the houses of the wealthy, and mix with the thousands who are like sheep without a shepherd, living in "back slums," perishing for lack of good teaching, corrupting one another? And as drunkenness is the fruitful source of the vice and wickedness which abound in these wretched places, it would be impossible for you to do much good except you went in the character of a teetotaler. You would then be treading in the steps of your Divine Master, who always seemed happiest when he was in the midst of the "sinners," doing them good and calling them to repentance. Since that day, Christianity seems to be very much changed. Religion, and religious duties, instead of being an every day and every place affair, seem to be concentrated too much in fine buildings, in ceremonial services, and restricted to canonical hours. If you were to give religion a more practical, humble, self-denying, diffusive, unworldly character, devoid of sectarian competition, a great many in your congregations, and out of your congregations, would join you in your labours to reform the masses of the people, so that a host of unpaid missionaries would be brought out, producing effects such as we have not seen for a long time. It is believed to be a fact—and it is a pity it should be so—that the teetotalers, according to their number, work more among the vicious, and visit more in the bad parts of our towns, than the religious people. Incumbents should not excuse themselves seeking out the lost sheep by appointing curates; nor curates by engaging scripture readers and bible women. We should all guard against the love of ease, and over much love of respectable society, and everything that tempts us to do our duties by proxy.

It is true that, according to returns, we have now a considerable number of teetotal ministers. If we really have many more than formerly, I am sorry to say, we don't find any great amount of additional agitation as the consequence, and without agitation—such as quiet easy-going church and chapel people don't like—the temperance cause can make no progress. In towns where there are professedly abstaining ministers and clergymen, we should like to see them coming out, holding meetings in their own way, braving the enemy, and proclaiming in unmistakeable language to all classes, rich and poor, the true doctrine of abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, and committing themselves thoroughly to the work. Negative,

passive, silent teetotalers will not do for this age. I have seen so much of this during my long experience, that I set little value upon a profession unless associated with active practice. With me, the question is not, *how many* abstaining ministers are there? but what have they *done?* What are they *doing?* and what are they preparing to *do?*

You will see, my dear friends, that I am all for *work*. And why should you hesitate? As teachers of religion, you have no enemy so potent for destroying the success of your labours as strong drink. It obstructs your path at every turn. Why should you not rally your forces to destroy it? Why not put yourself at the head of all your best members, and lead them into the field to battle against this common foe of God and man? Why not bring the subject forward plainly in the pulpit? and why not stir up the zeal of your teetotal members so as to make every street, these fine evenings, echo with the teachings of true temperance? In London, the other day, the Rev. Mr. Whitmore stated that a district in London, with a population of 180,000, had been visited on a given Sunday, and it was found that only two out of every 180 attended church. If you would wish to see the churches and chapels filled, you ought to give every encouragement and assistance to the temperance cause. For instance, there are 120 members, reformed characters, in the Rev. Newman Hall's church, who have become such in consequence of his labours in the temperance cause. Of course, I am quite aware that you would offend some. You would be no longer welcome where the decanters grace the sideboard, and you would be considered as losing the "dignity" of your office by many fashionable Christians. Nay, you might lose some of "the largest givers to the cause," but what of that? Do the flowers of the field, and the sparrows that are fed daily afford no lessons? You are the servants of Him who said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head;" and ought the servant to expect to be greater than his lord?

I am,

Yours very truly,

Preston, June 1, 1868. J. LIVESEY.

WHAT IS WINE?

The agitation of the temperance question has tended to produce a strong feeling against the use of *spirits;* and, owing to our clear demonstrations, there is far less confidence than formerly in the utility and nutritious properties of *beer;* but public opinion, notwithstanding, still runs high in favour of *wine.* We have not yet made as much progress as we could wish in convincing the people that this fashionable liquor is not "nutritious," not "wholesome," not suitable as a "restorative" to the human frame when reduced by sickness. What we have to do then is, to explain to the public the properties of this liquor, to unveil the mystery which is thrown around it, and, more than all, to annihilate the *prestige* which the doctors have served to create. While the rich may continue to pride themselves in their "wine cellars," in the antiquity and costliness of their vintages, I hope the day will soon come when no poor person will be seen at the doors of the wealthy, begging for a little wine as "nourishment," convinced as I am, that a quart of good milk is far more useful and more nourishing than a bottle of the best wine.

What *is* wine? It is simply the juice of the grape either in its natural state, or fermented till it has become charged with carbonic acid gas and *alcohol.* There is no mystery about the common operations of wine making any more than those of the home brewing of beer, though careful and nice manipulation is necessary for securing flavours, the "fine bouquet," colours, and capabilities of keeping. In grape growing countries wine is made on a large scale; thousands of men are

engaged together in plucking the grapes, treading out the juice in the wine vat previous to its fermentation, and in the various operations connected with barrelling, bottling, storing, and keeping the article.

"The grapes in Oporto, from which port wine professes to be made," says the *Examiner*, "are gathered, not when just ripe, but after they have lost some of their water and begun to dry into raisins, developing the utmost amount of their sugar. After the gathering, the bad grapes are picked out, and the wine is pressed by the feet of as many men as can easily find room in the vat, the men staying in from twenty to thirty hours. The juice then stands until it has fermented, and at the proper time is run into tonnels which contain from five to thirty pipes. Brandy is now added to preserve the rich wine from a degree of fermentation by which it would be deprived of too much of its sugar. It is very certain," says Mr. Oswald Crawfurd, "that when made without brandy the wines of the Douro, even if they would keep, which is a disputed point, have not any of the softness or flavour of port wine; but are intermediate in character between claret and burgundy, without possessing either the delicate bouquet of the one, or the flavour and 'roundness' of the other. The wine thus brandied remains in the tonnel until about the middle of autumn, when it becomes clear and bright, as the cold weather has set in and fermentation ceases. It is then run off into pipes of 115 gallons, and in the early spring months taken down the river, to be lodged with the merchants of Oporto. These keep it at least eighteen months before it is ready for shipment to England. The proportion of *proof spirit* in port wine in stock at Oporto is 39 or 40 per cent., and there is one per cent. of brandy added before shipment."

A correspondent of *The Telegraph*, when writing of Argenteuil, says:—

"This year (1867) no less than 8,000 labourers are engaged on the vines. The vintage, which began on the 3rd, will last five or six days longer. The grapes are plucked by these vintagers, marshalled in lines across the vineyards, and thrown into baskets. When these are full, they are emptied into bigger ones and carried to carts containing large bins, in which they are conveyed to the vats in the Argenteuil cellars. Each vat contains enough grapes to make fifty hogsheads of wine. When all the vines are stripped, many of the proprietors who cling to old-fashioned customs have the last cart-load brought home in triumph, decorated with ribbons and garlands, as in the sunny pictures of Leopold Robert. And then the 12,000 labourers will separate, and return for another year to their old life and their old haunts. Then will come the business of crushing the grapes. The vats and presses belong to certain proprietors who pay themselves in wine. For this work, 300 strong stalwart young men are engaged. They get into the vats naked, and press the fruit with their feet. The first juice is poured off, and constitutes the best quality. The residue is then placed in presses, and all the remaining juice is squeezed out to make *vin ordinaire*. These men, divided into bands of six each, work during the whole day and night, resting by turns every two hours, and this will go on for a fortnight at least. Argenteuil produces annually, on an average, 200,000 hogsheads of wine."

To make intoxicating wine, it will be seen that the juice is pressed out of the grape; it is then fermented, and by this process carbonic acid gas (that precious gas for which champagne is so much celebrated) is first created, and then alcohol, exactly the same as is found in brandy and whisky. The length of time this fermentation is allowed to continue depends upon the sort of wine that is wanted. If it is to be a sweet wine, the fermentation is stopped sooner. In all cases, any deficiency of spirit is made up by the addition of brandy. Indeed, there is scarcely any wine imported into this country unbrandied; for, if not previously "fortified," it is so before shipment, to prevent its running into the acetous fermentation. And it may be fairly stated that, out of the immense quantity of fictitious wine manufactured in this country, the stable article is brandy, whisky, cider, or some liquor containing alcohol. I may here observe that, as in beer, there is often a second quality of wine obtained from the same grapes, by watering and pressing them a second time, and this liquor makes what is called *vin ordinaire*, which being weak in alcohol, is used by the peasantry as "small beer" is in this country.

Now, I would like to ask the connoisseurs of wine, the medical faculty, and all who speak of it as a "generous" article, as the "milk of old age," in what its excellent qualities consist? Take out the spirit and no one would drink it, and yet this is neither nourishing nor digestible, but simply intoxicating. As to nutriment, we have it on high authority, that there is as much in a single grain of wheat

as in a glass of wine. Although there is a difference betwixt our own gooseberry wine and grape wine, arising from more care having been bestowed in the manufacture of the one over the other, and the public taste having been trained to one and not to the other; yet, so far as "nourishment" is concerned (if there be anything about either deserving the name), there is as much in one as in the other. And the same may be said of the wines made from other British fruits. It is, however, not a bad symptom that many persons are substituting claret for port. To be genteel *they must have wine* at the dinner table, and as claret has so much less spirit in it than port, it is well that the fashion is taking the direction of the lesser evil.

In this country we associate wine with liquor that stimulates, and taken freely, intoxicates; but it is not so in other countries. The peasantry in many parts drink it to their meals as we would water or milk. Indeed, most of it in common use is not unlike, in strength, the family beer that our ancestors used to brew weekly for their own use. And this is the reason why grape-growing countries get the credit of being sober. Dr. Duff, in his journey through France, says:—

"Look at the peasant at his meals, in wine-bearing districts. Instead of milk, he has a basin of pure, unadulterated 'blood of the grape.' In this its native, original state, it is a plain, simple, and wholesome liquid, which, at every repast, becomes to the husbandman what milk is to the shepherd, not a luxury, but a necessary—not an intoxicating, but a nutritive beverage. Hence, to the vine-dressing peasant of Auxerre, for example, an abundant vintage, as connected with his own sustenance, is as important as an overflowing dairy to the pastoral peasant of Ayrshire; and hence, by such a view of the subject, are language and sense of Scripture vindicated from the very appearance of favouring what is merely luxurious, or positively noxious, when it so constantly magnifies a well-replenished wine-press, in a rocky, mountainous country, like that of Palestine, as one of the richest bounties of a generous Providence."

Alluding to the wines of Spain, Mr. Beckwith, in his "Practical Notes on Wine," says:—"The abundance of the *vino del pais*, or common wine of the country, may be judged from the fact that (casks and cooperage being expensive), when new wine is required to be put into the cask, that of the preceding year is occasionally poured down the gutters of a town, and that—notably at Val de Penas—common wine is sometimes used instead of water for mixing mortar."

It is important to know that a great quantity of grape juice is preserved from the fermenting process, and is just as much entitled to be called "wine," as that which is subjected to that process. Unfermented wines are common to all grape-growing countries, and it has been demonstrated that this sort of wine is often spoken of in the Old Testament as a gift of Providence in connection with corn and oil. But, in our wine bibbing country, none is so popular as wine well charged with brandy. Grapes of themselves will only yield about eight per cent. of alcohol, but when we find some wines containing more than twenty per cent., we see how much brandy has to be added. Dr. Bence Jones, who examined a great number of wines and other liquors, states, as the result of his experiment, that the alcohol varied

	Per Cent.		Per Cent. per Measure.		Per Cent.		Per Cent. per Measure.
In Port.....	from 20·7	to	23·2	In Claret.....	from 9·1	to	11·1
Sherry ..	,, 15·4	,,	24·7	Burgundy ..	,, 10·1	,,	13·2
Madeira ..	,, 19·0	,,	19·7	Moselle	,, 8·7	,,	9·4
Marsala ..	,, 19·9	,,	21·1	Champagne.	,, 14·1	,,	14·8

Our temperance writers are constantly dwelling upon the "adulteration" of wines. They tell us that millions of gallons are made up of cider, sloes, logwood, and such like ingredients, without any juice of the grape. Now, if pure alcoholic wines were *wholesome* and *uninjurious*, there would be some force in denouncing these adulterations. But the fact is, nothing used in these fabrications is so injurious as the alcohol in genuine wines. We are told that the adulterated article

does not contain a drop of the real juice of the grape. Well, granted, and where is the juice of the grape in those wines that are said to be pure, yet heavily charged with alcohol? By the fermenting and fining processes, the properties of the grape either sink to the bottom of the vessels, or are changed into other substances. Almost the only part remaining unaltered is the water, amounting to about 75 per cent. You cannot frighten wine-drinkers by telling them of elderberries or logwood; they get what "cheers" and "inebriates," and that is what they like. When our friends talk and write so much about adulterations, it seems to imply that they regard unadulterated wine as unobjectionable, and people will infer as much. Looking at the free use of brandy in making up the best wines, I doubt very much whether that made from cider and its accompaniments is not less injurious. It is evident that we make two mistakes. The first is, that in this country we form an extravagant estimate of the "juice of the grape," an estimate that would soon sober down if we were living in countries abounding in vineyards. The next is, we conceive that our "good wine" *is* the juice of the grape, (it is sometimes called the "blood of the grape.") Would it not be more correct to call it "brandy and water?" After undergoing all the operations of pressing, fermenting, fining, and keeping, what do we find? *Water*, 75 per cent.; *alcohol*, 20 per cent.; and the other five made up of acids fixed and volatile, including colouring matter and the essential oils from which the peculiar odours are obtained. Do you call this the "juice of the grape?" The great importing firm of Gilbey, in their Annual Circular for 1867, admit that the fermentation of grapes "throws off much of the body and richness of the fruit, so much so, indeed, that it must be admitted that the similarity of the juice of the grape, before and after fermentation, is scarcely discernable." And the *Lancet* states that in every 1,000 grains of the Clarets and Burgundies tested, the mean amount of albuminous matter present was only 1½ grains. I speak now of our orthodox wines, those, for instance, that secure the praise of poets, and for which parties do not hesitate to pay an extravagant price. Those manufactured with less care have more of the extractive matter.

In concluding my remarks on the "fruit of the vine," I may say—If you want it in its very best condition, pluck the grapes and eat them. If you want a grateful beverage, a perfectly sober one, squeeze the fruit and drink the liquor, fresh as it comes from the grape. If you want to keep the juice so as to use it all the year round, boil it or subject it to evaporation, so as to reduce it to a syrup. If you want to turn the fruit to the best purpose, with the least waste, and useable at all times of the year, dry it in the sun and make it into raisins. But, if you want to disturb the nervous machinery of your system and excite it to unnatural action, then you must induce the juice of the grape to run into the vinous fermentation, and you have an intoxicating liquor. Again, if you want wine that will pre-eminently suit the unteetotalised palate of John Bull, you will have to add brandy, without which he would consider it trash. There is a much shorter way of showing the true properties of popular wine—by pointing to its *effects*—but, besides this, it is as well we should reason the matter so as to produce a deeper conviction.

The Lord Chief Justice, when deciding on an appeal made to the Court of Queen's Bench as to the suppression of a publication, called "The Confessional Unmasked," said, "I take the test of obscenity to be the *tendency* of the matter complained of to deprave and corrupt the minds of those whose minds are open to such immoral *tendencies*." On the same principle, it is the *tendency* of the drinking system which condemns it. What is the *tendency* of the gin palace but evil and moral corruption? The *tendency* of the beer-house but poverty and vice? The *tendency* of fashionable drinking in private houses, but a love of liquor among young people and all who are mixed up with it? If books should be suppressed *because* of their evil *tendencies*, we look forward to the time when the public voice will not interfere to prevent the suppression of drink selling for the same reason.

THE EDITOR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—No. 6.

Every additional paper I write under this head seems to be an increasing task, having to dwell so much upon myself and my own doings. But feeling unable now to draw back, all I have to crave of my readers is, that they will forgive any appearance of vanity or self-praise of which I may appear to be chargeable. This paper will refer to some of my dealings with the poor. Naturally I cling to them; I feel a pleasure in their company, and when I meet persons drunk or in rags—a sight forbidding to most people,—I seem drawn towards them, and never pass them without a feeling of pity. These feelings, perhaps natural, were, I believe, very much matured by my early reading of the New Testament, my attention often being arrested with the kindly, benevolent, sympathising, charitable, forgiving spirit of Jesus as manifested in all his teaching and in all his works. Many a time have I pictured to myself the scene of the woman washing his feet with her tears, and wiping them with the hairs of her head, and the kindly words he spoke to her in opposition to the rebukes of the Scribes and Pharisees. And then, again, the words He spoke to "the woman taken in adultery,"—"Hath no man condemned thee?" "No man, Lord." "Neither do *I* condemn thee, go, and sin no more!" Mine has been an unpretending, humble course, trying, in a limited sphere, to relieve and serve the sons and daughters of poverty. It has always appeared to me that a man who devises plans for benefiting his fellow creatures, and carries them into effect himself—who disposes of his bounty with his own hands—can do much more good than one who gives far larger sums, but leaves the distribution entirely to others, and whose liberality, too often, after his death, is wrongly appropriated. No doubt I have been often imposed upon, but in this, as in all other human affairs, I would balance the good of relieving a number against the evil of occasionally being cheated. I think it is Paley who says he preferred giving occasionally when he knew he was being imposed upon rather than check the current of benevolence which it was important to encourage. But, at the same time, I have spared no pains in visiting people's houses and testing their real condition. There are very few poor streets or courts or yards, in Preston, where I have not been. And among those who, a long time ago, laboured in the same way, I have the pleasure to name the late Mrs. German, and Miss Whitehead (now Mrs. Dr. Stavert). On most, if not on all occasions when we had, during our depression in trade, public subscriptions for the relief of the poor, I took a part. It seems natural to me to enjoy myself among the poor; and if my present means were doubled or trebled, I think it would make no difference. I feel happier at any time at the fireside of a poor man's cottage, chatting with his family, than in the drawing-room of my richest friend. I shall not go into details, nor dwell upon visits to "the widows and fatherless in their afflictions," which is the duty of all, as part of "pure and undefiled religion," but refer to instances of a more public character, where I have originated and carried out plans, apparently simple in themselves, which conferred great good upon the needy poor. I may, however, just name one case, quite forgotten to myself, but brought to my mind by a letter I have received from a lady. Speaking of her father, who was an old friend of mine, she says: "He calls to mind an incident soon after your marriage, which exhibits the kindliness of your nature in the case of a poor man, who resided in a cellar in Vauxhall-road, sick, and full of putrifying sores, and to whom you sent the best feather-bed you had. Doubtless, if he were talking to you, many interesting events would be elicited."

In my intercourse with the poor, I found the greatest symptoms of misery, as it struck me, in their bedrooms. Many a score of beds have I seen without a single blanket; sometimes with no covering but a thin cotton sheet or two, perhaps a few

wrappers, or a piece of old carpet. These, and their body clothes, being all the covering they had during the winter nights. Few could believe how poor families sleep unless they saw it. And it seldom happens that lady visitors, or others who call, go up stairs. Everything there is alike wretched. Beds filled with straw or old chaff. The ticks dirty, and sometimes with holes in; the chaff wet, or running out. The floors not clean; the windows and fire-places closed; indeed, the air is so bad, that it is a wonder how they pass the night. In many cases, and generally where the parties have been "sold up," there are no bedsteads, but they sleep on the floor. Five in a bed, I have often met with—three in the usual position, and two youngsters at the feet. Visiting late at night, I once found seven persons in one bed, four little ones across at the bottom, feet to feet. It is true enough that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. I was always so impressed with the discomforts of the bedrooms, that I turned my special attention to this. There is nothing, at a small cost, that is more comfortable for a poor family than a new chaff bed; and, I have heard a poor woman say, "it warms three sides." This, I seem to have made my special study. One hard winter (I think it was about 1826), I distributed, on my own account, 900 sacks of chaff. Assisted by a few friends, we visited many of the poorest houses and cellars in the town. After making all inquiries, I decided to whom I would give two, three, or more sacks of chaff, according to their needs; but, as a condition, they were all, after throwing away their old chaff, to wash their bed ticks. I purchased the chaff from the farmers, at about 8d. a sack, and they brought it in cart-loads of about 30 or 40 sacks at a time. I gave them a list of names and streets, and sent a man to assist in delivering the chaff at the poor people's houses. On several occasions afterwards, in connection with our public charities, I may be said to have had the office of chaff distributor and bed inspector.

Formerly, working people, as a rule, were poorer than they are at present. Food was dear, work scarce, and wages low. The competition among workpeople was so severe that emigration, for a long time, was looked upon as the chief remedy. We had many public subscriptions in times of distress—in 1816, 1830, 1840, and 1842, &c. In these, the distribution of soup and bedding generally formed the most prominent features. In the year 1830, the soup was made in the kitchen of Lord Derby's house, in Church-street, on a large scale. The chaff was stored in, and given out, at a warehouse in Fox-street. At another time, Lord Derby's stables were engaged for the same good work. We had, in 1858, a distribution called distinctly, "The Bedding Charity," and its history is worthy of being referred to. Mr. Isaac Whitwell, of Kendal, a truly benevolent man, had an exhibition in the Temperance Hall of the "Magic Lantern," to Sunday-school children and others, which left a balance of £11 19s. 2d. He left it with me to decide how the balance should be appropriated. It was then a time of distress, and after consulting some friends, I said, if we could raise £30 or £40 more, we might replenish a number of poor people's beds. We made application to a few benevolent persons, and the project was so well received, that we resolved to form a "Bedding Charity." The following are the first and concluding paragraphs of the Appeal we issued for carrying this into effect:—

"It is much to be lamented that, among other privations, the bedding of a great number of the working people of Preston, especially the aged, is in a deplorable condition. They have but little covering—many not a single blanket—but, worse than all, their beds are in a very bad state, not having been renewed for many years. The chaff is reduced to dust, a deal of it very dirty, and in many cases it has become so wasted that the bed-cords are often felt through it. The high price of provisions has prevented them from being able to purchase new chaff; and now

that an inclement season is at hand, it has been thought no greater service could be rendered to the poor, at a moderate expense, than to renew a considerable number of these beds with new chaff. It is also intended to supply new bed-ticks, cotton sheets, and coverlets at a low charge.

"To the rich and benevolent we appeal to assist us in this good work; and, we trust, considering the present lamentable depression in trade, the approaching inclement season of the year, and the orderly behaviour of the poor of the town, that this appeal will not be made in vain."

"J. OWEN PARR, Chairman. J. J. MYRES, Treasurer."
"J. LIVESEY, Vice-Chairman. J. SHAW, Secretary."

A warehouse was taken as a depôt for chaff and bedding; a great number of persons were employed in making bed-ticks and filling them. Every part of the town was visited; and it was really a sight to see new beds and old beds, filled with new chaff, being trucked and carted through the town daily for a long time during these operations. It was a condition that the old bed-ticks should always be cleaned. Lime was also furnished to the people for whitewashing their houses, and sometimes soap; and in cases, owing to sickness or old age, where the parties were not able to clean their rooms, women, some from the workhouse, were sent to do it. There was such a cleaning out on this occasion as had never been seen before, and thousands of clean beds were secured to the poor. For many weeks I never went home to dine, but remained at the depôt, quite happy in taking a bun and a glass of water, or a basin of soup for dinner. The Rev. J. Shaw, curate of the Parish Church, rendered invaluable service, and instead of the £30 or £40, we raised and expended upwards £1,100, besides the amount which the people paid for Bolton sheets and quilts, at a reduced price. We had collections in the Churches and Chapels, and I may here quote two paragraphs from a printed sermon of the Rev. Canon Parr, M.A., vicar of Preston, preached in the Parish Church on the 14th February, 1858, on behalf of this charity:—

"The Bedding Charity has been organized with a view to mitigate the extremity of distress known to exist. Honour be to Mr. Livesey, the prime mover in it—honour to the first and most munificent contributors to it—honour above all to the laborious and self-denying visitors, and to the *honorary* and earnest efficient secretary, the Rev. J. Shaw. Thanks to all these; much has been done to relieve, and *more* to *discover*, an extent and depth of suffering which must be seen to be adequately understood and felt."

"The visitors have been struck with the amount of uncomplaining patience, unmurmuring endurance, which they have witnessed. The poor have felt comforted, and cheered, and honoured by the notice taken of them, and the sympathy expressed for them; and in many it seemed to lay the foundation of a hope, that being thus seasonably helped, they might now be able to help themselves, and to do away with that feeling of desperation and self-abandonment, which extinguishes all exertion, and offers those who sink under it, a ready prey to every evil influence."

All classes, excepting the very poorest, could enjoy themselves every summer by going with the cheap railway trips. This led me to conceive the idea of arranging one for this class, which was eminently successful. Every summer the poorest in the town, "the halt, the lame, and the blind," the scavengers, the sweeps, and workhouse people, have been treated by a railway trip to Blackpool, Southport, Fleetwood, or some other sea bathing place. This annual treat commenced in 1845; it was entirely my own conception, and has been continued ever since, generally in the month of August. It has been called the "Poor People's Trip," the "Old Women's Trip," and the "Butter-milk Trip,' the latter

because, for a number of years, we took a truck load of butter-milk with us for the use of our guests. The trip numbered at first 2,000 to 2,500, but in time it increased to 4,000. We arranged with the railway companies to take them for 6d. a head, and we issued tickets in packets at 8d., including for each person a bun, and milk *ad libitum*. Latterly coffee was substituted for milk. Benevolent persons and employers purchased the packets and distributed them among the poor, and the demand, I may say, always exceeded the supply. It was managed by a committee, of whom Mr. Joseph Dearden is one of the oldest. This low charge continued for 20 years; but for the last two years the railway companies have demanded 1s. I don't blame them for this, for it had become impossible to discriminate sufficiently so as to prevent numbers of persons taking advantage of the charity trip who were well able to pay a full fare. The trips however, have gone as before though at the higher charge, except that refreshments are not supplied; and it is not looked upon now as an exclusively charitable arrangement. It used to be an interesting sight to me to see the trains start one after another, every carriage crammed with the poor people as "happy as princes." It was the only "out" many of them got during the whole year, and they would talk of it many a long day. Long before the time arrives the old women will call to ask when the trip will come off, and describe their ailments, telling marvellous tales how much they were benefited the year before. I often think how much friendship and good will might be diffused among the poor, if the rich would but only mix more with them, and contrive for their enjoyments. They little think of the store of gratitude that is lodged in breasts covered with rags, for anyone who becomes their benefactor.

My attention at one time was directed to the way in which the poorest classes were served with coals, which was by bags containing a hundred-weight each, or what should have been a hundred-weight, for I found upon weighing some bags that they did not contain more than 90 to 100lbs., instead of 112lbs. I determined to introduce an entire new system, so as not only to secure honest weight, but to reduce the price. Instead of bags filled at the coal yards by so many spades-full, I fixed upon different points in the town, contiguous to the residences of the poor, and had cart loads of coals laid down in the streets. They were weighed on the spot and wheeled in baskets to the people's houses. When one load was served out, the men employed moved the scale which went on wheels, to another point and did the same there; and it soon became known in each locality on what day the coal men would come. A great advantage was gained to the poor, and the bagging system became abolished. We sold at a price to cover expenses, for ready money. This plan worked most beneficially. After seeing it fully established, I induced a friend of mine, William Toulmin, to carry it on, which he did for many years, establishing small retail coal yards in different parts of the town, a system which now generally prevails.

In my visitations the conviction was forced upon me that but for their drinking and improvident habits, a great many families would not have been in the wretched condition in which we found them. In 1824, I wrote a pamphlet of 24 pages, entitled "A Friendly Address to the Poorer Classes," which went through several editions, but is now out of print. In this I spoke of industry, cleanliness, economy, sobriety,—against smoking, shopping, pledging, dealing with tallymen, and generally on better domestic management. Before I heard of temperance societies, I wrote and circulated, for the same classes, a pamphlet headed "The Besetting Sin." This dealt with the question of temperance as many deal with it in the present day, shewing the horrid evils of "drunkenness" merely, urging great moderation, but saying nothing against the drink itself, or against its dangerous tendencies in small quantities. I had a restless spirit; I was generally

inventing somethimg, as I thought, for bettering the condition of the poor. This will further appear when I speak of the schools and institutes which I either originated or assisted in promoting. I had fully intended, in this paper, to give a sketch of my labours in connection with the Relief Fund during the Cotton Famine, which in magnitude and length of time eclipsed all the charitable distributions we ever had in Preston; but this, for want of space, I must defer till my next.

LADIES' DRINK SHOPS.

The latest inventions for bringing drink nearer to the people, and the people nearer to the drink, are the wine licences of confectioners, and the licences for grocers to sell wine and spirits for non-consumption on the premises. It seems to be a prevailing idea in St. Stephens that the people cannot live without the drink. The Sunday Closing Committee, from their questions, would appear to believe that the working classes could not eat a Sunday dinner or a supper without beer, and that if they had to go into the country and could not get beer as "refreshment," they might never be able to see home again. It was this ignorant mischievous notion that led to the passing of the Beer Bill. So anxious were our legislators that the people should not be deprived of the powerful aid which beer was to give them, that they empowered the excise to grant licences for its sale, anywhere and everywhere, in houses of a moderate amount of rating. And, under pretext of weaning the women from gin-drinking, Mr. Gladstone's bill was passed, authorising any confectioner, or any person selling eatables, to have a licence for supplying their customers with wine. "Look at the ladies' drink-shops," says M. A. Paul, "look at the aristocratic mode of feminine tippling! Plate-glass windows show tempting displays of genuine confectionery. Fruit tarts, frosted cakes, mince pies, and bonbons, present incentives to the most delicate appetites, and arouse in hungry little Arabs outside longing desires to taste the good things within, as they flatten their noses against the cold glass, and "choose" what they would buy if they were the grand ladies who, arrayed in furs and velvets and silks, sweep past them so often. The spacious shop has crimson velvet cushioned chairs and couches arranged along its centre, to rest weary limbs and aching heads, after the fatigues of shopping and flirting. It has also ruby wine sparkling in elegant decanters on the counters, and beautifully-shaped wine glasses are ranged ready for use. Port, sherry, champagne, liqueurs, cordials, the "excellent light wines" of the continent that were to cure English drunkenness, are all at hand; and well-dressed attentive young ladies, with the largest chignons possible, act the part of potboys and barmaids to the fair. This is the ladies' drink-shop. Innocence has for the present left these rendezvous of our women. Formerly the worst that could happen in them was an undue indulgence in confectioners' pastry, or a surfeit of sweets. *Now* ladies may become partially intoxicated. Their brains may be aroused to excessive action; their senses may become deadened; their perceptions clouded; and if enquiry is made, they have only been to give their order to the confectioner, or to have a little lunch with a friend, or to buy some "goodies" for the nursery."

And next, we have the grocers' drink-shops, and which, by the run of custom they have secured, have so provoked the old orthodox dealers in liquors, that, in retaliation, they have become dealers in tea, which is an additional temptation. The grocers can sell a bottle of wine, rum, gin, or whisky without any magistrates' certificate. Good and bad should never be so associated together as to make one as easy as the other, or make the professed pursuit of one a cover for indulging in the other. A woman coming out of a public-house, if accused of having been there for a pot of beer, can easily say, "Oh no, I've been for a quarter of a pound of tea

and the wife going to the grocers for her sugar and other articles, can pack the bottle in the basket as if it were part of the legitimate family stock. And, if she be one who runs on a score, as too may do, she will not be behind that ingenious matron who said, "you will put this down a stone of flour." I would not imitate some of our teetotalers in adopting the "exclusive dealing" principle, determining to buy of no grocer where drink is sold, but I would take every opportunity of reminding this class of traders that the temptations to evil were numerous enough before without the addition of their establishments. They cannot but know the evils of home drinking, and no temptation has ever been more dangerous than that of women being able to get their wine and spirits at the grocers' shops.

THE MIDLAND SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.

Some friend has sent me a report of the annual conference of "The Midland Counties Sunday-School Union," held at Walsall, on Good Friday. In discussing such questions as "How can we retain our elder Sunday-school scholars?" and "The causes of the failure of Sunday-schools, and the remedies," one would think it would have been impossible to prevent going deeply into the drink question, and yet we see in this, as in many similar cases, at the whole of the three meetings, attended by ministers and members of churches from an extended district, so far as I find from the report in the local paper, this matter was not once named. I don't so much as find the word drink, drinking, drunkenness, temperance, intemperance, or teetotalism in all the report. I speak, of course, of those who had the charge of the procceedings, and who were considered the authorised speakers; for there was one exception. A man styled "Fiddler Joss," a reformed drunkard, who appeared as an intruder, and who was evidently dissatisfied with the tone of the discussion, started up and observed, "there had been a deal said about different kinds of ologies, but what he believed in was Bible-ology and Temperance-ology," and, in rather a rough style, told some homely truths about the doings of strong drink. No other speaker seemed disposed to second "Fiddler Joss," but one gentleman took occasion to caution him to "guard against egotism, and against exhibiting to a mixed crowd the inconsistencies of professing Christians." Of the fact that it is drink selling, drink using, drinking companions, and the amusements carried on at drinking places that tempt young people away from the school and the chapel, there cannot be a doubt, and it is much to be lamented that this should have been unnoticed. The speakers declaimed against "the infidelity and heathenism of our larger towns," but where are the hot-beds in which these are fostered so much as at the public-house? One feels grieved and sorry that this great question of temperance reform should be ignored at these important gatherings. It cannot be from ignorance. If the speakers themselves take a little, or it is found on their tables and sideboards, their reticence as to the temperance question is easily explained; and they might also be anxious not to offend the liberal contributors to the schools who were present, and who are not teetotalers. The time will surely come when this subject will be fairly breasted—when the barrenness of religion, the decay of schools, and the prevalency of vice will be honestly traced to its source, and when it will not be said that the bottle and the barrel owe no small amount of their safety to the succour of educationists and religious professors. We might easily make allowance for any difference of opinion as to the best mode of wresting our schools from the fangs of this arch enemy—strong drink, but to ignore his existence seems unaccountable.

The anniversary meetings of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union were to be held in Exeter Hall on the 25th ult., and the Conferance would be held on the 27th, but these meetings were too late in the month to be noticed in this number of the *Staunch Teetotaler*.

VARIETIES.

The Thirty-fourth Annual Conference of the British Temperance League will be held at Preston, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 24th and 25th of this month. Sermons will be preached on the Sunday previous. The Conference will be opened in the Exchange, at Eleven o'clock on the 24th. Out-door temperance meetings will be held on Sunday, the 21st, and during the previous week; and public meetings will be held on the evenings of Wednesday and Thursday. Among the influential speakers expected to attend are—Mr. James Barlow, mayor of Bolton; Mr. M. Young, of the National League; Rev. T. Rooke, M.A., from the Church of England Temperance Reformation Society; Rev. T. B. Stephenson, M.A., Bolton; Drs. Lees, Munroe, of Hull, J. W. Beaumont, of Sheffield, R. Martin, Warrington, and several ministers belonging to this town.

"Do you continue your hand bath every morning yet?" "To be sure I do. There would be no *Staunch Teetotaler* if I gave it up. If there be an external stimulant that the skin longs to enjoy, it is fresh air, and pure water and a dose of friction; when you have got these you feel as if you were made over again. To wrap up a dirty skin, and to exclude the fresh air from the pores is irrational and far beneath the instincts of the brute creation. I question if there is any creature as dirty,—any living being that does the same injustice to its hide as civilized man. Cold water is as bracing to the nerves that lie near the surface, and through them the whole man, as cold air is to the lungs. The most timid may begin my plan this warm weather, and for the details I refer them to Nos. 4 and 5, where they appear at length.

The local papers of Lampeter state that Mrs. Harford, of Falcondale, has taken up the teetotal cause, and has commenced canvassing with a wonderful success. The cause had fallen into a state of perfect inactivity, but Mrs. Harford, seeing that no one else would arise, has started a Temperance Society upon her own responsibility, and is seen, no matter what weather, going from house to house, canvassing to get people to sign the pledge, and become members of her society. So great and irresistible are her reasons and arguments that not in one instance has she failed, even with those no one else would venture to ask; she cares not what or who they are; she orders her carriage to be driven from the rich tradesman's house to the poor man's cot, and succeeds in each case, though by doing so she incurs the displeasure and frowns of the publicans. It is hoped that those who are advocates of the teetotal cause will continue co-operating with Mrs. Harford in rendering her all the aid in their power.

Another gathering of 20 years' old teetotalers and upwards has been held in London, at which 249 persons were present. I noticed many old friends there, including the chairman, Mr. W. Forbes, the principle promoter of the meeting, the Rev. G. W. McCree, Rev. Dawson Burns, Messrs. Tweedie, Hilton, Harding, Hudson, Coldwell, Howlett, Ewen, Tucker, Draper, Shirley, Campbell, Malthouse, T. I. White, T. A. Smith, and many others. They were all hearty and enjoyed themselves. Twenty-two had been abstainers twenty years; twenty-three, twenty-seven years; twenty-nine, twenty-eight years; thirty-seven, thirty years; twenty, thirty-two years; seventeen, thirty-three years; four, forty years; and one, forty-five years. The total number of years of abstinence amounted to 7,020.

The Annual Meeting of the National Temperance League was held in Exeter Hall, on Monday, 4th May. The chair was occupied by W. D. Shadwell, Esq, who, in the course of his excellent speech, expressed the great pleasure he felt at the increase of late in the spread of Temperance literature, remarking that when we found how our country was flooded with bad literature, it behoved teetotalers to see that the people were supplied with that which was cheap, sound, and good. The report was read by Mr. Rae, and the meeting was addressed by Rev. G. W. Oliver, Rev. E. Templeman, Rev. S. H. Booth, Mr. G. Cruikshank, and Mr. Thomas Knox, of Edinburgh, whose excellent speech is reported at great length. The total income of the League for the year has been £3,802 11s. 0½d., and the expenditure £3,601 16s. 1½d. The amount received in subscriptions and donations is £100 greater than in any preceding year.

"There was a time, David, when you were an *active, zealous* teetotaler; you attended all the meetings and assisted our friends in their arduous battle against the drinking world; but now I never hear your name mentioned in connection with our good cause." "Well, sir, I seem to have no time, but I assure you there is not a drop of drink comes into our house." "That is good so far as it goes, but passive abstinence will do little towards reforming the world. I am afraid, like many others, it is your success in business and making money that are absorbing all your time and all your thoughts. Surely you might spare a couple of hours once a week to come to the meeting and speak as you used to do, or you might visit on a Sunday morning; and instead of giving, as I see you do, 5s. a year to the cause, you might at least give a couple of pounds." "Well friend, I must try to mend; I never was more happy than when I was thoroughly engaged in the temperance work."

The quantity of malt upon which duty was charged in the year ending December 30, 1867, was 47,891,816 bushels, and the amount of duty, £6,494,217 12s. 5¾d. Besides this, there was used by the brewers, sugar amounting to 41,131,552 lbs. By using sugar they get more spirit into the beer. The above terrible abuse of grain is independent of the barley used in making whisky and gin.

I have received a copy of the "Temperance and Bible Commentary," containing criticisms upon, and explanations of, every passage in the Old and New Testaments where wine and strong drink are named, or which have been referred to in connection with the temperance question, either by its friends or opponents. It is truly a monument of industry on the part of its authors, Dr. Lees and the Rev. D. Burns, and may be referred to with profit both by the learned and unlearned.

This day the Londoners will witness the annual procession, consisting of some thousands of teetotalers. It is a sight worthy of being gazed upon. These are the real reformers of the day. They begin at home, and after blessing themselves, they spend their time, money, and influence in blessing others. The world does not know their worth, and whilst drink sellers and their dupes are pulling down the moral fabric of civilization, they are gathering the fragments and building it up afresh. Success to the procession in London, and to the meetings which will follow!

Benjamin Franklin once kept a book shop in America, and when he started it, a man who was in the same line stepped in one day, and said, "I am determined to drive you out of the trade." "Stop," said Franklin, "see if you can do it. Do you see that?" he said, directing his attention to a black loaf made of barley; "that is what I eat, and"—pointing to a glass of water—"that is what I drink, and when you can live upon less than these, you can drive me out, but not before." And the result was that Franklin lived to drive him out.

The anniversary of the Scottish Temperance League was held the first week in May. Thirty sermons were preached in various churches in Glasgow on the Sunday. On the Monday the Annual Meeting was held in the City Hall, addressed by various friends, including the Rev. Drs. Macleod, Birkenhead, and Wallace, Glasgow; Mr. Handel Cossham, Bristol; and Mr. George Howlet, London. On Tuesday, the Public Breakfast was held, and the Business Meeting in the afternoon. This League employs nine agents, namely: Mr. Easton, Mr. Dunachie, Mr. Finlayson, Mr. Turnbull, Mr. Fish, Mr. Fea, Rev. T. J. Messer, Mr. Ferguson, and Mr. Jarratt. These travel and lecture in every part of Scotland.

"So all young men, take care of sly John Barleycorn."—So sang one of our friends at a temperance meeting. Now here is a mistake frequently repeated. Barleycorn is perfectly harmless, as harmless as wheat-corn or oat-corn, and you may eat as much, or infuse as much of it as you like in water and drink it, without the least intoxication. It is only when you extract the *sweet* part from the grain and *ferment* it that it becomes intoxicating, and capable of tumbling men into the mire; but any other grain will do the same if subjected to the same operations. Barleycorn, as grain, is God's gift, but drink made from barleycorn, subjected to the various operations requisite to make it intoxicating, is one of man's inventions. Ignorance has caused Sir John Barleycorn to be thus libelled.

The Rev. B. Richings, of Mancetter Vicarage, Atherton, says:—"Many persons, as a matter of course, drink with their dinner whether they are thirsty or not. But for persons long accustomed to take their wine or beer, to drink water with their dinner as soon as they become total abstainers, is too sudden a transition, and one which puts too great a surprise on the stomach. There is reason to believe that many persons have given up their teetotalism as not agreeing with them from drinking more cold water than is necessary. For many years my practice has been to drink as my tonic a glass of water the first thing in the morning, and I believe I have reason to attribute to it, under God, the good health I am favoured with at my advanced period of life, being now in my eighty-first year. A brother of mine, who has drunk his glass of cold water every morning for more than fifty years, and who is now in his eighty-seventh year, surpasses me in vigour.

Some fourteen years ago the strength of Mr. T. B. Smithies, of *The British Workman*, began to give way. He left London, went to York, his native city, and consulted an eminent physician, who, after he had examined him with great care, told him that he *must* drink two or three glasses of wine a day. "I know your connection with the temperance cause" he added, "but I tell you as your friend that you will die and that shortly, if you refuse," Mr. Smithies had given some consideration to this matter, and thought it was a great mistake for a physician to send him to a wine merchant's for strength. He returned to London, and consulted Sir James Clark. After minute inquiries into Mr. Smithies' mode of living, came the question "What liquors do you drink," Mr. Smithies replied that he had been a teetotaler twelve years, and he had never tasted wine, spirits, or beer, during that time. Now note Sir James' next remark, "I am glad of that, Sir, *you will be better sooner without.*"

To inflict a penalty of £500, as was recently done upon a man for supplying the brewers with an article for adulterating their beer, composed chiefly of saccharine matter, seems most extraordinary. It seems to show the ignorance and bigotry of former legislation for protecting the purity of this precious article called malt liquor. If the whisky in the beer were doubled or trebled it would be all right; but if a little sweet colouring and flavouring matter be used, not half so injurious as whisky, it is to be visited by a heavy penalty. Law makers requires a great deal of schooling yet upon this subject.

Education is, with some people, the remedy against the increase of drinking; let us see how some of the *most educated* men manage to disgrace themselves. Read the following from the *Saturday Review*, describing the doings of "gentlemen" at Newmarket races:—"Last Tuesday Cambridge was madder than usual. There were more undergraduates than ever, riding with more than customary recklessness, drinking more champagne of more utter worthlessness, and strewing the heath with more broken bottles and wine-glasses. Admiral Rous is believed to prefer a mad dog to a Cambridge undergraduate, and we are not astonished if he does."

It is gratifying to find that the evidence tendered to the Sunday Closing Committee is so strong and so uniform in favour of further restraints or for total closing. Mr. Roebuck, and some others on the committee, I conceive, were not prepared for such evidence; and it is really amusing to find them so often asking the various witnesses if they thought the closing could be effected without disturbance. The evidence is much more in favour of absolute than permissive legislation. The one would carry a mandate to every town and village in the kingdom at once, and secure its peaceful adoption and its probable permanency. The other would leave it to be fought out by every town or parish in the kingdom, in which the drink-sellers, with their immense forces of men, money, and audacity, would be the chief actors, in their own interest. When questions of self-interest are so deeply concerned, and where the parties are so unprincipled as to have recourse to means which peaceable and conscientious temperance men must abhor, it is best to have the measure decided at once by imperial authority.

Life boat crews have been very useful to the cause of temperance; especially in the neighbourhood of Birmingham. There are some in London, and for the first time one was established about three weeks ago in Scotland. A Glasgow teetotal correspondent gives me the following:—"We procured a large boat which we firmly placed on a lurry. Our crew in uniform then took their places in the boat, and with oars and boat-hooks uplifted, we proceeded through some of the principle streets of the city to the jail square where we pronounced the boat launched; and our captain (J. Lamont) opened the meeting, explaining the objects of the crew; and after some suitable remarks, called upon his cabin boy (J. Nicol, a wee laddie but 17 stones weight,) to address the meeting, which he did in capital style. The captain then said he would introduce their lieutenant (G. F. Cook), to whom they were indebted for the foundership of the crew. Mr. C. gave a capital address and was repeatedly cheered by the audience, being at all times a favourite at our open air meetings. The audience by this time had increased to some six thousand people, and addresses were continued by Messrs. Dick, Murray, Howett, Lyle, and Countee, after which the captain in closing the meeting asked this large audience to render honour to whom honour was due by giving their energetic young Englishman, Mr. Cook, the founder of the crew, three hearty cheers, which they responded to in a manner as to shew how highly his Scottish friends appreciate his labours among them."

Another June has come, and we ought to take every advantage of warm weather and long nights, in order to sound the doctrine of true temperance in the ears of as many as possible. By holding open-air meetings we get fresh hearers, and can visit fresh places, changing the spot as often as we please. Indeed, unless such meetings are held, the great mass of females residing in poor neighbourhoods, most of whom are fond of their glass, must remain ignorant of our principles, and unadmonished as to the vicious course of life many of them are pursuing. Every village should, at least, have one open-air meeting every week; and in towns there ought to be meetings every night, and several times on Sundays, always, of course, avoiding the usual hours of public worship. Half a dozen good-hearted zealous teetotalers, determined to work, and closely united together, can produce a great sensation in a town by holding meetings every night, sometimes in two or three places the same night. Most of our societies are hampered with debts, and they tell us that every meeting costs them so much. Now here is a plan for doing good, making more converts and blessing families, which will cost nothing; no rent, no gas, no door-keeper, no bills, no anything that requires money. I am convinced that unless we work harder in making teetotalers, and increase the number of those who neither buy nor use the drink, we shall be disappointed in all our hopes from legislation. We have a great work to do yet; we often sing and talk about "gaining the victory," but great battles have to be fought before this will be achieved, and blessed are those who rush into the field ready to meet the enemy at all times and at all points. We ought to do a deal of work in the month of June.

We are often told that it is easier to give up drinking than smoking. Perhaps the following may be of assistance to some who wish to get rid of this bad habit. A clergyman cured his appetite for tobacco in the following manner:—"I had," says he, "a well of very cold water, and whenever the evil appetite craved indulgence, I resorted immediately to fresh-drawn water. Of this I drank what I desired, and then continued holding water in my mouth, throwing out and taking in successive mouthfuls until the craving ceased. By a faithful adherence to this practice for about a month I was cured. I now loathe the use of the weed far more than I did before I contracted habits of indulgence."

The cruelties of the drinking system are nowhere more apparent than in the cases of old people. Both in and out of the workhouse you find numbers of aged people, poor and miserable, scarcely able to get the commonest necessaries of life, and utterly destitute of those that their age and infirmities require. In nine cases out of ten, this can be traced to drinking, either to their own indulgences in the earlier part of their lives, or to the drinking habits of their children, who, but for this, could have easily provided for them. The mark of the drink curse rests upon those poor, ragged, decrepid old people that you pass in the street daily, and if you go to the waiting-room connected with the Board of Guardians, or to the workhouse, there you see them in large numbers.

One almost gets out of patience with reading of first one authority and then another writing about "adulterations" in this precious article called *beer*. It makes people's heads ache; it makes them sleepy, and sometimes it takes "hold of them" when they did not expect it; and at once they rush to the conclusion that there was "something in it." And it is true there *was* "something in it," and it was this "something" that made them unwell and "queer," but it was neither "treacle, liquorice, nor grains of Paradise," —(as reported by the Inland Revenue)—it was simply the *whisky* which it contained; and yet such is the profound ignorance, that parties cannot believe that liquor made from "malt and hops" can contain whisky. While the people *like* the drink they are slow to learn. There is no difference betwixt a glass of ale and a glass of whisky and water, except the colouring and flavouring of the former. It is the *alcohol* that the authorities should hunt after and expel, and if they cast this "devil" out, there will remain neither "treacle, liquorice, nor grains of Paradise" that will do any harm.

I once visited some drinking places in Ratcliffe Highway, and certainly, I never saw anything so bad. Mr. Nicholl's remarks, at a meeting of the Shadwell Society, reminds me of this. He says: "I looked round this evening in Ratcliffe Highway, and saw numbers of public-houses, dens of infamy, and hundreds of houses of ill-fame. I looked into one of these dens and then into another, and saw to my great horror, some hundreds of Britain's daughters, once lovely babes, so depraved and degraded through intoxicating drinks that they had lost all sense of shame, and prey upon sailors as soon as they return to their native land and this city of Bibles! Here the sailors are drawn into these dens of infamy, spend their money with landlords and harlots, and are then turned to the door; oftentimes diseased in body, they die, no one seeming to care for them in life or death. One publican has a square of houses with over 40 rooms, which are let out to poor prostitutes at 2s. 6d. per night, with this tie on them, that they are not to go to any other den than his to spend their ill-gotten money. At a midnight meeting, held in this hall some time ago, when 600 of these women were present, I conversed with a number of them; and seven of them under 22 years of age had been brought up in the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School, and two of them had been teachers in one of the northern circuits; and with tears in their eyes, they all said, 'Oh! sir, drink brought us here, and drink and public-houses keep us here, for without drink we could not do what we do.' One young woman told me that the woman she lodged with had 18 young women; but if all the places that sold drink were closed they would return to their parents."

One thing is certain, that the *Staunch Teetotaler*, like other sound temperance publications, would only get a very limited circulation if left to take its chance through the ordinary channels of trade. No reviewer, no publisher, no book agent, who takes his glass, will make any effort to bring such publications into notice. I rely, therefore, upon the thoughtfulness, zeal, and efforts of the teetotal friends throughout the kingdom. It is as well they should know this, and that in proportion as they wish success to the cause, they should make an effort to sustain its periodicals. The *Staunch Teetotaler* is no commercial enterprise, but an honest missionary effort, which it is hoped will be sustained by the societies in every part of the kingdom. There is scarcely a town or a district where, by a little arrangement, half-a-crown's worth monthly could not be disposed of, either by sale or distribution, especially when the numbers are sent carriage free, at a halfpenny each.

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THE

STAUNCH TEETOTALER,

BY J. LIVESEY.

No. 19. JULY, 1868. ONE PENNY.

TO YOUNG PEOPLE CONTEMPLATING MARRIAGE.

DEAR FRIENDS,

It would be difficult to find two individuals of mature age,—male and female,—whose thoughts have not at some time or another run upon wedding and house keeping. During that enjoyable season called "courting," are not the size and situation of the house, the style and cost of the furniture, the amount of cash to commence with, the ways and means for squaring the probable income with the out goings, all topics of frequent discussion? At present, if we may believe the broad sheet there is a reluctance on the part of gentlemen to enter the marriage state, (I don't find the ladies are accused of the same,) and this, in the men, arises it is said, from an impression that their incomes will not be adequate to the expenses of the present style of living.

Now having had above half a century's experience in this line with an extensive range of observation, and having been able to live comfortably without getting into debt on half the amount that others stumble at, I venture to offer to my unmarried readers, especially the young men, a few suggestions with a view of removing the hesitation that so many experience when thinking about "settling in life." You have only *to square your expenses with your income.* This is what my good wife and I always did, and when my income was at the lowest, with her help, we lived comfortably and saved money. The current expenses of house keeping may be comprised under the heads of "rent and taxes," "fire and lighting," "clothing," "eating and drinking," and "sundries." The range of the last item depends entirely upon the style of living, whether a servant or servants are kept, and many other matters. But in most establishments, whose expenditure ranges from a pound to £5 a week, the *eating and drinking* constitute the heaviest item of the outgoings. I could give you a few hints as to saving in the cost of *food*, but my present object is to point out to you the importance of economising in the article of *drink.* Here steps in the benefits and blessings of teetotalism. It makes wedding practicable and easy, in many instances, where the necessity of keeping fashionable stores of liquor would make it impossible. The temperance people have made important discoveries, and enabled chemists and physiologists to give lessons to the public of the greatest value in your particalar case.

In the columns of *Public Opinion* various parties, chiefly house-wives, sometime ago, gave us lists of their household expenses. In reading these I did not meet with a single case which did not include the cost of *beer*, if not *wine and spirits.* It seems a settled point with these house-keepers that beer is as important as bread, and that it forms an indispensable ingredient in the daily expenses of the family. Out of many reports that appeared I select three, all very different as to their totals.

Mrs. —— gives the following as the list of her *week's* expenditure for food only:—"bread and flour, 4s. 4d.; butter, cheese, &c., 3s.; *beer*, 3s. 6d.; fish and poultry, 3s.; fruit and garden stuff, 2s. 4d.; grocery, 6s. 2d.; milk 3s.; meat 10s.; total, £1 15s. 4d."

The next case is as follows:—"taxes and rates, £10; coals, £12; meat, 3s. a week each person; bread, about a 1s. each person; milk, eggs, and butter, 7s. per week; groceries, about 11s. per week; *beer and wine, £35 a year*: washing, £3 a year each person—may be done at home for one-third less; servants, £25; gardener, £18; doctor, say £20; sea-side holiday the same, &c. Vegetables from our own garden."

The third case is one from the country, where the income is £100 a year, and where the lady says "we enjoy every necessary." "Our money goes thus—rent and taxes for a comfortable and respectable six-roomed house (not in London though), £15; pew rent. £1 10s.; our little maid-servant, £4; coals and wood, £6; insurance of life and furniture, £2 8s.; clothes. £16; housekeeping per week £1, as follows:—meat 6s.. milk and eggs 1s., bread 4s.. butter 1s. 6d., *beer, two gallons, at* 1*s*., groceries 4s. 6d., washerwoman 1s.; making a total of £95 18s. The rest has been spent for *wine and spirits*, which we are never without, but only use when necessary."

Now mark the first of these lists. The weekly cost of both bread and flour is 4s. 4d., and yet the *beer* alone is 3s. 6d.! Though milk is one of the most important and wholesome articles of diet, and is both meat and drink, yet the cost of beer is more than the cost of the milk. Then in the second case: milk, eggs, and butter, 7s. per week, but *beer and wine* 13*s*. 6*d*.,! (or £35 a year). Then in the third list. The family resides in the country, and their expenses are said to come within £100 a year. They pay as much for *beer* as for milk and eggs together; and the balance which might be saved for a great many useful purposes is spent "for *wine* and *spirits* which they are never without, but only use when necessary." In fact *beer*, if not other liquors, figure in every return, as if essential to the very lives of both parents and children.

Now, my young friends, with this before you, I have a few suggestions to offer. In the first place, looking at society as it is, instead of proceeding on the assumption that you must do everything as others do, whether wise or foolish, try to act an independent part. For health, and strength, and comfort, these popular liquors are not necessary; on the contrary, as a rule they are absolutely pernicious. Even in moderation they do harm, but worse than all, most of the miseries of matrimonial life, of the failures in business, and of the disgrace which families have to endure, can be traced to the apparently innocent practice of having beer on the table at meal times, and wine or spirits for friends and visitors. These drinks having no right to range among the necessaries of life, I would advise you strongly not to purchase or keep them for fashion's sake, or conceive that you cannot get on comfortably without them. Deduct the cost of these and you will see that one considerable impediment in the way of marriage is removed; and this I say that the young folks who have good sense and firmness enough to exclude the bottle and the decanters, are the parties most likely to cherish notions of saving and economy in other matters. Promise a young lady a nice cottage, (especially if it has a flower garden attached to it,) and respectable furniture,—let her have the chance of a good husband and a comfortable home,—on the condition that no intoxicating drinks shall be kept in the house, and there is not one in twenty that would refuse the offer. The fault, I believe, is with the men far more than with the women. They often associate with spendthrifts, attend places where drinking and smoking make up a material part of their evening's pleasure; with these

dissipated habits, they seldom acquire a love for domestic enjoyments. Familiar with the expensiveness of such a life, they shrink from the idea of marriage as beyond their reach. I would therefore exhort all young people of good sense to dismiss the cost of drink out of their calculations. And the young men I would entreat by all means, if they ever intend to be really happy, to sever themselves from drinking and tavern companions, and look forward to something rational and respectable. If young people will be content, as all sensible people ought, to keep down their expenses to their income or a little below, they need not put off the happy day, through fear of pecuniary embarrassment.

Before concluding, I should like to say a word or two to others who are already married, and who find their expenses exceeding their incomes. There is nothing in which you can save so much without inconvenience as in banishing the drink. In fact you may save the whole amount you now pay for beer, wine, or spirits, without sustaining any loss, and be absolutely better for it. Your losses are not confined to the price you pay for the liquor, for there are losses many ways incurred by the husband who takes his glasses which the wife never knows of, and the same on the part of the wife, which the husband perhaps finds out when it is too late. A real teetotal family saves a vast deal more than the mere price of the intoxicating liquors which they abhor. A good teetotal wife is a treasure, and a man who stays at home with his family, and attends to the duties of a husband and a father, is almost sure to prosper. Where I see the servant running each day to the next public house for beer, or the wine merchant's cart driving up with bottles, I put down the happiness and success of that family as a doubtful case. It may appear to be a harmless beginning, but its tendencies are to be found in the discordance and breaking up of families, in the prodigality of sons, the simpering sicknesses and tippling habits of daughters, in the embarrassments and insolvencies of tradesmen, and in all those distressing cases of domestic misery which are evermore turning up—but easily traceable to the influence of domestic drinking.

I am, yours very truly,

J. LIVESEY.

Preston, July 1st, 1868.

WHITSUNTIDE.

Whitsuntide, for this year, is past and gone, and if the world be careless as to its results, the earnest teetotaler does not feel so indifferent. We all admit that working men should have recreation; that the monotony of labour should be interrupted; yet looking at the consequences of our holidays, especially our Christian festivals—Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, as at present celebrated, we can scarcely help thinking that their abolition would be an advantage, and that recreation should be obtained in some other way. However, as we cannot annihilate old customs, let it be our study to purify them as much as we can. Ought not all good men, all employers, all teachers, to warn the people beforehand, on the approach of these holidays? And after they are over ought not we all to take advantage of the penitence the drinkers manifest for the losses they have sustained to get them into our fold, so as to make them sober men for the future? Scores upon scores at the end of Whit-week were lounging in the streets, with downcast looks, having lost a week's time, and a week's wages, with scarcely anything for their families to take to. I felt that this was a fine opportunity for all who were sincerely concerned for the reformation of the drinking men, to be talking to them in the streets, as they were exhibiting their poverty, and lamenting their folly during the week. These drinkers are at such times as teachable as children, and we should never neglect to take advantage of this.

The eradication of this love of drink altogether is impossible, but there are a great many things which may be done to lessen the amount of drinking, in addition to personal appeals. We ought to provide for the masses, on these public occasions, plenty of beverages that are quite safe. These can always be got here and there, but we should make them *prominent;* if possible more prominent than those that are intoxicating. We cannot pretend to compete in point of numbers with the old fashioned established drinking shops, but by timely contrivances, we might in every public place where the people mostly congregate, have stalls, or tents, or booths, for supplying tea and coffee, and all kinds of sober drinks; and these should not be trumpery affairs, but clean, orderly, and respectable, their exterior, and outfit as inviting as possible. There are many teetotalers that are capable of conceiving and arranging preparations of this sort.

Just in time I bethought myself to draw up the following as a hand-bill, of which I had 4,000 printed, and had it occurred to my mind sooner, I would have had twice that number.

"A WARNING AGAINST WHITSUNTIDE DRINKING.—Whitsuntide, Easter, and Christmas, used to be kept as *holy* days; now, on the contrary, they are kept as *drinking* days. Instead of being seasons of peacefulness, goodness, sobriety, and family happiness, they are seasons of disturbance, drunkenness, quarrelling, and neglect of every domestic and Christian duty. Married men spend their money, lose their time and character at the public houses, and their families have to be sorely punished; and young people get into bad company, contract bad habits, and lay the foundation of their future ruin. Both do this by *taking drink*, and *keeping the company of drinkers*.

"This paper is put into your hand just before Whitsuntide, to persuade you to reflect in time, and to keep out of danger. If you will *entirely abstain* from intoxicating liquors, you will be all right; and should you do so, you will, at the end of the next week, be thankful to the person who gave you this paper. The Irish in London were persuaded by one of their teachers to abstain entirely from drink for three days, at the festival of St. Patrick, and the consequence was that there was no quarrelling, no fighting, and every man kept himself respectable. Now this is something like what I want you to do. If you cannot be persuaded to be constant teetotalers, let me beg of you to be teetotalers at least for *four* days during Whitsuntide—on the Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. If you get these four days over, you are not likely to begin to drink on the fifth; and I am sure you will feel so glad and so much better, and your families will be so much happier, that perhaps you may be disposed to remain teetotalers. Now, as a friend, what I want you to do is, to *sign the four days pledge* on the other side.—Yours truly, J. Livesey."

On the back was the following pledge, with lines for name, trade, and address:

"THE FOUR DAYS PLEDGE.—I solemnly promise that I will not taste Ale, Beer, Wine, Spirits, or any kind of intoxicating liquor during Whit-Saturday, Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, (May 30th and 31st, and June 1st and 2nd,) nor go into any Beer Shop or Public House where they are sold."

These bills I got left in packets at a number of the large works to be given to the men. In calling at the tailors', hatters', mechanics', and other shops, it was remarkable how favourable the employers (though not teetotalers themselves) are to every effort that is likely to keep the men away from drink. When I drew up the bill I said to myself, "if I can only prevent a dozen men from drinking this Whitsuntide, it will be a blessing both to themselves and to their families, sufficient to reward me for my trouble and expense." Calling at a coach-maker's establishment I explained my errand to the foreman, requesting him to give the pledge papers to the men, "yes," said he, "I will do so with pleasure," and pointing to a clever, intellectual looking workman he added "if *he* will sign this paper it will save him a pound." At a hatter's work shop, the men, as usual, received me in the best of temper, and by way of a joke said "now if we sign you will allow us just a pint before we do it to finish up with." Stepping into the shop of a tailor and draper, I asked the head of the firm if he would give the papers to the men in his employ. "With pleasure," he replied, "and they ought to think themselves honoured that you care for them in this way." As to the results I have not had time to inquire; but I may just say that three "cabbies" stopped me a fortnight

after and said, "You remember giving us those pledges?" "Yes," I replied. "Well, we have never tasted since." Upon which I supplied them with other pledge papers containing a blank as to the length of time for them to fill up themselves. A boy also said to a friend of mine, "Mr. Livesey did my father a good turn by sending those papers to the works. He signed one of them, and kept without drink all the week."

In London, Manchester, Preston, and other places, there were temperance processions in Whit week. Some of our friends object to processions; but in doing so I think they are prompted more by individual tastes, than by a comprehensive view of the different and beneficial influences of these demonstrations. Certainly they are capable of improvement, (as what human device is not?) and the omission of such a grotesque exhibition as the "drunkard's home" would be one improvement. The falling off in numbers at these annual processions, as at Manchester, is not a sign of progress, but rather indicates a want of energy or a want of union. I am confident that a good, lively turn out of thousands of teetotalers, sober, well dressed, and orderly, with music, banners, and colours, tends to serve the cause in many ways. It raises the spirits of members, makes them better acquainted, attaches them more to each other, and inspires them with fresh zeal for working in the cause. I feel this to be the case with myself and I think it is the same with others. Its effect upon the thousands of spectators is unmistakeable. It is a living, moving lecture in the face of all men; an appeal to the senses which cannot be misunderstood. A person has only to mix with the crowd and hear the remarks constantly made by the lookers on, to be convinced of the good impressions that are produced. And followed, as these processions generally are, by tea parties or large meetings, many are brought within the influence of temperance teaching that otherwise would never be reached. And to thousands of women who live in the back streets, and seldom move from home—never to a temperance meeting,—a procession of sober men, women, and children, is a sight, a lesson, a reproof, and a source of hope that nothing else could produce. While our friends therefore should strive in every way to make these demonstrations more refined and more respectable, let there be no falling off in numbers, but an increase every year; and where no processions have yet been got up, let the societies come out and show themselves to the world. And I think many of our wealthier members, and teetotal ministers, who are always ready to attend at a conversazione or any genteel gathering, ought to be ashamed of themselves for not joining the ranks of the poor, plain, good hearted working men on these occasions. They may talk against pageantry and display, and worldly attractions; but in these demonstrative days what is done without them? Strip religion itself of its ceremonies, its accessories, its appeals to the senses—of its organs, its bells, its paintings,—the ministers of their "gowns and bands," and of the modern "man millinery,"—and the congregations and schools of their treats, their excursions, their "entertainments" — make it all such as the "Friends" would sanction, and where would it be found?

I see it recommended in the *Star* that the London procession should be changed from Whit-Monday to some other day, as so many of the temperance people go with the trips and are otherwise engaged on that day. We in Preston have acted upon this these last two years, and we find the advantage is manifold. We have changed from Monday to Saturday. Our numbers are now far greater, the town has sobered down, the people more attentive, the drinkers more penitent; and there being no other procession on that day, our turn out absorbs the undivided attention of the thousands who fill the streets. It is a good thing to finish well, so as to make an impression. At the end of our procession we had a neat

vehicle from which two men threw out as rapidly as possible in the streets as we went along, temperance bills, amounting to 9,000. It was arranged to have this at the end to prevent the crowds who were anxious to get the papers, throwing our ranks into disorder. Well, Whitsuntide for 1868, with all its dissipation is over, but time rolls rapidly on, at least it appears so to me, and those of us who may live to see another return of this festival, I hope will well consider the part we shall have to play in attempting to stem the torrent of intoxication that sweeps over the land on these occasions. Let every one be planning something for his country's good, forging some fresh weapon for attacking the kingdom of Bacchus, and adding to his own pleasure and happiness by anticipating the diffusion of the same among his fellow creatures.

AN EXHORTATION TO PEACE AND UNITY.

The teetotalers have so many opposing forces that to secure any chance of success they need to be closely united, and to avoid every possible cause of offence. I read the *Temperance Star* every week, which gives the most comprehensive information as to the labours of the numerous societies in London. I am much pleased to find that in the absence of the help or patronage of great folks they are incessantly labouring in their own way to promote the teetotal cause. The open air gatherings are highly deserving the approval and support of every one. But in so many meetings, especially in those of an entertaining character, there are sure to be irregularities—things said and done which would be better omitted. This has always been the case, and will be, and especially if the more educated temperance friends stay away, contenting themselves with a cold, formal profession of our principles, and leaving the executive work entirely in the hands of others.

Now in the face of these irregularities, which are apt to cause dissensions, what is the *best* course to be taken for securing remedies, preserving peace and promoting union? The *worst* course is decidedly to write and publish letters in the papers exposing one another's shortcomings. This is not charitable; it is not just; it is not doing what we would like others to do to us. Is there one of us, as speakers, who have not often said things that we have regretted afterwards? Now if we have no object in view but the prosperity of the temperance cause, and if we know that abuses have crept in as to the conducting of certain meetings, the correct course is to see the parties *personally*, and in a kind spirit to speak to them and point out with inoffensive language what improvments we have to suggest. If a personal interview is impossible, or very inconvenient, then the parties might be written to *privately*, but always in a tone that shewed there was no personal quarrel to gratify. If remedies are possible, this is the way to effect them; but publishing letters to expose the mistakes of parties and indulging in criminations and recriminations, whether anonymous or otherwise, serve only to make bad worse,—to set one party against another,—to drive many from our ranks, and perhaps lead them to break their pledges. These letters serve to convey to the public the very worst view of the temper and character of our people. Nothing could be more likely to repel observers from entering our ranks. We have all need to be reminded not "to fall out by the way;" and if charity covers a multitude of sins, our weak and feeble members who do their best, but make great mistakes, ought to have a large portion of it. Our aim should always be for *peace*; and whatever evil things may be said of us by thoughtless or vicious persons, let us not on that account desert the cause. I would entreat every one who sits down to write a letter for the purpose of exposing abuses in the meetings which he may have heard of or witnessed, to consider seriously whether he had not better forbear, and if possible take the first opportunity of seeing the parties, and talking the matter over

with them kindly and in a brotherly spirit. And with a view of improving the conducting of the meetings or entertainments, and the effecting of reforms, let me ask our wealthier teetotalers whether they are more likely to accomplish this by keeping away and acting in the spirit of exclusiveness, or by going and mixing with their poorer brethren, and giving them a helping hand?

THE EDITOR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—No. 7.

Last month I omitted, from want of room, noticing my labours in connection with the Preston Relief Fund, during the Cotton Famine. This was by far the largest of our public distributions. Commencing in January, 1862, it continued till May, 1865, three years and three months, without intermission. The fact that £131,000 was distributed in the various forms of bread, soup, flour, employment, coals, bedding, clothing, &c., shews the magnitude of the undertaking. The number of tickets given out for bread, soup, coals, clothing, &c., amounted to 5,141,418; and the number of persons, including all the branches of the families relieved amounted, at one time, to 40,627. This was a gigantic undertaking, and was managed so as to secure the praise of visitors from all parts of the world. Preston, being almost entirely dependent on the cotton trade, probably suffered more than any other town. For about two years I devoted most of my spare time to this important charity. There were so many mills stopped, and so many people out of work that I and a few friends projected the first public meeting to originate a subscription, and which was called by the mayor. The general impression, however, was, that we were too hasty, and that it was premature to commence giving relief, though the result proved that we did not move a day too soon. We had prepared resolutions, and got the consent of parties to move and second them. The Rev. J. Owen Parr, the vicar, with a short speech moved the first resolution recommending a public subscription, which was seconded by Mr. Bairstow, upon which Mr. T. B. Addison rose, and made an elaborate speech against the resolution, urging that relief should be given only through the Board of Guardians. He seemed to have made a great impression upon the meeting; a pause ensued; no one rose to reply, although the meeting called by circular was attended both by ministers and private gentlemen. With me it was a moment of intense anxiety; I had laboured hard to bring this meeting about, and I feared that the ingenious appeal of the learned Recorder had frustrated all my hopes. Just as the motion was going to be put to the vote, I felt impelled to speak, (though according to arrangement I was to speak to a later motion,) and once on my legs, I felt no difficulty in replying to Mr. Addison. Warming up as I proceeded, I carried the meeting with me. Several others then followed, and the resolution was carried with only two dissentients, Mr. Addison and another. If ever I felt that I had rendered a service to humanity, it was by coming forward at this critical moment. A committee was appointed, the Vicar being chairman, and I vice-chairman, and afterwards all went on successfully. Mr. Philip Park and I were deputed to look out for premises in which to carry on our operations, and we were fortunate in meeting with a building in Crooked Lane, one with five storeys, resembling a cotton factory, belonging to Mr. James German, the use of which he granted us freely. This was fitted up chiefly under my superintendence. On the ground floor we had seven boilers making soup, and store-rooms for the meat, bread, and flour. On the next floor was stored the clothing sent from all parts of the country, in quantities almost incredible, a part of this room being allotted to the females employed in making and mending all sorts of garments. In the next storey was deposited an immense quantity of chaff and cut straw (cut by steam-power), and here the poor people's beds were filled, and a vast number of new ones given out.

Above this, on the next floor, we had joiners, tailors, and shoemakers at work. Altogether it was a busy place; our operations extending also to a number of coal yards and schools in various parts of the town. Speaking of our busiest time, the report puts down the number of persons employed at 489, in the following departments:—Bread room, 5; soup room, 20; clothing room, 13; joiners, 9; chaff room, 20; tailors, 66; shoemakers, 27; coal distributors, 10; assistants, or odd hands, 7; dressmakers, 54; potato peelers, 50; visitors and messengers, 18; to which may be added 160 female sewers. We had offices close by, where I attended daily, and for months I rarely went home to dinner. In one part of the large building I made arrangements for washing the children who generally came very dirty, and to many were given tickets containing the following:—"To promote cleanliness and decency, Mr. Livesey will pay to any hairdresser one penny who cuts the hair of this poor boy. This ticket will be his claim for payment any time he may wish." Mixing daily with the hundreds and thousands of the poor and the unemployed, if I had not previously been familiar with every phase of poverty, I should have become so here. The old enemy, drink, plagued us here as it does everywhere. One Saturday, after paying our "gangers,"—men who took the lead in the out-door labour department,—nine in number, I watched them all make off to a public-house. The next week, after receiving their wages, I called them into an adjoining room and spoke to them of their conduct, of which they professed to be ashamed, and promised not to do so again. I got a person appointed paid secretary, the son of a teetotaler. He had never tasted drink up to 28 years of age; but having had a fever, was induced to take porter by the advice of the doctor. This was the first step of his becoming a drunkard. He signed the pledge, and we hoped he was reformed, but while in the office he broke out, got behind with his cash, which I had to make good, and he was dismissed. He is since dead. Many visitors to our establishment from the higher ranks saw more of the condition of the "million" on this occasion than they had ever done before. The gifts in the shape of clothing from every part of the kingdom were extraordinary; I have seen as many as 50 bales of new material and cast-off clothes received in one day. The devoted labour and liberality of the gentlemen of the town, and the handsome subscriptions that were sent by numerous parties, especially those through the Manchester Central, and the London Mansion House Committees, proved equal to the emergency, and had it not been for these during this protracted period of suffering, it would have been impossible to have preserved the peace of the town. I hope no one living may ever see another "cotton famine."

"The new Poor Law, which passed in 1834, was very unpopular. The parishes in the north felt that they did not require it, for though abuses existed, the rates had not, as in some parts of the south, risen from 10s. to 18s. in the pound. The starvation of the agricultural labourers, the heavy burden of the poor upon the farmers, and the consequent losses to the landowners were the natural effects of the Corn Laws, and yet instead of seeing this and repealing them, a remedy was sought in a more stringent Poor Law, which equally affected north and south. From the first I was opposed to this measure, and did my best to prevent its being enforced in Preston. I foresaw that it would be a most expensive change, that the poor would be dealt with more harshly, and the liberty of the parishes sacrificed to a central authority. It would be difficult for me to recount the amount of labour I undertook, and the time I spent in opposing this measure. And though some of the absurd provisions have been repealed, and the orders of the Poor Law Board modified, or allowed to remain in abeyance, even yet it is a crude, expensive, and oppressive measure; and an interference with the liberty of local authorities such as would not be borne with in any other department. We had

Assistant Commissioners, appointed at £700 and £800 a year, and whose expenses amounted to about the same sum, coming on visits of inspection, who knew very little of poor law administration. Where the law was enforced, and the authority of the Poor Law Board submitted to, the old fashioned *work*-houses, which corresponded to their names, were broken up; looms and implements of labour of all kinds made away, and new expensive Union houses ("Bastiles") were erected in their stead, whose tests are not *work*, but confinement and division of families. For more than 20 years I successfully opposed the erection of a new workhouse for the Preston Union—at the Board while I remained a member, and afterwards through the columns of the *Guardian* and other mediums; and I don't hesitate to say that I have saved this Union many thousand pounds by my opposition. While in office I could secure a majority of the Guardians against this measure, and at one time when the Poor Law Board at London had actually issued an order for building a Union Workhouse, I raised such an opposition and disputed the legality of the order in such a way that the work was not proceeded with. At last, however, I got tired out, and in the face of the labours and statistics of Mr. Charles Jacson, industriously got up, I made no further attempt at resistance, and the new house, which was to cost £32,000, but which will amount to about the moderate sum of £42,000, is just about to be opened.

Mr. T. B. Addison was from the first a strenuous advocate of the new Poor Law. He and I could never agree; he would carry out the measure in all its rigour, and for five years at the Board we were constantly in opposition. Though he was a barrister, I also was well read as it respected the law and the orders of the commissioners (which were equivalent to law), and did frequently and successfully dispute his statements. Every year we had a warm contest about the chairmanship of the Board of Guardians. The magistrates and the country guardians generally supported Mr. Addison for chairman, and I and others as constantly opposed him, for we were better able to thwart his measures when we kept him out of the chair. Either twice or three times he was rejected, and in some of the instances by a majority of one. Once we certainly stretched a point to gain the majority of one, his opponent, Mr. Lomas, being persuaded to vote for himself. Mr. Addison's views and mine, as to the character and merits of the poor, were so utterly at variance that it was impossible we could work well together. I knew their condition from actual visitation, and he did not. He was very severe, and I was lenient, so much so that had I not been checked by him and others, I should often have committed errors by being too indulgent. Mr. A. was always hard upon the poor women who had been "unfortunate," or who had married young, and many a contention have we had about giving relief to such. His award was uniformly "the house" for such, and indeed for many others who were more deserving. I always set my face against urging poor families to break up their little homes by forcing them into the workhouses, the husband to one, the wife to another, and the elder children to a third. All this was inflicted under the soft name of "classification." My heart has bled many a time to see the poor pleading for a small pittance of out door relief, where nothing but the workhouse was offered. Formerly the poor were relieved in the spirit of Christianity by the churchwardens and overseers; the shadow of such a thing never enters the administration now; the practice with many is to get rid of the poor every way and any way at the least expense, and for this the Union house is the readiest. Formerly the services of parish administrators were generally unpaid, but now a vast amount of the poor rate is absorbed in salaries, and townships that have few, if any poor, are yet heavily taxed for what are called "establishment expenses."

The new Poor Law for some time was so unpopular that resistance was frequently offered to its introduction. Mr. James Acland, said to be employed by

government, went through the country lecturing in its favour. Coming to Preston, and knowing my opposition to the measure, he placarded the walls, challenging me to a public discussion. Though reluctant to appear in this character I accepted the challenge; the theatre was engaged, and the whole town was in a state of excitement. Every corner of the building was crammed. I had about the cleverest antagonist that could have been selected; but the feeling of the people was against him, and having made myself well acquainted with the law and the orders upon it, I was well able to dispute his positions. The discussion continued three nights, each speaking a given time. I carried the audience with me, and at the close, upon the question being put to the vote, Mr. A. had from 20 to 30 hands, all the rest being raised for me, followed by an extraordinary burst of feeling in my favour, and against the new Poor Law.

From causes which these papers will explain, I have always been mixed up with the poor and their affairs, and taken an interest in anything that contributed to their welfare. Several times I have raised subscriptions for noted persons who have been reduced, and thus secured to them a weekly allowance which proved a great help, and in no instance do I remember ever failing in getting assistance for persons whom I could recommend. Several times have I attempted to set poor men up in a little way of business as hawkers—selling books, blacking, caps, &c., but with one exception, I think, they were all failures, so clear is it that success depends far more upon personal qualifications than upon other circumstances. Often have I caused a little unpleasantness at home by introducing persons—strangers, who were in distress; for whilst on the one hand I was too credulous in believing their distressing tales, my family, from what they had seen, were apt to regard them as impostors.

I have still all the feelings of a poor man; I prefer the company of poor people; and if misfortune should render it necessary, I think I could fall back into that humble sphere of living with which I commenced without feeling the shock as most people would do. I have tried two or three times to be a gentleman; that is, to leave off work and to enjoy myself, but it never answered. I always felt desirous of coming back to busy and useful life, employing my time as I am doing at present. My notions of life are very simple, for man, I believe, is the happiest when removed from either poverty or riches, has tolerable health, and is pursuing day by day a useful object. An order to "live upon sixpence a day and to earn it" would not alarm me as it would most men. The plainest fare is what I like and what I prefer, and, as a rule, I should feel quite as happy at the poor man's table as I have done in France or Germany, where we had seven or eight courses to dinner.

A POEM.

By a Preston Factory Girl.

[The following is an extract from a Poem by a Preston factory girl, which was published by the Relief Committee of that town during the Cotton Famine. It bespeaks a talent of no ordinary character for a young woman working on the loom. It consisted of eight pages, and was sold for the benefit of the relief fund.]

* * * * * *

But how much misery may yet be traced
To drunkenness, improvidence, and waste?
First, drunkenness—the greatest ill of all,
Compared with this the rest are only small;
This wastes more lives, and works more ruin far
Than famine, pestilence, or even war.
In our poor town—poor in more ways than one—
'Tis said that in the year so lately gone,
One hundred thousand pounds were spent in drink.

A hundred thousand pounds. Ah! only think,
A hundred thousand pounds all spent, for what?
What has it purchased for the wretched sot?
His ruined health, his poverty and shame;
E'en his own children blush to own his name.
What has it purchased for the drunkard's wife?
Turning to bitterest gall her cup of life—
Her life, which once with hope was bright and fair,
Now chang'd to hopeless woe and dark despair.
And worst of all, for him, what has it brought,
Whose mis-spent life meets with an end unsought;
Who, with his sins unwept for, unforgiven,
"Reels staggering drunk up to the bar of heaven?"
The soul recoils and shudders but to think
At what a fearful cost these purchase drink.
Oh! if a Samson's strength were only mine,
Who slew his country's foe, the Philistine;
Were I, like patriotic Samson, strong
To shake this mighty edifice of wrong;
Oh! if these feeble hands could only clasp
Its giant pillars with a Samson's grasp,
I'd rid my country of its direst woe,
E'en though I perished in the overthrow.
Yet there are many others who, although
The drunkard's baser crimes they never know,
Yet, when prosperity and plenty reign,
No thought have they to save the superfluous gain;
Their motto is, "be merry while you may,
Eat, drink, leave trouble to another day;"
Whate'er their earnings, be they great or small,
It matters not, they're sure to spend them all.
But ah! in sickness, or adversity,
How unprepar'd and how distress'd are they;
Soon forced on their most prudent friends to fall,
Or e'en to take the pauper's wretched dole.
Ye thoughtless ones, let past misdeeds suffice,
Henceforth give heed unto the heavenly voice
Which points you to the ant to learn of her—
To think of winter time while skies are fair;
And if for earthly things you care or not,
Let not your soul's best interest be forgot,
Lest life's brief summer be for ever past,
And you in anguish cry, "not sav'd at last."

THE SELFISHNESS OF MODERATE DRINKING.

I know no subject the discussion of which discovers more of the selfishness of human nature,—of the inconsiderateness for the welfare of others—than that of teetotalism. Immediately you urge abstinence upon those who consider themselves very moderate, you have this reply: "Oh *I* shall never be a drunkard; if *I* found the liquor getting the better of *me*, *I* should stop at once; it never did *me* any harm; *I* was never drunk in my life." It is all "I" and "me;" but no reference to others; no consciousness that we are but units of a great whole, and that the drinking or abstinence of every one of us has an influence upon a great many others. All the arguments and reasoning of moderate drinkers centre in themselves. They speak as if their own enjoyments and their own safety were all that they need to care for. Well might a departed judge say that want of sympathy was the sin of the age. No class confirms the truth of this saying more than the reputedly sober drinking class. If they have been preserved from the excesses to which others have fallen a prey, the probability is, that it is not owing to any merit of their own,—to their superior caution or self control,—but to their having been better taught, or been surrounded by better influences than their neighbours; and hence on the score of *justice* only they ought to consider how much *they* can do in

return to benefit others by a good example. Every man according to his opportunities ought to consider himself his brother's keeper. As we can't live alone we cannot prevent others being tinged by our example, whether for good or evil. In a social point of view, moderate drinkers stand badly: they may please themselves, but in the great struggle against the flood of intemperance they are at best only ciphers; they cannot benefit others, and yet we hold this to be the very best part of religion. Though our country is besotted with drink; though every day reveals the innumerable crimes to which it leads; though we feel the weight of its cruel pressure in every rank of life, yet the man who dabbles with drink, the man who takes his little drops, is compelled to shut his eyes to all these evils; to curb his tongue, and to wave the subject whenever it is brought before him. Though thousands of families are suffering around him he cannot rush to their rescue, because he is in league with the same demon that is causing their ruin. Not only are such excluded from the field of usefulness, but their practice is inflicting a positive injury upon thousands of weak persons around them, and it is often to the tendency of the examples of such that we owe the backsliding and ruin of many who at one time had been saved from the curse of drunkenness. Weak teetotalers are not injured by those who are found in the gutter; it is by the examples and insinuations of those who can "stand" a few glasses, that they are tempted to break their pledges;—whose love of self-enjoyment is far stronger than their concern for the welfare of their fellow creatures.

I fear the moderate drinkers among both clergy and laity have seldom considered the responsibility of their position. All those who are veering towards excess, to say nothing of those who are utterly ruined, have learned somewhere. They were all born teetotalers, and up to a certain age they grew up teetotalers; there was a time when they took their first glass,—their first sip. *We* are entirely free from the imputation of teaching any one of these to take drink. Both by example and instruction we dissuade them from it. If so, all the *beginnings*, and necessarily all the evil *consequences*, have to be shared among the moderationists. See your handy work! It is reflected in the black shadows that overhang almost every house, rich and poor, for there is scarcely one that escapes. We cannot say which of you are the most guilty, whose example has led to the ruin of the greatest number, whose neglect of teaching has prevented most well inclined young men from embracing the temperance principles—but *the drunkenness of the country is yours*, and stamped with self indulgence, it will never be removed till more of you feel that every time you lift your glass, every time you smack your lips over the precious draught, you are diffusing an infection that results in the physical, moral, and religious death of those that you live amongst. One would scarcely believe that a father or a mother would risk the welfare of their sons and daughters, by keeping strong drink in their houses and gratifying their own likings for it, and yet such cases are met with daily. Sacrifice son, daughter, health, reputation, morals, soul, body,—everything rather than the bottle! One would scarcely believe that ministers, witnessing the havoc that drink is making in society, in their own congregations, and even among their own order,—ministers who preach to us about loving our neighbours as ourselves, and of the importance of saving souls—could practice and attempt to defend the moderate use of intoxicating liquor. However ignorant they might be of its properties and of its physiological effects, as an act of expediency one would expect they would boldly declare that for the good of their weaker brethren, they would neither taste wine nor strong drink so long as the world stands. If ministers, parents, and employers could feel the importance of seriously examining how far their conduct in abstaining or drinking moderately would bear upon the sobriety of others, one thinks they could scarcely avoid casting in their lot with the teetotalers. Selfishness may lead us to indulge regardless of the consequences upon others; but this abandoned, as it ought to be, is it not evident that any man can do far more good to others by abstaining than he can by drinking, though it be in great moderation?

VARIETIES.

The gathering of our friends at Preston to the 34th Conference of the British Temperance League is commencing just as we are going to press. From all appearance the meetings will be well attended, and I trust the real workers in the cause will have their attention concentrated upon that which is practicable and within their reach, rather than upon theories, matter of mere form, or reliance upon legislation. Our great work is to enlighten the public, and to appeal to the hearts and consciences of the people to forsake the drink and the drinking parties. On the Monday night we had admirable addresses from five of the Agents of the League.

The annual conversazione of the National Temperance League took place on the 26th May, at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon-street, London, attended by a large number of the leading temperance friends from various parts of the kingdom.——The 13th annual meeting of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union was held the previous Monday, at Exeter Hall, B. Whitworth, Esq., M.P. in the chair. And on the Wednesday, the annual conference was held, attended by many of its leading friends.——On the same afternoon was held at the London Tavern, the anniversary of the Friends' Temperance Union, Samuel Bowley occupying the chair. A lady in the body of this meeting rose and strongly advised those of her sex present to resist the alcoholic prescriptions of medical men. In her house she had never had any occasion to use strong drink. She earnestly desired to say a word of encouragement especially to those beginning housekeeping, begging that they would not allow strong drink in their homes. If they began by making it a rule never to place it on their tables, visitors would never expect to find it there.

Mr. Bormond. of London, writes as follows:—"My Dear Sir.—We have put your admirable *Staunch Teetotaler* in the hands of two hundred and eighty families. During the visitation we had interesting conversations with several of the parties, and especially with the publican on the estate. We courteously presented a copy of the *Staunch Teetotaler*, and begged his acceptance of it. He gladly took it and said he had no objection to our principles, and would even lay it on his table. I fear some of his blind customers would be apt to put it under the table. At all events he was pleased we had not passed him. I think this is one of the best things I have done for you in London. There seems no other way of getting at such people, and I have faith in the respectability of your sheet, and its wisely selected and written articles.—I am, Dear Sir, Yours very truly,—J. Bormond."

In a letter sent to the Bury Temperance Society, Mr. Cobden said:—"Let me take this opportunity of expressing my earnest sympathy for the cause you are advocating. The giant evil of the day is intemperance. If the young men can emancipate themselves from that vice, they will guarantee for the next generation not only a sober nation, but an educated and prosperous people; for the sure and certain way of keeping the mass of the population in ignorance and poverty is to perpetuate amongst them habits of drunkenness. There is no greater delusion in the world than to suppose that the use of alcoholic beverages, in even the most moderate quantities, is of service to those who have to live by their labour. I have generally found, as a rule, in my experience of men, that they who do the most, drink the least of anything stronger than water. And especially have I observed, that if any man has attracted the eyes of the world, whilst engaged in some great task, calling for almost superhuman powers of mind and body, he has generally been found, on inquiry, to be a practical illustration of the advantages of temperance. I know not whether you are aware that the teetotalers may claim the illustrious Kossuth as one of their fraternity. When seated beside him, at the Winchester banquet, and observing that he abstained from wine, I was led to make an inquiry, and found that he was a water drinker."

To little boys. I want to give you a few words of advice. Little boys often get wrong from want of advice. Some have no parents to teach them, and the parents of others are so much employed that they neglect it. And, first, about your play. It is quite right you should play a good deal; without this you cannot have health or get strong. But you should mind how, and where, and what you play at. Outside the town is the best place: there you get the most good air, and there your noise and shouting do not so much annoy others. You should never play at anything that leads you to quarrel with your companions, or wish to get their halfpence, or anything they have. Running, jumping, driving the hoop, shuttlecock, hare and hounds, run about, are all healthy and innocent; but tossing, wrestling, marble playing, and such like games have all a bad tendency. I have often stood beside a group of marble players, and they are always disputing, often quarrelling, and their combative propensities are improperly aroused. Never play at marbles, and never toss either for money or buttons, for this leads in the end to other modes of gaming. Never mix with any company where cruelty is practised, such as dog fights, duck hunts, pigeon shooting; and never be a party to encourage boys to quarrel and strike one another.

The agent for the sale of a large property, when asked why he had advertised it as a two days' sale, said, "I thought the attendants would be so drunk before we could get through the whole that they would not know what they were doing."

It is said that the religions established amongst at least eight hundred millions—or two-thirds of the whole human race—strictly prohibit the use of intoxicating beverages. This is the case with Bhuddists, the worshippers of Brahma, and the followers of Mahomet. Is not this a lesson for Christians?

A most interesting conference of ladies was held in London about three weeks ago, at which papers were read by a number of distinguished females who have worked hard in the temperance cause. It is to be hoped that the readers of these papers will be inspired to fresh labours and more self-denial by the appeals of such noble women as the Balfours, the Wightmans, the Lucas Shadwells, and others. These papers are to be published in a small volume.

A honest German was asked to speak at a temperance meeting, and after some hesitation, said, "I shall tell you how it vas vhen I vas drinking. I put my hand on my head, vas von big pain. I put my hand on my pody, there vas another. There vas very much pains in all my pody. Then I put mine hand in my pocket, and there vas nothing. Now that I abstain there ish no more pain in my head. The pains in my pody are all gone away. I put mine hands in my pocket, and there ish twenty tollars. So I shall shtay mid de temperance."

"Well, Jem, how many horses hast thou now?" "Twelve." He has besides these carts, lurries, &c., and sometimes he is seen driving out on business in his gig. This man was a regular fuddler, and his conversion to abstinence was rather singular. Some years ago we had a "beef club," and at Christmas a fat cow was divided among the members, a few joints being offered for sale to the public in the Temperance Hall. Jem came in drunk, and was then in a low condition; he bought a piece of beef, and in consequence of what he saw and what was said to him by a teetotaler, he has never tasted since.

"Well, Arthur, I hear you have another son married; that makes four. Now let me advise you to call at your bookseller's, and order a copy of some of the temperance periodicals to be sent to each of them weekly. It will only cost you 4d. per week, and this I have found, in my own case, an excellent plan of keeping the subject of teetotalism before them, and often arresting the attention of friends who call to see them. Every branch of my family has been supplied with the *Record* weekly for a long time. These young people, even if they don't drink or keep drink in the house, need to be refreshed with temperance matter, and warned of the temptations with which they are surrounded." "Thank you, my friend, I will give the order as I return home this evening."

Mr. George Howlett, jun., speaking of young men, teetotalers, who contemplated marriage, advised them to engage with no female who was not willing to be an abstainer. He had a friend who married a young woman who was not an abstainer, in the hope of "bringing her round" afterwards. The newly made wife was one of those "spirited" women who stick up for their "rights," and for eight months she had her glass of ale on the table at dinner time, and her husband tried to persuade her against it, but it was no good. One day he also took up the glass of ale and drank it, and the passion soon overcame him. From holding a position worth £200 a year he got down, by degrees, to be a porter, and for an offence he committed through drink he is now suffering four years' penal servitude, and his wife is earning a miserable subsistence by making shirts.

No part of the human machinery is so over-worked as the stomach. Hence it becomes the highway and byway to almost every disease. Palpitation of the heart, giddiness of the head, and many other complaints may all be traced to the unmerciful way in which the poor stomach is overworked; and that not for a day, but for years. The health and longevity of many subsisting on their two shillings a week and a loaf is an astonishment to those whose living for one meal in the day, costs more than they have with which to find every meal for a week. We should bear in mind that nature requires but little. It is not what we eat, but what we *digest*, and which is taken up into the system by the absorbent vessels, when the stomach and all its functions are in health that does us good: and *that* nature refuses to do for those who eat five times more than they require. She does not know what to do with soup and fish, roast beef and game, puddings and tarts, toasted cheese and celery, and so leaves this mess of good things to do all the mischief which must result from a poor stomach overloaded with such food, to say nothing of beer and wine, or a little drop of brandy to aid digestion by rendering everything ten times more indigestible. We know an old gentleman who lived to about ninety, and in the enjoyment of such health that he never recollected taking any medicine but once in his life, and then quite a child. He was fond of coursing, and when he had walked all day with his greyhound, and came home at four or five o'clock, ravenous with hunger, though only a plain joint was set before him, his rule was to cut off just as much as he thought *he ought* to eat, and then send it from the table. His prudence and self-denial made him remarkable for his health and longevity.—*Clerical Correspondent.*

An advertisement says: "Will be ready in a few days, 'What shall we drink?' price 2s. 6d." Rather a dear whistle. The pump handle will supply this information for nothing.

Mrs. Balfour says: "I recollect seeing among the flaming advertisements of a wine merchant at Christmas, one that was called 'The Ladies' One Guinea Hamper,' which was announced as containing three bottles of different kinds of spirits, and three of wine, so packed that its contents were not exposed—by implication, therefore, charging ladies with secret drinking!"

When the Darwen Exhibition Committee were making their arrangements, Mr. D. Graham, of the Belgravia Mills, nobly offered to contribute £100 to the funds on condition that no intoxicating liquors should be sold. This Committee, like many others who are ill-informed, seemed to think that no sort of liquors would suffice for the visitors unless it contained the fiery alcohol. A deputation respectfully submitted that it was inconsistent with the objects of the Exhibition to allow the sale of intoxicating liquors, and to devote the profits of such sale to the purposes of religious instruction was a dereliction of the principles of Christianity, which emphatically forbid us to do evil that good may come. The Darwen Temperance Society issued this statement in a handbill, and in a large poster on the walls. They earnestly called upon every visitor to the Exhibition to abstain from using or purchasing any intoxicating drink, and to use all moral suasion to deter others from doing so.

We have all read of the man who built his house upon the sand. Our educationists are erecting their fabric on quicksand, and one will be as fatal as the other. They should first drain the ground of the drink, and then they might build with some chance of success. The parents are so drunken that they will not spare 2d. a week for the school wage, though many of these same parents have received a fair education. The schooling the children are to receive will not prevent them learning to drink in the same way that their parents learnt. The promoters of the educational schemes have looked on while drink has demoralized the whole country, and now, both lay and clerical, instead of seeing their error and attacking the evil by precept and example, they are leaving it undisturbed and praying Parliament to save the the children. Poor things! with a drunken house to live at, a drunken workshop to learn in, and temptations to drinking at every corner, is it possible that a little reading, writing, and figuring can defend them from the contamination of these surroundings?

The party called "Financial Reformers" are strenuous in their advocacy of *direct taxation* They would repeal the excise and customs duties, and lay the whole upon property. Not only would tea and sugar be free from duty, but malt, beer, wine, and spirits. However good this may be in theory, there can be no doubt but it would be bad in practice, and ought not to be supported by any temperance reformer. It is well known that higher duties have always checked consumption, and *vice versa*. Englishmen are not to be trusted with cheap drink, as experience has proved. It may all be very nice to ask, "What right has the Government to pocket 23 millions yearly, by taxing intoxicating liquors, which are the source of poverty, hunger, disease, and death?" This 23 millions imposes an increased difficulty in the way of men getting drink, by raising the price and restricting the sale, not to mention that it is so much saved upon other articles consumed by sober people. The Government neither makes nor sells drink, and if the people will have it, the least evil is to tax it and restrict its sale. These taxes and taxed licences are not intended as encouragements, but as salutary restraints.

"I will mention one very startling fact," said Mr. Knox, in his speech at Exeter Hall, "which I got recently from the best authority. A regiment came home from India to Edinburgh, with £5,000 of savings deposited in the regimental bank. They had not been many months in Edinburgh, until that sum was spent down to something like £500, all gone partly by being robbed by bad women, and partly drugged by whisky. There were these brave men, after running the gauntlet of temptations in India, after having fought the battles of their country, and survived shot and shell, and all the changes of the elements by sea and land, and yet, having got honourably through all that, come home to sink ignominiously in the hells of our High-street of Edinburgh." Another awful case related by Mr. Knox is the following:—"One of the noblest young men that I ever knew, was an apprentice with me some thirty or forty years ago. He was a Christian, and quite a model character. In the large establishment where we served, he would not allow swearing or anything improper. All my fellow apprentices with myself stood in a sort of wholesome terror of this young man. He used to go on the Sabbath evenings voluntarily away and gather together audiences in the country, and speak to them of Christ's love, and of the way to heaven, and then walk quietly home to his lodgings again. He would not become an abstainer; he would not give up his "drop of beer," but the custom insidiously crept upon him until it conquered him. He believed that he would be saved from falling before it, but, alas! such was not the case. I learned only a few weeks ago that he became so much the victim of intemperance that he was obliged to seek refuge in a workhouse in Glasgow, and there he died, and was buried in a pauper's grave."

At one time we had to check many of our members form drinking spruce beer. Mr. T. A. Smith, of London, says:—"I have tested samples of essence of spruce as obtained from the importer, and I found that they all contained alcohol. The spruce sold by publicans contains a larger proportion of spirit, and all the spruce beer I have seen contained alcohol. All the so-called cordials sold at the public-house, such as peppermint, raspberry, cloves, &c., contain a large quantity of alcohol, and all should be cautioned against taking them. There are also liquors sold by publicans under various names, such as 'the Doctor,' 'Bishop,' 'Absinthe,' and other curious designations; they are all alcoholic. Soda water is free from alcohol, but even the lemonade sold at some public houses contains alcohol. The sound advice to give is, to take none of the publican's drinks."

Through every stage of Fenianism, in connection with all their diabolical proceedings, we find strong drink, and the public-houses and beershops playing a prominent part. The history of O'Farrell, the would-be murderer of Prince Alfred, is only confirmatory of this. All the Australian papers concur in representing him as an idle, worthless fellow; a hanger-on at public-houses; and who would commit any act, however infamous, if by so doing he could procure the means by which to purchase drink. Yet he had received a good education, and had started well in life. But if the Queen herself had been shot down dead on the spot, I don't suppose it would have aroused the energies of the moderate drinkers to do anything to stop the daily loss of life through strong drink. The citadel might be burnt to the ground and not one of these would lift a bucket.

"20, North John Street, Liverpool, June 4th, 1868.—Dear Sir,—I feel it a painful duty to record the death of Mr. Abraham Crompton, who, for 35 years, laboured earnestly and devotedly in the cause of temperance. For many years he has been a warm supporter of your views in general, while during a long and tedious illness he has read and listened to with great interest your various articles on the temperance question, often lifting up his voice in prayer that your efforts, which appeared so happily to harmonize with his own, should be crowned with God's blessing and be beneficial to readers. He was the president of the Oldham Temperance Society for many years, and up to his dying hour, he rejoiced to feel assured that Providence had blessed his humble endeavours by the reclamation of many a poor drunkard from the error of his ways. During his long illness, surrounded by many friends and his family anxious for his recovery, his medical advisers frequently recommended *a glass of port wine;* but his firm answer was, "No; what has slain its thousands and become my country's curse will never restore to health, and therefore I hope to be faithful unto death." As a family we rejoice in having had such a father, whose memory will ever be, that he laboured in a righteous cause and died faithful. Trusting you may be long spared to promote the cause my own father so dearly loved,—I am, Dear Sir, Yours respectfully,—J. CROMPTON."

The Rev. R. Tabraham, Wesleyan minister, who is now in his 76th year of age, and 53rd of his ministry, writes in the *Methodist Temperance Magazine*,—"When a little boy with my parents, in London, porter, the family beverage, was so offensive to my uncorrupted taste that I was allowed to avoid its use. When in my teens, the rough taste of port-wine and the habit of "drinking healths" were so repugnant to my feelings that I seldom took any wine. The awful effects of spirit-drinking, near our residence, confirmed my habitual disuse of all kinds of spirits. When in my eighteenth year I joined the Wesleyan Society, and read the following words in the Rules, happily put into my hands,—"It is therefore expected of all who continue therein, that they should continue to evidence their desire of salvation, by avoiding evil in every kind; especially . . drunkenness, *buying or selling spirituous liquors; or drinking them, unless in cases of extreme necessity.*" My temperance habits assumed both a Wesleyan and a religious aspect. When the Total Abstinence Society was originated, I resolved to practice entire abstinence till death, and for thirty-five years have done so without the slightest inconvenience, or even a solitary feeling of need of intoxicating drink; and with an ever deepening conviction that I should not have been the vigorous man I am if I had not steadily pursued the abstaining course."

All the back numbers of the *Staunch Teetotaler* are in print, so that persons wanting certain numbers can make up their sets.——A number of copies of the YEARLY PART, bound in cloth, are on hand, price 1s. 4d.; and a considerable allowance for quantities, carriage paid.——The "REMINISCENCES OF EARLY TEETOTALISM," price 3d., with the usual allowance to Agents.——I shall be glad to correspond with persons in any district where the *Staunch Teetotaler* has not been introduced, with a view of bringing it into notice.

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THE

STAUNCH TEETOTALER,

BY J. LIVESEY.

No. 20. AUGUST, 1868. ONE PENNY.

TO THE MAGISTRATES ASSEMBLED AT BREWSTER SESSIONS.

GENTLEMEN,

We are now approaching the time when the publicans will stand before you asking your permission to sell spirituous liquors for twelve months longer, and when fresh aspirants to this noteable trade will be supplicating for the same favor. If licensing to sell intoxicating drink had not degenerated into little more than a formal ceremony; if its bearing upon the welfare of the community were seriously considered, this duty would not be dispatched without a closer investigation as to the working of the system, and as to how far each individual had observed the conditions of his former licence. So little has been done in earnest in this way that any magistrate attempting a close scrutiny, meets with little support. And yet no gentlemen could be placed in a more responsible position, as regards the morals and welfare of the community, than that which you occupy when called together to grant certificates to the licensed victuallers. Wherever the blame may rest, there is little doubt of the fact, that every certificate you grant carries with it a certain amount of human suffering, of poverty and crime, and all their consequences. You cannot, of course, alter the law, but, so far as it gives you a discretion you can use it in restricting the number of licenses, and compelling the holders to observe the conditions, so as to promote as far as you can the sobriety, peace, and good order of the neighbourhoods. I cannot avoid expressing my opinion that the magistrates are far more indulgent towards the *old* publicans than towards the new applicants. Out of a dozen fresh applications, nine or more will probably be refused without much hesitation; but out of two hundred renewals it would be something uncommon if three of them were finally withheld. And yet it is known almost to everybody, that the drunkenness, disorder, and immorality connected with one of these old houses is more than might be expected in a dozen new ones. The licence to the worst house I ever knew (having to reside near it) was never refused, nor so far as I could discover was a single fine ever inflicted for fifteen years. It would seem that the magistrates, knowing that in granting a licence they have conferred a considerable increase to the value of the property, however badly conducted afterwards, that they hesitate to withdraw the favour, and the public suffer in consequence. Some notoriously bad house may have its licence suspended to the adjourned sessions, perhaps for a fortnight, but the owner knows that the magistrates are like soft-hearted mothers who deal largely in threats but cannot find in their hearts to inflict blows, so at a second meeting, after a lecture on the one hand, and fair promises on the other, the licence is renewed, and the evil, though checked, soon reappears. Acting among their neighbours, the magistrates are not able to

exercise the same amount of independence as if they were among strangers. Sometimes the superintendent constable will be asked how such and such a house has been conducted, but upon the whole no anxious investigations are made about the bygones, and the renewing of the licences is made to pass over as smoothly as possible.

Gentlemen! It cannot fail to strike you that there is something very *peculiar* in the drink trade. When the publicans stand before you, and you remember all the cases that you have had to adjudicate upon during the past twelve months from their houses, the trade in intoxicating liquors must sink very low in your estimation. And what has been detected by the police are but bits of fragments detached from that mass of evil which originates and connects with the public house. We must go to the houses of the drinkers, where the police claim no right to meddle, to learn the full fruits of the public house system. Publicans try to cry up their "respectability," but really if all other classes of tradesmen did so little good and so much harm, society would soon be in a state of chaos; barbarism and savageism would take the place of civilization. I have no wish to be severe. Whilst there are *buyers* there will be *sellers;* and though *you make* the publicans, I have no doubt it is in deference to the law and public opinion, more than from a conviction that the good of society requires them. After all, it is *not* the publican himself that is in the fault. The evil is in the *article* he sells. He has no wish to make people drunk; his wish is to get money. If he were as spotless as a saint he could not prevent his liquors having the natural effect upon those who drink them; and if, like "honest Betty," he would allow no one more than a pint, he would by this stint be only just warming the appetite to be gratified at the next house. The drink sellers case is rather a hard one; if his liquors are "let down," made short of alcohol, not able to touch the constitution, they create dissatisfaction. And then, on the other hand, if they are full proof, get up people's spirits, send them home top heavy, make them poorly next day, then the landlord incurs the blame, and is charged with "drugging" his liquors. The truth is, the *spirit* you licence to be sold is a most dangerous article; it is the source of endless suffering in private houses; and it is only more so in public houses, because drinkers here collect together, and are under fewer restraints. Do what you will, therefore, while you licence men to sell *alcohol* you *cannot* avoid licencing them to do evil. And here is the difficulty; you require them to allow "no drunkenness," "no disorder;" and yet the thing they are asking your permission to sell is the one, and the only one, that is sure to create drunkenness and disorder!

The public are thoroughly dissatisfied with the system and its results, and yet, shutting their eyes to the main cause, they content themselves with merely advocating a new system of licences and of licensing authorities. Well; no system can work worse than the present one, and yet unless parties will look the evil fairly in the face I don't see much hope of improvement. It is the *drink* that wants changing; the "devil" wants casting out, and when this is done the country will be sober and in its right mind. Still you might do more for the cause of sobriety, than has hitherto been attempted. When it is well known that houses harbour thieves and prostitutes, where crime and immorality are systematically encouraged, I respectfully submit that you ought not to hesitate at refusing licences to all such places. In this you would have the approval of the public, and there would in such cases be no fear of the county magistrates over-ruling your decisions. It would not be difficult to fix upon a dozen places in Preston, *hot beds of vice*, many of them too well known to neighbours and parents, and to *the police* too; and it does seem very wrong that the system of licencing should create such a monopoly and vested interests, that all this evil should be allowed to go on year after year—

neighbourhoods demoralized, young people ruined, and all decent people disgusted. In such cases, I know, you cannot stop the parties getting a beer licence, but by refusing your certificate, you would stop part of the evil; you would be carrying into effect the wishes of the public, and preventing the dealers in vice and infamy from making capital out of your sanction. No one can say that dram shops or gin palaces, were ever contemplated by the law which authorizes "licensed victualers" to open establishments for the accommodation of man and beast. Where nurseries of evil such as I have referred to exist, or where they are attempted to be established, it would be well if you would pay a respectful attention to the memorials that may be presented against them. There is no class of people who shew so little respect for the authority of law as the common drinksellers. They will evade it if they can. We should be in a sad condition if other tradesman were to act in the same way. The great number of men we meet with on the Sunday forenoon in liquor prove how ill the restrictions of Sunday morning closing sits upon them. And the fact is that while you shew lenity towards those that are detected; while it is more profitable to pay a small penalty than to forego the gains, Sunday morning drunkenness will remain. It may not be in your power to prevent men's indulgences, nor to neutralize the effect which the publican's drink has upon them, yet this is certain, that every house you close is one temptation less, and every reduction you make in the sale of drink is a gain to the community.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

Preston, August 1st, 1868. J. LIVESEY.

THE BARLEY CROP—WICKED DESTRUCTION OF GRAIN.

In riding through the country at harvest time, before the Commutation Acts came into force, we used to notice a bough perched on every tenth "hattock" in the corn fields. Frequent remarks were made, and no little grumbling. I wish something like this custom could be revived, so as to make a deep impression of the wickedness and folly of appropriating so large a portion of good grain to the making of bad drink. Traversing the barley fields we should have to mark not every tenth but at least every second sheaf. *These* would stand for ale, *those* for porter, *this* for gin, and *that* for whisky. And what a nice opportunity this would be to bring the drinkers into the fields for a lecture; and to make the teaching more impressive, I would advise that certain groups from Cruikshank's great picture should be painted and duly affixed for their edification; the oldest topers to be placed opposite the marks for gin and whisky, and those in the A B C class of fuddlers opposite those marked ale and porter. On these latter let a drunkard's wife and children be exhibited, with the overseers office and union workhouse in the back ground; and on those for gin and whisky, men suffering from *delirium tremens*, with an asylum and a prison close by. If the drinkers were unwilling to come and see themselves as others see them, at any rate we might marshal our Bands of Hope to gaze upon these pictures, so as to be a warning to the children not to tread in the drunkard's path. We *must* try some way or other to *connect cause and effect* more than we have done. We must show how good grain is changed into bad drink; and contrary to all popular notions, that the better the grain the worse the liquor. We must deliver the public mind from the erroneous idea that when they suffer severely from their three glasses of Mrs. Boniface's best ale, it is *not* "something that is put into it," but that it results from the excellent quality of the barley itself. The first quality contains a large proportion of starch, which the maltster converts into sugar, and the brewer into alcohol, and the better the barley and the

more of this poison it will produce. That which tipplers complain of (but which they seek yet again) does not proceed from "grains of paradise" or "strychyine" but from the fat of the land, manipulated so as to meet the acquired longings for nervous excitement. Double the quantity of barley if you please, in brewing your beer, and not a particle more *nutrition* will it contain; but, if duly malted, mashed and fermented, it will contain double the quantity of *alcohol*, the article which all drinkers enjoy, notwithstanding the repeated punishments they have to endure.

Boast we of our civilization! Look there! Thirteen hundred thousand acres of British soil employed to produce pauperism, crime, domestic misery, disease, and premature death! Sanctioned, too, by the ruling classes, the teaching classes, and all who claim to guide public opinion. It seems never to occur to anyone of them to ask, how many oaths, how many quarrels, how many wife beatings, how much police work, how many magisterial investigations may proceed from a single field of barley? Such questions as these would be put down, by the advocates of moderate drinking, as emanating from "teetotal fanaticism;" and yet the facts alleged could be far more easily demonstrated, than that filthy drains and open cess pools are the cause of sickness and increased mortality. Little does the poor agricultural labourer think as he drives the plough and makes the furrows, that he is number one in preparing an article which when manufactured slays the people by tens of thousands. Little does the husbandman think as he sows the seed and reaps his crop of barley, that all his labour, the strength of the soil, and the cost of the seed in addition,—is to end in helping to break up the harmony of families, to make wives and husbands into pests, to create tastes in sons and daughters that shall mar their prosperity for life, and that in many cases it will lead to a course of life ending in the jail, the workhouse, the asylum, if not on the gallows. As certain as that you behold the barley now waving in the wind, or being housed in the granary, so certain will effects like these follow. The physical, mental, and moral capacities of man are regulated by unalterable laws; and if you convert the saccharine particles of barley into alcohol, and this alcohol enters the stomach—no matter whether in the disguise of beer, porter, gin, or whisky—it will meet with a resistance from the nervous power in every part of the system. This conflict, this stimulation, so detrimental in its operations, and serious in its consequences, is what drinkers like, and have it they will, always fancying it does them good, till it lays them in the grave. There is nothing but good in the grain as the Almighty sends it, but the public have never had their attention sufficiently fixed upon the different processes through which this grain is made to pass before it reaches their tables, in order to give it its intoxicating power. Even such men as Cobbett, Joseph Hume, and Lord Brougham, had not considered this question, hence they all advocated cheap beer for the people. Cobbett laboured under an infatuation upon the subject, and spent no little ink and paper in recommending home brewing. It is true all our leading men, our candidates for parliamentary honours especially, are deeply impressed with the horrors of "drunkenness," at least they tell us so; but their philosophy has never led them to go to the root of the matter. They dwell on peoples' *in*-temperance; and attribute it to the want of education, want of better cottages, and to wants of all sorts of things, except the want of courage to avoid the first glass. These gentlemen cannot understand how drunkenness should arise from the use of so "nutritious and useful" an article as "good malt liquor." They would grant a commission to enquire into "adulterations," and inflict ruinous penalties upon the man that dared to defile the orthodox liquor, but they would as soon doubt the soundness of the thirty-nine articles as that there could be anything pernicious in drink made solely from "malt and hops." Few can believe that the grain which fed the multitude in the wilderness,—that grain so good, so wholesome,

so nourishing—can become in the hands of malsters, brewers, and distillers, one of the veriest poisons that the human system has to grapple with. And yet this is a fact as true as that the sun shines at noon day. Every remove from perfect sobriety is the consequence of taking less or more of this poison. Men are accused of *abusing* the "good creature of God;" but the fact is, it abuses them first, and as for its being a good creature of God, you might as well give that honour to Snider's breech loader, or to Armstrong's gun. Ale, beer, porter, gin, and whisky, are all manufactured articles, and made chiefly from that wholesome grain which we now see in the fields or in the stacks, as the fruits of agricultural industry. Here the children's bread is worse than given to dogs; its mal-appropriation to the manufacture of strong drink ought to rouse the feelings and inspire the denunciations, of every patriot, of every christian, and of every friend of his kind. No matter how short the crop, the brewer and the distiller claim the lion's share. The whole staff of bread looks well upon the national table; but whether want or scant, hunger or starvation be the consequence, these two legalized spoilers carry off what would make bread for six millions of the people! If alcoholic liquor were made from the clippings of our hedges, which it could be, it would be bad enough, but when the corn is swept away from our fields at this rate, one stands amazed at the apathy of the country, and still more at the sanction of the legislature of such a system of spoilation.

Even those who think there is something good in malt liquor, might well ask "why all this waste?" Does not the evil produced far exceed the good? Is it not a serious matter that the country's wealth should be thus misapplied? If he is a benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where one only grew before, is he not a malefactor who seizes both blades for the mash tub and the still, and which thus become a scourge to his countrymen? In olden times, failing the harvest, distilling was forbid; in modern times Napoleon did the same wise thing, and what was done as a relief in seasons of dearth, would be a relief at all times, as the grain, instead of being crucified in the mash tub, and subsequently fermented into poison, would be preserved as food for man and beast. The country still believes in beer; they like it; the ladies like it to dinner and supper; they think they could not nurse without it; no invalid could be strong without Bass's bitter, and no workman could be jolly on the Saturday night without a skin full. Now if these would take the trouble to learn how the drink is made, and how much good grain is destroyed in the processes,—if they would first survey the barley fields, then the breweries and the distilleries with their immense storages,—and next the condition of those who drink the liquors, they would see the connection which I have endeavoured to establish, and unless steel hardened they could scarcely refrain from acknowledging that those who are labouring to enlighten the people on this important subject, are engaged in a great national work.

THE EDITOR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—No. 8.

In order to refresh my memory I was induced to look through my collection of private papers, and I find that I have upwards of ninety memorandum books, a few large, but mostly penny ones, in which I have made entries and remarks in connection with the various movements, agitations, subscriptions, societies, institutions, &c., in which I have been engaged during the last fifty years. One of the oldest, dated 1817, was my ledger, which I carried in my breast pocket, and which was deemed quite bulky enough for my business at that time. Some day, perhaps not distant, my friends and survivors may feel interested in reading a number of the remarks to be found in these books.

My aim was always to devise something that would improve the condition of

the working people; and in those early times so little was thought of or attempted in this line, compared to the present day, that I never was at a loss for an opening in which to employ my inventive faculty or absorb my youthful energies. One of my earliest efforts which I can recollect, either just before or just after my marriage, was to assist in Mr. Dilworth's adult school at Walton. Mr. James Dilworth resided there and was what they called a "fester-out;" that is he gave out weaving for some other employer; this was before he started the commission business in Preston. He built the house in Ribblesdale Place now owned and occupied by Mr. John Horrocks, and his name is still retained in the Manchester firm of "J. Dilworth and Son." Soon after our marriage my wife and I devoted as much of our time and means as we could spare to instructing our neighbours. We started an adult Sunday-school of our own, she teaching the females and I the males, in a cottage at the west end of Paradise street, the rent being about 2s. a week. Afterwards I took a large room in Shepherd street for a similar object, and the following printed bill will briefly explain the character of the school:—

YOUTH'S SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Poor people in Preston and the neighbourhood are kindly informed, that a Sunday school, for youth of both sexes, from fourteen to twenty-one years of age, is kept in a commodious room, No. 4, Shepherd-street.

The scholars are confined to those of the above age; and as every attention is paid to their instruction, with the liberty of going to their own Places of Worship, parents and guardians of youth will find this a favourable opportunity of providing for the education of those who are obliged to labour through the week—such as have no learning, or are in danger of losing that which they have. School hours from half-past eight to a quarter past ten in the morning, and from a quarter-past one to a quarter-past two in the afternoon. All Gratuitous.—*Preston, February* 1*st*, 1825.

This room in Shepherd street was used for various purposes. I have a placard announcing a "Weekly meeting for Religious Investigation" in this place; and among the rules by which it was to be guided I may give the following:—

1.—A subject to be proposed and agreed upon the week before it is discussed, to be decidedly of a religious cast. Any person engaging in the discussion, to have the liberty of proposing a subject.

2.—Meekness and charity are especially to be cultivated, and to form a prominent feature in every discussion.

3.—As an increase of knowledge and the promotion of Godliness must always be kept in view, the discussions of the meeting are not intended as matters of entertainment, or for the displaying of ability—in this respect it will differ from what are called "Debating Societies."

At that day there were few opportunities for the working people to see a newspaper, excepting at the public house. Owing to the three-fold duty—that upon paper, upon the stamp, (3d.), and the advertisements—the general price was 7d., and the charge at the newsrooms was made by the year. In a prospectus dated January 16th, 1827, I announced that a "General Reading Room" would be opened in Shepherd street, to be supplied with all the leading newspapers and periodicals, the charge to be 3s. 3d. per quarter. I took the whole responsibilty upon myself; it was a success, and sometime after it was removed to more respectable premises, a large room over the *Chronicle* office in the Market place, where it remained for many years. Though this project secured sufficient support to make it permanent, it did not meet with the support of the class for whom I specially intended it. The operatives fell off, and it became more a newsroom for the middle class, the members consisting of shopkeepers, clerks, &c. I have at least six times fit up or helped to fit up small places for the operative classes, as reading-rooms, some quite free and some at a low charge, and I confess with grief that in every instance I have been disappointed. It is true that men who labour hard are not in a condition after work for reading; but the numbers who attend the public houses and beershops,

especially on the Saturday nights and Sundays, show that their love of liquor is far stronger than their love of mental improvement; and as it respects the reformed characters, those who are saved from drink, they are generally fully engaged with their trades and family matters, and if not, as a body they seldom manifest much disposition for reading.

A few years after this I took a large room over the "Cock-pit" (the place where the temperance meetings were held for twenty years) and for seven years I kept a Youths' Sunday School here at my own expense, assisted by clever devoted young men. The ages of the scholars and general rules were much the same as the above; but perhaps the greatest attraction which secured a regular attendance on the part of the young people was that, in addition to reading and instruction, we taught them to write. It was either here or at my own house, that I taught a grammar class certain nights in the week, the rules of which I find in one of my books, and to this class probably some persons may have been indebted, in part, for their rise in the world. Among the list of members, the names of whom I still retain, I notice that of Mr. George Toulmin, the present proprietor of the *Preston Guardian*. As I have said before, I had a restless spirit, and was always projecting something new, not for my own ease or gratification, but for the improvement and elevation of the poorer classes. I seldom chimed in with existing institutions, or felt disposed to act in a subordinate character, and consequently was frequently trying to initate something, as I thought, in advance of what was then in operation. And I had this peculiar characteristic (some might call it a weakness) which has followed me through life, that in starting any project I would go into it at first with all the energy I could command, difficulties seeming rather to be an advantage. After seeing an institution fairly and successfully started, I generally began to feel indifferent, leaving its management to others. The temperance cause may be considered the only exception, but I dare say if I had seen this as successful as I could have wished, I might have felt here also a disposition to retire and engage in something else in its place.

In 1827 I was renting rooms in Cannon street, now occupied for printing and machining the *Preston Guardian*. These rooms were used for various educational and progressional purposes. A Mr. Templeton about this time came to Preston in low water, and appearing to be a man of genius as to teaching, I got up a subscription for him, and one room was fit up as a school, in which he introduced the "arithmetical rods," and a peculiar copy book. Not succeeding so well, he was taken by the hand by Mr. John Smith, of the *Liverpool Mercury*. They brought out "Smith and Dolier's copy book," and the white enamelled tablets to write upon with the pencil. Mr. Smith delivered lectures on education, assisted by Mr. Dolier, at which the utility of these and other inventions were illustrated. On one occasion I induced the town Council to engage Mr. Smith, who lectured several nights in the theatre to all the school children of the town. A "Mechanic's Institution" had often been spoken of, and letters recommending one, had from time to time appeared in the papers. I sympathized strongly with this feeling, and one day without consulting any other person I sat down, wrote a circular, sent it to the printer and caused it to be delivered to the most likely persons in the town, inviting them to attend a preliminary meeting for starting such an institution. It was to be held in one of the Cannon Street rooms. This circular was responded to by six individuals! If the reader of this will imagine half-a-dozen persons seated on a form, with a single candle to enlighten their proceedings, and the writer of this opening out his plans, he will have a view of the origin of that Institution whose building is now among the first in the town, an ornament to Avenham Walks and the vicinity, with a library of 8,000 volumes. This meeting was held on the 11th September, 1828, and

the original circular is now framed in the institution. It was agreed to call it "The Institution for the diffusion of Knowledge." Great efforts were made to collect subscriptions, to get a library and museum, in which I took my share. The making of the first catalogue was my sole work during my convalescence following a rheumatic fever. No other gentleman gave so much time at the beginning as the late Mr. Gilbertson, surgeon, and next to him I may name Mr. Ascroft, attorney. Many a long evening did we spend till a late hour, numbering and labelling the books, arranging the library, planning the museum, forming the classes, and providing for the lectures. The Institution soon secured the support of the town, but still not the support of the operatives to the extent we expected, much less that class technically called "mechanics." Yet to meet the condition of these we fixed the subscription as low as 1s. 7½d. per quarter, or 6s. 6d. per year. I well remember when this was discussed, observing in favour of this low charge, that it was just 1½d. per week, the price of a glass of ale. A considerable sum was spent in purchasing first-class books in the arts and sciences, but few of these were ever asked for. At the present time but few of the working classes are members of this institution. The operations were carried on in Cannon street for twenty-one years, the present building being entered upon in 1849, which, though for many years it laboured under pecuniary embarrassment, is now out of debt, with funds in hand, the proceeds of the last Exhibition.

My last effort of any magnitude in this line, was in connection with "The Working Men's Club" at No. 3, Lord street. This building had been a large gentleman's house, but being much out of repair and in an undesirable situation, had been shut up for sometime. I long had my eye upon it as suitable for some public purpose, and ventured to take it to try the experiment of starting a working men's club. The Rev. R. Macnamare, the curate of the Parish Church, was a warm advocate for these clubs, and with his and the assistance of others, a sufficient fund was raised to put the premises into first-rate order. In a pecuniary sense it has been quite successful, yet it has not attracted the drinking men from the public house as many expected. In the eating department it has excelled, and in this way, no doubt, it has been very useful in preventing great numbers going to the public house for their victuals, where they would be expected to drink. I was chosen president from the first, which I resigned a few months ago. This institution now comprises, the eating department, an excellent reading room, a gymnasium, a room for meetings, and several smaller ones for amusements. Mr. George Penny, junior, has been the secretary from the beginning. My experience as the proprietor of a temperance hotel may appear hereafter.

It may occur to some to ask the question, how I could find the time or spare the expense necessarily required by my connection with these undertakings, especially the earlier ones, considering that I had to start out of nothing, and with a large family always to provide for. I may explain, first, that in all these movements I adhered strictly to the principle of utility and economy in every detail; I sought for nothing fine, nothing dazzling, and hence the expenses were always far less than where persons are guided by fashion and appearances. And, next, being successful in business and always careful and saving, in which I was joined by my wife, I always had something to spare for what I deemed a good purpose. I avoided all speculations, and with one exception, I believe, I have been invariably better off at the end of the year than at the beginning. This exception, however, was a serious one, and had well nigh upset me. By great exertions and perseverance I had got a little money beforehand, more than I regularly required in the cheese business. A person with whom I became friendly was in the cotton business as a manufacturer, and afterwards as a commission agent. He often repeated to me how profitable his

business was, and, with additional capital how much he could make. With little experience of the treachery of the world I was tempted by the offer to become a partner, to let him have a considerable amount. This was in 1827; and under the influence of misplaced confidence I foolishly left the management of the business to himself, and became a sleeping partner. Believing his assurances from time to time that we were fast making money, I let him have all I could possibly spare. The sequel may be shortly told. Trade became depressed; I could get no satisfactory explanation as to the position of the concern; creditors became pressing, and he left the concern, and the town also, for me to do with as I pleased. It was a trying time; after emancipating myself from the weaver's cellar, and labouring and toiling, both of us, almost night and day, with half-a-dozen children about our feet, to find as we feared all gone at once by the treachery of one in whom we had confided as a friend, was a condition which experience alone will enable anyone to realise. I was left to wind up a business of which I was ignorant, and to provide for all its liabilities, the creditors pressing to be settled with. At such a moment it is cheering to have a partner to share your burden, and keep up your spirits. "Never mind," said my dear wife when she saw me cast down, "we shall get through; we worked hard for what we had; it is lost, but we can work for more." Mr. George Cooper, father to Mr. John Cooper, of the Oaks, was the largest creditor. Time was given me; I turned the stock into money, and by either two or three instalments I paid every creditor the full amount of his claim. By this unfortunate business I lost in money £1,600, and adding the disadvantage of robbing my own business of capital, and the time I was taken from it, I always considered the loss was equal to £2,000. It was a lesson on the question of partnerships which has lasted me for life. On the payment of the last instalment Mr. Cooper proposed that a silver cup should be presented to me by the creditors as a mark of respect for my honourable conduct, but I respectfully declined the offer, considering that I had done nothing more than an honest man ought to do. With our wonted diligence, industry, and carefulness we soon found ourselves prosperous again. I have not the same reason to think so well of the cotton trade as some fortunate ones. As I stated before, my father and grandfather, betwixt them, lost all they had in the cotton trade, and I had to go to the loom as the consequence. My sons will have defective memories if they forget these two lessons.

THE FORTHCOMING ELECTION.

I hope it will not be considered too soon to speak to our friends as to the part they may be called upon to take at the next election. A severe contest has often been a severe trial through which our cause has had to pass, and on such occasions many of our members have "broken out" as it is called. I know no season more prolific in disasters to our cause than an election time. Old teetotalers have broken their pledges, and have got mixed up with the treating of the voters and other debasing practices of which they have afterwards been thoroughly ashamed. In some places, during an election, the temperance meetings have either been suspended or all but deserted. Now it is well for us to remember in time, that however important other national questions may be, and however fairly the teetotaler may claim his right as a citizen to give a practical expression to his opinions, there is no reform before the country fit to compare in importance to the reform which we are seeking to accomplish. The Irish Church, it seems, is to be the battle cry at the next election; but what is the establishment or disestablishment of this compared to the mission in which Father Matthew was engaged? Let us therefore not neglect our great work in pursuit of other objects, however important. Teetotalers are notorious

for activity in whatever they may be engaged, and therefore they are sure to be sought after to be placed on committees, and put in situations of trust. Let them beware lest they should neglect the temperance work, and become entangled in a labyrinth of corruption, drunkenness, and bribery, from which it will be almost impossible to keep their hands clean or their consciences pure. I have witnessed horrible scenes at elections in which good men were mixed up, and from which they would have given anything to be extricated when it was too late. In view of the forthcoming contests, which promise to be so fierce, it would be criminal in us not to raise our voice against drinking, bribery, and corruption. "Beer," it seems, is again expected to play its part; and in view of this, if the temperance societies do not utter their protest *early*, *loud*, and *long*, I fear no other party will. We cannot cure the evil, but we may lessen it.

In the first place, then, let every *private teetotaler* make up his mind to have nothing to do with, but to oppose with all his might, every arrangement that involves or is likely to lead to the practice of treating. Committee meetings at public houses are sure to do this, and candidates, committees, and all concerned should be pressed to do their business where no drink is sold. Next, let every *society* have a special meeting upon the subject, and without committing themselves to any party, without either promising votes or threatening to withhold them, adopt an address to all the candidates and electioneering agents, on the *temperance basis solely*, urging them to conduct the election on the principles of sobriety and purity. If this be done in a good spirit, avoiding every other topic that might be offensive, the hope is that the different religious denominations would follow in the same course, and a good impression produced. It will require great prudence and great forbearance at an exciting time like this to prevent dissensions and splits among the temperance people; for as no one can be expected to forfeit his freedom of acting with the party to which he is attached, a large amount of tolerance will be requisite one towards another. Nothing in my experience has set so many temperance friends at variance as political partizanship at elections. Our steps should therefore be carefully considered, lest we turn our friends into enemies, and forfeit for our cause that high character that it has hitherto sustained among the best men of the nation. Nothing would be more likely to do this than for teetotalers to become a political party. Many persons, not clearly understanding the organization of the Temperance Societies, have said: "While your efforts were directed to the spreading of your principles and making converts by moral means, we were with you, but now that you are becoming a political party, we can no longer give you our support." We all feel the importance of increased legislative restraint in grappling with the drink traffic, and are anxious to secure the utmost amount of prohibition that public opinion will concede, but we must endeavour to obtain these without forming ourselves into a political party, or attempting to pledge the temperance people to one side or the other. All should be left free if we mean to preserve our societies from being broken up or seriously damaged. But while we do this, and don't think it prudent to assume a character which we cannot maintain, like all other sections of social reformers, we ought to take every wise opportunity of introducing our question, of developing our principles, and of acting so as to promote, in our judgment, their ultimate success. On this subject I confess there are some difficulties. I don't want to damp the ardour of those whose hopes have been fixed upon legislative measures, and yet I am anxious they should coolly calculate their strength before they rush into the battle. Above all nothing would grieve me more than to see the holy cause of teetotalism dragged through the filth and pollution of a contested election, or our friends taking any part in the detestable practices that are common on these occasions. Whilst we cannot even

succeed in closing public houses on the Sunday, surely it will occur to all our friends that the great work for us to labour at is, to enlighten the people, to teetotalize the constituencies, and not till then, shall we be able to make the drink interest feel the power of sound legislation.

BANDS OF HOPE.

In our attempts to extend the establishment of Bands of Hope, we are greatly encouraged by the fact that everybody is in favour of them. The father and mother who cannot themselves resist the odd glass, and now and then take more than one, are quite agreeable, and indeed wishful, that their Jemmy and Jenny shall be members of a Band of Hope. The congregation that could not endure a thorough teetotal sermon in the chapel, has no objection to allow a Band of Hope in the school-room, and are willing to grant it for a fortnightly meeting. Grown-up society are so thoroughly enslaved by ignorance, custom, appetite, and association, that, with all our labour, we make slow progress with them, but in working upon young, unperverted nature, we have a more hopeful soil in which the seeds of truth and sobriety may be cast. Drinkers themselves feel this and acknowledge it. And there is something so peculiarly pleasant in the idea of protecting "span new" character from the vice of drinking, that we are doubly stimulated to action. There you see a group of happy children, all nature's teetotalers, playing in the street; you look at their innocent, unspoiled faces, and, comparing these with the next group you meet of grown persons under the influence of liquor, you wish and pray that these juveniles may never touch the unclean thing: and if you are sincere and consistent, you will at once consider what you can best do to prevent their falling as others have done. You may talk to these youngsters and they will listen attentively; you may give out papers and everyone will scramble to get some to take home. You may commence singing "I'll never get drunk again," and the youngsters will join heartily with you. This is, of course, but a chance effort. But if you will get up a regular Band of Hope meeting in the neighbourhod, and go round with small papers announcing the same, you will secure these stray children and induce hundreds of others to come to the meeting. To establish and carry on successfully a Band of Hope, straightforward, earnest efforts are all that are required. Unions and combinations are requsite to rouse the lethargy and lukewarmness of many, but any three thorough going teetotalers may form a Band of Hope, unaided by either union, minister, or committee. If there be no school-room (and a very plain one is sufficient) to be obtained, get a cottage, or, in summer a yard or a corner anywhere. Collect the children and talk to them, and sing with them, and keep them together by any kind of attractions that are consistent with the subject of temperance. To take a dish of barley and explain to them the processes of malting, brewing, and distilling, is always interesting, and especially if you burn the spirit in their presence. As to the nature of our popular drinks it is very desirable that they should be made wiser than their seniors. There certainly should be a Band of Hope connected with every Sunday school, but besides this, it is desirable to have them in every neglected neighbourhood, where many of the children never go to Sunday school.

Though almost every town can now boast of its numerous Bands of Hope, it is a fact that the meetings of many of them are not well attended. There is no inducement to labour in this humble way but the love of doing good; and many of the meetings dwindle away for want of speakers who can arrest the attention and interest the feelings of children. I have always held the opinion that all these gatherings should be *weekly;* fortnightly meetings are too distant, and not

so well remembered, and from monthly meetings I am quite sure little good can be expected. Nay, the managers of some Bands of Hope actually suspend their meetings during summer, intimating, as they say, their intention to resume their labours on the return of winter. A great want of judgment, or perhaps what is worse, a want of earnestness is indicated by such a step. Summer is the best season for temperance meetings, and I see no reason why a weekly Band of Hope meeting should not be held in the open air as well as any other.

While addressing children, we are, through them, addressing many others, older people, whom we cannot see. The information given, and the impressions made, will be carried by these little folks to their homes, and often communicated to their parents. And indeed at these meetings we find that adults are as willing to stop and listen and learn, as if the meeting had been got up for them. Let there be plenty of singing; let these sweet little voices proclaim "there's nothing like teetotal," and mothers and fathers will catch the flame, and perhaps be more moved by this than by the profoundest reasoning at ordinary temperance meetings. Besides, if the rules of a Band of Hope are properly adhered to, they will lead to what we know is very much neglected—frequent home visitations. The names of the children who have been permitted to sign (and none should be allowed to do so carelessly), should be entered in a book, and if they are often absent they should be visited at home. This is an inoffensive means of getting access to the parents and others residing with them, and these visits, of course, will be used as an opportunity for addressing such on the necessity of their becoming abstainers. We should never feel satisfied with the disjunction of parents and children; our aim should be to get both into our societies, and this would be the best guarantee for the children continuing true to the cause. It is well to attach to every Band of Hope as many attractions as possible—such as a savings' bank, a library, a singing class, juvenile Rechabite's tents, or Sons of Temperance divisions, and to have now and then, field days or excursions, and a procession. At the outside of each town it would be very nice to have a Band of Hope play ground, which the children and their friends could retire to for their amusements on Saturday afternoons and other convenient occasions. Nicely set out this would be a place of great attraction; and if put forward I think we have wealthy individuals almost in every town who would be disposed to make such a provision. I am now looking out for a field suitable for this purpose. There is nothing, I believe, would be found to secure the attendance of Band of Hope members at the meetings, especially the older ones, more than teaching them to write one or two nights in the week. One title I have always envied in the temperance ranks, and that is "Life Teetotaler." If we old people cannot live over again so as to have a chance of wearing it, the next best good thing is, by sustaining Bands of Hope and other similar efforts, to confer this title upon as many as possible of the rising generation. Still, while we do all we can for Bands of Hope, we ought not to make one effort less to save drinkers of all ages.

VARIETIES.

It is a mistake to call dealers in intoxicating liquor *land*-lords. When "victuals" were the articles they supplied, and when land to raise them on was in their occupancy, they might then be called *land*-lords; but that has long ceased to be the case. They are now *drink*-lords, but certainly not *land*-lords.

How necessary it is that the children in every Sunday School should be constantly warned against intoxicating liquor, and exhorted to practice entire abstinence! A girl 17 years of age, who has attended a Sunday School five years, was detected in bringing into the factory where she worked a quantity of rum to treat those who worked with her, it being her birth-day.

In Chicago last year, 14,793 arrests were made on the charge of drunkenness.

If you ever find it difficult to induce a moderation drinker to admit the superiority of the teetotal system, ask him, "Whether he would rather his children were teetotal, or classed with those who take a glass or so?" His reply will settle the point.

What a mass of intellectual power and greatness lies buried by drink! Just as if a great portion of the surface of Britain had been sown with corn, and a darkening veil were placed over it, to prevent the light and heat of the sun from penetrating, so that the seed might not fructify and come to maturity.

When any attempt is made to put down the Sunday drink trade, a clamour is raised about there being one law for the rich and another for the poor, because the former have stocks of liquor stored up in the cellars belonging to their clubs. But how is it with the illegal practice of betting houses? There is one law for the rich and another for the poor here with a vengeance! Thomas Russell, a bookmaker, in a small way, was accused of keeping a betting-house and of betting, and was fined £100, with the alternative of six months' imprisonment. But no one has the pluck to inform and proceed against the great sinners. See the vast meetings at Tattersall's to settle bets, the big bookmakers sitting quite openly at special desks, with their books and piles of bank notes before them.

"I see you circulate the *Staunch Teetotaler* among your workpeople" said Mr. Hartley, shopkeeper, to Mr. Denby, master cotton spinner. "Yes," was his reply, "I take 100 a month; they cost me 4s., and these I circulate gratuitously. I don't think I could do as much good any other way at the same cost, and my hands are all eager to read it." "Well there is no doubt but the *Staunch Teetotaler* goes to the root of the matter, and it is written in a style that everybody can understand. I could not spare 4s.; my plan is to get 60 a month; I sell about 40 at a halfpenny each at the meetings and elsewhere, and they are easily disposed of at that price; then as to the other 20, I give part away, and part I leave at different public reading rooms, so the cost to me is about 10d. a month, a mere trifle compared to the good that I hope is effected."

I saw him first at the social tea party, he took but a single glass of wine, and that in compliance with the request of a young lady with whom he conversed. I saw him next when he supposed he was unseen, take a glass to satisfy the slight desire formed by his sordid indulgence. He thought there was no danger. I saw him again with those of his own age, meeting at night to spend a short time in convivial pleasure. He considered it only innocent amusement. I saw him next late in the evening, in the street, unable to reach home. I assisted him thither. He looked ashamed when we next met. I saw him soon after reeling in the street, a confused stare was on his countenance, and words of blasphemy were on his tongue. Shame was gone. When last I saw him it was on board the ship which was to convey him to our penal colonies, the result of crime committed through strong drink.—A.

It ever affords us much pleasure to see young females actively engaged in the promotion of the temperance cause. It proves them to possess kind and benevolent hearts, and that they are not ashamed for the world to witness the interest they take in the hapless condition of the wretched drunkard. Females always are the greatest sufferers from intemperance, and the only way to avert and prevent future suffering is, to abandon the use of those liquors which produce it, and to exercise that moral courage which they possess in so eminent a degree, in discountenancing, and thus rendering unpopular, those drinking customs of society which foster, strengthen, and perpetuate the giant evil Intemperance. Oh, how infinitely more noble, more holy, more in accordance with woman's mission on earth, does a young female appear engaged in aiding the onward progress of the blessing-fraught cause of temperance, than in lending her sweet and powerful influence to swell the ranks of folly, and by her presence and example shedding a charm around the wine cup, by which such numbers are deluded, deceived, and destroyed.

Amongst other cases in a paper recently read by Mrs. Gass, she gives the following:—"The wife of whom I would speak was indeed a woman full of grief. Her husband could earn four or five pounds a week; both were tolerably well educated. She had three children. In all the most momentous events of her life, drink had deprived her of her husband's sympathy and support. At the death and funeral of both her parents he was intoxicated. Her eldest boy died of consumption, his end hastened by lack of those nourishments his sinking condition demanded, and which his father's means could have well supplied. When the undertaker came to screw down the coffin, the heart-broken mother entreated the father to go up stairs with her. He was then the worse for drink. He came down soon after, and taking a headless coffin-nail from the candlestick, handed it to her, saying, "Here, you are fond of relics, take this!" The eldest daughter, when I visited them, had gone from home—they knew not whither. There was an interesting-looking girl of seventeen, whose fate I trembled to contemplate, and who used to weep most bitterly over her father's degradation. Several times this man signed the pledge, then he finally broke from me, and the last I heard of them was that the fair young girl had fled in disgust from her home, and the broken-hearted wife was with her own relations."

Deal gently with those who break their pledge and go astray. Draw them back by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold. Think of this and be on your guard, ye who would chase to the grave an erring brother.

"You are still fond of whisky, I see." "No, it is only a drop of beer I take." "That may be true, but if it were not for the drop of whisky it contains you would not drink it, it tickles your nerves a little so you like it." "Oh you teetotalers are so knowing, there is no getting over you."

In an interesting communication written by one of the captives, we have the following: "Unfortunately for Theodore he had for several years before his death greatly taken to drink. Up to three or four o'clock he attended to the business of the day, and till then was generally sober; but after his afternoon siesta he was invariably more or less intoxicated."

"They will have it," so said a grocer to me as I entered his shop and pointed to a basket filled with bottles of wine, ready to be carried by the porter to some customer. It is quite true "they will have it," I replied, "and now that they can get it so nicely from the grocer, without the disgrace of calling at the publican's or at the spirit merchant's, it is likely they will have it oftener than before, and in still larger quantities." The fact is that unless something is done to check this new mode of making drunkards, especially female drunkards, every grocer's shop will become a grog shop. The love of gain will destroy all concern for the sobriety of his customers on the part of the grocer.

Pointing to a doctor's house, in company with a gentleman, he said "Do you call him clever?" "I can't say," I replied, "if I ail anything I generally go to a water establishment." "I like water outside but not inside," said he. "I like it both inside and out" I rejoined "but perhaps you are, like the gentleman who advertised his mansion to sell. A purchaser came and looked over the land, the garden, and the buildings, and then inquired, 'What kind of water have you?' The gentleman, after pausing a moment, said, I am sorry I cannot tell you, for I have not tasted it for seven years."

On no subject is the press so unfaithful as in reporting the deaths and disasters that occur through drink. At inquests the evidence adduced seldom speaks the whole truth. In a case when a man has been getting drink throughout the day and walks into a pit as he goes home intoxicated at night, the paper will say "it is *supposed* that in going home in *hardly* a sober state he had fallen in." In a case of the murder of a wife by a drunken exasperated husband, the paper would say, that "he was *somewhat* the worse for drink." And when a publican is called to give evidence at a coroner's inquest, held upon a man who was killed in his house over a drunken quarrel, he would say, "he had had a few glasses, but he was quite sober." The full truth is scarcely ever told, the feelings of relations are consulted in preference to this. If the death of every man brought on by drinking was announced in the newspaper with a black border around it, how few copies would be quite free?

Every teetotal labourer should now be out of doors. It is sacrificing the cause to be holding dwarf meetings in a building consisting merely of regular attenders, while by going into the open air you can have crowded meetings, and plenty of fresh faces. Much tact and discretion are requisite in conducting these meetings. In the addresses, as much as possible avoid all direct allusions to persons present, which might produce angry feelings and hostile conduct so as to spoil the meeting. It is a fault with some of our zealous friends to fix the standard as near as possible to some jerry-shop or public-house. I have often seen the ill effects of this. It is not by abusing landlords at their own doors that we are to convince them, nor yet by stormy declamation, instead of reasoning with the people coolly, can we draw them from their drinking habits. In addressing an out-door meeting, don't speak against the wind; and instead of standing in an open space where the voice is easily dissipated, stand with your backs to a wall. You will find it much easier to speak in such a position.

Several times I have been attracted across the street to ascertain why so many people were grouped at the front of the booksellers' shops; and found that it was the exciting engravings exhibited on the bills of the *Police Gazette*. It is distressing to see how people are taken with the exhibitions of wife killing and various enormities that these bills contain, and the sale of this class of papers is enormous. Nothing could be more demoralizing to the people. The senses are powerful instructors. The other day two lads were before the magistrates for stealing, when the father said that they had been led astray by reading novels published in penny numbers, in which the heroes are highwaymen, burglars, thieves, and criminals. What father who wishes well to his children would ornament the walls of his dwelling with pictures containing specimens of drunkenness and brutality? And yet not only are such thrust upon the community by these low publications, but five-sixths of some of our ordinary newspaper paragraphs are made up of what is more likely to corrupt than benefit the reader. It is astonishing how respectable papers pander to the appetite for horribles.

"Will you be an honorary member of our cricket club, if you please." "Let me see your rules." "There is no intoxicating liquor to be allowed to come into the field." "Very well, that will do, then I will be a member."

Moderate drinking is moderate disturbance, and nature says, "Let me alone; the heart is making its usual number of beats, and all the machinery is working smoothly and to a good purpose. To keep it all in this state I only require plain food, and water to drink; and every drop of spirit you put into it serves only to disturb and damage and thwart my handy work."

Dr. Burns says that, having on one occasion instituted an inquiry into one of the largest metropolitan penitentiaries, he found that out of 62 inmates 44 had been trained in Sabbath Schools, but had been brought into their deplorable state by drink! Mr. Kaye, on one occasion, examined 299 prisoners in Leeds Borough Gaol, and found that 196 had been upwards of three years in Sabbath Schools, and 30 had been Sabbath school teachers. The Rev. G. B. de Renzi said, when chaplain, that seven out of eight were led there by strong drink! Returns show that in one year out of 10,361 inmates of prisons and penitentaries 6,572 had been Sabbath scholars.

John Abel Smith's bill is lost for this session; and our friends may again be reminded of this lesson, that until the country is more tectotalized, little or no legislation in favour of temperance can be expected. If we cannot carry a measure of which so many besides the teetotalers were supporters, in which we had the support of nearly every denomination, how is it likely any more stringent measure, one purely of our own, in which we have not the help of these parties, is to be carried? Our efforts should be to lay a broad and solid foundation about which there can be no mistake, before we can expect a drink loving legislature to recognize it as worth building upon.

For a long time Saltaire, near Bradford, was a Maine Law village, with those good results that never fail to follow the entire exclusion of the drink. But from some cause or other the rule became relaxed, and I was told that as many as five beer shops (or grocers selling beer) had been opened. The opposite effects soon became visible; and now, Mr. Salt has decided (finally I hope) that beer selling shall cease. Though in this, as in other cases, there will be doubtless some beer drunk either the product of home brewing or smuggling, yet the evil is a trifle compared to the open sale of this enslaving drink.

The thirty-fourth Conference of the British Temperance League, held at Preston at the end of June was a great success. Ten deputations from other large organizations in England and Scotland attended. Seventy-seven delegates from societies and a great many visitors were present. Large aggregate meetings were held in the Exchange during four evenings, and in every part of the town open-air meetings were held throughout the week, addressed by the agents of the league. It is to be hoped that a good impression will have been made upon the Preston drinkers, and all who came from a distance will have had their hearts warmed so as to induce them to work more vigorously in the cause.

What is to be done for Liverpool? is a question which constantly recurring events is ever raising in one's mind. The *Daily Liverpool Mercury* is a record of the death and destruction which drink is constantly inflicting upon that degraded neglected town. We were told one day, that 239 persons were locked up from Saturday night to Monday morning, and that whatever the offence was, almost in every instance the accused were drunk at the time. The most mortifying part is that nobody of importance seems to move to mitigate this giant evil. If ever I felt disposed to charge the ministers of religion with lack of duty it is here. Ought they not, one and all, to rush to the rescue? It is useless telling us of the value of souls, unless they themselves will come out and help to remove that which is destroying more than every other evil agency put together. I have just supplied a good man with 25,000 small temperance bills to scatter about, but what can one man do? Every parson, priest, employer, and professing Christian, should come forward and set their shoulders to the work of attacking this great juggernaut which is destroying so many of the people.

A correspondent writes:—I can bear my testimony to the benefits resulting from taking water as a tonic. Some years ago I was troubled with *costiveness* and its frequent accompaniments, *piles*. The trouble and pain, and the continual taking of medicine without any beneficial result, quite wearied me out. Having read some little about the water cure I resolved to try water. I began by taking every morning a draught, and by its constant use I soon began to like it. I now take a gill to bed with me every night; I take a good sup before laying down, and every time I awake during the night I take a mouthful; if there be any left in the morning, I drink it while dressing, and when I go down stairs I take a gill fresh from the tap. I have got rid of the costiveness and piles and my general health is excellent; my appetite being so kean that I am obliged to take something to eat soon after taking my refreshing draught. Now need we wonder at these results when we consider the amount of oxygen which this vital, purifying, life-sustaining fluid contains? How distressing it is to see fevered patients (particularly children) longing and craving for this grateful, cooling, and purifying beverage, foolishly and cruelly denied to them, though nature longs for it!

"Put down on the one side of a sheet of paper all the good that ale has done, and on the other side all the evil it has done," said a friend to a thirty years' drunkard. "That is impossible," was the reply," "for there is not a sheet of paper that ever was made that would contain half of the evil that ale has done me."

Dr. Collenth, a celebrated German physician, says:—"For twenty-one years I have banished all intoxicants from my practice, and during that period I have not made fewer than 180,000 medical visits, and I hesitate not to say that the recoveries have been more numerous and more rapid than they were during the five years I followed the usual practice, and administered brandy, wine, and beer."

Dr. Chandler, of St. Alban's, Vt., states: "I have never known an instance of recovery from habitual drunkenness except by total abstinence at *once* from all intoxicating beverages, and in a professional practice exceeding half a century, I have never known death, or disaster of any sort, to follow, as the result of such treatment; and I have never known an instance of ultimate prosperity in business in any young man who commenced with indulgence in alcoholic convivialities."

The Committee appointed by Parliament to inquire into the question of the Malt Tax have made their report (carried by the casting vote of the chairman), recommending its repeal. This report,—which is however only that of half the Committee,—contains all the stereotyped fallacies of the party, every one of which I have thoroughly confuted. Those who wish to see the whole question discussed should purchase my pamphlet entitled, "Malt, Malt Liquor, Malt Tax, Beer, and Barley, being a reply to Sir Fitzroy Kelly, M.P. for East Suffolk, Mr. Everett, Mr. Smee, and other gentlemen, on the Repeal of the Malt Tax." Price one penny.

Long prayers, long sermons, and long speeches are all alike, generally unacceptable. At our festivals you have constantly complaints of the speakers taking up too much time, but scarcely ever of their speeches being too short. People like a variety. Our agents, when holding their meetings, instead of spinning out an address of an hour and a half or two hours long, will find it an improvement to get one or two local friends to address the meeting. If their speeches be inferior, still for a change they are acceptable.

Two men were disputing as to the expense between living in London and the country, when one of them said "I have got as good a dinner as I would wish in London for 5½d." "Well, what did it consist of?" asked the other "Three pennyworth of so and so to eat, and a pint of porter which cost 2½d." This agrees with what is often said as to the large quantity of porter which is drunk in London at meals. If this man had taken water (the proper delutent) he would not have drunk more than half a glass. I was once taking dinner in an eating house in the Strand, when an elderly lady came in and called for a plate of meat, &c., to which she drunk, apparently with great gusto, two glasses of porter. It may be true that alcoholic drink injures the least when taken with food, but it is equally true, that this co-partnership of eating and drinking constitutes one of our greatest difficulties in persuading people to abstain. If you wish boys and girls to become fond of drink as they grow up, by all means let them have beer to dinner.

The barley crop is "housed" in excellent condition; scarcely a drop of rain has fallen upon it. But it won't remain in this state. Every grain for beer and whisky will be taken and drowned in water two days and nights. It will be made to swell out with wet, and then laid in heaps to get hot and to "sprit." You have seen a mass of onions grown fast together in a warm cellar; this is the condition that barley is to be brought into, and then after being dried it becomes that excellent article called "malt!" It is so changed that for the life of you, you could not make a loaf of bread of it; but you could make whisky. And yet the wisdom of parliament and the wisdom of the nation are concentrated in admiring and protecting this philosophical mode of using our barley! If Heaven did a similar act in the fields by sending an inundation of rain, pious people would be on their knees supplicating God for dry weather. Should not every temperance society have a miniature malt kiln to shew the folly and wickedness of destroying so much wholesome grain?

The *Staunch Teetotaler* should be sold at every temperance meeting; especially at the close. Many who attended would give a penny for a number, and to those who could not afford it might be supplied for a half-penny without any pecuniary loss and with some hope of profit to the individuals and to the cause. After reading the number parties should never forget to hand it to some of their neighbours, and as it is printed on good paper it might go through many hands before it was much worse for wear. A copy of this number should be forwarded to every magistrate who attends the Brewster Sessions. In London (from Heywood and Co., 335 Strand) and in Manchester (from Tubbs and Brook, 11, Market street), and from some other agents, the copies can be had on the same terms as from Preston; 4s. per 100; 60 for 2s. 6d.; or 18 for 1s.

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THE

STAUNCH TEETOTALER,

BY J. LIVESEY.

No. 21. SEPTEMBER 1868. ONE PENNY.

TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

GENTLEMEN,

I am sure you will excuse me for asking you to assist the temperance people in their efforts to promote the cause of sobriety. There is no class that knows more of the evils of intemperance than medical men, and few witness so much of its ravages in families. I am assured by those in good practice, that so far from abating, as we might have hoped, tippling, with all its consequences, is on the increase, especially among females. Though the number in your profession who have joined the ranks of the teetotalers is but small, yet I am glad to say that there is an increasing tendency among them to look more favourably upon our principles, and in many cases, so far as they can, to commend them to the attention and practice of their patients.

Whilst old systems of medical treatment are being exploded, and mere authority is giving way to investigation and science, the nature and properties of alcoholic liquors, and their physiological influence upon the human system, have also become subjects of close investigation and controversy. The received opinions that malt liquors were highly nutritious, that wine had peculiar restorative properties, are now frequently doubted; experiment and practice having convinced not a few of their fallacy. Alcohol was held by many to be food for the system, by some to be a source of vital heat, and by others to be a preventative of the waste of tissue. Each of these opinions has been proved to be a mistake, and that alcohol, after traversing the body and causing great disturbances, is discharged unchanged as it entered.

It is pleasing to find that among the leading medical authorities, the self-restoring power of the human frame is prominently put forward; the *vis medicatrix naturæ* is recognised as the only power for removing disease and keeping the frame in health. All physic is reduced to the position of *assisting* nature, and removing obstacles, so that its conservative energy may have the best chance of doing its own work. The correctness of this is becoming more and more demonstrated, and hence you and your patients are fortunately agreeing to minimumize the quantity of physic to be taken as much as possible. But this does not apply so much to alcoholic liquors as to the usual mixtures of the surgery. Porter, port wine, and brandy, are still powerful aids in the estimation of many, and if you don't order them, they will be often suggested in such a way that you find it difficult to refuse your permission. You have to fight against likings, and many invalids will have their drops whether you consent or not. In the convalescent state this is particularly the case.

On points which are matters of *controversy*, I subjoin a collection of opinions, which, uninfluenced by the weight of names, I think are deserving of consideration. In other respects, permit me to offer to you a few suggestions. *First*,—When you have a patient who is a reformed character, and has been an abstainer for some time, unless it is a matter of life and death, I entreat you not to order any kind of alcoholic liquor. We have had many valuable members ruined by this. Cases are constantly occurring of this sort. The old appetite is immediately revived, and backsliding and ruin are the result. It is far better to allow these to recover more slowly than to force nature by means which are so dangerous. *Secondly*,—We have great numbers of ministers and others above the working classes, who, either for their own sakes or for the sake of others, become abstainers for awhile, but begin again to take their beer or porter, or their few glasses of wine. And when they are asked the reason, the answer invariably is, "My doctor recommended me to take it; my constitution, he said, requires a stimulant." Now the loss to the cause of temperance by this is so great that I would respectfully ask whether this advice is sound, and based on correct physiological principles. Might it not be better to advise such to study less, to keep out in the open-air more, to avoid excess of food, to take less physic, to promote a healthier action of the skin by bathing; and, in fact, to be more the children of nature, and less the victims of fashion and civilization? What feeble persons such as these should aim at is, to strengthen the constitution, to promote the vitality of the system, and not to be constantly drawing upon it and forcing its action by stimulants. *Thirdly*,—I have no doubt but you have cases which you think almost incurable without alcohol. Now, in prescribing this, should you not be as exact as to quantity and strength as you always aim to be in other medicines? There is a looseness about ordering or permitting alcoholic liquors, which is not compatible with the precision you usually adopt, and which ought to be adopted where an unnatural substance has to be introduced into the system. Is it not beneath the dignity of a medical man to hand over his patients to the publican, the spirit dealer, or the wine merchant? This seems a random way of administering medicine. If quantity and quality be of any importance, it should be made up and labelled with care, like other mixtures. The disastrous effects of a loose order, or permission to take some of the "best Dublin porter," "Burton ale," "genuine sherry," or the like, are well known. The families are not few who suffer from the intemperance of mothers, the beginning of which was the taking, by medical sanction, at first moderately, these dangerous drinks when out of health, and which they have not moral power to give up.

The welfare of families, not to say and best interests of society, are in a great measure in your hands. You could greatly assist the cause of sobriety. I have no doubt of your wish to do so, and if your attention were more fixed upon the *tendency* of *moderate drinking*, and especially with invalids, you would as often as possible inculcate entire abstinence. Pecuniarly *you* might be the sufferers, but this would be compensated by the satisfaction you would feel in having helped to stem the torrent of intemperance—in having saved some under your care from falling into the downward path to ruin.

I subjoin the opinions referred to above, and am,

Yours most respectfully,

J. LIVESEY.

Preston, Sept. 1st, 1868.

"12, Hanover-square, Sheffield, March 30th, 1866.

"My dear Sir,—The physiological and medical arguments in favour of temperance, are to my mind, its soundest basis. Multitudes of men will admit that the drinking customs of our times are a great evil, and that the temperance movement is founded on true

and sound and moral principles, while they plead for the use of alcoholic liquors under the idea that they are conducive to health, and that they in some way sustain the strength. This delusive notion has been suggested and fostered by the medical profession, and *I*, as a member of that profession, have the greatest pleasure in being able to assert that the researches of modern science are all and entirely on the side of total abstinence, that they not only prove that the most perfect health is *compatible* with teetotalism, but that no man can be really said to be in perfect health unless he *is* a teetotaler. This is proved by the fact that when alcohol in *any* form, whether wine, beer, or spirit, is taken, it immediately produces a disturbance of the functions of the body—in other words, sets up diseased action proportionate in its intensity to the amount and quantity imbibed. The symptoms induced are those of a febrile and inflammatory character, and are most marked on the great centre of life and mind—the *brain*—that organ which above all others in the human organism it should be our chief care to preserve in a healthy and vigorous state. Besides inducing an inflammatory condition of the system, alcohol perverts the blood, diseases it; worse and more prolonged by the wines, ales, and other liquors ordered habitually by medical attendants. I have treated several *thousands* of cases of *all kinds* occurring in in general practice without alcoholic liquors of any kind, and have been gratified with the successful results. The medicines take effect more potently, and answer their end better. If I must tell the truth, it is *I* who am the sufferer by my non-alcoholic treatment, for the patients get well much sooner, and as a natural consequence my bills for professional attendance are very considerably less. No doubt, if I were to follow the usual custom, and order wines, ales, and spirits freely, the patients would be much longer under my care, and yield me a much larger revenue in the way of fees.

"Alcoholic liquors are bad in every way; they are bad for the sick, and worse for those who are well and in good health.

"They are *not nutritious*, they are *not tonic*, they are *not beneficial* in any sense of the word. They cause disease of body, disease of mind, and worse than all, *disease of morals*, and ought not only to be banished from every household, but put under the most uncompromising and stringent legal prohibition.—I am, my dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

"To J. R. Taylor, Esq." "J. W. BEAUMONT, M.D."

The following is from a paper read before the British Medical Association by Mr. Higginbotham, F.R.S., of Nottingham, for the benefit of his junior brethren. He says:—"I was educated in the opinion that port wine was absolutelty necessary in the low and sinking state of typhus and typhoid fever; and, in order to procure it for my poor patients when I commenced practice, I was desirous of forming a wine depot, with the assistance of my benevolent friends. Soon after, a singular occurrence happened in a village in Derbyshire. The typhoid fever was prevalent, and it was observed that a number of the rich died, who had been treated with the artificial stimulas of wine, and that the poorer lived, who had little else but natural stimulants, pure air, pure water, and simple diet. The fact was so apparent that it was a saying in the villages—"The doctors were blamed for killing the rich, and the Almighty was praised for curing the poor." From this simple fact I was induced to try the experiment of treating typhoid fever without wine. I had soon a very ample opportunity, for in the month of August, 1813, and the four following months, nearly one-half my time was devoted to visiting patients with the fever. After finishing my long attendance with this simple treatment, I had only lost two patients; both of them had wine given to them unknown to me by a family in the neighbourhood. I believe none of the other patients had any wine. The non-alcoholic treatment is equally successful in surgical as well as medical cases. I have found that, by abandoning the alcoholic treatment, acute disease is much more readily cured, and chronic disease much more manageable. I have never seen or known a patient injured by leaving off alcoholic fluids at once. I should as soon expect "killing a horse by leaving off the whip or the spur." I have not heard from my professional brethren, or any of my patients, that my non-alcoholic treatment of disease has occasioned a single death; my greatest trouble has been for many years in preventing patients from being destroyed by the use of alcohol—I do not say the abuse, for I consider the use the abuse. In all cases it shortens life. All discoveries in science or philosophy fall into utter insignificance compared with the discovery that all disorders and diseases can be safely and successfully treated without the use of alcohol, and also that alcohol is not an aliment. No person can form any idea, except from experience, of the superiority of the practice of medicine and surgery when alcohol is banished from it. It is the complete emancipation from the slavery of alcohol, and the practitioner has a freedom in practice which he never before experienced. He will find an improved method of treating disease, by the exchange of alcohol for natural stimulants; a proper use of water, pure air, excercise, and nutritious food, the employment of genuine medicines, and a variety of stimulants will occur to him in practice of a non-intoxicating quality, adapted to various cases he may have to attend."

Dr. H. R. Madden, thus expresses himself in an essay on "Stimulating Drinks"

(1847):—"Alcohol is not the *natural stimulus* to any of our organs, and hence functions performed in consequence of its application, *tend to debilitate* the organ acted upon. Alcohol is *incapable of being assimilated*, or converted into any organic proximate principle, and hence cannot be considered nutritious. The strength experienced after the use of alcohol, is *not new strength added* to the system, but is manifested by calling into exercise the nervous energy pre-existing. The *ultimate exhausting effects* of alcohol, owing to its stimulant properties, produce *an unnatural susceptibility to morbid action in all the organs*, and this, with the plethora superinduced, becomes a fertile source of disease. A person who habitually exerts himself to such an extent as to require the daily use of stimulants to ward off exhaustion, may be compared to *a machine working under high pressure*. He will become *much more obnoxious to the causes of disease*, and will certainly *break down sooner* than he would have done under more favourable circumstances. The more frequently alcohol is had recourse to for the purpose of overcoming feelings of debility, *the more it will be required*, and by constant repetition *a period is at length reached when it cannot be foregone*, unless re-action is simultaneously brought about by a temporary total change of the habits of life.

Dr. C. B. Williams, in his *Principles of Medicine*, says:—"*Besides many disorders directly excited by it*, (alcohol) it predisposes to attacks of fever, erysipelas, dysentry, cholera, dropsy, and rheumatic and urinary diseases; and if it do not increase proneness to inflammatory disorders, *certainly disposes such affections to unfavourable terminations, and causes many a victim to sink* after accidents and operations which would have been comparatively trifling affairs in more sober subjects. Nor can we wonder at the pernicious effects of this kind of excess, when we consider the weakened state of function and structure which stimulating drinks induce, especially on the organs which they most directly affect, *the stomach, liver, kidneys, blood, heart*, and *brain*. The unsound state of these organs thus induced, peculiarly *impairs* the powers of the body to *resist* or *throw off* disease."

In his work—"The Renewal of Life"—Dr. T. R. Chambers asks, "What is a stimulant?" and thus replies:—"It is usually held to be something which spurs on an animal to a more vigorous performance of its duties. It seems doubtful if, on the healthy nervous system, this is *ever* the effect of alcohol, even In the most moderate doses, and for the shortest periods of time. A diminution of force is quite consistent with augmented quickness of motion, or may it not be said that, in involuntary muscles, it implies it? The action of chloroform is to quicken the pulse, yet the observations of Dr. Bedford Brown on the circulation in the human cerebrum during anæsthesia, clearly show that the propelling power of the heart is diminished during that state. *It is clear* that we *must cease to regard alcohol as in any sense an aliment*, inasmuch as it *goes out as it went in, and does not*, so far as we know, *leave any of its substance behind it.*"

The elaborate experiments of the eminent physiologists, Professors Lallemand and Perrin, of Paris, in conjunction with the chemist, Duroy, have demonstrated, by the most accurate tests, that alcohol is not decomposed in the living body, nor could the most careful analysis detect the slightest trace of any of its derivatives in the blood. The fact is, that alcohol is eliminated from the system by the excretory organs, the lungs, skin, and kidneys, *without any change whatever* having been effected in its substance, and this establishes its non-nutritive character. These eminent authorities say:—"Facts establish, from a physiological point of view, *a line of demarcation between alcohol and foods*. These latter *restore* the forces without the organism betraying, by disturbed function or by outward agitation, the labour of repair, which is accomplished silently in the woof of the tissues. Alcohol, on the other hand, immediately *provokes*, even in a moderate dose, an excitement which extends through the entire economy."

In his "*Inquiry* into the reasons and results of the prescription of Intoxicating Liquors in the Practice of Medicine," Dr. F. R. Lees sums up the evils of the alcoholic medication in these forcible terms:—"Alcohol is an agent utterly foreign to the human body and its normal wants—one that never *gives power* like food, nor aids circulation like water, nor *produces heat* like oil, nor *purifies* like fresh air, nor *helps elimination* like exercise—an agent, the sole, perpetual, and inevitable effects of which are to *arrest* blood development, to *retain* waste matter, to *irritate* mucous and other tissue, to *thicken* normal juices, to *impede* digestion, to *lower* animal heat, to *deaden* nervous filament, to *kill* molecular life, and to *waste*, through the excitement it creates in the heart and head, the grand controlling forces of the nerves and brain."

Temperance copy books would be of great service. I wish that some of our friends connected with the stationery business would get one out, the head of every page having a copy embodying some striking sentiments connected with our cause.

REFORM IN THE LICENSING SYSTEM.

For ten years or more we have had the promise of government to introduce a "comprehensive measure" on the subject of public-house licences; and in prospect of this a number of proposed changes have from time to time been withdrawn. That glorious beer bill which the wisdom of Parliament, in 1830, passed to make every cottage happy, has become so intolerably obnoxious that gentlemen, making no pretentions to the title of temperance reformers, seem determined upon its repeal. An association has been formed expressly to effect this, and a meeting was recently held in Manchester to render it support. At this meeting one gentleman was careful to tell those assembled, that "he was not a member of the Temperance League;" and another reverend gentleman went a step further, prefacing his speech by saying that "he was neither a teetotaler nor a temperance man." And yet, both these wish to be considered as advocates of sobriety. "It is not the drink," they say, "but the excessive use of it" that produces the evil. Well, and what is their expedient for securing the *use*, and yet preventing the "*excessive* use?" Any change in the liquor? Any test by which it could be ascertained how much each man can stand and be sober? Any rule or any standard to decide what is "excess," what is "use," or what is "abuse?" There was no attempt of this sort; not a word referring to the *properties* of the drink, but as usual, the anxiety was to dis-associate intoxication from intoxicating liquor; in fact to separate what God has joined together. The same inconsistency was put forward forty years ago, and it was then urged that families could get their drink wholesome, harmless, unadulterated, and enjoy it at home with their wives and children, *if* the *magistrates* were *deprived* of the exclusive power of granting licences. There was then, as now, no inquiry into the nature of the drink; its orthodoxy was unimpeachable, as it is still. *Now*, the country is to be sobered by requiring *all the licences* to be granted *by* the *magistrates*, instead of the officers of excise. It is a movement scarcely worthy of the temperance people to lose their time upon. It is something like the old womens' dispute—whether tea is better brewed in a metal or in an earthenware pot. Unless the change will produce less selling, less buying, and less drinking, or make the drink less intoxicating, it will be of no earthly use whatever, and will only add another to those interminable tinkering expedients that aim at removing the effect and retaining the cause.

Some teetotalers, believing that no system could be worse than the present one, may be disposed to assist in bringing about a change. But let me remind them how inadvisable it is to allow the country to be diverted from the true remedy. Commit yourselves to this change, and then, however drinking may prevail, you are told to wait, as the new system has not had time for a fair trial. The drink will be the same whether sold under one sort of licences or another, and till the people are better taught, they will get it by some means or other. It is quite true, if all the beershops could be closed, the temptations would be fewer; but should this change take place, the "invested rights" principle, as usual, will be recognised, and all at present in the trade will be allowed to remain. I see great danger in giving importance to these tinkering measures. Our maxim is to explain that these drinks, beer and wine, as well as spirits, contain alcohol, are all incompatible with to the normal healthy working of the human system—that the "abuse," as it is called, *springs out of the use*, and that human nature must either be changed or the drink must be changed before the two can work harmoniously together. It does not matter where it is made, by whom it is sold, or who grants the licence, if the *alcohol* be there, a combat will take place so soon as it enters the stomach; and, like the

Belgians and the Germans, to whom the Rev. R. Birley referred, though there may not be so much *gross* drunkenness, there will be a want of perfect sobriety which is inevitable when alcohol is taken. The teetotalers must not be put off with such flimsy reforms as the one before us. Will the magistrates of 1869 be more discerning, more impartial, less disposed to jobbery and favouritism than those of 1829? Will the change lead less to monopoly, or less to increasing the value of property, which prevents magistrates withholding licences even from houses well known as the haunts of thieves and prostitutes? Even granting that something might be gained by a more uniform system of licences, the teetotal remedy is infinately more valuable, and should not be neglected in the smallest degree by taking up with any other agitation.

"Something must be done," it is declared, and yet those who patronize the drink are alike opposed to personal abstinence and legal prohibition; but whilst teetotalers may join in any movement that will lead to less drinking, and the drinking of liquors containing less alcohol, they must always make these two objects prominent. I see no advantage in the change recently mooted—the proposition for transferring the licensing power from the magistrates to the Boards of Guardians or Town Councils. These bodies are far less independent than the magistrates; they are fully as capable of corrupt influences; and in their election to office are far more in the power of the drink interest. Some persons, mistaking the purport of the Permissive Bill advocated by the Alliance, are for placing the power of granting licences in the hands of the people. "I would take away from the magistrates and the excise the power of granting licences, and place it in the hands of the people;" so says Handel Cossham. "This system—the present system—is wrong, and the power of granting licences ought to be in the hands of the people;" so said the Mayor of Sunderland, and I find this view frequently repeated. Think of the populace being called upon annually to decide upon the applications for licences to sell intoxicating drink! Could anything be more preposterous? One trial would be sufficient to show the mistake. Fancy, in a borough like ours, 11,000 ratepayers being called upon to decide how many licences shall be granted, and who shall have, and who shall not have them! The Alliance never meant anything of the sort, and always repudiates it. To have the power of *vetoing* all licences is very different from the power of *granting* them. The exposure of every new application at the Church doors, and the open annual Brewster Sessions at which any ratepayer can state his objection to the granting of a licence, is a recognition of the veto principle. But, if we must have public-houses; if these houses (as I maintain) owing to the nature of the article they sell cannot avoid doing mischief; if nuisances are to be tolerated in deference to the opinions and habits of the public—the citizens, for their own and their families' protection, ought not to be deprived of the power of self-defence. The magistrates themselves will take care that no houses contiguous to their own are opened for the sale of drink, and the same power ought to be possessed by others. It has been proposed that a majority residing within, say the distance of a hundred yards, should have the power of vetoing the granting of any licence. This seems to me a most moderate proposal, and as liberty to sell these drinks is really a liberty to do evil—unavoidably so—I think no party should have this liberty if one half of those who have to bear the consequences record their objections against it.

There is one evil which every citizen feels to be connected with the present system of placing a discretionary power in the hands of the magistrates; it creates a *monopoly*, conferring an advantage upon one man's property and withholding it from his neighbour's equally worthy. It is asked why should No. 30 have a licence (adding, say £500 to the worth of the house), and No. 31, with exactly the same

premises, be denied? As a remedy for this, it has been proposed that the trade, though not "free," should be "open," and that such severe restrictions should be attached as would *limit* the trade to much smaller dimensions than the magistrates' licences. The restrictions proposed are something like these:—A very much higher charge for licences—special inspectors for public-houses, and these to be closed much earlier in the evening—the penalties for breaches of the law properly enforced—no licences to be granted to grocers or confectioners—and that a majority of the owners and occupiers of property within a given distance should have a veto. I am not sure but this would be a decided improvement upon the magisterial system, and would at once do away with the monopoly. But, after all, these are but expedients. They are like a party who, not being allowed to part with the mad bull, are consulting as to how they shall restrain him so as to do the least mischief. The teetotalers would despatch him at once, and our efforts must be to bring over the country as soon as possible to the same opinion.

THE EDITOR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—No. 9.

This paper will contain a sketch of my labours in connection with the press. From a youth I had a strong inclination for scribbling, and, no doubt, like many young people, I formed an over estimate of my talent for this work. I was not wanting in the ambition to see one's self in print; and there are cases, unquestionably, where this turns out to be useful. Long before I attained my majority I wrote many letters to the newspapers, and it would be difficult for me to form any estimate as to the extent of space I have occupied in the correspondent's columns, especially in the local papers. Sometimes I would follow my inclination by writing "addressess" and "appeals," generally condemnatory of some popular vice, and publishing these as posters on the walls. A few of these are still preserved. From placards I got to pamphlets; one, I remember, was entitled "The Besetting Sin," directed against drunkenness, but, as I then knew no better, it recognized the moderate use of strong drink. There was one on "Confirmation;" another on "Sunday Schools;" also, a "First Book," for persons learning to read, which, I believe, had some merit. Each lesson filled a page, and finished with a verse of poetry of my own composition, for which, I confess, I have no talent. Commencing with short words, without silent letters, the lessons were better adapted for beginners than those in any elementary work I have seen. I published also in 1825, "An Address to the poorest classes," price 2d., which contained advice upon almost every topic connected with domestic management. This had a considerable sale, and went through several editions. In January, 1831, I commenced *The Moral Reformer*, price 6d., which was continued monthly, forming, at its conclusion, three yearly volumes. The contents of this work are miscellaneous; but bearing chiefly on moral questions, domestic management, and practical religion. The second and third volumes took up, and was the first periodical to advocate, the teetotal doctrine. This publication was superseded by my *Temperance Advocate*, which commenced in January, 1834, and was published monthly for four years. In no work of that period, I may venture to say, was there the same amount of clear reasoning, strong arguments, powerful facts, and interesting narratives and intelligence, as in this periodical. If I could procure a perfect copy, or a few copies, I should not object to give three times the published price for them. It was the first and the only teetotal periodical issued, till the *Temperance Star*, *Herald*, &c., made their appearance. At the close of 1847, I handed over this work, and the connection, to "The British Association" (now "League"), and it has been continued by this body, with some changes in its form, ever since. I then com-

menced, in January, 1838, a new series of the *Moral Reformer*; but, owing to bad health, it was abruptly brought to a close in February the following year.

The Anti-Corn Law agitation, in which I took an active part, required a periodical adapted for the working classes. I therefore commenced, in 1841, an illustrated paper, called *The Struggle*, which I brought out every Saturday morning for four and a half years, price one halfpenny. The questions of free trade, corn law repeal, cheap bread, and collateral subjects, were discussed and illustrated in all their phases; and, for the designs and drawings, I was much indebted to Messrs. Harvey and Aspland, of Liverpool. The illustrations, though by no means first-rate, were well adapted to influence the popular mind. A considerable number of these were engraved by my son Howard. This little work was said to have produced deep impressions upon the agricultural labourers, amongst whom and other classes it had a large circulation. When I state that these periodicals, extending over the years 1832 to 1847, were got out amidst the toils of business, that most of the articles were written by myself, and that my general health at that time was not good, my friends may well join me in surprise as to how I was able to accomplish so much. But the fact is, whatever I engaged in, I pursued with as much energy as if the success depended upon my exertions alone. I occasionally glance over the 940 pages of the *Struggle*, and the 370 engravings, and read with great interest, now that the struggle is over, some of the pithy striking articles which they contain; and, looking back, I often wonder how I got through all this labour. On closing this work, I remember, I was so "done up," that I could not make an effort to get an engraving for the last number, and hence I had to order that which had appeared in No. 234 to be repeated in 235, the first pages appearing now with the same design. About this time I fortunately became acquainted with the "Water Treatment;" and, with this and rest, I shortly seemed fit for another campaign. For some time I had cherished a wish to start a newspaper, some of my sons having become acquainted with the printing business. I sent for my son John, and made a proposition to commence a Preston paper, although it was supposed that the ground was fully occupied. The first issue was in February, 1844. It was called the *Preston Guardian*, and in face of many difficulties it succeeded far beyond my expectation. Indeed, on one occasion, Mr. Cobden, referring to it, said he never remembered a case of a local paper succeeding as this had done in so short a time, and subject to the same competition. I should like here to record the fact which I have often stated in private, that *had it not been for cold water, there would not have been any Preston Guardian.* For some years my son John was the editor, commencing when only twenty-one, I writing occasionally the leaders on local matters; and to his talent the success might in a great measure be attributed. My eldest son, William, in addition to sub-editing and writing occasional leaders, had the management of the business department for many years, until compelled to relinquish it by ill health. My youngest son, Franklin Livesey, was for some time connected with the paper, and my son Howard gave occasional assistance. It became a good property, and was sold to Mr. George Toulmin, the present proprietor, in 1859. During all this time the superintendence devolved in a great measure upon myself, and I need not inform those who have had any experience in connection with the newspaper press, of the labour and anxiety which were inseparable from such an undertaking.

My intense application often brought me down, but upon recovering I never felt easy without making some new effort to forward the moral and social improvement of the masses. In every agitation I recognised the power of the press, and felt the importance of enlisting its services in the object. In January, 1853, I commenced another monthly periodical, called "The Progressionist," but after the

issue of six or seven numbers I was obliged, for want of health, to hand it over to other hands, I being an occasional contributor. I may also name that, at one time, I issued a series of what I called "Letter Linings," neatly printed on writing paper, so as to be enclosed with letters in a fair sized envelope without being folded. They were about ten in number, all of a practical character. The following headings will give an idea of them—"For the parlour table;" "Remember the poor;" "Pay your debts." Economy, as I have hinted before, was always practised in our house-keeping. I felt convinced that many people are little aware of the amount of their expenditure for want of keeping a record of it, and are at a loss how and in what to save when they find their means inadequate. Not satisfied with the arrangement of the "House Keeper's Registers" then in circulation, I got one up to my own mind, and published it, price one shilling. I was disappointed as to its sale, and I have always found, for some reason or other, that wives are very unwilling to use a register. If they are supplied with one the entries are generally irregular or neglected.

Of my publications in connection with the temperance movement, it will be difficult to give any adequate idea. I have already spoken of my "Advocate." For some time after the commencement of teetotalism, in 1832, the whole country was supplied with tracts from my office. I started a small printing establishment in that year, and, besides tracts of my own writing, I reprinted many others, including valuable documents from America, such as "Thou shalt not kill," "Physiological influence of alcohol," "Temperance Doctor," &c. I have never since been without temperance tracts or bills in some shape. I published a sheet of the latter containing thirty-two in number, which were sold at 10d. a 1,000. Most of my bills have been published in London by others, and some in America, and I am sometimes amused to find these same bills reprinted in our periodicals at home, and acknowledged as belonging to American publications. Not long since, I noticed one of them, headed "I don't drink wine." Latterly I have brought out a fresh series of bills, larger and on good paper, which I sell at 1s. 6d. per 1,000, the mere price of the paper and machining; and these I am anxious to see circulated in millions. They are excellent for visiting with, and, without house to house visitation, I don't think any society can be said to do its duty. I believe I drew up and published the first teetotal almanac, and our Preston book of "melodies" is of my selecting. The chief parts of my lecture, generally known as the "Malt Liquor lecture," first appeared in the *Moral Reformer;* but was published as a pamphlet (price 6d.) in 1835 or 1836. Soon after, penny editions were issued from London, Birmingham, Edinburgh, &c. In this latter form, stereotyped, I have continued it ever since; and I suppose the circulation of this lecture has equalled, if not exceeded, any that has ever appeared in defence of teetotal principles. In emergencies, I seem always to have been able to make an effort to defend what I considered the truth. I brought out a pamphlet of 16 pages, in defence of Wilson Patten's bill on Sunday closing, when it was threatened to be repealed. Every member of the House of Commons and Lords was supplied with a copy. I addressed a letter to Mr. Gladstone, when he introduced his wine and grocers' licences. Preferring, as I do, imperial to permissive legislation in coping with the drink traffic, so powerful in numbers, wealth, and audacity, I published a pamphlet in 1862, entitled "Free and friendly remarks upon the Permissive Bill, Temperance Legislation, and the Alliance." When the repeal of the malt tax was threatened, in 1864, I entered fully into every branch of the question in a pamphlet, entitled "Malt, Malt Liquor, Malt Tax, Beer, and Barley, being a reply to Sir Fitzroy Kelly, M.P. for East Suffolk, Mr. Everett, Mr. Smee, and other gentlemen, on the Repeal of the Malt Tax," and which had a large circulation. In fact, I never seemed as if I could sit

down and be quiet when I saw work wanted doing, and felt able to render any assistance. I have always taken great interest in the establishment and circulation of temperance periodicals. I gave considerable time in assisting to start the "Alliance News." From the first I have watched with concern the progress of the "Temperance Advocate;" and in order to raise the circulation I consented, in 1862, again to undertake the editorship, and to commence a "new series," on which occasion the following note was sent by our friend, Thomas Whittaker:—"You may send twelve copies of the paper weekly, for which I will try to get subscribers among my neighbours. I am made young again by the intelligence that Mr. Joseph Livesey, the father of the *Temperance Advocate*, has consented once again to revive and discipline his somewhat wayward child. Many besides myself will rejoice at this arrangement." After adding considerably to the number of subscribers, at the end of nine weeks I was, owing to being overworked, obliged to relinquish my duties. And now, feeling indisposed to leave home, and for the last year and nine months having been compelled to forego any inclination to do so on account of the infirmities of my wife, almost the only means left me to serve the cause to any extent is the press. Of my present undertaking I need say little. The *Staunch Teetotaler* was commenced with much misgiving; but having brought it to its twenty-first number, I rejoice that during these 20 months I have been able, in this way, to be among the hosts of our noble army, combating the greatest tyrant that ever ruled on God's earth. Of the execution of this work I have only to say that my teetotal friends generally seem well pleased. I constantly receive letters of commendation too flattering for me to publish. My chief aim, from the first, was to stimulate our friends to increased efforts, and to convince them of the folly of relying upon patronage, plausible reports, legislation, or anything else in place of their own labours.

With the sale of the copyright of the *Preston Guardian*, was coupled the whole of the plant, so that my printing establishment, started in 1832, closed with the year 1859, and, since then, I have got all my work done at other offices. Although unfavourable to testimonials, and having several times opposed the wishes of my friends in that direction in reference to myself, I felt, in parting with the office, that I ought to allow the men an opportunity of expressing their feelings on that occasion. This they did by presenting, engraved on vellum and beautifully framed, the following address:—

AN ADDRESS PRESENTED TO JOSEPH LIVESEY, ESQ., AT HIS RESIDENCE, BANK PARADE, ON WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1860, BY THE PERSONS IN HIS LATE EMPLOY.

DEAR SIR,

We, the undersigned persons, employed upon the *Preston Guardian* newspaper, (from the management and proprietorship of which you have just retired) are anxious to express our grateful sense of the numerous favours received by us from your hands, and to record our conviction of the extended usefulness of your labours, and the purity of motive by which your conduct in public and private has been regulated.

Your example cannot fail to exercise a great influence upon the young men of the present and next generations, as the leading events of your extraordinary career are well known throughout England; but, in Lancashire—especially that part of the County which has had the benefit of your personal service—your name has become, and must for a long time remain, a household word of esteem and reverence. The domestic virtues have been enforced by your tongue and pen, and beautifully illustrated in your practice. The obligations and duties of a public man have been taught and exemplified in you with rare consistency. Your biography when written will exhibit one of the most notable instances of "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," and of its true application. Patient industry, singleness of purpose, directness of aim, modesty and confidence, unostentatious charity, and practical benevolence, are the salient traits of character which your long life has embodied. These qualities have won for you the respect of all earnest men, and have enlisted the affection of those who have been immediately associated with

you in various undertakings: your anxiety on all occasions, and by every means which you considered legitimate, to promote the comfort and happiness of the persons in your employment, establishes a claim on their gratitude, and we fully recognise and admit our share of these benefits.

It is usually the fate of public men to have their intentions and motives questioned by ungenerous contemporaries, but we can assure you that the results of your labours are not undervalued by the great bulk of the community. And it cannot be otherwise than satisfactory for you to observe how many habits and institutions have been amended, reformed, and established—some partially, others chiefly, some entirely—through your exertions.

Although your retirement is not a matter that we can regard with indifference, or indeed without some regret, we cannot deny that the repose you now seek has been fairly earned by a long period of successful toil for the public good. We do not, therefore, feel that, if we had the power, we should be justified in trying to alter your decision. We only venture to ask that you will continue by your precept and example, so far as may be compatible with your own free and full enjoyment of existence, to aid the endeavours of the poor to amend their lives and circumstances. We also wish, by this address, to convey our sincere and heartfelt desire that you may be spared many years to witness the further realisation of those political and social reforms which you have helped to create; and we fervently hope that in retirement, you and your family may experience a degree of happiness, not to be derived from such arduous and anxious pursuits as those in which you have been, until very recently, engaged.

We are, dear sir, yours very faithfully and sincerely,

J. A. DENHAM.	GEORGE TAYLOR.	JOHN CASH.
WALTER BOND.	GEORGE COULTHARD.	THOS. H. HEALD.
RICHARD CLARKSON.	W. A. WATTS.	CHARLES GREENALL.
THOMAS BUTCHER.	JOHN CRAGG.	THOMAS BREWER.
THOMAS POOLE.	ISAAC HENDERSON.	JONATHAN SHEPHERD.
RICHARD SHEPHERD.	MARK PARKINSON.	A. V. MYRES.

THE ACTION OF ALCOHOL.

This paper is for drinkers of all sorts and sizes. There is one point I want, more than any other, to fix your attention upon. You see on all hands what drinking beer, wine, and spirits produce—the poverty, misery, embarrassments, crime, disease, and premature deaths which abound among all classes. You know that there is not a street—scarcely a house—where these calamities, less or more, are not to be found; and yet, you go on using the very article that produces all these—paying for it at a great price, and sharing in the penalty. If there were another single article in the whole world that produced half the mischief of strong drink, don't you think that everybody's determination would be aroused to ascertain of what it was composed, how it acted, and how it could be avoided? This is what I want *you* to do, and this is what society should have done long since respecting intoxicating liquors. I want you to examine the liquor for yourselves, and not be led away by the general good opinion of it which is abroad in society. When the potato rot became so virulent, the government issued a commission to ascertain the cause, and any amount of money would have been paid if that could have been ascertained. The rinderpest was a similar case. The whole nation was moved, and an immense cost has been incurred to find out the cause. But in neither case have we succeeded. But here is the drink "pest"—the liquor "rot," putting all the evils of other pests and rots far in the shade, where *the cause can be easily ascertained*, and yet no one of your class—the drinking class I mean—seems inclined to bottom the matter. I want to stir up a spirit of inquiry among you.

In every glass of beer, porter, gin, rum, wine, or whisky, there is *something* that produces mischief. This you know in part, but you content yourselves with simply aiming to drink rather less, that the mischief may not be too palpable. Now, *what is this thing that produces the mischief?* It is not the water; no, that is honest and harmless. It is not the colouring matter nor the flavouring matter, for these, too, are harmless. In the case of beer and porter it is not the malt, for, though there be but little left in the drink, it will not intoxicate. What, then, *does the mischief?* Alcohol!

None of these drinks are without it; they all contain it in different degrees, and it is this and this only that produces intoxication. No matter whether you are half a sheet or three sheets in the wind, it is the *alcohol* only that constitutes the cause. In reading our publications, you will see that we constantly use the terms "*alcoholic* liquor;" and I am anxious that every one of you should understand what we mean by this. Sometimes we say, and most people who are not teetotalers say, "spirituous liquors." The terms, alcohol and spirit, are often used one for the other, though in strictness, the former has twice the intoxicating power of the latter. When you read of "proof spirit," it always conveys the idea of something very strong, yet this is about half water; pure alcohol is the same article, but twice the strength. You know what "spirits of wine"—used for French-polishing, and for various domestic purposes—is. This is simply *alcohol*, and when you notice its power in producing a beautiful polish on the mahogany table, you need not wonder at the polish you see upon the tippler's lips after taking his glasses. This alcohol is colourless, like water, and is in its essence a rank poison. It is classed by all the first-rate toxicologists with poisons. In its undiluted state a small quantity kills instantly; cases of which, both of grown persons and children, you will well remember. And this killing is only the effect of a complete paralization of the resistant powers of the body, towards which every instance of intoxication is a certain approach. If we saw men staggering and prostrate from any other cause we should be alarmed, but the cases from intoxicating liquor are so frequent that we rather laugh than weep at the folly of our fellow creatures. Even a small quantity of this alcohol tells almost instantly. In ordinary beer, there is only about six per cent. of alcohol, and yet a glass is said to "refresh," and two or three to make a man "cheery." This feeling, produced by a moderate taking of beer or wine, is sought after as an enjoyment, especially by parties who overlook the re-action, and it is this false feeling that deceives the bulk of drinkers, Alcohol will not digest, it does not give a particle of real strength; but, entering the stomach, it is absorbed into the circulating system, and after disturbing every part of the nervous machinery, makes its exit by the breath, the skin, the kidneys, &c., unchanged, as it went in. Alcohol is not a feeder, it is not a source of strength; it imparts no natural animal heat; it protects no part from waste; it is, in fact, simply an *intruder*, a *disturber*, an *upsetter* of the normal working of the frame. So soon as it enters, whether it be in the shape of "spirit and water," wine, or malt liquor, the nervous system is alarmed, and exerts all its power to effect its expulsion; and the lively feeling that is created—this stimulation as it is called—is nothing more nor less than the conflict that is commenced and carried on in the system against this enemy by the conservative power of nature. Such is the disordered state into which the nervous system is thrown, that the muscles are visibly relaxed, and when carried far enough the limbs are unable to perform their functions. The brain is so affected that the individual much resembles a lunatic. *Delirium tremens*, indeed, is but the *completion* of that derangement that commences with the first glass. We talk about drunkenness; but what a vast amount of *non-sobriety* is there by the use of alcohol, of which neither the public eye nor the public courts take any cognizance! To be thoroughly sober seems, to many people, to be a state of misery. Tippling, dram-drinking, running glasses, "nips," and "squibs," are all symptoms of discontent with our normal condition—with that cool, regular, orderly working of human nature which the Great Creator has established.

Turn we to the full-blown drinkers, and what do we behold? Alcoholic killing on the right hand and on the left. A great deal is concealed; every lover of strong drink lends his aid to concealment, but still, murder will out. You see that man dead; he leaped into the canal last night; it was a disordered brain

by *alcohol* that impelled him to do so. There is a woman fallen down the cellar steps, and killed without a moment's warning; she was drunk with *alcohol*. What is that noise, that disorder and fighting, and the constables running to quell the riot in the George and Dragon? It is all induced by the maddening effect of *alcoholic* liquor. There goes the hearse and morning coaches at Mr.—'s funeral. The family is in deep sorrow at the event, and the effects will bear heavily upon the widow and the children. He began to like stimulation; got to take wine and than brandy daily, and there is the result—a young man being conveyed to the tomb. *Alcohol killed him.* I might fill volumes with the fatal effects of this insiduous poison; they exceed all human calculation.

And yet, cursed as society is with this subtle enemy, you see a great part of the nation engaged either in its manufacture or its sale, or in producing the materials of which, and by which it has to be produced. Nature has not supplied the article. Like the deadly weapons of the battle field, it has to be made with human hands and human ingenuity. If you want water—the only thing that will quench thirst—you can go to the spring; if you want milk, nature has it ready for your use; but if you want *alcoholic* liquor you have to make it, requiring no little skill and clever management. It is the product of the vinous fermentation. Fruits, or any kind of vegetable matter containing *sugar*, say apples, grapes, sugar canes, sprit barley, brought into a state of solution at a certain temperature, will begin to ferment. This fermentation is a process of decomposition or rotting. Its first stages are called vinous, the next the acetous, and the last the putrifactive. In the first stage the sugar becomes converted into spirit or alcohol, and it is by securing it at this point, and confining the liquor from atmospheric influences, that it is prevented from running into the next stage, which would be vinegar, or the last, which would be that of putrescence. I have gone into this explanation that you may see that all these dangerous drinks are *manufactured* articles, and not, as some would tell us, the gifts of Providence. So far from this, the gifts of Providence are taken, and their nutritious properties destroyed, in order to make this alcoholic liquor. When men talk of malting barley, of mashing the malt and fermenting the liquor, you are apt to think that all these performances are to give you a healthy nutritious beverage, whereas, the whole of these processes tend to lesson nutrition, and to produce as much of the poison, *alcohol*, as is possible, so as to give the drink an intoxicating power. A great deal of fuss is made about names, flavours, and the aroma of our popular drinks, but take this one article out (alcohol), and there is neither lady nor gentleman, peer or peasant that would drink them. They like alcohol because it seems to inspire them with fresh life. The man with an unhappy temperament, or the man that stuffs his stomach at dinner till it cannot work, is sure to go to the wine bottle for relief. He gets present enjoyment, and cares nothing for consequences, either upon himself or others. And, at public festivities and public dinners, fools and fool's speeches would both be wanting if it were not for alcohol.

What a blessed movement is the Metropolitan Fountain Association! How have I stood and witnessed persons drinking, and with what pleasure have I heard their remarks. What a summer this has been to test the value of the 118 fountains in London. But they want 200 at least. Poor Gurney has lived for a noble purpose. I have felt much for him.—*Clerical Correspondent.*

I always like mixing with the people; I like stopping and talking with them when I meet them in the street, and I have always had the idea that if religion was less embodied in forms and ceremonies, less tied to the church and chapel, and was more diffusive and more active in the performance of christian duties among the masses, we should not have to complain so much as we do of the want of religion. I should like to see the rich mixing with the poor, the good with the bad, and till this is done more than at present we need expect little improvement in the general behaviour of the people.

VARIETIES.

"Another workhouse for Liverpool, to cost £70,000 to £80,000," so say the papers. This, then, is another place in which the increasing wreck of the dram and drinking shops is to be stored.

A Wife's Testimony:—"You cannot tell how happy I am. Our Jack has joined the Sons of Temperance, and now he comes home sober, and brings all his money, sits by the cheerful fire, begins to say his prayers, and talks of serving God and going to heaven. We're like new married folks! Thank God for the Sons of Temperance."

Abstinence or moderate drinking! That's the question; and until that is settled all our writing and speaking is important only in proportion as it brings us to this point. A hundred sermons, and brilliant speeches amount to little or nothing unless they demonstrate that moderate drinking is in *itself*, as well as in its *tendencies*, decidedly injurious. Let all teetotalers take note of this.

"Do you think anybody could work on cold water?" said an anti-teetotaler, "No, nor on cold ale either," was the reply, "it is not what the horse drinks that makes its ribs wrinkle with fat, but what it eats; corn and beans, and hay, and water to assist in their dispersion throughout the frame. And the case is similar with man; your drinking beer, and porter, and cider, to give you strength is all a delusion; they don't contain the materials for doing this. It is the solids not the liquids that feed."

One day on the Rhine I came up to some men with a horse and cart who were cutting from a large mass of material, square pieces like our peats. Enquiring what it was I was told that the mass consisted of grape husks, the refuse of a large wine press in operation there. This they cut into squares and dry them in the sun for fuel. It was to me another proof of the *waste* connected with the manufacture of wine like other alcoholic liquors. If the grapes were preserved as we preserve our fruits, the husks as well as the pulp would be eaten, and the grape sugar, instead of being fermented into carbonic acid gas and alcohol, would be used as proper nourishment.

Murder, they say, will out. "You have been at the dram shop," said the husband to his wife after returning from the market with a basket of provisions; "Not I indeed, do yo think I would go to such a place?" was her smart reply. The husband repeated the charge, till the temper of each began to show itself. "Its no matter denying it," said the man, "here it is in black and white," producing a small bill which he had taken out of her basket. The fact is, one of our clever teetotalers popped the bill into her basket as she was coming out of the place, and this was the heading, "YOU HAVE BEEN AT THE DRAM SHOP."

The thirty-first annual conference of the West of England and South Wales Temperance League was held at Dorchester on Tuesday, Aug. 11th, under the presidency of Robert Charlton, Esq., of Bristol. Mr. Thornton, secretary, read the report, which showed the number of affiliated societies to be 217, being an increase of 42 during the year. Respecting the agency of the League, it is stated that, during the year, Mr. T. Hardy, Mr. R. W. Duxbury, Mr. N. Smyth, Mr. J. Eddy, and Mr. T. I. White had efficiently fulfilled their duties. The expenditure of the year had been £586 0s. 9d. The conference was addressed by the Chairman, Mr. Clinker, Mr. C. Jupe, Rev. Dr. Gale, and others, and appropriate resolutions were passed. An interesting tea party followed, and a public meeting in the evening.

The first of September is the great Temperance Annual Fete at the Crystal Palace. Great preparations have been made, and arrangements with all the principal railways to take parties at reduced prices. The performances commence at eleven o'clock, and continue till dusk. The speakers, it will be seen, include many of our first-rate men, and the price is only one shilling. The following is an abridged statement of the programme:—*Conference in Lecture Room;* north-west gallery—Papers by John Rodgers, M.A., Dr. Robert Martin, Dr. Henry Munroe, Thomas Knox, Esq., J.P. Chairman, Capt. R. C. Stileman, J.P.——*Instrumental Concert* on Handel Orchestra. Conductor, Mr. Manns. ——*Great Meeting in Concert Room.* Speakers: The Rev. John Griffith, rector of Neath; Rev. J. P. Chown, Bradford; Rev. Justin D. Fulton, pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston, U.S.——*Band of Hope Procession* in the Grounds, accompanied by instrumental bands. ——*Choral Concert*, by the Choir of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, consisting of 5,000 voices. Conductor, Mr. Frederick Smith.——*Grand Display* of all the Great Fountains, Cascades, Waterfalls, &c.——*Balloon Ascent* by Mr. Coxwell.——*Open-air Meetings* in the Grounds:—Speakers: Messrs. Thomas Whittaker, George Easton, Richard Coad, Joseph Bormond, R. N. Bailey, T. A. Smith, Rev. T. Phillips, Messrs. Simeon Smithard, J. C. Booth, Jabez Inwards, William Dunn, William Saunders, T. I. White, Rev. T. J. Messer.——*Great Organ Performance* by Mr. Coward.——*Musical Entertainment in the Concert Room*, by the Poland-street Teetotal Handbell Ringers. Conductor, Mr. D. S. Miller.——Several Bands will perform in the Grounds.

Dr. Johnson wisely said "He who *waits* to do a great deal of good at once, will never do anything." Teetotalers, take the hint; take it home, and work, work! Whatsoever, in this cause, your hands find to do, do it.

Glasgow must be like Liverpool for drinking shops. A Robert Miller applied for a licence, and it is said he was refused because there were nine licensed houses within 100 yards, two within the same building, and 23 in the street altogether.

There is a novel bee-hive at Weardale. A swarm of bees took possession of an empty beer barrel in an inn yard, and the landlord seeing the barrel thus occupied set it up in the garden, where might be seen the busy community in full operation, making egress and ingress at the tap holes. Was ever this barrel employed as well before?

I have reason to know that co-operation, now so prosperous in Rochdale, owed its origin, in a good degree, to teetotalism; and yet, I see that one of its branches, "the Co-operative Corn Mill Society is now erecting Malt-kilns at Bluepits, at a cost of upwards of £10,000, which it is expected will yield a good return for the money expended, and prove as profitable a business as that of grinding corn." What say the Rochdale teetotalers to this? If making money, regardless of morals, be the object of co-operation, perish co-operation say I.

There is a "Pollution of Rivers" Commission. Fish are injured and killed by the sewage allowed to flow into the rivers. Lives more valuable than that of fish are being taken away daily by the brewers pollution of our pure water; and yet, no commissions are appointed to stop this. Every ounce of alcohol secured in the process of fermenting the beer is a poisonous pollution, and still more so when made into whisky. But the people love this pollution; sacred hands sanctify it; and the Londoners gulp it down as if it were the water of life. Beer is nothing less than polluted water.

It is said truly that we never know the value of health till we lose it; and we may say the same as to water. We never estimated the worth of this most valuable blessing of Providence half as much as we did during the late drought. When the pumps were dry, the reservoirs exhausted, and the cattle were dying for want of water, then, how valueless appeared the stores of Pale Ale and Bitter Beer? Like boys at school that are turned back in their lessons, a luxurious age needs to be turned back and taught that two of the greatest blessings of life are bread and water. Everywhere in nature, except by man, water is hailed as essential to vitality. The flowers in the garden, the grain in the field, the trees in the forest, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, would, if they had tongues, shame those who profess to be rational beings.

I saw it advertised in a paper that there would be a short service, in a certain Church, every morning at eight o'clock. Now there are in some places the most meagre attendance at these daily services; there being, frequently, not more than a dozen persons present. At a fashionable watering-place I stepped into a Church where there was a daily service at eleven o'clock. There were just twenty-nine persons in attendance; twenty-seven of them females. It is probable these were the same persons who attend almost daily. Two ministers were engaged in the service. Now it occurred to me how much better it would have been for these two ministers, and other ministers also, to have been out of doors on the sands, talking to the tipplers who had crowded from manufacturing towns, many of whom showed that they were worse for liquor. A *daily visitation* among the people would much more accord with the genius of the Christian religion.

The culminating point of constant drinking is that dreadful punishment known as *delirium tremens*. Everyone that is enervating his brain by constant stimulation is preparing himself for this scourge. The following, from a lecture of Dr. Samuel Wilks, is a plain description of its nature, and how it is induced:—"*Delirium tremens* is essentially a chronic disease, and is the result of pre-existing conditions of the nervous system. Alcohol, acting on a healthy brain, produces, not *delirium tremens*, but drunkenness; under such circumstances its effects are simply those of a poison. But *delirium tremens* implies that the patient's nervous power has previously been impaired, and that his brain has already suffered from his vicious habits. His whole body may have suffered from his long-continued excesses, but his brain has undergone a sensible atrophy, so that his bodily and mental powers are weakened. This is, indeed, shown by his trembling gait, his shaky hand, and his childish conversation. Such a person, being excited by a fresh debauch or meeting with an injury, is thrown into the condition known as *delirium tremens*. But his brain is in as impaired a state in the intervals between such attacks as while he is actually suffering from them; and he may, indeed, be said to be always affected with a chronic form of the complaint. Spirit-drinking causes a decay of all the tissues, including the brain; and thus, having examined a large number of such cases, I have always found this organ to be atrophied. This condition may at once be recognised by the fact that the convolutions gape, and only fluid is found in the place of good brain substance. The patient who has such a wasted brain suffers both in mind and body; he is known as he enters your room by his tremor and his smile and his foolish talk. He has, in fact, become a good-natured fool."

Every one confesses to the awful amount of drunkenness that exists. Now could there be a more suitable question for every one to ask himself than this: "What have *I* done to lessen it?"

"Ours is a teetotal office, and yet there is but one real teetotaler in it." About 18 persons work here, and this was said to show the influence that *one* good abstainer has upon those who do not profess abstinence.

There was one great omission in the orders issued by the town's authorities to the inhabitants to be sparing of the water. They forbid the poor plants to be supplied with the aqueous fluid which is their very life; and yet they allowed the brewers to draw *ad libitum* upon the reservoirs, to use the water for making drink that would not only kill plants, but is killing daily human beings in every rank of life. The brewers should have been the *first* to have been prohibited using the pure element for so base a purpose.

Lord Chief Baron Kelly, in his charge to the grand jury at the Liverpool Assizes, remarked upon the large number of cases of murder, manslaughter, and mutilation included in the calendar, and the fact that most of the offences had been perpetrated by persons when under *the influence of drink*. He implored the grand jury to use all the influence they possessed to procure such an alteration in the *system of licensing* as would materially diminish this deplorable vice. His Lordship should have added to this the importance of the clergy going among the people, teaching and entreating them to abstain from the cursed drink, and backing this teaching by *their own example*. Alterations in the system of licences will do little, if anything, for Liverpool, without more moral efforts. If people like drink they will have it, and will get it. Temperance reform is good for little if it does not reach the understanding and consciences of the drinkers.

No one questions the cleverness of Mr. Goldwin Smith, or doubts his anxiety to promote the advancement of the people of England; but if, while passing over their drinking habits, which are the chief causes of their misery, he thinks the *reform bill* will remove it, he will be sadly deceived. At a meeting at Abingdon, after speaking of the great wealth of the higher classes, and contrasting the penury, misery, and degradation of the lower classes, he says—"There are still great things to be done for England, and this England of ours may still be made a happier land as regards the great mass of her people. I hope and trust that an *instrument* for making her a happier land has now been put into the hands of her people, that when the *present bill* shall be carried out into its full and legitimate consequences there will be no longer government of a class for a class, but a government of, by, and for a nation." There is no "instrument," no reform bill, or any other bill can change the condition of the London poor, or the poor of other parts of the country, unless they cease spending their money and time upon drink; and, regardless of party, temperance people should never fail to sound this in the ears of our great men.

It is astonishing what a complete paralyzing effect drink has upon the human faculties. Murder has been committed many a time when the individual did not know what he was doing. It seems a hard case that society should give every encouragement and sanction to the use of liquor, and when it happens to lay a man's reason prostrate that he should bear the severest penalty of the law, for doing what he was not conscious of at the time. Here is a case—Gunner Benjamin Sheldon, who was hanged at Lucknow for having shot and killed Bombardier Wall, made this confession. On the day of the murder he had been led, "by the kindness of his friends," to drink to excess. "In the evening," he says, "I must have been at roll call, although I do not recollect it; and the first thing I do recollect, after leaving the canteen, was finding myself at the cot of Corporal Wall with a carbine in my hand. I cannot tell whether Corporal Wall was asleep or awake. It was then, as in a moment, I felt impelled by some uncontrollable impulse to shoot him. I tried not to do it, but I had no power—it was as if I could not leave the spot. It seems to me as if I had been under a strong and irresistible temptation of the devil. I do not remember discharging the carbine, or speaking to anyone, but my next conscious moment was when I was being handcuffed in the guardroom, as one of the handcuffs nipped me. It was not until the next morning, when I was told of what had happened, that the circumstance of having been at Corporal Wall's cot flashed upon me."

It may be useful for some of my friends to know that we make a rule to keep up the form of every number at least a month, so that anyone who wishes to have an extra quantity of numbers for distribution can be supplied. For an order of this sort, for 500 or upwards, I would charge only the price of the paper and machining. Mr. J. Christy, of Chelmsford, ordered as many of No. 18, which contained an address to religious teachers, as would supply every minister in the County of Essex.

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THE

STAUNCH TEETOTALER,

BY J. LIVESEY.

No. 22. OCTOBER, 1868. ONE PENNY.

TO ALL ENGAGED IN KEEPING PUBLIC-HOUSES.

You may think it strange at my attempting to address you in relation to the question of teetotalism. But I ask, why should I not? If I feel deeply the evils of the business in which you are engaged, it is a strong reason why I should endeavour to fix your attention upon those evils, and try to impress you with the importance of ceasing, as soon as possible, to be any party to them. I am sorry to say that too many of our temperance people adopt a contrary course; they denounce right and left both you and your business in unmeasured terms, without saying one kind word by way of extenuation, or offering one friendly suggestion as to how you should act in the peculiar position in which you are placed. That there is a mass of poverty, crime, and misery connected with the sale of drink, no one can deny, and nobody knows this better than you do. You are in the midst of it; you see it daily. No matter whether you keep a beer-shop, the ordinary public-house, or the hotel with the bar-parlour, you cannot help seeing, hearing, and knowing of a vast amount of suffering—an extensive range of domestic infelicity—an accumulation of poverty among the working classes, and embarassment among those above them, not to mention the premature deaths of which you are witness. We see much of this daily in the open street; we find it reflected in the back slums, in the examinations at the bankruptcy courts, and in the workhouses, prisons, and asylums. And we have only to read the daily reports of the proceedings before the magistrates to learn the terrible, constant, and never ceasing effects of the drink selling business upon the people. That it is a bad business I have the word of many of those who are engaged in it themselves. "I dislike keeping a public-house, but I am in it, and what can I do?" is a common remark of publicans or of their wives. Your conviction of its evil effects is manifest by the fact of your keeping your children away as much as possible from the company of your customers, and preventing their witnessing the scenes which often occur in your houses when men are in liquor. Other tradesmen generally bring up one or more of their sons to carry on the family business upon the retirement or incapacity of their father; but was it ever known that a father or mother deliberately trained a son to attend the bar, or to be their successor in the public-house? The law and the government have both attached marked disqualifications upon publicans and their sons, as to the offices and emolmuents which are open to others; and this is done, no doubt, on account of the known moral deteriorating *tendencies* of this trade. And indeed, the "public-house" is so often spoken of as a dangerous institution, that one of the objects of almost every association for improving the character of the people, is declared to be "to keep men away from the public-house."

This is not unfrequently the language of men who visit these places themselves, or if not, of men who drink at home and at their friends' houses, the very same liquor that does all the mischief when taken with you. I may also add one melancholy and well-known fact, that there are more widows in the public line, than in any other. Pale death, by means of the temptations with which publicans are beset, lays his cold hand upon fathers and husbands, who are engaged in the drink trade, sooner than others. One can scarcely rid one's self of the impression that a righteous retribution attaches itself to this business,—so that while a man deals out the drink that ends in killing so many, in many cases he is sure to kill himself.

Now with all this before us, I am quite ready to acquit you of any *wish*, of any *real design* to injure your neighbours. Why should you? There was a time when you manifested as other people, the sympathies of humanity, and like others, a wish to live a good and respectable life. Though familiarity with the low and demoralising effects produced by intoxicating drinks tends to harden the heart and obviate a sense of duty, both human and divine, yet I trust that in many individuals it is not entirely so. I don't think, as a body, that your wish is to do your customers any harm; your sole object is to make money, to get a living, and in pursuit of these, I have no doubt, you suffer in your own minds more than most people will believe, from witnessing doings which your consciences cannot approve. It is a great misfortune that you ever embarked in this business, and sunk your capital in what yields so little satisfaction to yourselves or good to others. Will you allow me to make two suggestions? The first is, to *get out of the business as soon as you can*, and the second is, that while you are in it, *to do as little harm as possible.*

As persons don't enter this business, like most others, through a regular apprenticeship, and as all publicans had previously some trade or profession, let me entreat you to consider, before it is too late, both for your own sake and your families, to say nothing of your regard for the welfare of society, how far it would be practicable for you to resume your former position, and if not, any other that would give you an honest living? And however humble or poor that calling might be, it would yield you far more satisfaction than remaining in a business which gives you little peace either by night or day. I know the difficulty you will have in attempting to make a change. The feeling of society seems to be set in against those who are engaged in the drink trade, and often to a very unreasonable extent. If there were no *buyers* there would be no *sellers*, and yet the former seem to have little respect for the latter. The women too, are often more attached to the business than the men, and there is less hope where this is the case. Notwithstanding these and all other difficulties, if I were a publican, I would at any cost relinquish the business. I would not bear everybody's taunt; I would, like other men, have a quiet home of my own, and my family around me; and I would free myself from the mortifying reflection, that in proportion as I prospered, my customers went down. If these remarks should not have the effect of inducing any now committed to the trade to abandon it, probably they may be read by some who may be contemplating keeping a beer-shop or a public-house, and may *prevent* them doing so. There is no business where the houses so often change tenants; where so many get "finished" in one shape or other. And the few (and they are few indeed) who retire with a competency, are the last to recommend others to embark in the business.

Then, next, while you do remain as the occupier of a beer-shop or as a licensed victualler, let me plead before you in favour of your customers. It is in your power to do them less injury if you please. There is, we all know, a great difference in the conducting of a public-house. Some, considering the dangerous article they

sell, and the class of customers they are obliged to put up with, are tolerably quiet, and ostensibly orderly; others are only occasionally so, and others are notoriously bad, harbouring even thieves and prostitutes. And this difference arises in a great measure from the character of those who keep them. Still there is one fact that should never be overlooked; and that is this, that however well disposed you may be, *the liquor you sell, in proportion to the alcohol it contains, is sure to do mischief.* It is impossible for you to serve out *alcoholic* liquor to your customers, be as careful as you can, without ministering to the cause of drunkenness. Here is your great difficulty; you wish to keep your customers sober, but every glass you serve them with, whether beer, wine, or ardent spirits, contains alcohol, which tends to remove them so many degrees from sobriety. I consider yours is a hard case in this respect. People *will have strong drink*—drink containing plenty of spirit, and if you don't keep it up in strength they reflect upon you; and yet just in proportion to the strength of the liquor your customers become intoxicated. People rail against the public-house, and against the publican, but more than either the one or the other, it is the *drink* that should be condemned. And the publican's house has often to bear above its fair share of the odium attached to the drunkenness that prevails. Much of it is brought on by home drinking. It begins at the family table; the appetite for intoxicants is created under the family roof and matured by parental example, after which the public-house is sough as offering a place for less restricted indulgences. The wreck is always washed to your doors, but the flood of intemperance has its rise in the springs and small rivulets of private and family drinking, assisted even by those who profess great sanctity, and are the loudest in declaiming against the "public house."

Need I remind you that the leading persons in the public line are called licensed *victualers?* Now this points out what their business was originally; it was not so much to supply intoxicating liquors as "victuals." The old fashioned inn was the place for providing accommodation and sustenance for man and beast. Now I name this to induce you to turn your attention more to the *eating* instead of the *drinking* department; it is a change which would have the universal sanction of public opinion, and a change, too, if properly managed, that I think would be more profitable than mere drink selling, and of course, quite free from every imputation of doing harm that the latter always carries with it. And if you must sell *liquids*, as well as solids, why not introduce as often as you can, and make prominent, those that *will not intoxicate?* You have commenced selling tea, why not brew it and have it ready at all hours for your customers? A great many who drink beer would take tea in preference. Most of the hotels have "coffee rooms," (though I fear not so much used for coffee as they used to be) why not "tea rooms? If every public-house had a tea room nicely fit up for this purpose, it would add much to its respectability. I remember the time when no such drinks as ginger beer was sold; when this was first introduced it was called "pop." It is now sold extensively, especially in hot weather; and if you were to recommend this and lemonade and the other temperance drinks, in place of intoxicating liquors, it would produce a great change for the better. Public-houses we must have; it is absurd to talk of shutting them up, but our aim is to clear them of all that can intoxicate.

Let me, in conclusion, entreat you not to be parties to, nor connive, on any account at, the practices that are tolerated and carried on in many low public-houses. Don't encourage young people to meet at your houses. Don't allow poor men to spend their money in drink on a Saturday night, which you know is wanted at home to feed their families. Don't keep what are called bar-parlours, where the tradesmen of the town spend their time, and bring themselves to disgrace and

insolvency. Don't keep a dram shop, nor serve wretched miserable women with gin and other liquors, bringing them to the lowest depths of degradation. Don't keep people concealed drinking or gambling in your houses late at nights, nor break the law and spread mischief abroad by selling clandestinely on Sunday mornings. I repeat, *get out of the business as soon as you can*, and till then, *make such changes as will tend to keep your customers sober and your houses respectable.*

I am,

Yours respectfully,

Preston, October 1st, 1868. J. LIVESEY.

THE ELECTION AND FUTURE LEGISLATION.

If evidence be required as to the thoroughly demoralised condition of a portion of our population we have it at our elections. The following was written in 1830, and I fear our more modern experience does not present a much better state of morals:—

"Parliamentary Reform seems to be the all engrossing topic in political circles; and of the necessity of such a change there can but be one opinion. It is a question, in which is involved the investigation of the causes which lead to that awful degradation of the people exhibited at every election. On these occasions, drunkenness, violence, rioting, bribery, perjury, maliciousness, and a wanton waste of time and money, are what we are doomed to witness. That the clergy, the magistracy, and the better informed of the people, should have born so long with such a diabolical system of electioneering, is truly surprising. We have had two elections in this borough during the present year (1830), and though they have been peaceably conducted compared with those of former years, yet such a laxity of principle, so much agitation and tumult, such baseness of conduct, and such open defiance of every moral restraint have been exhibited, that every good man must heartily wish they might never occur again. Party feeling destroys all sense of honour, and the enthusiasm of the contest leads men to break through every restraint; volleys of oaths re-echo through the crowd; black eyes are displayed both by men and women, as marks of honour; perjury is considered venal by the cause which it promotes; malice and revenge towards the opposing party are inculcated as obligatory; and bribery, in the shape of meat, money, or drink, is practised as a meritorious duty. Indeed, every obligation, civil and sacred, seems obliterated from the minds of those who are carried away with the spirit of electioneering. Custom has sanctioned a vicious course of proceeding, and both rich and poor lend themselves to its perpetuation. Unless, therefore, we have reformed elections, may we never see the elective franchise offered to Manchester, or any other large town. With the Liverpool election before them, surely our rulers will, before they extend the franchise, probe this evil to the bottom, and establish those regulations which may lead to what has never yet had an existance, but in words—*purity of election.*

What is most to be lamented is, the passiveness of those who should check the drunkenness and debauchry which abound at these contests. It would really seem that society had agreed to the maxim, that the end sanctifies the means. Both parties are generally implicated, and hence they seem tacidly to agree to pass over the drinking, bribery, and corruption of which both are guilty. People who live remote from boroughs and who have not witnessed electioneering contests, have poor ideas of the utter abandonment of sobriety and consistency of conduct which then prevails. The voice of the temperance teacher might never have been heard.

From what has appeared in the papers respecting the approaching election, it must be obvious that the cause of temperance is not likely to gain much. In none of its phases has the subject found a place in the addresses of the candidates, and if it were not forced upon them it is clear it would have remained unnoticed. But when we think coolly upon the matter we need not be astonished. Out of the 658 M.P.'s that will be returned to Parliament, I fear we might count 650 as *non* teetotalers. Their position in society, if it does not oblige them personally to drink, requires, according to modern fashions, that the equipment of their

establishments includes all kinds of intoxicating liquors. I should like to hear of the tables of half-a-dozen M.P.'s, out of the whole number, where the intoxicating agent never makes his appearance. No gentlemen in the kingdom, according to their present professions, are more impressed with the evils of drunkenness than those who are now seeking the sufferages of "independent electors;" none are more willing that the licensing system should be revised; but mark this, *they are not opposed to moderate drinking.* They don't see the evil of "use," but only of "abuse." Hence it is evident that the *basis* of any future legislation which they will support *will not be prohibition*, but *moderate drinking*, with such alterations and restrictions to prevent abuses, as public opinion will support. It is well for us to know our real position, and not to deceive ourselves or others by fostering hopes that cannot be realized; and especially so when by looking so much to legislative changes, we are led to neglect and undervalue those personal, moral efforts, from which, so far, all our achivements have been acquired. Not a few advocate the Permissive Bill as "the *only remedy*" for the evils of intemperance; and of course, consistently, other means not in this direction are undervalued and neglected by them. Let us look at the opinions, practices, and connections of our members of Parliament, and at the same time those of their constituencies, for we may safely conclude that our future legislation will correspond. There may be exceptions, but I believe I shall not be beyond the truth, in estimating the number of moderate drinkers against teetotalers to be nine to one. The symathies of these are not with drunkenness, but with *moderate drinking*, and are *they* likely to support changes that would deprive them of their facilities for obtaining the liquors they require? A number of them as well as their representatives, would agree to putting the beer-shops under magisterial control, to closing public-houses earlier in the evening, and to impose other restraints; but the constant remarks about the tyranny of absolute prohibition, either positive or permissive, shew that they will oppose either the one or the other, Believing drink, especially fermented drinks, to be good in themselves, useful for various purposes both in health and sickness, and condusive to convivality, they are but consistent in doing so.

If we look coolly, candidly, and through the light of past experience, at this subject, there are *two important lessons* we shall learn as to the future.

First, we may see clearly that our real work is by moral suasion to *enlighten the people*—all classes of the people—so that instead of clinging to their old opinions respecting our popular liquors, which have led to such disasterous results, they may be imbued with teetotal views, as their only guide to correct actions. In addition to this, we should by persuasion, social influence, and social practices, try to *attach* as great a number as possible in every rank, to the cause of the temperance reformation. There are many who know the truth but don't act upon it. We must try to influence the heart as well as enlighten the judgment. We must avoid all divisions, and as a compact body, spread our principles far and wide and leave everybody without excuse. Like it or not, we shall be compelled to acknowledge this fact, that *there is no substitute for personal labour.* We cannot sustain our cause by proxy, nor by lukewarmness; and if we depend upon the legislature to do our work, or any material part of it, we shall be deceived.

Secondly. The state of public opinion and the known opinions of our past and prospective legislators, should teach us that *no measure has any chance of being carried, but such as has the support of the moderate drinkers.* It may be mortifying to us, but we shall have, in legislation, to yield to them. We may launch a scheme of our own, and hopefully turn it to some good by discussion, but *actual legislation* at the best, I am convinced, will be "bit and bit," such as the most respectable classes of drinkers can support. One fact will shew how difficult it is to move the

legislature upon this subject. It is 38 years this month since the beer bill passed; in 12 months after it was condemned; it has been since condemned repeatedly by Parliamentary committees, but it still remains with all its evils; and the reform now proposed is just what we might expect from moderate drinkers; it is, not to shut up the beer-houses, but merely to place them, like the other drinking shops, under the surveillance of the magistrates. Satan won't cast out Satan; and believers in beer and wine will not consent to place a legislative ban upon the sale of what they like and are using daily. We must bide our time; and if we will look to legislation, we must be content to follow and not to lead. Till our numbers are vastly increased we must be content with what the moderate drinkers are willing to give us. Perhaps a little more Sunday restriction; earlier closing hours; more stringent licenses; perhaps a veto upon the licensing of individual houses; but assurdly not upon whole towns or parishes. It is on this account that I never could advocate the Permissive Bill. I never could see a chance of its being carried; and even if carried, I never could see that the moderate drinkers, united with the drink interest, would consent to its adoption; not to name the drunkenness, violence, and disorder that would be sure to mark every contest, the object of which was the entire annihilation of the drink traffic. If our friends would spend half as much time and money during the next five years, in circulating teetotal literature, in employing advocates to illustrate and enforce the abstinence principles, and in increasing the number and efficiency of our Temperance Societies and Bands of Hope, as they have done during the last five years in legislative agitation, I cannot help believing that at the end they would have great reason to be gratified with the result.

THE EDITOR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—No. 10.

I now pass from the *press* to the *platform*. This has been from the carpeted stage of a theatre to a table, a chair, a cart, the fishstones, a gravestone, or an elevated sod. I have never disliked the "stumping" expedient where any good could be done. And observing at the present time the sort of meetings that lords and squires are holding to forward their own electioneering interests, our teetotalers never need be ashamed of standing up in the field or in the market-place, or anywhere to plead the cause of temperance. My platform labours have been chiefly in connection with this movement, ranging over full 36 years, though at times I have spoken and given lectures on other topics. I remember the titles of some of them:—"Health and Happiness," "Cottage Economy," "Hydropathy," "Forty years ago," &c. I should have been asked oftener to lecture for our public institutions, but the parties were afraid of my introducing too much teetotalism into them. One of my clerical correspondents after reading some of these papers, writes, "You have been a man of war from your youth." If so, I am glad to say the weapons of my warfare have been bloodless, and I trust generally calculated to produce peace and good-will among men. Wrong, oppression, corruption, would at any time bring me out to contend against them. If my friend had said "You have been an agitator from your youth," he would not have been far from the truth; though not so much a political as a social agitator, for in meddling with the former it was under a conviction that the welfare of the masses would be benefited by it. No one in Preston laboured harder than I did to promote the carrying of the Reform Bill in 1832. Turning to the *Preston Chronicle* of that year, I find reports of our meetings in the Orchard, and of the speeches delivered by myself, and by the late Mr. Segar, barrister, and Mr. R. Ascroft. I had been a witness of and to some extent a sharer in the sufferings which the people of England endured from the

peace of 1815 to the above period, under the corn laws and the reign of protection; and I hoped that a reformed Parliament would give us free trade, and other measures that would relieve and pacify the country. Nobody wrote more strongly on this subject than I did in my *Moral Reformer*. I seem at present to have little taste for politics, but during my earlier career I was always at my post supporting the Liberal party. I have witnessed many hardly contested elections in Preston, and taken part in a few; but unless they could be contested with greater purity and less violence, it would be difficult to persuade me to do the same again. Our borough had the singular privilege of "universal suffrage;" every man of 21 years of age with a six months residence, unless a pauper, had a right to vote: hence the constituency was always large in proportion to the population. Violence and rioting were seldom wanting, and bribery and corruption were rampant. Mr. Dobson, in his "History of the Elections of Preston," examined the bills of three of the elections of "Horrocks and Hornby," held in 1812, 1818, and 1820. In the first, for polling 1,379 votes, the expenses on their side only, were £5,671 17s. 6d. There were 56 public-house bills amounting to £3,807 13s. 7d.! The expenses of the next election exceeded this, and the public-house bills amounted to £4,111 4s. 7d. The next in 1820, was still more severe, and the expenses of the one party amounted to £11,559 12s. 8d., the public-house bills being £8,203 19s. 4d.! There seems to be no record of the expenses of the opposing party, but at this last election it was stated that Mr. Williams's (the opposition candidate) expenses were £6,000. It will be seen that the publicans at that period, as at present, came in for the lion's share of the prey. Such was the corruption that, without "open houses" as they were called, it was difficult to get on in electioneering. The polling at that time lasted 15 days; it was subsequently reduced to eight, and by the Reform Bill to two, and since to only one—quite long enough unless the people and their patrons could learn to behave better and be more honest. At "Wood's election," as it is called, in 1826, I rendered considerable help in securing his return. His representation of Preston secured him the appointment of Recorder for York. He afterwards became chairman of Stamps and Taxes, and subsequently chairman of the Inland Revenue Department. At one of the elections, (I think it was in 1830) when the Hon. E. G. Stanley, the present Earl of Derby, was a candidate, I remember his addressing the crowd from one of the Bull windows, and I replied to him from one of the Red Lion windows nearly opposite. I had not spoken long before half a brick, thrown by some one in the crowd, caught the window frame where I was speaking. On some of these occasions "bludgeon men" were organised and trained to do the fighting; and I have seen, by the entrance of a party of this class, the area of the Exchange, containing perhaps 4,000 people, cleared in a few minutes. We had both Cobbett and Hunt as candidates in our borough, and the defeat of Stanley, (the present Earl of Derby) by the latter, was a very remarkable event, though by no means the result of fair play. The races were abandoned, the Cock-pit closed, subscriptions were withdrawn, and the family mansion was levelled to the ground. I assisted at several of the subsequent elections, and at none with more devotion and energy than at that in 1841, when free trade and the repeal of the corn laws were the great questions. At this contest we returned "Fleetwood and Strickland," in opposition to "Parker and Swainson," (the present R. T. Parker, Esq., of Cuerden Hall). There are many who will still remember the election cry of "sour pie," raised to show the evil of high sugar duties, which our protectionist candidates defended. My sons, William and John, were also warm electioneerers, and the success of more than one contest was, in no small measure, owing to their exertions. I always viewed the repeal of the corn laws as a question of

humanity, and besides agitating at Preston, I visited Lancaster, and spent nearly a fortnight at Walsall. At "Crawford's election" in 1837, by speaking from the windows in the rain, I caught a severe cold and was laid up of rheumatic fever nearly two months. At these elections, I often felt much mortified at being mixed up with persons whose practices were anything but reputable, a course I never could undertake again; and yet it is difficult to say, according to the present system, how measures for the welfare of the nation are to be carried if persons of character and influence keep aloof from these contests.

Always a friend of religious equality, I disapproved of Church rates and Easter dues. I cannot recollect that I ever paid either. On these points I adhered to the opinion of the Quakers, that it was better to suffer as a protest against what I considered quite as injurious to the Church itself as unjust to those who never required its services. And it is some consolation to know that the principles I so long advocated, have been recognised by the legislature; for even in the case of Easter dues it has recently been decided that in Preston the payment cannot be legally enforced. I could never see the justice of a minister of religion having the power to lay a tax upon every family in his parish; charging the poor widow as much as the richest lady, and all independent of any services rendered or required. An Anti-Easter Dues Association was formed to resist this demand. Notices were followed by summonses, and summonses by warrants, and warrants on different occasions by seizure of goods. At one of these distraints made upon seven householders whose goods and furniture were taken, two cheese weighing 51lbs. were taken from our warehouse, for a demand upon me for 6½d. The sale of all the articles was advertised to take place at the Obelisk in the Market-place. Great excitement prevailed, and on this occasion some thousands of people were present. The cheese, chairs, bedding, &c., were brought out under the protection of the police; the hour arrived and passed, but no one appeared to sell, the auctioneer who had been engaged, having proved faint-hearted. I addressed the people in the meantime from the Obelisk, and I confess that I felt thankful after, that a riot had not taken place. The goods could not be sold in Preston, and after being kept for a long time, were sent to Liverpool to be disposed of. On the occasion of another seizure, my cheese taken for Easter dues were sold on the lockup steps, without opposition. Finding that it was of no use contending with me, and that I preferred suffering to paying, and that my refusal only brought on agitation, I was let alone, and I should say, for more than 20 years, no compulsory proceedings have been taken. I have no doubt many good Church people see now, how impolitic it has been to sustain their religion by such means, and for which no defence could ever be made, beyond this, that "it was the law."

It would be difficult for me to enumerate all the smaller matters in which I have been engaged generally as a speaker. Having always had a fair amount of self-possession, and a tolerable facility for speaking in public, my help was often solicited; and considering the good feeling that I find existing towards me, even by parties that I have had occasion to oppose, it is evident that, however they may have disapproved of my actions, they have given me credit for having been uninfluenced by bad motives.

One of my last efforts for the public good has been well spoken of by all. The suspension of the Preston Bank in July, 1866, will be well remembered. No hope of its resuscitation seemed to be entertained by any one for some time. I believe I was the first to express a belief that it could be done. Repeated meetings of the shareholders were held at which I was appointed chairman; and gradually they became hopeful that the catastrophe of a winding-up,—with all the distress and

misery to families and tradesmen and the town, which were sure to follow,—might be averted. I never felt the importance of making a desperate effort so much as I did on this occasion, though I was only the holder of five shares myself. Without going into particulars, for some weeks I gave myself wholly to this business. Meetings of depositors were called at different towns. I attended and spoke at them all; I was at three in one day—at Lytham, Blackpool, and Fleetwood. Under the advice of Mr. D. Chadwick, of Manchester, and with the assistance of Mr. R. Ascroft, and other friends and shareholders, arrangements were satisfactorily made with the creditors, all of whom are now paid, and the bank put upon a footing which, with proper management, cannot fail to be prosperous. At its resuscitation I was pressed to become one of the directors; and at the end of two years' service, contrary to my strong desire, I have just been re-elected for three more years. In looking back upon this successful affair, my satisfaction seems only equal to the gratitude of my townsmen. And what deserves to be remarked is, that with this additional duty, and the getting out of the *Staunch Teetotaler*, both occurring at the same time, my health during these last two years seems better than it was before.

All the time I have been writing these papers I have felt it disagreeable to be speaking so much of myself; but if some of my readers, especially the young men, should be induced by my example to forego their own ease and pleasure, and devote their time and talents and means, in any enlarged measure, to the public good, I shall feel well rewarded.

A WORTHY EXAMPLE.

We are losing so many of the Friends whose great liberality has supported our cause, that it is refreshing to call to mind some of the doings of these early teetotal philanthropists. Would that the young men belonging to these worthy people could see it their duty to tread in their father's steps. William Wilson, of Bradford, stands deservedly among the foremost of those good men to whom I have referred, and I doubt not but the following notice of his labours will be read with interest. When my attention has been called to the large Band of Hope processions, and other extraordinary demonstrations at Bradford, I have always thought that in these were seen some of the fruits of his great benevolence.

William Wilson was born at Esholt, in the parish of Otley, on the 28th of October, 1767. His parents were 'Friends,' and of this society he continued to be a consistent and worthy member to the day of his death. His father was an American cloth merchant. His mother was a very superior woman, and succeeded in training up her large family of ten children in a most exemplary manner. Mr. W. was apprenticed to a respectable grocer at York, where he conducted himself to the satisfaction of his master. He commenced business on his own account, in Bradford, and conducted the trade of a grocer and draper, and carried on business about ten years with great industry. After having carried on this trade with considerable success, he became a stuff merchant. In this he was still more successful, and at fifty years of age he retired from business, having realised an ample fortune. He retired, not to waste his time in ease and self-indulgence, which is too often the case, but for the purpose of spending his fortune in doing good; and there was not an opportunity he allowed to escape of rendering service to any object which tended to promote the welfare and happiness of the human race. On the subject of cruelty to animals he offered £100 for a prize essay, and promoted the object in every possible way.

For more than thirty years it became the essential and exclusive business

of his life to explore and to relieve cases of poverty and distress. Bradford and its suberbs were carefully visited once in four years by Mr. Wilson and his agents; and in this manner he distributed many times after the rate of a thousand pounds a year! During the urgent distress of 1826, besides giving more than his ordinary supplies in clothing, &c., he caused to be distributed three boat loads of potatoes, and whilst others contented themselves with a pecuniary subscription of fifty or a hundred pounds, he personally attended to the bestowment of immense sums! One of Mr. Wilson's executors, who had excess to his private accounts, was of opinion that he gave away, after his retirement from business, not much less than forty thousand pounds! And, whilst dealing out with an unsparing hand the substantial proofs of his princely liberality, he was at all times a true financier, and a thorough practical economist. It is believed that his personal and domestic expenditure never reached £150 per annum! His house, like his person, was a pattern of plainness and simplicity. His furniture consisted of nothing fashionable or superfluous; and his table was equally marked with comfort and frugality. It was my privilege once to sit at his table, and I don't know an event that I recollect with more pleasure than this.

Many of the recipients of W. Wilson's bounty, were those whose destitution and misery had been brought on through *intemperance;* and although he blamed the conduct of the miserable drunkard, he pitied, and relieved, the hapless and ruined family. These considerations, and the sound views which he had long entertained on the nature of intoxicating liquors, predisposed him to embrace with eagerness the proposal, in the year 1829, to form a *Temperance Society;* which was the first established in England. Of course, the basis of this society, like all the rest at that early period, was abstinence from spirit and great moderation in all fermented drinks. William Wilson was found a most active and liberal promoter of the cause. He heartily identified himself with the movement, and by his counsels and co-operation, but above all, by his unparalleled liberality in furnishing the means of spreading information through the press, he rendered incalculable service in the diffusion of temperance principles. Mr. Wilson had great reliance on the beneficial effects of tracts, and hence he selected such materials as, in his opinion, were best calculated to tell upon the public mind; and, in this sort of editorship, he proved an excellent compiler, and had them printed by *tens of thousands!* At one period he was almost as busy in arranging and selecting the subjects for publication, and in corresponding with his chief printer and publisher, Mr. Pasco, of London, as any man in the trade; and he supplied, at his own expense, large parcels of tracts, to almost every Temperance Society throughout England, and the principality of Wales. In connection with the Bradford Temperance Society, Mr. Wilson held successively the office of Secretary, Treasurer, and President; and although his singular modesty would rarely suffer him to occupy a place on a platform, he was most exemplary in his attendance at the meetings of the committee; and in every way, influenced by his strong views of the paramount claims of the temperance cause, did he render the most essential and efficient service. For nearly two years he furnished the means of providing an excellent temperance missionary in Bradford. Of tracts, Mr. Wilson must have paid for, and circulated millions! Among his papers was found *one* invoice for *half a million,* and evidence that, through Mr. Pasco, his printer, he employed agents to distribute tracts, against cruelty to animals, in Smithfield market and the adjacent knackers' yards. He also employed agents to distribute tracts on temperance and the social virtues generally, in the steam packets, ships, and lighters on the river Thames. Such was his faith in the silent power of the press! And for the space of thirty years his whole time and energies were fully employed, and often heavily taxed in devising

and carrying out schemes of mercy and benevolence! His whole life, from the period when he commenced his career of unexampled benevolence, presented one uniform tenor of consistent piety.

It is believed that it was his intention to dispose of the whole of his property during his life, but his decease arrived perhaps sooner than was expected, so that he left behind him about £2,700, which he chiefly bequeathed to various charities and benevolent institutions. He died in the 83rd year of his age.

In the conduct of our departed friend, is shewn what an amount of good our rich people might do had they the disposition. But while we look in vain for many examples equal to the above, if all would do their share according to their means, we should soon see a great change for the better. And there is no question that the real success of our cause, so far, has been owing quite as much to the labours of the zealous unpaid working men, as to the rich and titled in society. Everyone, according to his talent, should exert himself for the good of his fellow creatures.

DR. FRANKLIN AND THE LONDON PRINTERS.

Franklin was always one of my greatest favourites. I could always read his sensible pithy admonitions and instructive pamphlets with a thousand times more pleasure than I could those fine tales of the imagination, which serve to remove us from the hard and fast lines of real life and usefulness, to those airy regions where ephemeial castles are constantly falling to pieces. It was from Franklin I got the first hint as to the trifling amount of nutrition contained in malt liquor; and from enquiries as to the amount of barley generally used in making a given quantity of beer, and an examination of the abstraction of nutritious matter in the processes of malting, mashing, fermenting, and fining, I found that though Franklin was correct in principle, the loss was far more than he made it. He stated that there was a "larger portion of flour in a penny loaf" than "a pint of beer;" while the fact is, that there is more nutritious "flour" in a penny loaf than in a gallon of beer. This was truly a discovery at the commencement of our reformation; it formed the leading idea in my "Malt Liquor Lecture," which has had a world wide circulation. I cheerfully acknowledge my obligations to Dr. Franklin, and in the following quotation from his works, will be seen the passage which I siezed upon with delight, and also how useful he made himself among the printers, his workfellows. What a blessing it would be if there was a young Franklin in every printing office.

"On my entrance upon work at the printing house of Watts, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, I worked at first as a pressman, conceiving that I had need of bodily exercise, to which I had been accustomed in America, where the printers work alternately as compositors and at the press. *I drank nothing but water:* the other workmen, to the number of about fifty, were *great drinkers of beer.* I carried occasionally a large form of letters in *each hand*, up and down stairs, while the rest employed *both hands* to carry one. They were surprised to see by this and many other examples, that the American aquatic, as they used to call me, was stronger than those who drank porter. The beer-boy had sufficient employment during the whole day in serving that house alone. My fellow-pressman drank every day a pint of beer before breakfast, a pint with bread and cheese for breakfast, one between breakfast and dinner, one again about six o'clock in the afternoon, and another after he had finished his work. This custom appeared to me to be abominable; but he had need, he said, of all this beer in order to acquire strength to work. I endeavoured to convince him that *the bodily strength furnished by the beer could only be in proportion to the solid part of the barley dissolved in the water, of which the beer was composed; that there was a larger portion of flour in a penny loaf, and that consequently if he ate this loaf, and drank a pint of water with it, he would derive more strength from it than from a pint of beer.* This reasoning, however, did not prevent him drinking his accustomed quantity of beer, and paying every Saturday night, a score of more than four or five shillings a week for this cursed beverage, an expense from which I was solely exempt. Thus do these poor devils continue all their lives in a state of voluntary

wretchedness and povery. After this, I lived in the utmost harmony with my fellow workmen, and soon acquired considerable influence among them. I proposed some alterations in the laws of the *Chapel*, † which I carried without opposition. My *example* prevailed with several of them to *renounce their abominable practice of bread and cheese and beer*, and they procured, like me, from a neighbouring house, a good bason of warm gruel, in which was a small slice of butter, with toasted bread and nutmeg. This was a much better breakfast, which did not cost more than a pint of beer, namely, three halfpence, and at the same time preserved the head clearer. Those who continued to gorge themselves with beer, often lost their credit with the publican, from neglecting to pay their score. They had recourse to me to become security for them, their light, as they used to call it, being out. I attended at the pay table every Saturday evening, to take up the little sum which I had made myself answerable for, and which sometimes amounted to nearly thirty shillings a week."

VARIETIES.

At Haddon Hall, in Derbyshire, there is an iron stump fixed which all the visitors are apt to notice. In olden time, when parties came to dine and refused to drink their full quota of wine, the arm was fixed in the stump, with the hand upwards, and the wine that the party had left was poured down his sleeve. Verily, times are not so bad as they were in those days.

The following resolution was passed by the Bradford Temperance Society, in 1848:—"That this meeting rejoices in the fact that, during the past four months, upwards of 400 signatures have been obtained by means of cottage meetings, and feels it to be a paramount duty to encourage and extend these valuable auxiliaries to the temperance cause." May all our societies imitate the good example of Bradford.

A man, who constantly frequented a cabaret in the Versailles Road, was observed by the mistress to be sitting with his glsss empty before him. "What will you take?" said the woman. "Oh, nothing more," was the reply. "I have but forty sous, and I must buy some charcoal to stifle myself with." "Oh, that's very foolish," rejoined the landlady, who thought he was joking; "with two pennyworth of cord you could hang yourself, and by that arrangement you would have some more money to spend in drink." "Upon my word you're right," said the man; and he spent 38 of his remaining sous in drink, and on the Saturday morning after he was discovered hanging to a tree.

"Come under my coat, Johnny," said a little girl to a boy, as they were going an errand one cold morning. "It isn't big enough for both," he replied. "I will try to stretch it a little," she said, and they were soon as close together and as warm as two birds in the same nest. How many shivering bodies, and heavy hearts, and weeping eyes, there are in the world, just because people do not stretch their comforts a little beyond themselves!

"And how is the little boy John, who used to be so decided a teetotaler?" enquired a gentleman, who called to see a family with whom he had been on terms of friendship some twenty years ago. "Oh, very well, there he is," pointing to a young man across the table. "He is as staunch as ever; he refused to taste when the doctor said his life depended on it." "And yet neither father nor mother is influenced by so excellent a son," replied the gentleman, who observed the glass of porter on the dinner table. "It is too true," said the father, and then confessed to his own shame how much better he would have been if he had done the same as John.

A friendly society, banded together upon temperance principles, applied to a doctor, and asked him for how much he would undertake the medical department of their society. The doctor did not understand at first that they were temperance men, and asked rather high terms. The secretary said, "Are you aware, sir, that we are all total abstainers from intoxicating drink?" "Oh no!" said the doctor, "I had not understood that; if that is the case I can take you all for a shilling a head per quarter, for you will never trouble me much."—*Mended Homes.*

Each of a thousand acts of love and little deeds of kindness costs very little of itself, and yet when viewed together, who can estimate their value? The child whose good offices are always ready when wanted—to run up stairs or down—to get chips or rock the cradle—to run on an errand and quickly back—all with a cheerful look and a pleasant temper, has a reward along with such good duties. If a little girl cannot take her grandfather on her lap as he takes her on his she can get his slippers or put away his book, or gently comb his thin locks; and whether she thinks of it or not, these little kindnesses that come from a loving heart, are the sunbeams that lighten up a dark and woful world.

† Printing offices were then thus denominated, by reason of printing being first performed in England in the Chapel at the Sanctuary, Westminster.

"Pa," said a little girl, "are you a drunkard?" as she laid her little hands upon his cheeks patting them both, and looking into his eyes imploringly. At school that day, unkind schoolmates had tauntingly said, "your father gets drunk!" With her heart swelled nigh to bursting, she ran home to have the question settled. Alas! her father was intemperate. But such was the effort of this question upon him that he vowed to drink no more. That appeal saved him.

Those whose nerves have never been unstrung by drink, and whose palate and stomach cravings have not been trained to long for it, know little of what the abstaining reformed drunkard has to endure; if they did they would speak more charitably of those who break their pledges than they are wont to do. Mr. Joseph Roberts, of Rhyl, known as the Welsh Garibaldi of Temperance, in one of his addresses, related his struggles to give up the drinking customs. He declared, that when he used to pass the public-house he had to close his eyes from its basilisk attraction, and, when the clock struck six on Saturday nights and he was about to go homeward, the veins of his forehead used actually to seem to burst, and his whole nature cried within him for a dram!

The will of the departed American statesman Thaddeus Stevens, contained the bequest of a fine estate to a nephew of his, but it was hedged about with these restrictions:—That if the said nephew abstain from intoxicating drinks for five years, he is to receive one-third of the value of the estate, to be paid to him by the executors. After another five years' abstinence, he is to be paid another third of the estate; and lastly after a third five years' abstinence, making fifteen years in all, the whole is to be handed over to him. Some may think the test extended over too long a period; but at any rate it showed what importance this great man attached to the practice of abstinence. And no wonder that a father or an uncle should have such feelings; to think how common it is for estates, secured by a life time of care and industry of parents, to be squandered away by sons in dissipation and profligacy, is sufficient to induce any good man to adopt every possible precaution to prevent such a calamity.

The annual gala day for the temperance people at the Crystal Palace, on the 1st September, exceeded in interest any of its predecessors. The attendance in 1864 was 16,831; in 1865, 32,472; in 1866, 28,052; in 1867 it was 30,682; this year it was 42,877. The interesting programme was adhered to; there was a conference in the Lecture Room, a large meeting in the Concert Room, and an interesting Sons of Temperance meeting was held in the Palace Grounds. About two o'clock, a procession of Bands of Hope, with banners and bannerets, furnished a picturesque display; and an hour afterwards some thousands crushed to enjoy the speciality of the day in the Band of Hope Union choral concert, the choir consisting of 5,000 children, whose cheerful healthy faces and gracefully diversified attire made the great Handel Orchestra the framework of a picture rarely to be seen. The singing, led as usual, and with his usual efficiency, by Mr. Frederic Smith, was exceedingly accurate, chaste, and pleasing. The four national airs were admirably rendered. After the singing came the grand fountains, the balloon ascent, temperance meetings in the grounds, a great organ performance, and the musical entertainment provided by the Poland-street Teetotal Handbell Ringers. So passed one of the brightest days of one of the happiest fêtes ever chronicled in the fête-starred annals of the Crystal Palace.

The following is an extract from "a funeral admonition" which we used to circulate. "My dear friends, you are collected here to perform the last earthly service to one of your fellow creatures. Perhaps you have frequently attended on such occasions, and the time may not be far distant when your friends shall have to render the same service to you. It is appointed for all men once to die, and after death the judgment. No occasion is so much calculated to impress upon your minds man's frailty, mortality, and unworthiness, as that of a funeral. But it is lamentable to think that such impressions are seldom produced, and that your discourse, instead of being serious and edifying, is trifling, unprofitable, and pernicious. The principal cause of this is *the use of intoxicating liquors.* Why is it, that, at a funeral, you cannot even enter the door without being met with a tankard of inebriating liquor? When you get seated, the table is filled with glasses; and hot ale and cold ale are being handed round during the whole time you remain in the house. It is really astonishing that, on this solemn occasion, you should encourage, or even *permit*, a course of drinking. Oh! my friends! this is not the way to improve the solemn season of death. God here warns you to repent, but by conforming to the fashion of drinking at funerals, you set aside that warning and rather fix the seal of impenitence upon yourselves. I would advise those who have the management of funerals to provide some good coffee and buns, or any other kind of harmless drink; but *never* disgrace their house, nor the memory of their departed friend, by *giving a drop of intoxicating liquor.* To those who are invited to the funeral I also say—If the contents of the delusive glass or the maddening bowl be presented to you, *never taste;* bear your testimony against funeral drinking, and try to rescue yourselves and your acquaintance from this awful practice of intemperance.—A friend."

Children are all right if we would let them alone. Up to a certain age they have no wish for intoxicating liquors, and if we did not train them to take these drinks, and train their palates to their repulsive tastes, they would remain without any wish to take them. Leave them entirely to their own choice, uninfluenced and untempted by the example of their elders, and they would all abstain. Is it not a pity that so many of those innocent little ones that you see playing and gambolling on the grass, should ere long, by corrupting customs, become drinkers, and endure all the miseries which the habit entails?

It is important that we should, in every place and on every occasion, make ourselves understood as to what we mean when we speak of alcohol. Not being a conventional term, very few people understand its meaning unless specially explained to them. A clergyman writes me as follows:—"Years after I had passed through my University career, I was as ignorant of the word alcohol as the poor old woman who, returning from a Temperance Meeting, said to her companion, "I wonder who that gentleman is that is so often mentioned—Mr. Alcohol."

Great folks have a horror of cold water, but they are now indulging largely in ice. Not to mention the quantities secured in ice houses in this country, we find immense quantities imported from different parts of the world. In 1865, 43,359 tons from Norway; from Christiania, 20,402 tons; and quantities from other different places. The price is said to be about £3 15s. per ton. Ice, no doubt, is a salutary indulgence, and if we can keep these rich people from knowing that what they swallow, at a great price, is exactly the same despised cold water that goes down the throats of the teetotalers, costing them nothing, it will add another to the instances where ignorance is bliss.

Strong drink invades the family and social circles, and spreads woe and sorrow all around. It cuts down youth in its vigour, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down age with sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives, widows; children, orphans; fathers, fiends; and all of them paupers and beggars. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease, and crime. It fills our jails, supplies our almshouses, crowds our penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for our scaffolds. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonours the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honour; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness. And then, as with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations; it curses the world, and laughs at its ruins. Is it not terrible that a fiend like this should be cherished by all classes?

To shopkeepers and tradesmen.—1.—You should *encourage the Temperance cause*, for in proportion as *it* prospers the people will have more money to spend at your establishments. 2.—You should *abstain entirely from intoxicating drink yourselves.* This would be a great saving of money, and your only sure guarantee against excess. 3.—You should *not keep any liquor in your houses.* It is an extremely dangerous article, and may lead to great evils in your family. 4.—You should *not run for your glasses* through the day, nor go to the bar parlour or drinking room in the evening. These will mark your character, and lower your position in the esteem of others. 5.—You should never *conform to the drinking fashions of the age;* neither at christenings, weddings, nor funerals, nor on any similar occasions should you sanction the taking of intoxicating drinks.

The Duke of Orleans, the oldest son of King Louis Phillippe, was a noble young man—physically and intellectually noble. One morning he invited a few companions with him as he was about to take his departure from Paris to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour, though not a dissipated man, it is said he drank a glass too much. He lost the balance of his body and his mind. Bidding adieu to his companions, he entered the carriage. But for that glass he would have kept his seat, instead of which he leaped from the carriage! But for that extra glass of wine he would have alighted on his feet, but instead of this his head struck the pavement! Senseless, bleeding, he was taken into a beer-shop and died. *The extra glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confiscated their property, and sent the whole family into exile!*

At a temperance meeting in Philadelphia, a clergyman spoke in favour of wine, stating it to be scriptural, gentlemanly, and healthful to drink it. When he had sat down, a plain elderly man rose, and asked the liberty to say a few words. "A young friend of mine," said he, "who had long been intemperate, was at length prevailed upon to take the pledge. He kept it faithfully for some time, though the struggle with his habit was fearful; till one evening, in a social party, glasses of wine were handed round. A clergyman took a glass, saying a few words in vindication of the practice. 'Well' thought the young man, 'if a clergyman can take wine, and justify it so well, why not I?' So he also took a glass. It instantly rekindled his slumbering appetite; and after a rapid downward course, he died of *delirium tremens*—a raving madman!" The old man paused for utterance; and was just able to add—"That young man was my only son; and the clergyman was the reverend doctor who has just addressed this assembly!"

The eldest boy of a tradesman proved how much he valued the temperance cause, by requesting that his pledge should be engrossed upon his indentures.

I was surprised one day at the entrance of a man of decent personal appearance, but clothed in shabby genteel, offering penknives, scissors, and pencil-cases to sell. I looked at him, and after a little conversation, I found he was no other than Mr. ———, who was once mayor of ———, and who was the returning officer at an election at which I attended. Position, character, all fall before the mastery of drink.

The Aylesbury Sherbert is a delicious beverage for teetotalers on festival days. The recipe is as prepared by the late Lord Aylesbury's French cook: mix 1½ ounces of citric acid and 50 drops of essence of lemon well together. Dissolve 4lbs. of loaf sugar in two pints of boiling water, then add the acid mixture. Stir it up well—bottle and cork it well. A small wine glass full of the Sherbert is generally considered sufficient for a tumbler of water.

The apparently unaccountable cause of buildings getting on fire, railway and other accidents, will never be properly understood till the public turn their attention to the condition in which alcoholic drink leaves a person for some time after he has taken it. Most men are far more unfit to perform with exactness their duties after taking drink, though deemed sober, than when to a certain extent they are under the influence of liquor. On inquests, the enquiry should not be, as to the guard of a train, for instance, whether he was in liquor, but whether the day before, or the night before, or how recently he had been known to take his glasses. Prostration follows stimulation, and upon some men to such an extent as to unfit them for the performance of their ordinary duties. It is well known that many workpeople don't do near as much work on the Monday as on other days, on account of their Saturday night and Sunday drinking.

At a temperance meeting at Eastgrinstead, a well-digger, named Gatton, made a short speech. It ran about as follows:—I know which is best, because I have tried both sides; I have done my share of drinking, and now I am doing without the drink; the publicans used to have a large share of my earnings, now I take all home. I used to help to keep the publican's pigs, now I keep a pig of my own,—yes, and a nice fellow he is, too; my workmates might have one as good as mine if they would do as I have done—give up the drink. They say we cant't work without beer; I ask them how I do it. I work as hard as any of them—well-digging is trying work. But how do they do it? Just see: they work all the week without beer, and then when Saturday night comes they do all the drinking just to rest on. I feel quite sure they can do without it if they have a mind to. Since I signed the pledge I have had better clothes to wear, and so have my family. I now go to church on a Sunday—I used to idle away the Sunday before. And then there is my hog, which I have just killed, he weighs twenty-eight stone! Don't you think that a heavy argument for the temperance plan? I do, and hope I shall always stick to it.

During this month many gentlemen will be ordering all the paraphernalia of the brewing department to be looked up and put in order. Malt will be procured; double the usual quantity will be used; it will be mashed and the sweet liquor well fermented, the autumnal season, neither too hot or cold, being favourable to fermentation. The produce of the pump being thus poisoned and polluted, will be carefully put into barrels, and on special occasions it will be tapped as the "Old October." A few barrels will be reserved for the coming of age of the eldest son; and then this naturally innocent and honest water, thus mixed with alcohol, will be handed round. The vicar of the parish, and the gentry of the neighbourhood, with the tenants, will be there to praise its fine qualities, and by and by will be seen not a few in smock frocks spralling on the ground. "I took two horns, said Jabez, and it floored me and made my head ring again next day." So much for October brewing, and so much for the march of intellect and the spread of piety and common sense in this nineteenth century!

Now for the winter campaign. Time flies apace; it is not long since we were complementing ourselves upon the approach of summer, long days and out-door meetings. We shall now, in a great measure, be driven to our halls, schools, and other places in-doors. Though our meetings may not be well attended "we must never give it up;" we must try to rouse the public, we must get among the masses; and when meetings are arranged for in the evenings, I believe no plan is equal to going about during the day from workshop to workshop inviting the men to come. This, and a regular system of visitation every Sunday morning, will keep the meetings well attended. We must not be too fastidious; singing and recitations, if they embody the principles and practices of teetotalism should be encouraged, but not otherwise. All should rouse themselves. The suspended meetings of the Bands of Hope should be immediately revived. The Rechabites and the Sons of Temperance should be now active. Nothing is done in the temperance cause without agitation. I don't care how soon the elections are over. I expect little from them; I never knew one yet from which the cause of sobriety was not seriously injured. Notwithstanding all discouragements, we must keep on in our good work. May the winter find every one of us at his post!

"Paddy, where is the whisky I gave you to clean the windows with?" "Ooh, master, I just drank it, and I thought if I breathed upon the glass it would be all the same."

"Oh dear, Alfred," cried his sister, as she saw him going to the fountain, "it is very dangerous to drink cold *water*." But, stepping into the confectioner's shop, it was quite safe for the young lady to take *ice* water freely. But, of course, it should be remembered that *water* is *vulgar* and *ice* is *genteel*, and one is cheap and the other costly, and that makes the one quite safe, and the other very dangerous.

In this country we are accustomed to "tea gardens;" but, in Leipzic, I notice they have "milk gardens." At six o'clock, morning and evening, it is the practice of many to resort to these gardens. They enter the cow-shed, have the animal milked before them, and retire to an arbour or tent to enjoy at leisure the foaming luxury. These people are said to be primitive in their habits; but they seem to be following the advice of a modern physician—"Increase your milk bill."

Alluding to a most disorderly election meeting, the report states that the "roughs" threw Cayenne pepper about the room, and even when they were all ejected it was difficult to proceed in consequence of the continuous sneezing. This reminds me of a meeting I once held in one of the most public streets of Wakefield. We were much annoyed by these "roughs," and after a short time a stench arose from under the lurry that was almost suffocating. It seems the party had procured a quantity of assafœtida. However, we braved it out as well as we could and stuck to our post. I should like to hear of another meeting of this kind in Wakefield.

"Superstition in England"—Such is the heading of a newspaper paragraph. Following this, I noticed another which might fitly be entitled, "Superstition in England and Ireland." It relates to the immense wealth of Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, Bart. The personality alone was sworn under £1,100,000, the largest amount left under will during at least the last fifty years, or perhaps ever left in Ireland. The people's belief in the "Back Lane ghost" is really no more superstition than their belief in the excellent and nutritious properties of porter. The "Bermondsey ghost" has just as much a local habitation as the feeding properties of Guinness' porter, and is infinitely more innocent than the ghost of the mash tub. This is a ghost which leads in numberless instances to the defiling of both body and soul.

"When you see a man, on a moonlight night, trying to convince his shadow that it is improper to follow a gentleman, you may be sure it is high time for him to join the Temperance Society." This paragraph from the papers is one proof among many that people think the temperance societies are composed only of those who have been inveterate drunkards. If this was true, it is to be feared every society would soon become extinct. A temperance society is composed of all who abstain, sign the pledge, and conform to its rules; and so far from joining it being an imputation upon anyone as to his past conduct, it is, in many cases, a proof of his philanthropy in doing this act for the good of others. But in all cases, whether the individual has previously been given to excess or not, it is a wise act of self-preservation of which no man need be ashamed.

Mr. Hibbert, in the *Gardener's Magazine*, has a good article on "Fruit Eating." He maintains that we should eat fruit as the boy does, to gratify hunger, and not upon a full stomach to please the palate. And yet after stating that he does this himself, towards his visitors he would adopt a practice the very opposite. Not only would he give them fruit as a luxury, but he would give them intoxicating drinks to each kind. Oh! the weakness of human nature! "If I give my visitor," says Mr. Hibbert, "strawberries, I place before him a dry, light wine; and if that does not suit him, he may have brandied port and sherry or spirit. For all the delicately-flavoured fruits, the proper drink for those who do drink is, I think, a light, dry wine, such as chablis or a still hock; but the champagne of ordinary commerce is vile, with its excess of brandy and sugar. A thoroughly good Amontillado sherry goes well with rich grape; but with ripe muscats, which are loaded with saccharine, a dry Bordeaux, sound and old, is, according to my palate, the proper thing. Nor are spirits to be put into the Index Expurgatorius. I can enjoy any good fruit without drink, and believe that to be the proper way; but if there is to be drinking, I would have Hennessey's or Martell's pale brandy of the best brand, and slightly diluted with cold water, to accompany rich, melting pears; and the very best gin, sweetened and undiluted, to accompany rich, tender-fleshed apples."

I should like as far as possible, that our friends would place a copy of this number in the hands of every publican and beer-seller, in order that they may read the article addressed to them.

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THE

STAUNCH TEETOTALER,

BY J. LIVESEY.

No. 23. NOVEMBER 1868. ONE PENNY.

TO THE TEETOTALERS AND OTHERS CONCERNED IN THE ELECTIONS.

DEAR FRIENDS,

The elections, I fear, are too near at hand for me to attempt to produce much impression upon parties in favour of sobriety. But I feel strongly disposed to make an appeal, however feeble, to my teetotal friends, and to others who are sick of the drinking enormities at these contests, to use their best exertions, especially at this crisis, to lessen the amount of intemperance. It would speak well for the progress of morals, if the furiousness of the coming elections should be accompanied with less drunkenness and brutality than those we have formerly witnessed. Times of excitement like this with which we are now mixed up are not seasons for gaining the attention of the masses in favour of electoral purity; yet, one may hope to catch the ears of our temperance members, and perhaps a few others —friends to good order.

Several attempts have been made to induce candidates to have no committee rooms at public-houses, and though these may not have been generally successful, there is no doubt they will have left a good impression upon the minds of some of them. In fact, whatever shape the efforts of the temperance people may take in agitating their important movement, they all tend to bring before our future legislators and the public the awful amount of intemperance that prevails, and to show that there is no radical cure but entire abstinence. And there are parties who will listen *now* whose attention you could not secure at any other time. It was only the other day I had seated in my writing-room, amidst packages of periodicals, books, and papers of all sorts, four gentlemen who never knew the place before—two candidates and two of their friends—listening with every attention to my discourse on teetotalism. Of course, their errand was to get my "vote and interest," but my opportunity was to enlighten them upon the subject of intoxicating liquors, and to show the importance of the temperance reform above every other reform. I need not say that they were excessively courteous; and, at our parting, I presented to each of the candidates a bound copy of the *Staunch Teetotaler* for 1867. Such opportunities should never be lost. It is not every day you can have a lord a and squire sitting as it were at your feet, listening to a doctrine that comes home to their own habits, and cuts up the drinking system root and branch. Whether the chief topic be Sunday closing, the Permissive Bill, or a new licensing system, it is essential to fix the attention of our future legislators to this truth, that the reason why legislation should be more restrictive and more inter-

fering with the drink trade than any other business is, that the liquors sold are dangerous liquors, and that this is the sole reason why public-houses are found to be public nuisances. Standing with these four gentlemen, I said, "There is not one of you that ever takes a glass of wine, or beer, or spirits, but you take it for the alcohol it contains, and if it were deprived of this you would not touch it." We must not merely impress candidates, but committees and agents, with the importance of conducting the elections as much as possible upon sober principles. There is really no other body that feel the same responsibility that the teetotalers do. I consider that the sobriety of the nation is in a great measure committed to our hands. Moderate drinkers cannot do much; they have not heart to go into the matter like the teetotalers. They will expatiate upon education, or better cottages for the poor, or on any topic that does not reflect upon their own practices. At this crisis we cannot agitate the subject too much. Temperance meetings to protest against treating and debauchery, and appeals emanating from such meetings may be laughed at by some, but they will gain the attention of others. Special sermons ought to be preached upon the subject, and the ministers ought personally to use their influence with the leading men connected with the respective parties to withhold the drink. Indeed, the prevalency of drunkenness and vice on these occasions ought to be deeply impressed upon the minds of those whose professed duty it is to care for the souls of the people. And it will redound very much to their disgrace if, instead of fulfilling their duty as watchmen on this occasion, they assume the character of political advocates, and lose their time in promoting party interests. Temperance men who may be active at these contests, ought as often as possible to insist upon no liquor being given, and no bribery being practised. I don't like having recourse to punishments, but if that should be considered proper there is nothing plainer than this, that *treating* is *bribery*, and subjects both parties to a penalty. Besides appealing to the candidates and managers of the electioneering proceedings, we certainly ought to do what we can with the great body of electors. They are not *all* hardened beyond remedy. Speak to them in their cooler moments and they all acknowledge that treating and bribery are wrong, and if a sound public sentiment could be created among the leaders the masses would fall in with it.

The publicans have always reaped a rich harvest; they have "feathered their nests" out of the pockets of the candidates, and though their power and influence are considerably reduced by the new Reform Act, yet they are sure, with all their satelites, to be interfering as much as possible so as to run up large bills, regardless of national questions or the demoralization of the people. A publican, in my presence, put his hand into his pocket and, shaking some sovereigns, said "This is my candidate." If there be one scene more disgusting, more demoralizing, and more loathsome than another, it is an "open house," where free drink is served as rapidly as possible—where men are more like fiends than human beings, and where female modesty and virtue are drowned in liquor. Besides the drink consumed on the premises, vast quantities are carried home by women, where they drink and carouse in the most shameful manner. It is truly an awful reflection that so important a business as selecting persons to make our laws and manage our national concerns cannot be effected without drunkenness, violence, bribery, and corruption, and that so many respectable persons are parties to the same. What can be more disgusting than to see a voter brought into the polling booth by the "runners" so drunk that he has to be supported, and so stupid that the name of the candidate has to be put into his mouth! Certainly it is a small honour to be floated into the House of Commons on the beer barrel! There is no necessity for this. At Daniel O'Connell's election for the county of Clare, there was not a single drunken person

to be seen; and if candidates had the moral courage of Mr. Hughes, we should soon have sober elections. A general election, like the one approaching, seems to be a mirror, in which are openly reflected the character of our constituencies, and also of those above them, who ought to know better. The immense sums spent, the crimes committed, and the inroads made upon the peace and friendships of social life by the spirit of party, might almost make one doubt whether the representative system, after all, is the best for the government of a country; and I look anxiously to the moral bearings of the approaching contest before deciding in my own mind whether the present large extension of the franchise is a wise measure or not. I do maintain this, that if a poor man is deprived of the power of voting because necessity compels him to ask relief from the parish, it is most unreasonable that drunkards and disorderly persons, convicted before the magistrates, should be admitted to the register. If *poverty* be a disqualification, *crime* should not be less so. If suitable tests could be hit upon, I should say that *character* is to be preferred as a qualification for the franchise before the mere payment of rates. Hoping that the time may come when bribery will be considered in the same light as perjury or any other crime; when voting and drinking will have no connection with each other: and when the representatives and the represented, if not teetotalers, will favour any measure that tends to promote national sobriety.

I am,

Yours truly,

Preston, November 1st, 1868. J. LIVESEY.

A MODEL TEETOTALER.

William Williams was a devoted teetotaler. He had a deep and an abiding sense of the evils daily inflicted upon all classes in society by the drinking system; and it was his study, morning, noon, and night, how he could best assist in applying a remedy. He was not insensible to the other vices which prevail in modern society, or careless as to the success of the remedies devised by philanthropists for their removal; but he was convinced that so many of these had their origin in, or were intensified by the use of intoxicating liquor, that his mind was constantly bent upon eradicating the root instead of lopping off a few branches. Though in business, he had risen from being a working man, and hence he knew well the condition, the temptations, and the failings of that class. Though diligent in his calling he continued to give a good deal of time to the temperance cause; and though not a rich man he was always ready with his purse when any call was made for the promotion of true temperance. Indeed, he was such a one as the times require. Not satisfied, like many, with merely signing the pledge and keeping it, enjoying all the profit himself and careless about the welfare of others, he felt deeply for his fellow creatures, and especially for the poor, the miserable, and the most drunken, whom others often despise. So far from putting his light under a bushel, he was prominent in every good movement, and was known and respected by his neighbours as a model teetotaler. It is a nice point to determine how far a temperance man is justified in introducing his favourite topic when thrown into company. In his early career, William's zeal in this respect exceeded his discretion, but he soon learnt to wait for favourable opportunities, and in the course of conversation it seldom happened but they turned up. For instance, one day, calling to get shaved, the barber, who was a stranger, said "yours is a very strong beard." "Yes," replied he, "it is a *teetotal* beard; it has been nourished with nothing but pure water for about 20 years;" and then followed a long conversation on the curse of drinking and the importance of avoiding the first glass. "You are looking very well, William," friends would say as they met him in the street. "Yes," would be

his answer, "the pump agrees well with me, and depend upon it it will last longer than the barrel." Where he was well known, parties in the company were almost sure to draw him out; and though, in defending the principles of abstinence, he would sometimes speak out rather warmly, and in terms not quite agreeable to all present, yet, very often, those who affected to oppose him would say after he was gone, "William is right after all."

Few, if any, felt more deeply for the drunkards than he did. He never called them by bad names, nor offered an unkind word when he stopped to speak to them. He took into account the probability that they had been neglected by their parents that perhaps they had learnt to drink at home; that probably they had been brought up to a trade where the men were nearly all given to drinking; that they had been tempted by others to go to the public-house in the evenings or on Saturday nights, and seldom or never found their way to a temperance meeting; that instead of being visited by ministers, whose example and admonitions should have enforced teetotalism, they had been left like sheep without a shepherd. He therefore felt that these lost sheep were his peculiar charge. He seldom met a man in liquor but he would try to have a few words with him, and on parting he would put a temperance paper into his hands. There are many staunch teetotalers in his town who attribute their first impressions in favour of leaving off drinking to his frequent visits and kindly admonitions, and there is no one upon whose head the blessings of the wives of such are oftener pronounced. He does not undervalue "demonstrations" or weekly meetings, but he has a strong conviction that constant personal visitations to the houses of the drinkers are calculated to do more good than either. He would step into the houses of such at any time when passing, but his systematic visits are on Sunday mornings. He contents himself with attending his chapel in the evenings, and spends the forenoon in going from house to house on his mission of mercy. He commences his visits (supposing the breakfast was likely to be over) about ten o'clock, and gives up so as not to interfere with the dinner hour He has a two-fold object in these visits; besides benefiting the poor people who are lost by drink, he wants to draw the attention of the easy-going, pleasure-loving members of the society, to the miserable condition of their fellow creatures; hence he would always invite, as a companion, some one whom he knew to be lukewarm as to this kind of work. I need not describe how he occupies his time on these visits. Homely in his appearance and familiar in his address, where he was not well known, he soon created the impression that he had called as a friend. Perhaps the husband would still be in bed owing to his last night's spree; or, if up, perhaps some "chum" would have stepped in preparatory to their taking a walk into the fields. The wives always welcomed these visits; and though the house might be very dirty or in disorder on the first visit, if he went the next Sunday he found an improvement; and, if the visits were repeated, he was sure to find the house, shortly, clean and tidy. Truly this kind of work is what is wanted. You may go on building chapels till doomsday, if you rely upon this to make the people sober. Christ's example of "*going about* doing good," and the Apostle's plan of teaching and preaching daily in "every house" as well as the temple, are as important now as they were eighteen hundred years ago. Our model friend often argues in this way, when contending with teetotalers who say they have no time to visit. "Suppose we allow you 14 hours out of the 24 for sleeping, dressing, meals, and worship, there still remain 10, and if you cannot spare two of these 10 on the Sabbath day to visit the poor drunkard, I fear your ideas of practical religion, and of self-denial for the good of others, are not of the most Christian description." Of course, he frequently speaks both at the ordinary meetings and at the Bands of Hope gatherings, and in his visits he never fails to invite the people to

attend these meetings. No one is a stronger advocate than he is in favour of out-door meetings; and frequently, when none are fixed by the secretary or the committee, he will say to John, Bob, or Harry, "Come, let us go to such a place, and hold a meeting; perhaps we may do some good." Still, William always works in union with the committee, and strives to avoid every possible cause of division. For instance, he does not believe in alcohol in any shape as a medicine; but if a weaker brother, at the advice of the doctor, takes it only as such, he does not, as too many do, condemn him as an inconsistent teetotaler. And, on the same principle, his advice was always to avoid creating divisions in churches, on the question of Sacramental wine.

Just now, I understand, his restless mind is contemplating a fresh mode of advocacy, and though humble, I think it is likely to be useful. He is intending to ask leave from the masters of the various workshops to visit their hands; and if he cannot speak to the men on the premises, he intends arranging to meet them at any place and time upon which they can agree. He finds that men of the same trade cling together, and that their inveterate drinking is not so much a matter of choice as it is that of bondage to existing customs, and to the influence of a few leading fellow workmen. If, for instance, a master tailor would allow it, he will go and speak to the men in the shop while at work, and leave them some tracts to read. If the master object, he will see some of the men, and fix a night to meet them at some of their houses, or where it may be most convenient. It is easier to get a number in the same trade to come to a meeting together than individually; and, should they sign the pledge, they are more likely to stand. William is often trying plans and schemes that might not occur to others. One day, learning that a young gentleman had lost £1,000 by betting at a tavern when in liquor, he cut out the paragraph that appeared in the paper and sent it by post inclosed with a temperance pledge card. He does this frequently, taking care to get his letters posted in some other town. Travelling by rail, he would leave a tract or a temperance periodical in the carriage, and the same often in the waiting-rooms. He would purchase at least a dozen copies monthly of the *Temperance Record*, and as many of the *Staunch Teetotaler* to give where he thought they might be useful, besides tracts and handbills in large quantities; and he took care that the houses of every branch of his family were supplied with a temperance periodical. There was an air of cheerfulness about everything that our friend did. He was fond of tea meetings and singing meetings, but he always took care that they were made the medium of diffusing teetotal information, and of attaching the people to the cause. Not satisfied with the ordinary modes of action, he likes something fresh, and believes in the necessity of constant agitation. He is now planning a "Running Pump" for their next procession; by means of a simple contrivance, the same water can be kept running any length of time. The children all know him, and the better sort when they meet him in the street will say "please sir, give us a temperance paper;" while others, for a little fun as he passes them will pretend to be going to "get a pint." A most excellent trait in the character of William Williams is this, that he would never expose the faults of his fellow members; if he hears of any one having broken his pledge, he feels it his duty, if he cannot go to try to restore him, never to talk about it to others. He is not one of those who spend most of their leisure evenings at temperance coffee houses, finding fault with everybody, instead of working themselves. He has a wife quite as consistent as himself, and his friends always find a welcome at his board and his fireside. When walking out with his wife and children, (all teetotalers) there is nobody that attracts more attention. I scarcely need to state that he has more invitations to attend meetings in different towns than his time will allow, and in addressing those

he does attend, he aims to make it as clear as possible that it is the "use" of intoxicating drinks simply, that does the mischief, and avoids perplexing his audience with irrelevant questions. Above all, he never misses an opportunity of exhorting them to "work, work, work" in this good cause. Like many others, at one time he believed in the certainty of destroying the drinking system root and branch; but leaving this to events he now says, "if I can only be the means of saving a *few* drunkards, and bringing the blessings of sobriety to a *few* families, and also be the means of preventing *some* of the rising generation and a *number* of the moderate drinkers from falling into the drunkard's ranks, I shall feel well rewarded for my labour."

Would that we had a model teetotaler in every town and village, and that we could all be induced to follow his example!

THE EDITOR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—No. 11.

I may now speak of my health. At the death of my parents, when only seven years of age, I was very delicate and weakly, and being left in the care of my grandfather, who was a small farmer, I was recommended to go into the shippon every morning for a cup of new milk from the cow, which did me a great deal of good, and all through life milk has been my favourite beverage. I was set early to work, but often felt unequal to what I had to perform. After leaving the loom and commencing the cheese business I had to travel the country many days in the week, and my constitution being unable to resist the cold and wet I was seized the first or second year with rheumatic fever. On my mother's side there was an hereditary tendency to rheumatism. It would be difficult to describe the sufferings I endured, and such was the exhaustion of my poor weak frame that it was a quarter of a year before I was thoroughly recovered. The joints of both hands and feet were swollen, and quite fast, and I endured the most excruciating pains. For weeks I got little or no sleep. The slightest motion occasioned by my attendants walking over the floor was more than my poor nerves could bear. Sometimes I was delirious, and I saw, as I fancied, the most horrid spectres in the room. Though covered only with a single sheet, the heat of my body was almost unbearable, and such was the agony I endured that the vapour could be seen rising visibly from under the sheet. My business suffered much, and my dear wife who had to attend to it, and also to attend upon me, was worn down with anxiety and fatigue. I had afterwards, at intervals, rheumatic fever three other times, confining me to the room or keeping me from business from two to three months each time. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered, and considering how my constitution must have been impaired by these repeated attacks, it is a cause for deep thankfulness that I should be here recounting and detailing the events of my past life.

Like most people who are ignorant of the working and wants of the human frame, I not only implicitly followed the advice and took the medicines of my medical attendants, but was at all times ready to listen to the persuasions of kind friends who came with numberless prescriptions, some for curing and some for preventing my complaint. At each of the four rheumatic fevers I had a different doctor, and, beyond keeping my bowels more regular, I don't believe that their medicines did me a particle of good. Their general remark was, "it must have its time." Our drawers and cupboards were stored with physic bottles and pill boxes, and it was a happy day for me when I discovered their comparative uselessness, and learnt that nature is always curing, and that physic oftener retards than assists her wonderful conservative operations. For years I was seldom without severe colds and often ailing. During the winter of 1842-3 I was worse than usual, feeble, spiritless, and

so susceptible of cold that if I went out in hazy weather I was almost sure to be laid up. About this time I met with Claridge's sixpenny pamphlet on the water cure, and was so struck with his statements and the cures he had seen at Grafenberg, that I was induced to make a partial trial of the water applications. Getting no relief from medicine, I was willing to try anything. Having already described my experience and practice of the hydropathic treatment, and my present plan of using the hand-bath every morning, in Nos. 4 and 5, I need not here repeat the same. Some consider me an enthusiast in my unceasing practice and recommendation of water inside and out, but if a man get 15 or 20 years usefulness added to his life; gets rid of rheumatic fevers and other sufferings, he may well be an enthusiast. Whether all the hydropathic baths have the virtues attributed to them I am not prepared to say, but of this I feel confident, that there is scarcely a person living who, having neglected his skin, never washing perhaps more than hands and face, will not be benefited by a fair trial. Though my health was generally improved, and though after adopting the water treatment I never had rheumatic *fever*, yet I was not quite free afterwards from rheumatic pains. We were so unfortunate as to move into the country, where we had a cold clay soil, and this and other exposures brought on chronic rheumatism in the ankle joints, from which I suffered severely for seven years, so much so that at one time I had to have recourse to the use of crutches. Moving to a warmer situation and a dryer subsoil, about seven or eight years ago the swelling began to subside, and gradually left me, and it is really wonderful that now I am quite free from it, and walk as well as I did when I was young. Considering the long standing of this chronic affection, and my advanced age, many persons in the medical profession say that such a recovery is very uncommon. Very few persons commence the water treatment who don't get a strong dislike to physic, and lose faith in its efficacy. This has been so much the case with me that I have not taken a particle of medicine, not so much as an aperient pill, for 14 years. To this and to my abstinence from alcoholic liquors, and my other abstemious habits, I mainly attribute the improved health I have enjoyed during these later years. Still, I feel that the hand of time is not to be bribed. If I write too much or too long at a time, or read too long any matter leading to thought and reflection, I feel that the nervous power is too severely tasked, and indigestion, with its depressing consequences, is sure to follow. A change of pursuits, sometimes mental, sometimes physical, and relaxation if you can get it, enables a person to do much more than if he were always following one and the same thing. This is one great advantage I have always had. I was never without a good many irons in the fire, though some of them might be in danger of burning. Restless, of independent feelings, and never idle, it would be difficult to say how many things I have been engaged in, and this variety no doubt has been beneficial. Losing faith in physic, and learning the benefits of open-air exercise, cheerfulness, and temperance in eating as well as drinking, all of which are inculcated in the water treatment, I began to study the laws of health with great profit. It is very much to be regretted that even educated persons know so little of physiology, that they are daily violating these laws, and, as regards health, are entirely at the mercy of doctors or "quacks."

About 20 years ago I bought a piece of land at Bowness, the chief village included in the district of Windermere. I built two houses, one of which has afforded us a nice change in the course of the summer. I also erected a small Temperance Hall and other buildings, and lastly, four good houses, allowed to be the best of the kind in the village, so I have had some experience of "bricks (or rather stones) and mortar." Many a time, when quite overdone with the turmoil and anxiety of unavoidable engagements in the town, have I run down there for a little quiet, and being fond of shrubs

and flowers, this place, with solitude as a change, seemed for a short time almost a Paradise. The front grounds of these houses adjoin the public road. Cheap trips to Windermere, "the Queen of the English lakes," are numerous every summer, and from the walks I often converse with the people over the railings. Of course, I warn them against drinking, and sometimes, to startle the topers, I point upwards to the four houses with mahogany window frames and plate-glass bay windows, and say, "you see those four houses." "Yes." "Well, I have cheated the landlords out of these!" Teetotalism, if it did nothing more than give a man a retreat like this in his old age is well worth embracing.

It would be difficult to live seventy years in this world of accidents ever occurring, without being exposed to some of them oneself. I have been thrown off a coach, pitched off a horse at full trot, and upset in driving a horse and gig down a hill. These are casualties that few who travel can escape; but I have had two very narrow escapes for my life, and both arose from the wanton conduct of men under the influence of drink. The first was in crossing the river Wyre, at Wardless, when it was very much swollen. I was in that district buying cheese, and stayed all night at the old inn, now used as a cottage. My son William was with me, then only a boy. It is a place where they ferry people over. Applying to the landlady to be taken across, early in the morning, she called upon a man then sitting in the house to take us. He appeared to be one who had been drinking all night. He went out and got a little flat-bottomed boat, so light that he wheeled it on a wheelbarrow. We (very foolishly, I must now confess) got into the boat and balanced ourselves. He appeared fresh, but we did not suspect but what he would be able to steer us over. When about midway he began to stagger, and fell over into the river. I felt sure we were upset and should be both drowned. The water was high and the stream rapid. The frail barque, however, righted itself, and the man either bottomed the river with his feet or he could swim. Alarmed as I was at his fall, I was still more so at his attempt to regain his place; he had well nigh capsized the boat with his attempts to get in. I was in a terrible fright; the drowning of us both seemed imminent, but I kept him at bay till he moved to the hinder part of the boat, and then pushed us forward. How thankful was I when I set foot on land! The next narrow escape was on the highroad from Chorley to Clayton, about half a mile from the Clayton toll bar. I was returning from Bolton market, in company with my friend, John Pomfret, in his gig. The evening was very dark. We were just at the bottom of a rather steep incline. Two of the bleacher's carters had been stopping to drink at the public-house at the top of the brow. On their coming out they had set their horses off at full trot, one against the other. Each cart had two or three horses and very heavy loads. We were at the bottom of the incline when they were at the top, and by our lamps we could see the perilous position we were in. There was little time to think or to act. I saw nothing but a certainty of our vehicle and horse and ourselves all being destroyed. They seemed to be abreast, each cart taking one side of the road. There was no chance of drawing to our own side, and I perceived that my friend was aiming, if possible, to drive between. Feeling impressed with a certainty of a collision I jumped out of the gig, with a view of reaching the parapet for safety; but in doing so fell on the road, and was so stunned as to be unable to rise, nor was there time to recover my legs. Oh! what a moment of suspense and terror! I expected nothing but to be crushed to death. There I lay while the carts passed, the wheel of one just missing my head. My friend got betwixt them safely. To describe the feeling I then experienced, and what I have experienced a hundred times ever since when I have thought of the awful situation I was then in, is impossible. Well may I, on personal grounds (and, indeed, who is there that may not?), swear eternal enmity to this cursed drink!

Some have expressed surprise how I have been able to give my attention and labour to so many matters. Well, in the first place, I seem as if I had never given myself rest or relaxation like other people. I have known very little of what is usually termed recreation; duty has been my pleasure, especially when engaged in something productive of good to the masses or the castaways. For years together I have never attended a "party," though often invited, and when the mayors of the borough have sent me invitations to their "dinners" or festive gatherings, I have always declined going. I had a strong objection to be found at any gathering where wine drinking was sure to be prominent, and where I could not with propriety protest against it. Indeed, I have carried this objection so far as always to refuse attendance at the wedding breakfasts of my own sons, when the lady's parents or friends would have wine on the table. I am not sure but I have carried this feeling too far; it has tended to separate me so much from the influential classes that the temperance cause may have gained less than it would have done by my mixing more with them. But I have always felt happiest among the poor—far happier sitting at a drunkard's fireside than in the drawing-room of my richest friend.

And, another reason of my getting through so much work is, that I have been greatly helped by my family. For the first 15 years after our marriage I had to struggle hard (for, even then, I could not refrain doing something for the public), but I never can sufficiently appreciate the assistance I received from the industry, carefulness, and good management of my wife. And the same I may say of all our children; without exception, they have all been active and industrious. When confined by one of my rheumatic fevers—kept from business for more than two months—my eldest son, William, then only 13 years of age, was a great help to us in the cheese warehouse; and as they have grown up they have all made themselves useful, and never, like many children, brought disgrace upon their parents, or entailed burdens upon us by their misconduct. I owe more than I can express to several of my sons, eight of whom are still living, the eldest turned 52, and the youngest 33. And what is most gratifying, five of them are avowed abstainers, and the others, if not so, are considerably influenced by their father's teaching upon this subject. Remembering the early days of these, when they walked before us two and two, admired by many, or when on every Good Friday I gave them a country ride, the interval affords matter for grave reflection, and reminds me forcibly of Job's saying that "his days were swifter than a weaver's shuttle."

I was always fond of children, and even now as I pass them in groups in the street, especially those that can just "toddle" about, I feel as if I could form one of the party. I could still drive the hoop, play the ball, or strike the shuttlecock, and I do think if we could mix more with them we might save many from the sad state of degradation into which they fall. I hope, in concluding this paper, I may be excused for appending the following extract from an article I wrote more than 30 years ago, relative to our youngsters :—

A real family man always takes delight in his children; and when everything around seems clothed with gloom and embarrassment, the smile of one child, the prattling of another, and the skipping of a third, create a source of enjoyment, and often lead him to forget his troubles. With myself, I confess, this has frequently been the case; and were it not for parental fondness, aided by the fascinations of children, how could we so gladly toil for their support, and spend upon them years of labour, without the least pecuniary return? But upon this subject a man must be a parent before he can feel as parents feel. Who can love and admire Frank like Frank's father? He espies the parlour door open, and in he runs; and if I am on my feet he takes me by the hand and turns me to a chair. He then fetches my shoes, and does his best to put them on. He climbs my knee, takes my comb out of my waistcoat pocket, gets me to open it, combs my hair, now and then looking cunningly into my face to see if I am pleased. His next move is to climb up the chair back; perhaps he hurts his thumb, and I have to kiss it, which is an infallible cure.

Children soon learn to like money; and hence he will perhaps venture to ask, in his own way, for a penny. The watch is a pretty plaything, so he will have it placed first to one ear and then to the other. If the days were ever so long, Frank would be my companion, were I disposed to play with him, till he fell fast asleep on my knee. I am exceedingly fond of children; and whatever others may think, I know that those who deserve to be called *parents*, will bear with me in relating these incidents. "Father, have you forgotten to bring those papers to give to poor people?" said Jem, as we were walking together, alluding to a quantity of Temperance papers which I had laid out for distribution. "No, I have got them in my pocket." "How many have you?" he again inquired. "I have plenty." "But how many is plenty?" "Perhaps about fifty." Jem, still scarcely satisfied with the answer, further inquired, "Would it not take a million to be *plenty* of some things?" "Indeed, I dare say it would; plenty is a very indefinite term." "I could not touch brown bread," said one of the boys at the breakfast table, as the plate went round, both sorts being usually supplied. "Now if I were to introduce one single regulation," I replied, "I know you would not only *touch* brown bread, but *eat* it, and not only *eat* it, but *like* it; and not only *like* it, but *ask for more*." Some surprise being expressed at this declaration, I continued—"This would be effected simply by keeping you for some time without food, and then giving you this bread to eat." I illustrated this by the following remark—"As I passed by a farm yard the other day, I saw some stirks eating *straw*, and apparently enjoying it. Now if these had been allowed meal and potatoes, or good hay every day, they would all have said, as you have said of bread, 'I cannot touch straw.'"—The young children have each a money box, with a little hole in the lid, always kept locked, and I keep the keys. One of them kept his box wrong side up, and when asked the reason, I was much amused with the answer. He said, it was "to prevent the mice getting in at the hole to eat the money."—"How many fathers have you?" said I to the children one morning. "Two," was the answer from some of the children; "one here and one in heaven." "Then have we not two mothers?" rejoined a little one who had been listening to the conversation.

FATHER MATHEW.

This humble periodical would certainly be defective if it did not give a sketch of Father Mathew and his benevolent labours. His name will long be venerated, and the present race of teetotalers may be benefited by having presented to them some of the extraordinary doings of this great man. The temperance cause is not worked as it was in former days, nor in the days when he astonished the world. There were none before him, nor have any risen since capable of producing the startling effects attendant upon the labours of Father Mathew. He was born at Thomastown, in the county of Tipperary, on the 10th of October, 1790. He was kind, gentle, affable, and beloved by all, when a boy, but of an impetuous temperament. Losing his parents at an early period, he was sent by a rich lady, a relative of his, to an academy at Kilkenny at the age of 13, and thence, seven years after, to the college of Maynooth. He afterwards joined the order of the Capuchin friars, and was ordained as priest in 1814. He thence went on a mission to the city of Cork, where as a devoted philanthropist, he secured the esteem and affection of all classes. In 1838, he joined the temperance people, who had for some time had a society in the city, and held meetings, but with comparative little success. Being urged by a member of the society of Friends, named William Martin, to take the lead, one day in conversation, Father Mathew said, "How are we to begin?" "Oh easily enough," said honest William, "appoint a place to hold the meeting; fix a day and hour—and that's the way to begin." "Will Tuesday next, at seven o'clock, in my school-room, answer?" asked Father Mathew. "It's the very thing," said William, who added, "This will be joyful news for our friends." The meeting was held, and Father Mathew delivered an address in favour of abstinence from all kinds of intoxicating liquors, and concluded thus:—"I advise you all to follow my example. I will be the first to sign my name in the book which is on the table, and I hope we shall soon have it full." Father Mathew then approached the table, and taking the pen, said, in a voice heard by all, "Here goes, in the name of God!" and signed as follows, "Rev. Theobald Mathew, C.C., Cove-street, No. 1." Sixty names were enrolled that evening, the 10th April, 1838. The school-room was soon too small, and a covered space called the "Horse Bazaar," which held 4,000 people, was obtained and filled, and regular meetings held. In three months 25,000 had signed, and at the end of five months the numbers were 131,000, and in nine months 156,000 had enrolled their names. These were not all residents of Cork, but from the adjacent

districts. Crowds began to come from distant places, some on foot like weary pilgrims, some in conveyances, as distant as 100 miles, till the number on the books exceeded 200,000. Invitations now came to the "Apostle of Temperance" from various places, and at one time he had as many as 70 letters in his possession asking him to come. He accepted one to Limerick, where his sister resided. So great were the crowds opposite her house that the iron railing that guarded the street give way, and many of the people had to be fished out of the river Shannon. The Scots Greys—horses and men—were sometimes lifted off their feet, and enterprising "postulants" ran over the heads of the dense mass to get near the reformer. In four days 150,000 persons were enrolled! Then Waterford was invaded, and in three days 80,000 were pledged, and so the current flowed on. Father Mathew was invited to Dublin to preach in favour of the Orphan School, and such was the attendance of the *elite* of that place that the unusual sum of £350 was collected. He remained some days, and took the pledges of the people in the large square in the rear of the Custom-house, amounting to 70,000. A special meeting was called in the Royal Exchange, when 500 ladies enrolled themselves as teetotalers. It was found impossible to take the names of these immense numbers as they are usually taken, by persons signing a book or making their mark; so the people were instructed to kneel in groups, and repeated the pledge after Father Mathew as follows:—"I promise, with the Divine assistance, as long as I will continue a member of the Teetotal Temperance Society, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, except for medicinal or sacramental purposes; and to prevent, as much as possible, by advice and example, drunkenness in others." To this, the rev. gentleman, with his hand extended over the assembled multitude, added this prayer:—"May God bless you, and grant you strength and grace to keep your promise!" After administering this pledge to each batch, he then descended from the place on which he had been standing, and signed each of the postulants with the sign of the cross, in which sign alone, he said, they might hope to persevere and conquer. All classes, including ladies of rank, were seen kneeling among the poor, reverently repeating the pledge of total abstinence. Having visited many places in the West and South of Ireland, he was invited to the North. And it was a great triumph to Father Mathew when he was invited to the North, where party feeling between Protestant and Roman Catholic ran so high at the time, to meet a hearty welcome from all parties. Contrary to the expectations of some, he was received in the warmest manner by those who would naturally have the least sympathy with a Capuchin Friar. But his manner was always conciliatory, and his aim to do good was so conspicuous that all parties in politics and religion revered him, for when the same enthusiastic people displayed Orange flags, he called out for three cheers for them, and so disarmed any hostility. He visited Maynooth, and received the pledges of eight professors, 250 students, and 35,000 of the people. Daniel O'Connell took the pledge, and was for some time a teetotaler, till he was broken down by his physician. It was a proud day to see the Liberator, as an avowed teetotaler, joining in a monster procession at Cork. In this procession there were 57 temperance societies, 41 bands of music, and 10,000 people, headed by O'Connell, Father Mathew, and the Mayor of the city. A great moral change, as might have been expected, was produced all over the country, as will be seen by the following statement:—

	1839.		1844
Duty paid on spirits.....	£1,434,000	....	£852,000
Committals	12,049	....	7,101
Transported	916	....	428
Capital sentences	66	....	14

On one occasion Father Mathew applied to a distiller for a subscription for a benevolent object. His answer was:—"You have done me more harm than any man in Ireland, yet, for all that, I will give you a subscription for the sake of the great good you have done to others." A great number of distilleries were closed; among the rest, one belonging to a near relative of Father Mathew, and who declared himself ruined by the agitation. The number of abstainers was really extraordinary, and the effects everywhere visible. Travelling by the mail coach to Dublin, he stopped with the other passengers to breakfast in Athy—was recognised, and the coach surrounded by a crowd so dense that advance was physically impossible until some thousands of them were pledged, and her Majesty's mail was delayed

five hours thereby! He visited Glasgow in 1842, and was met by friends from all parts of the country. A splendid banquet was got up to do honour to his visit, and a procession of 10,000 persons through the city. After the procession, the same day, about 12,000 took the pledge. The people of Cork were delighted to hear of his reception in Scotland. He afterwards visited England, and addressed meetings at Liverpool, Manchester (at one of which I was present), Huddersfield, Leeds, York, London, and many other places; and it was computed that the addition to the roll of abstainers in England was about 600,000. This affable and laborious promoter of temperance always preferred staying at hotels to the houses of noblemen and gentlemen which were constantly placed at his disposal, so that he could have the people about him. To secure him as a guest, was the ambition of a great many. A shrewd quaker of Wakefield adopted the following stratagem to effect his wish; he placed an hotel sign over his door, and having invited him there, secured him as his visitor, and he was not undeceived till the day before he left. Father Mathew received letters of congratulation and testimonials of respect from all quarters—from the Lord Lieutenant, Duke of Devonshire, Lord Morpeth, Lord John Russell, Bishop of Norwich, Cardinal Wiseman, and numerous others. In Golden-lane, London, the future Duke of Norfolk, then Lord Arundel and Surrey, was noticed kneeling with the multitude, and taking the pledge, and it is said he continued long faithful to his promise, till, as usual, his medical man persuaded him that he must take a little for his health's sake. Nearly every society in Ireland had its reading-room for meetings, its banners, medals, and bands. The converts generally received medals, which many of them wore under their clothes, and those that could not pay for them often had them given. Though frequently embarrassed owing to his great liberality, it is pleasant to know that, at last, the insurances Father Matthew made upon his life were sufficient to satisfy all his creditors. For some few years before his death he received a pension of £300 a year, granted by her Majesty. Incessant labours in connection with the potatoe famine almost broke him down. He was the great benefactor of Ireland on that occasion, and by his appeals obtained help for the starving dying people from all parts of the kingdom and America. "My heart," said this venerable father on one occasion, "is eaten up with care and solitude of every kind." He declared that if it had not been for the temperance cause, which had made the people sober and peaceable at this crisis, most assuredly the country would have been deluged with blood. He had an attack of paralysis; and partly for his health, and partly to extend the blessings of temperance to his countrymen who had emigrated, he left for America, and landed at New York on the 2nd of July, 1849. If ever there was an ovation to a public man the great temperance reformer received one there. He visited North and South, 25 States, and though often out of health, was constantly at his duties as a priest and continually pledging the people to abstinence. Though a sincere Catholic, he truly belonged to all mankind, and both in Ireland and America always kept clear of politics. He did not commit himself to the repealers of the Union in Ireland, nor to slave or anti-slave parties in America. His life and soul were bent on improving the people and reforming them from strong drink and its consequences. Suffering another attack of paralysis, he returned to his own country in very feeble health. This humble friar confessed that he was more happy among the beggars of Cork than in America, where there were no beggars to be met with. It was seen that the curtain was soon to fall, and when dressing one morning he fell heavily on the floor in a fit of apoplexy. But to the very last, when in bed and unable to speak, having received the consolations of religion from his spiritual director, he allowed the people to come to his bedside, and they knelt at his dying couch repeating the pledge, he at the same time stretching out his feeble hand to add the sign of the cross. Thus died the apostle and the martyr of temperance on the 8th December, 1856. A monument was raised to his memory at a cost of £1,000, and which was uncovered at Cork, in October, 1864, when a procession of many miles of people took place, gathered from every part of Ireland, England and Scotland.

"His manners are simple and unassuming;" said a writer in the *Leeds Mercury*, "and the kind and hearty reception which he gives to all who approach him (whether brought into his presence through curiosity or respect) is such as strikingly manifests him to be a true philanthropist, whose love and affection for his fellow-men overstep the narrow sphere of benevolence in which may move a mere kindred,

party, or sectarian benefactor. Hitherto his least recognised excellence by Englishmen has been as a public speaker; but his addresses at Leeds, York, and other parts of England prove that in this capacity his merits have not been duly understood or appreciated. His voice is mostly shrill and feeble, and his speeches, in general, are simple as his attire; they are always short, pointed, and harmonious,—often clothed in interesting similes, drawn from surrounding or familiar objects, and invariably appropriate and well selected. His addresses, however, are never distinguished by the gaudy ornaments of rhetoric; their elegance and force are more consistent with the language natural to an enlarged, fervid, and virtuous heart, than with a studied nicety of arrangement, or a lofty figurative style. Many public speakers are more eloquent,—most more tedious; yet few were more sincere, pleasing, and effective, and fewer in all things more charitable. Such is Father Mathew, the moral regenerator of Ireland."

The following statement I drew up after my visit to Father Mathew, at Manchester, in 1843:—"It is long since I experienced as much pleasure as I did this week by a visit to Father Mathew. It is gratifying to find one's self in the company of *The Greatest Reformer* of the age. And it is increasingly so to find him a plain, unassuming individual, aiming at nothing but removing the wretchedness and misery of the people, and bringing them into a condition to enjoy life and become a blessing to others. I met him in Manchester; and there on the ground adjoining St. Patrick's Chapel stood the good man, bareheaded, with a honest, homely countenance, smiling upon the people, and pouring into their ears the words of truth and soberness. Without any priestly attire, or clerical forms, on the plain ground, he stood, surrounded by a multitude anxious to catch a glance of his countenance, to touch his hand, and especially to hear the consoling words which fell from his lips. Never before did I see the convincing power of goodness and virtue as I now saw it. After a few words calling them to forsake the practice of drinking, and urging them to entire abstinence, in order to receive the pledge, a number fell on their knees, he standing in the midst. He then pronounced the pledge; they all repeated it after him word by word; and after pronouncing upon them his blessing, he marked upon each the sign of the cross. They then rose from their knees, and others took their place. It was most interesting to see all sorts kneeling together, Catholics and Protestants, men, women, and children. Many had evidently been profligate characters, and the signs of true penitence were seen flowing down their cheeks. Not a few had previously furnished themselves each with a medal, suspended by a ribbon; and to observe the pleasure they felt in Father Mathew putting it round their necks, was really interesting. The converts in many cases put the medal into their bosom, the place no doubt where their resolution of abstinence was firmly fixed. Thus continued Father Mathew, day by day, apparently never tired in this work of love. At Liverpool it was said he pledged 40,000; at Manchester perhaps as many. Happy man! Too humble to think anything of himself, and too anxious to save drunkards or to rest while one remains. His memory will be cherished throughout all generations; Ireland and millions unborn will bless his name. He is truly a Rational Reformer; without church restraint, or church sanction, he is going about doing good. May his life be long spared! and may England and Scotland do reverence to his name, and as willingly follow his advice and example as their Irish brethren."

Such is a sketch of the labours of this great man. It is sad to think that a life so valuable was sacrificed so soon, and that there were none to carry on his work. If there had been devoted teachers following Father Mathew and explaining to the multitudes the pernicious nature and properties of whisky and the other drinks, most of the conversions might have been permanent; but this was wanting, and hence the people, looking upon taking the pledge as an act of religious self-denial, I regret to say, have mostly fallen away. If other priests in the various parishes had only taken up the work, Ireland might indeed at this moment have been a regenerated country. Men like Father Mathew were never more needed both in Ireland, Scotland, and England, than now. We may have clergymen and ministers giving in their formal adhesion to teetotalism, but we want *workers*,—fearless workers—men who feel the weight of the drink curse that rests upon the country, and are ready to battle with it regardless of ease, fashion, appetite, interest, or any of the influences with which so many timid temperance men are beset.

VARIETIES.

The first edition of the Bible Commentary, by Dr. Lees and the Rev. D. Burns, consisting of 2,000 copies is disposed of, and a new edition is forthcoming.

The Irish Church is absorbing the attention of the whole country. I fear the disestablishment of the Church will go a very little way towards tranquilizing Ireland, so long as the greatest enemy of Ireland, whisky, is allowed to reign supreme. Disestablish the whisky shops and there would be some hope for this unhappy country. But whilst the clergy and others idolize the name of Guinness, because of his gift to St. Patrick's, forgetting the world of sin and suffering that his porter has led to, there is little hope of this. People will agitate violently for changes that depend upon Acts of Parliament; but are very reluctant to meddle with those that come home to themselves and so revolutionize their own habits.

The fifteenth anniversary of the United Kingdom Alliance was held on the 13th ult., in the Free-trade Hall, Manchester. Mr. Samuel Pope, hon. secretary, read the annual report. The subscriptions paid in during the year amounted to £8,710, whilst the income from all sources reached over £12,767, the disbursements were £12,681, leaving a balance of £1,723. The guarantee fund had reached about £46,000. The annual meeting held in the evening, in the Free-trade Hall, was crowded to excess. Mr. W. R. Callender, Jun., presided; and the meeting was addressed by the Ven. Archdeacon Sandford, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Sir John Bowring, Professor Newman, Archbishop Manning, Sir Robert Briscoe, and others.

Many people think that beer cannot be genuine if anything be used in making it but malt and hops. The law, however, now allows the use of sugar, and this article is largely used to keep up the vitality of the poor man's beer. Last year there was used in England 39,317,264 lbs.; in Scotland, 351,456 lbs.; and in Ireland, 1,465,296 lbs. of sugar in brewing. Taking this sugar out of the hogshead is a shorter method than malting the barley in order to convert the starch into sugar, afterwards to be converted into spirit. So soon as people understand that beer is merely *water*, coloured, fired, and flavoured, and that the fire can be got by fermenting sugar in a state of solution, they will see that malt could easily be dispensed with, and yet the beer be equally as good—or rather equally as bad,—that is, equally intoxicating.

It is a noticeable fact that there are fewer temperance meetings on Saturday nights than any other nights, and yet this is the night when there is the most drinking, and when people are most at liberty from work. Temperance societies should try to make more of Saturday nights than they have done. Good concerts, if they don't attract old drunkards, keep many young people, at the most dangerous time of life, from the public house. But two things should be guarded against—first, that the programme does not degenerate into low buffoonery, nor include songs with immoral allusions; and next, that temperance songs be always included. A Scottish abstainer says they are enabled at Glasgow to engage, from time to time, first-rate talent, such as Sims Reeves, Madame Rudorsdorff, and similar celebrities. Now I confess I should not be satisfied if nothing better than this could be accomplished. Filling a hall and covering expenses are all very well, but they don't teach persons what temperance songs, speeches, and recitations are calculated to effect.

A member of the medical profession writes as follows:—"I am ashamed to confess that in my humble opinion, it is through the hasty, thoughtless, and indiscriminate recommendation of intoxicating drinks as beneficial remedies by the medical faculty, that the vice of drunkenness acquires such yearly impulse. Many a cottage, and many a homestead never had wine or spirits within its portals until ordered by the doctor; the head of the family will invest his hard savings as a sacred duty in the bottle of 'red port' or 'French brandy' for the poor suffering invalid, anxious to do all in his power for the sick one, and leave nothing undone for sad reflection afterwards. Where the friends of the sick person cannot find means to purchase the liquors, some benevolent lady or gentlemen is appealed to, and seldom in vain. Again, different kinds of drinks have acquired somehow or other a special reputation for certain diseases—thus, rum is highly lauded for a cold, brandy for colic, sickness, or diarrhœa, gin or whisky for gravel, and Hollands gin for rheumatism. It is popularly supposed that port wine 'makes blood quickly,' where there has been great loss of blood, or heavy discharges from abcesses or the like; that sherry has peculiar virtues, and champagne almost miraculous powers! Malt liquor in every form is by the vulgar believed to increase the appetite, "get up the strength," and keep the system in a state of robust health. Many medical men are still ignorant and unprincipled enough to acquiesce in these exploded notions, and instead of disapproving of their use, will not only praise their patients for trying them, but advise their continuance. Let the members of the noble art of healing rouse themselves to a sense of their duty, and hasten to repair the vast amount of moral and physical mischief they have wrought in the world during the last fifty years in this one direction."

The *Times*, commenting on the reduced consumption of liquors at hotels, owing to the high charges still retained, says, "Not one in fifty drinks wine at an hotel as freely, say, as he would at *home*. At his own table he would never think of confining himself to pale ale and whiskey toddy, but this is often what it comes to when he dines at at inn." This may be an exaggerated remark, but there is a deal of truth in it. *Home drinking* is terrible, and it is quite necessary we should expose this as well as the drinking at public-houses.

The following letter was received from Mr. Smithies, the worthy editor of the *British Workman*:—"London, 1st Oct., 1868,—My dear sir,—This morning I have been reading with very great pleasure, your admirable address to the keepers of public-houses. It contains sentiments which I shall rejoice to scatter amongst the public and publicans to the utmost of my power. Will it be agreeable to you to allow me to reprint it in a small 32 mo. size, suitable for enclosing in letters, to be addressed to publicans? If so, I shall be inclined to send a goodly number of them by post.—Yours truly, T. B. Smithies." To this I sent my usual answer to such enquiries.—"Any person is at liberty to reprint at any time any bill, tract, article, or pamphlet, which I may have published."

Neither the religion nor the education of Scotland seems to produce a less drunken population than other parts of the British Empire. Alluding to the enjoyments of the people at one of the Glasgow fairs, the *Scottish Temperance Journal* observes: "We happened, to be on Greenock pier when one of the largest and finest of river steamboats came alongside. Every inch of her deck, cabins, and saloon was crammed, and the immense ship we believe, accommodating close upon two thousand, went swaying from side to side with its living freight. We shall not soon forget the painful sight of an immense drunken rabble, crushing, swearing, fighting, and singing, and most of them steaming with the abominable of odours—stale whisky. There we saw young men, with their sweethearts, in all the different stages of intoxication; wives and children surrounded by drunken relations, and having their ears assailed by coarse songs and oaths; and even women, and more than one young girl, with eyes and face inflamed by drink. Such was the result of a Fair holiday." And yet with all this before them the merchant princes and clergy of Glasgow as a body seem unconcerned. They drink their whisky toddy; the bottle and bible go harmoniously together; and, this being the case, how can they find fault with the working people?"

When will rich men and employers of workpeople learn to act the part of rational beings in giving their treats? Whatever else is dispensed with intoxicating drink is provided, though death and the destruction of all decency and morality are the consequences. Some time ago the eldest son of a leading iron and coal master in Staffordshire came of age, and the following was among the notices of the event:—"9,840 quarts of drink for one afternoon's debauch was not near enough for those treated on this occasion; so when this immense quantity was despatched, the drink-shops in the neighbourhood were besieged, and such revels ensued as are rarely witnessed, even in the black country. A rev. gentleman, noisy, wandering he knew not whither, hatless, and fighting with his friend and neighbour was tumbled out of the pavilion. A gentleman of the press was discovered amongst the helpless at five in the morning in a field; but no account of the sequential part of the entertainment appeared in his paper. Fights, more than can now be recorded—men, women, boys and girls helpless through drink, others reeling home, and numbers lying in the fields and lanes dead drunk. One man who had been participating in the festivities, was found lying in a field in a state of insensibility, from which he never recovered." I should like to know what steps those took who have the "care of souls," after this terribly demoralising debauch, or before to prevent it.

In reply to the advocates of moderation in intoxicating liquors, I ask, why are men *not* moderate? Why is it that in taking *this liquid* there should be such a cry about moderation, above other liquids, if it is not because, on all hands, it is admitted to be *seductive and dangerous?* In this case, *the use creates the abuse.* The effect of alcohol upon the brain of some men at all times, and upon the brain of others at certain times, is such as inevitably tends to insobriety. Men all drink at a risk, because they neither know the quantity of alcohol any given liquor contains, nor the condition of their own nervous system to stand it. We are told of the pleasure of a moderate stimulant. Suppose we had one spot in our river delightful as a bathing-place, but from the currents, or from it's slippery bottom, it was proved the most dangerous, so much so as to be fatal to some, and injurious to many, notwithstanding their utmost caution—would the pleasure of the place justify any one advising the people still to bathe there? There are two powerful objections to this dangerous doctrine of moderation. First, it allows of graduated *departures from sobriety*, for all drinking, not attended by palpable drunkenness, is included in moderation. Secondly, it is the starting point, the certain slippery path, that leads to drunkenness. Of all our drunkards, *not one ever started at any other point, nor proceeded by any other course.* Moderation in things that are *good* and *safe*, and abstinence in things that are *bad* and *dangerous*, is the only true temperance.

I met the other day a thirty years' teetotaler with good means, living within 12 miles of Manchester, who had never heard of the *Staunch Teetotaler*; a sad illustration of the indifference of many who have been benefited,—frequently enriched—by our cause.

A candidate gives this reason for aspiring to a seat in parliament, that he may be able to assist in procuring for the masses better houses and more comfortable homes. How is parliament to do this? The people ought to provide houses for themselves, and can, and would do so if they would let drink alone. If this gentleman is really sincere he has it more within his power to do something towards making men's homes comfortable by spreading the temperance principles and enforcing them by his own example, than he would ever have by a seat in parliament.

There is something very peculiar in our temperance teaching. You seldom see any sleepy person at a temperance meeting. Deeper impressions seem to be made by the addresses delivered here, especially those by the reformed drunkards, than in meetings on any other subject. Many people, on these occasions, form strong resolutions; they rush to the table to sign the pledge, and go home quite converted to the teetotal cause. But at the same time these impressions are often transient. Away from the meeting and they are found glassing again. A gentleman, fond of good eating and drinking, attended one of Gough's orations. He went home a thorough convert. As the supper was being brought in, "No more porter here," he exclaimed; "I've done with it." The table was minus the usual beverage that evening, but it only lasted three nights, when the usual foaming liquor was again on the supper table. Oh! the tyranny of appetite when it becomes alcoholized.

About a century ago there was in Preston "The Oyster and Parched Pea Club." The Town Clerk was the speaker or president of the club. There was also a secretary, an auditor, a deputy auditor, and a poet laureate or rhymesmith. An officer of the club was called Oystericus, whose duty it was to open the oysters; another Cellarius, who had to provide the port, a *chaplain* (!) a surgeon general, a master of the *rolls* to look to the provision of bread and butter; a "swig" master, whose title expresses his duty, a clerk of the peas; a physician in ordinary, &c. The following were the rules and articles:—That a barrel of oysters be provided every Monday night, during the winter season, at the equal expense of the members; to be opened exactly at half-past seven o'clock, at Thomas Harrison's. Every member not attending to forfeit 2d. an evening, such forfeits to be collected at the end of the season, and disposed of as the majority of the company may direct. That a bill be called for each night at ten o'clock, of which every member present is to pay a proportionate part. Every member on having a son born, shall pay a gallon, a daughter, half a gallon of port to his brethren of the club, within a month of the birth of such a child, at any public-house he may choose.

The celebration of the harvest home on temperance principles at Pavenham was this year a great success. There was service in the church, commencing at 12 o'clock. The sermon was preached by the Rev. William Caine, of Manchester. After the service, an excellent dinner was served in a marquee to 200 people. The fare consisted of Yorkshire pudding, beef, mutton, veal, and ham, potatoes, plum pudding, dessert, and coffee. During the dessert Mr. Tucker spoke of the sale of tea and coffee which had been carried on in the parish during the harvest time. "This year" he said "the harvest being so soon over the salesman only went out for three weeks and four days, in which time he sold 304½ gallons, at 4d. per gallon, and 144 lbs. of cake at 3d. per lb. The tea and coffee cost £4 7s. 9d., and the money received for the same was £5 1s. 6d.; so that, incredible as it may appear, tea and coffee might be sold without loss at 1d. per quart. The 304 gallons do not include a daily average of 16 gallons, which was given to Mr. Tucker to the men on his own farm. One of the largest farmers in the village said he never knew a more peaceful harvest; the men were ready, active, and good-tempered, and he attributes this in a great degree to the free use of tea and coffee." The afternoon was spent at cricket and other games, and in the evening a meeting was held, addressed by Mr. Caine, Mr. Smithard, and others.

The "STAUNCH TEETOTALER" for 1867 and 1868 will be issued at the close of the year, neatly bound in one volume. It is suggested by several friends that a PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT of the Editor should be inserted in this volume. Price and other particulars next month. The numbers for the present year will be issued alone, as a second yearly part, uniform with that for 1867.

Published by Mr. Tweedie, 337, Strand, *London*. Parcels can be had on the following terms:—12 copies for 8d.; 18 for 1s.; 60 for 2s. 6d.; or 4s. per 100, postage or carriage paid to any part of the Kingdom, by writing to "Mr. LIVESEY, Church Street, Preston." The first YEARLY PART, stitched, in cloth, 1s. 4d.

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THE

STAUNCH TEETOTALER,

BY J. LIVESEY.

No. 24. DECEMBER, 1868. ONE PENNY.

AN ADDRESS TO THE SATURDAY NIGHT DRINKERS.

DEAR FRIENDS,

In tracing the causes why so many of you have become slaves to the drinking customs, and, consequently, why so many of your families are in a state of poverty and distress, there is not a shadow of a doubt, that the principal cause is *the Saturday night's drinking*. From your own statements, I know that most of you care nothing about the drink when you are hard at work, and the less intoxicating liquor you get the better able are you to follow your employment. But Saturday night returns, and you have been so long in the habit of going to the public-house or beershop at this time, that, like every other habit, it has become second nature. It will require a strong resolution to resist the desire, and a good deal of patience to overcome a feeling which has become so inveterate. You have nothing to say in defence of Saturday night's drinking, but, judging from the condition in which I see many of you in the street on the Monday, your feeling must condemn it outright. Come then, let me see if I cannot help you to escape, and to act more conscientiously and more like rational beings in the future. Give the matter a deep and a solemn thought, and be no longer led by companions whose example is so dangerous, or by custom, which is so fatal to the interests of working men and their families. What is the public-house? What sort of company do you generally meet with there? and how are the hours employed? Can you reflect on these without acknowledging that their whole tendency is evil? To learn anything good you would not go to a public-house. And, then, what do you take the drink for? I dare say you like it. You have taken drink so long that your nature seems to long for it. For a short time you seem quite jolly under the influence of beer or spirits. But you have sense enough to know that this is all temporary, in fact, a delusion; it is a feeling of elevation that has to be dearly paid for afterwards. How soon you see your comrades stupid, dull, confused, often asleep, boisterous, disorderly, or violent. You go home, after spending your time and no little money, not refreshed, not fitter for Sunday's duties or Monday's employment, but often miserable, vexed, probably intoxicated. If the beer or spirits you take were natural beverages and really refreshing, you would leave the places cheerful, happy, and in a pleasant mood, and your bodies invigorated for the next week's labour. Let all the world praise these drinks if they please, but I assure you there is no good in them, whether taken in large or small quantities, and if any of you drink under a different impression, I beg you will try the opposite plan. You have only to observe the *effects* of these drinks to convince yourselves of their injurious properties.

I particularly wish to address *married* men. Can you find in your hearts to take the money that should be laid out in food, clothing, bedding, and the education of your children, and, in other respects, for the good of the family, and give it to the publican in preference to your wives and children? He is worse than a brute that will do this. Is it not cruel, so soon as you have finished work, and perhaps got your tea, to leave your home and remain away from your family probably till midnight?—to leave your disconsolate wife to manage the children, and to grapple with all the difficulties of providing for the week out of insufficient means? If there be one sin greater than another, I think it is for a man to marry a woman and thus neglect her; to be the means of bringing children into the world and then to abandon them to their fate. And, if possible, worse still is the conduct of the wretch who, week after week, comes home drunk and abuses them. Poor soul! there is the wife, half broken-hearted, who has to provide for the family, but robbed of the means. The cruel husband keeps back ever so much of his wages to give to the landlady, and the poor wife has to face the shopkeeper with only part payment. The wives of Saturday night drinkers are compelled to go on credit, and are at the mercy of others both as to the price and quality of every article they require. They need more than they can pay for, and the shopkeeper does all he can to put them off. Pawning is the next resource, and very likely not only are your best clothes in pledge but the children's, and these little ones, who should have been at the Sunday school, are kept at home on this account. You accuse the wife of bad management, and yet you withhold the means. If your children should turn out badly, as is very common, whom can you blame but yourselves? Instead of teaching them good things and setting before them a good example, it would be marvellous if your neglect and intemperance did not lead them astray. No point was more clearly established before the select committee on the Sunday Closing Bill than this, that the greatest amount of drunkenness springs from *Saturday night's drinking*. Mr. Raffles, the stipendiary magistrate for Liverpool, confirms this. He said—"I am quite satisfied, from my own experience in this court, that *three-fourths* of the cases brought before me on Monday have arisen from drunkenness on *Saturday* night, and not on Sunday; and in this opinion I am fully borne out by those whose experience enables them to form a correct judgment on the matter. This fact leads me to the conclusion that the best thing to be done for the purpose of checking drunkenness in this town is to get public-houses closed as early as possible every night throughout the week. I am persuaded that if we could get public-houses closed at *ten o'clock* at night it would really decrease the number of cases brought before me by one-half."

It would be a wonder, indeed, if Saturday night's drinking was not followed by Sunday morning's drinking. All, or nearly all, those who assist the publicans to break the law on Sunday mornings are those who were drunk the night before. So much for the inevitable tendency of taking unnatural, intoxicating drinks. The after part of Sunday, when the drink-shops are open, are crowded with your class; their thirst is intense, and their melancholy feelings can only be drowned by getting more drink. But there are thousands who don't stop even here. Hatters, shoemakers, tailors, and others who are not like factory people, tied to a bell, are seen in every direction on Monday idling about, drunk or half drunk, or seeking to catch a "flat" on whom to sponge for more liquor. In some towns this idleness and debasing conduct extends to Tuesday and even to Wednesday. And, indeed, many of those who go to work on Monday don't do near so much nor near so well as they do later on in the week, when they are free from drink. There is no class that I pity more than the tailors; they seem more intellectual than the average of workmen, and yet there is not a Monday but you see groups of them lounging in the

streets, exhibiting in their demeanour, even in their *clothing*, all the effects of Saturday night and Sunday drinking.

I make the same appeal to *unmarried* men. Though you have not as yet families to provide for, yet there is every reason why you should shun the public house, and never make these places the closing scenes of your week's labour. Nearly all the misery you see in families would have been avoided if the men had had better conduct when they were young. It is at an early age that character gets a turn that is seldom reversed afterwards. How many clever young men do you know who are getting good wages, and who, instead of saving weekly for future life, can barely pay their way, spending all they get in drink. It is easier for you to stop *now* than when the appetite gets confirmed. I do from my very heart pity the young men that I see going into the dram-shops, and especially those who crowd the singing-rooms on Saturday nights, amidst drink and the fumes of tobacco. It is here that the worst lessons of drinking and licentiousness are learnt; and if you once give way to attending these places, the probability is you are ruined for life.

But you will probably ask me—"How are we to spend our Saturday evenings? Young people want a little recreation, and it is that which leads us to the drinking saloons." It is true, they do want recreation, and they have a right to have it; but it speaks ill for the progress of civilisation among us, and not very well for yourselves, if this is to be found *only* where the sale of intoxicating liquor is carried on, and to which all the amusements are made to contribute. In reply, let me say, first, that young men seem so bent upon going to drinking places, that the means of recreation which have been provided, free from temptation, have not been supported. There are often Saturday night concerts at the Temperance Halls, and there are amusements provided at the Working Men's Clubs, but you have not supported these, so that it is pretty clear the fault is with yourselves. Let there be a demand for innocent amusements apart from the public-house, and let this be expressed, and there are few towns or villages where they would not be provided. But it would be creditable to yourselves to make the provision instead of depending upon others; and if you were anxious and felt their importance you would do so. For instance, in this town, there is the "Spinners' Institute," capable of accommodating 500 persons, where there is everything the young men require for a mere trifle, and entirely apart from drink. The weavers and others have similar institutes. Now, I ask, what is there to prevent the tailors, shoemakers, and *all other trades* from engaging rooms, although perhaps on a smaller scale? And any number of young men, not of the same trade, might join and do the same. It would be a credit to young men, to those belonging to the Freemasons, the Oddfellows, or of any other order, or any trade society, to put this forward and work it out for the benefit of themselves and companions.

And, lastly, let me say to both married and unmarried, the very best thing you could do would be to join the temperance society; to become real teetotalers. You would then have companions that would never lead you astray; it would be to many of you the beginning of a new life, of pleasure and advancement such as you have never known before. You would find plenty of opportunities for spending profitably both your Saturday nights and your other spare time. And if, in addition, you would join the order of the Sons' of Temperance, or the Rechabites, you would find additional resources for recreation at their meetings, and secure for yourself a provision in case of sickness or old age.

In conclusion, I do deplore the abounding evils of Saturday night's drinking, and would call upon all classes to set their faces against this giant evil.

I am, your old friend,

Preston, Dec. 1st, 1868. J. LIVESEY.

NEW YEAR'S MISSION.

At this season, for some time back, I have supplied every house in Preston and the neighbourhood with a temperance paper, entitled "A New Year's Address," and latterly, at the end of it, was printed the temperance pledge, with blank spaces for the peoples' signatures. These, I have no doubt, have done a great deal of good, not merely by the people reading them and forwarding them, as they often do, to their distant friends, but by the visits and conversations connected with their delivery. Twenty thousand calls, by well dressed and happy-looking teetotalers, at the houses of the drinkers, and kind words in season, must have left valuable impressions. By the mere casual distribution of tracts you cannot tell how many may be overlooked, or whether they find their way to the most suitable persons; but if you take every house, you cannot be wrong, and you leave all without excuse. Now I do earnestly wish that every temperance society, or some wealthy persons, in every town, would adopt this *annual mission* as I would call it, and I notice it thus early that they may have time to make their arrangements. For once I should like to see a *national* effort in this humble but useful service. If some great man were coming to give us a speech we should be ready, men and women, to fill the place; let us be equally ready to visit the houses of our fellow creatures, many of whom are truly like sheep without a shepherd. Is there a difficulty? If there be, a willing mind will remove it. Is it the expense? Let us see. Full sized four-page tracts are now sold for 6s. per 1,000; the papers we circulated in Preston last year cost me only 3s. per 1,000; and if that be more than a number of good-hearted temperance men could raise, one, half size, can be had for 1s. 6d. a 1,000. I have a bill headed "A Good Resolution," containing the pledge on one side, and a New Year's address could be printed on the other. I mention these to remove people's hesitation, though I would much rather they drew up or selected papers for themselves, adapted to their own localities, and got them printed with lists of their meetings and other useful notices. But, in case of necessity, any of the best current temperance tracts might do. The Scottish League and the British League are each issuing a New Year's tract; and if they would offer these at a low price, and urge all the societies to make a house to house distribution, they would give a large impetus to the object I here recommend.

In this work we have always committed one error which I am anxious this year we should avoid, and I mention it here that others may avoid the same. We have driven the distribution to the last week in the old year; and hence, as it had to be done in haste, it could not be done so well. There was no time for conversation, however much the parties visited might invite it; the whole of every district had to be gone through by New Year's Day. I may explain our arrangements for the distribution. The town was divided into six districts, and a well-known zealous teetotaler took the charge of each. He secured the assistance of a number of others; these sub-divided the districts among them, and I suppose we should have forty or fifty persons, male and female, thus employed. The distribution was chiefly done on the Sunday—the last in the year; but some took other days or evenings, before or after, so as to finish in time. As we always hold a week's revival meetings at the commencement of the year, this distribution had the effect of securing a larger attendance. Instead of driving this simultaneous effort so late, I am anxious that the distribution should commence at least a fortnight sooner, so as to have full three weeks to do the work in. I rely quite as much upon judicious conversation with the parties for doing good as upon the papers, and if the time I name be taken this can be had comfortably, but not without.

I do most sincerely commend this movement to be tried by our friends *in every*

place. We have really too many feather-bed soldiers among us—too many that will make any shift, or fall in with any scheme, that relieves them from *personal* labour. I dare say many will read this who never visited from house to house in their lives, either for religious or temperance purposes. Let me entreat such to try it once. Of the benefits to themselves, as well as to their fallen fellow creatures, they have no conception. Let each give a couple of hours on Sunday mornings or Sunday afternoons to this good work during the present month, and if, by this labour, they do not feel more thankful for their own mercies, and experience an increased sympathy for their neighbours, I shall be much surprised. They will see the condition of the lower classes and how they live, and will also learn what many have doubted, that the poor, even many of the worst of characters, are grateful for being noticed, and thankful for being assisted in their purposes of amendment. Ease and selfishness are not very compatible with true religion or a good conscience, and yet these everywhere prevail. If for your own gratification you can make great sacrifices, can you not spare time to talk a little to those who never enter a meeting, and to lay upon their tables for their reading a New Year's temperance tract? What a grand idea if one might be permitted to entertain it—that every house in the Kingdom would be furnished with a silent messenger, conveying to each fireside, rich and poor, the noble truths of the temperance reformation!

P.S.—Since writing the above, I have been induced to make a calculation as to the cost of *supplying every house in the United Kingdom with a temperance tract.* Estimating the number of houses in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, at six millions, I find that a four-page tract, printed on good paper, with or without an engraving, crown octavo, could be got out in large quantities for 4s. per 1,000; that would be £200 for a million, or £1,200 for six millions. The tracts could be varied to suit different localities, and separate ones for Scotland and Ireland if required. The engraving should represent *a happy teetotal family*, and I have no doubt our good friend Mr. Smithies would supply one. It should end with a copy of the pledge and lines for signatures, and also with a few lively verses in praise of teetotalism to be got off and sung by the children. I don't intend this effort to interfere with the above New Year's distribution, for if we could encompass what I here propose in the course of a year we should do well. It would bring out a host of workers who have hitherto done little, and who know little of the benefits of visiting the people at their own houses. Is it not worth a national effort to place a teetotal monitor in *every house in the Kingdom* once in our lives? *Twelve good-hearted teetotalers, with means at command—a hundred pounds each*—and the thing is done! or twenty-four, at fifty pounds each. And in proportion as societies or individuals supplied their own localities, the amount required would be still less. I am a poor man compared to many who are connected with or support our glorious cause, but I am quite willing to take my twenty-fourth share of the pecuniary responsibility of doing this work. As to the working of the scheme, I anticipate little or no difficulty. Should the project find the favour which I hope it may, I can supply a plan of proceeding which will effectually secure the work being done. I shall be glad to find the temperance press giving its support to this undertaking.

"Grace before *meat.*" How is it there is no grace before *drink?* You see that gentleman in black, with a white cravat, solemnly asking a blessing upon those sumptuous dishes that stand on the table at the election dinner. Is there not greater need when the cloth is drawn, and the sherry, port, Moselle, hock, champagne, and accompaniments appear on the board like a forest? When the company have filled their glasses, why does not the chairman say, "Would the Rev. Mr. Soberman be good enough to ask a blessing?" The protection of Providence, of course, may be reasonably expected in the use of these "Providential gifts!"

THE EDITOR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—No. 12.

When a man is induced to take a survey of his life, and of the part he may have played in the world, he is apt to consider what has led him into the peculiar line of action he has adopted. I was tempted the other day to refer to a "Phrenological" description of my character, presented to me by Mr. L. T. Fowler, as we are all curious to know what others say of us. And, I confess, my whole experience confirms what Mr. Fowler has stated in almost every particular. I will only instance two or three points. "You have the spirit of independence," says he, "and desire to have your own way—to rely upon your own strength and resources, and to carry out your own plans." Regardless of organization, my training from youth easily accounts for this. I had, so to speak, when young, to fight the world alone. Without help, and without association, my character and disposition must have chiefly grown out of my own reflections, arising from my isolated position. I was with my aged grandfather from my seventh to the twenty-first year of my age, whose only family consisted of himself, wife, and one son; and, for some time, of the son only, who was a person from whom I could learn nothing. Unlike those who are sent to mills or workshops, where character is formed in a great measure from associations, I had no companions to work with but my grandfather, much advanced in years, and who died at the age of 96. And I was equally destitute of books as I was of instructive companions. Even when I had chances I never cared to keep the company of the lads of the village. The consequence was, that almost upon every subject I have been unguided, and have had to form my own opinions, and this independence, commencing in youth, seems to have continued with me through life. Few have had more of the spirit of self-reliance than I have had; and seldom have I undertaken any enterprise but I have succeeded. With such antecedents, it might be expected that I should have "a way of my own" almost upon every matter. Even on the subject of temperance, though I have always tried to act in unison with those who are engaged in promoting the same object, I have seldom been able to commit myself to their policy and modes of action. I have been invited to become a vice-president by all our leading organizations, but I always refused, although at the same time I subscribe to their funds and wish them every success. I may say the same as to religious connexions, for, while I wish well to every party, whatever their form of faith, worship, or discipline may be, who really fear God and try to bless and benefit their fellow creatures, since I left the Baptists, I have not joined any particular denomination. In social undertakings the same independence seems to have guided me. I was always bent upon projecting something fresh—some new undertaking—and to resolutely follow it up, with such help as I could command, until it had become a success. This feeling of "individuality" seems to have stuck to me even in every day matters. Passing over others, I may just mention one point, because I conceive it bears upon one of our national habits, which an increase of intelligence, I hope, may tend to alter. I have long been convinced that there is as great a delusion existing in reference to the nutritious qualities of animal food as of beer. All our leading water doctors advise that flesh meat should be taken in greater moderation, but their advice is seldom regarded. Most people believe they could not live, at least they could not keep up their strength, without animal food. And many who have been accustomed to it and try, like a number who begin to abstain from alcoholic drinks, break down. Having read and thought a good deal upon this subject, I have long since come to the conclusion that the general belief in the highly nutritious properties of flesh meat is a mistake, and I have not arrived at this opinion without putting it to the test in my own case. I

have abstained six months at a time without any loss of weight or strength, and I am now in my twelfth month without tasting fish, flesh, or fowl. I undertook this as an experiment, and, as before, I find no loss of weight or strength, but rather the contrary. And if ever I required a "generous diet," owing to the amount of labour and anxiety I have been subject to, it has been during this period. There is, I feel certain, more nutriment in a pound of bread (the staff of life) than in a pound of flesh, and the difference in price is considerable. I cannot here enter into the argument at any length, but there is one advantage in the vegetarian diet (though that is scarcely a correct term) which I cannot omit. All medical authorities agree that people in the middle and upper ranks of life eat too much. In fact, they say more people kill themselves by over eating than over drinking. "Stuffing" is the greatest source of indigestion, for which I should say poverty was the best remedy. What is there that ministers more to over eating than those tempting and savoury dishes of which the English are so proud, made up of all kinds of animal food? Let *these* be abandoned, and there is far less danger of over eating. And, as a question of economy, there cannot be two opinions. My dinner, at home, as a rule, say three potatoes and a little butter, followed by a little pudding or roasted apples, or something equally simple, never costs more than 6d. And, it is a fact, if I did not occasionally check myself upon this diet I should get more corpulent than I like. I need no "castors;" mustard and pepper and spices are far better out of the stomach. Nature requires them not, and they only stimulate to weaken and do mischief. I should not have dwelt thus upon my own case if I did not believe that my countrymen have much to learn upon this subject; and, if they wish for information, they could not do better than to read the various publications in favour of a vegetarian diet; sold by J. Burns, 1, Wellington-road, Camberwell, London. Parents are very often blamed, and are blamable, for giving their children tea instead of milk; but they are equally mistaken in giving them flesh-meat to make them strong.

If Mr. Fowler's chart can be relied upon, my organ of "acquisitiveness" is largely developed; and, in my experience, this seems to be fully confirmed. From my earliest years I had a strong inclination to *acquire* and to *save*, even in matters that others would have thought too trifling to care for. And when, in after life, opportunities were presented on a larger scale, I was never reluctant to embrace them. In business, nobody could strike a harder or more profitable bargain; and if this feeling had not been counteracted by "benevolence being large and active," as Mr. Fowler puts it, it is difficult to say the evils to which it might have led. A fondness for acquiring, and a not unwillingness to give when occasion required, seem to have marked my path through life. I was at one time fond of attending auctions, and sometimes my desire for "bargains" led me to make foolish purchases. I have got many a lecture at home, and deservedly so, for buying lots of lumber, and incommoding the house with useless things. I once bought a farm which I had never seen. Entering the auction room, it was hanging under the hammer at £1,700, and I immediately bid another £100. I knew the distance it was from the town, and the measurement of the land, but nothing more. Some other person offered another £100, and I followed, when it was knocked down to me at £2,000. I could ill spare the money, but, before the day of payment arrived, a friend of mine, fancying the place, took it off my hands, giving me a couple of sovereigns for my trouble

Mr. Fowler gives me credit for being "free in the use of language, and with a little excitement you can talk quite copiously." In speaking I never tried to be eloquent, my aim always was to make myself understood—to render everything I

wished to teach as plain as possible, and in this I seldom failed. I sometimes felt a little anxious before I commenced an address, but once on my feet, I experienced no difficulty in proceeding, and had always a remarkable amount of self-possession. In writing, my great aim has always been to make everything plain and easy to be understood, and without this no permanent impression can be expected. Some authors boast of writing their sheets and sending them off hand, direct to the printers. I cannot do this. Perhaps I am too fastidious; but every article I write is afterwards read over and corrected twice. If there is a weak expression I try to strengthen it; if a confused sentence I alter it, or write it afresh; and for this extra labour I have always been rewarded by the appreciation and approval of my readers. Even in corresponding with an individual, it is pleasant to receive a plain, well-constructed letter, but when you expect your productions to be read by thousands, it would seem criminal not to make them as perfect as you can. And after all, I seldom read one of my own articles in print but I could improve it. If the penmanship was as plain as my diction, my printer would have less occasion to complain.

In concluding these memoirs, it might be expected that I should give a lengthened account of my labours in connection with the temperance cause; but I have so often had occasion to refer to these, and having also published in the numbers for 1867 a series of papers entitled "Reminiscences of Early Teetotalism," in which my earliest efforts are specially noticed, I think it unnecessary to refer again to them at any length. I may, however, be excused for giving the following extract from notes which I made in the year 1853. They were written when I was very lame, at a water establishment in Germany, and with little expectation that I should ever be able to do much more work for the temperance cause.

"To the temperance cause I have devoted more time and more labour than to any other. I always saw that it lay at the foundation of all personal and domestic happiness, and of every social and political reform. In fact, without sobriety—and sobriety in the highest sense—you can do nothing. You may, indeed, project various systems of amelioration; but unless you can get both rulers, teachers, and people to be the decided enemies, not of drunkenness merely, but of intoxicating liquors, you can never carry these out with effect. To this good cause I can sincerely say I have devoted days and nights and years of labour, without any consideration but the pleasure of seeing people and families being made better and happier by it. Though often pained at the effects produced by drink, yet up to the year 1830 I took it myself, though in great moderation—say a glass or two when travelling, and a glass or two on a market day; but, I think, we never kept any in the house to treat our friends with—our habits of economy, if there had been no other reason, not admitting of this. Up to this period, like all other mistaken persons, I considered that the liquor was good; that it was a gift of Providence, and that the error of mankind lay in taking it to excess. . . . It would be tedious to advert in detail to the interesting incidents which have occurred to me during my connection with the temperance cause—since its commencement. The first seven years was a period of hard work and devotedness to the cause. The next seven reminded me that I had a large family growing up, but not over well provided for, so that my labours in this work were at periods only as convenience served, my time and attention being more thoroughly engaged in business. During the last seven years I have found my capabilities for hard labour giving way to the influence of years, and perhaps to previous over exertion. Still, I have stuck to the old ship, and by correspondence and occasional addresses have helped it forward. Within these few years I have several times organized visiting parties, but unless I could attend myself I always found them go down. Two years ago I started a temperance singing meeting on the Saturday evenings, which proved highly beneficial. It afforded amusement for the leisure hours of our teetotalers, especially the young, and induced many others to come to the meeting whom nothing else could have attracted. It was conducted with great simplicity. Five or six hundred people would frequently attend, and perhaps eight or ten different persons, promiscuously and voluntarily, would sing for the meeting, besides the singing of several temperance melodies, in which all would join. The proceeds were expended in temperance publications, and an immense quantity was distributed in the town and country. I generally attended myself every Saturday night. When want of health called me away from Preston, I regretted to find that the meetings fell off, and are now discontinued."

To read the above, and to find myself 15 years after still in the field, as hearty as ever, if not as able, in contending against strong drink and its awful doings, is not only a cause of great thankfulness, but tends to confirm one's faith in this important truth, that nothing is more calculated to assist in restoring the vitality of the human system than entire freedom from disturbing and stimulating liquors. I may also here just observe, that I have escaped all through life the ridiculous and injurious habits of snuffing and smoking, to which so many are slaves. It is true I have not lived to see the "victory" that teetotalers have so often anticipated, and of which we have so often sung; and until a great change come over the opinions of the country (for opinions and practices don't go together), and *teetotalers begin to rely more upon their own efforts, and less upon legislation*—legislation in the hands of believers in drink—we shall have to wait a long time.

I have thus been enabled to compress notices of more than half a century's active life in about fifty pages of the *Staunch Teetotaler*. Of course, these notices have been as brief as possible, omitting details and matters in which my readers would find little interest. I feel glad the task is finished, for a task I have felt it from the first, not wishing to hold back what might please and possibly stimulate others to action, and yet fearing to incur the charge of egotism. I have little to state as to the future; but this I may say, that, if spared, it is impossible for me to be inactive, and, as stated above, having stuck so long to the old ship, I am sure I shall not desert it.

THE RECLAIMED DRUNKARDS' DWELLING.

(From the Temperance Star, 1836.)

Behold yon cot, with honeysuckles clad,
Where nature smiles and all around looks glad;
Their choicest fruits, with flow'rets blooming fair,
Denote the hand of diligence and care.
Within, the whole is elegance and grace,
The cheerful wife the syren of the place;
With soft endearing smiles and graceful mien,
As erst adorn'd her when the hamlet's queen.
Within her arms, from every fear at rest,
The youngest child reposes at her breast;
While each succeeding day, by fixed rule,
The elder children 'tend the village school,
From thence to learn, while yet their years are few,
To know themselves and give their God his due.
But where's the guardian of this blest abode?
No longer found within the tavern rude,
Where he was wont to share the drunkard's strife,
And wreak his vengeance on his helpless wife;
Whilst his poor children, from their cheerless bed,
Would view their father with disgust and dread.
Ah, no! these vicious scenes no more delight;
The poisonous draught is banish'd from his sight;
Content, he toils within the dewy field,
Where nature charms and health her blessings yield;
When sinks to rest the splendid orb of day,
With jocund heart he homeward wends his way,
Secure to find on every face a smile,
To bid him welcome from his daily toil.
Around the blazing fire, with honest pride
(His wife and children seated by his side),
He reads the book, by heaven's Eternal blest,
And deep impresses in each youthful breast
Those precious truths, that lead to earthly joys,
And gain the soul a passage to the skies.

Manchester, Jan. 12, 1836. SYLVAN.

THE ELECTION, THE PERMISSIVE BILL, AND FUTURE LEGISLATION.

From the recent elections several important lessons may be learnt. *First*,—It is gratifying to find that there is a growing disposition, even among candidates and committees, who are not connected with the temperance people, to do their electioneering as little as possible at public-houses. *Secondly*,—The publicans must feel that, owing to the extended franchise and the growth of sound principles, *their influence* at contested elections is considerably reduced. *Thirdly*,—It was observable that, so far as the candidates were concerned, the subject of temperance in any of its phases, had in a measure te be forced upon them. They did not volunteer any reference to it in their addresses, and evidently endeavoured to avoid committing themselves to any definite measures. *Fourthly*,—They will have been very indifferent observers of the late proceedings who do not see that whatever measures are passed by the legislature favourable to temperance, they will not be *sectional*, but "comprehensive," as often promised; measures not depending upon periodical contests among the people for their stability. If there be one subject more than another that requires *imperial power*, it is that of dealing with the liquor traffic. *Fifthly*,—It is now much more easy to foresee what will be the leading features of this "comprehensive measure," which all the country is expecting, than it was before the election. And though it is not likely that either the provisions or the "principle" of the Permissive Bill will form a part; yet, we cannot but feel that it is owing in a great measure to the agitation of the members of the "Alliance," that candidates for parliament have been induced to think upon the subject of legislation bearing upon the temperance question, and to reveal, as far as they thought safe, their opinions and leanings upon it. Beershops, it is pretty certain, will be put under the jurisdiction of the magistrates. Probably, from what has transpired, the charge for licences will be considerably increased. Earlier hours for closing on Saturday nights, and increased restrictions upon Sunday drink selling will most likely be adopted. Then, as to the power of a popular veto, that which is now merely *intercessory*, and confined to *individua, houses*, I think, there is some hope of being changed to an *absolute* veto. But, in the face of the present opinions and practices of nine-tenths of the country, and with the declarations before us of those who now constitute the parliament, to expect the legislature to sanction the power of majorities to close all drinking shops, breweries, and distilleries, in whole towns or parishes (which is the essence of the Permissive Bill), is perfectly hopeless.

It was very observable at the elections that it was not so much the "Permissive Bill" as the "principle" of the bill that was contended for, though this seemed to be differently interpreted by different parties. I confess I could not understand how it was that deputations to candidates were so easily satisfied with declarations which completely ignored that "principle." The principle of the bill is, *not to grant any licences* for making or selling intoxicating liquor in the borough, town, or parish where two-thirds of the ratepayers so decide. The magistrate's power in such a district is taken away by such decision. Now compare this with the views expressed by candidates who seemed to give satisfaction, and there is no possible likeness betwixt the two. Some agreed to refuse all *new* licences. This is directly to strengthen the present system of *monopoly*, and to retain the *old* drinking shops, which are decidedly the worst. Others would transfer the magistrates power to the people, to grant or refuse licences as they might decide, alleging that the people are better judges than the magistrates of the wants of the district. In my opinion a more mischievous change could not be made. It would be a mere change in the *instrumentality* of working the licence laws, and is no part of the Permissive Bill

but directly opposed to it. A third party proposes "licensing boards," elected by the people, but this, though more plausible than the former scheme, is the same in spirit. The functions of this "board" would be to *grant* as well as to withhold licences, as the magistrates do at present. I doubt very much whether such a board would not be more liberal than the magistrates in favour of drink selling; and the elections of such boards would only be a repetition of the scenes of drunkenness and violence which we have lately witnessed. A *fourth* opinion of our M.P.'s is in favour of town councils having the power; and I see nothing, so far as temperance interests are concerned, to recommend this any more than the elected boards. All these schemes are entirely apart from the vetoing power of the Permissive Bill, and were put forward by candidates to get clear of it, though many of its advocates seemed willing to favour these substitutes. And it was remarkable what a little seemed to satisfy them, and how ready the candidates were to grant that little in order to get their support.

In my opinion they must have been very indifferent observers of what an election is,—of the drunkenness, violence, and corruption that it engenders, who wish that any question connected with the liquor traffic should have to be disposed of by the voting of the masses, and especially where the question at stake is one of life and death to everyone interested in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor. Whatever measures may be proposed by the legislature, depend upon it they will never leave the continuance or extinction of the public-house system to be decided by popular vote; and if they did, looking honestly at the opinions and practices of the country at large, what benefit could temperance expect from it? But, supposing it possible that the present parliament would pass such a bill, a fight would be prepared for the country such as we should have to witness with horror. Few of our permissive friends, I fear, have looked seriously at this. If it were possible to get the bill adopted it would only be in small places, which would be merely touching the fringe of the evil, leaving the great body in full and vital operation. A minister, the other week, said he did not believe there were three towns of the size of Huddersfield in the whole kingdom that would adopt the bill; and if he had said there was *not one such town*, I believe he would have been correct. Let anyone look coolly at the state of parties—at the numbers, wealth, and audacity of the drink interest,—at the combinations that would be formed of the wealthy brewers, distillers, wine merchants, and retailers, and of all interested directly or indirectly, supported also by the moderate drinkers, where an attempt was made to extinguish their trade in any one parish,—and if they do so honestly they will perceive that nothing but imperial power can deal with this giant evil. My belief is, that one hour taken from the Saturday night's selling by *absolute enactment, applied to every part of the United Kingdom*, would reduce the amount of drinking more than ever the Permissive Bill could do.

In discussing this subject, it should never be forgotten that parliament will not legislate for the temperance people as a class; their measures will be for the *country at large*. And when it is remembered that our representatives are nearly all drinkers; that their families and connections are the same; that their houses are stocked with liquors, and that these are daily on their tables; in fact, that they themselves are large buyers—is it possible to believe that they will legislate for the total banishment of the liquor and the extinction of its sale, either positive or permissive? Though at the same time they all seem ready to support any measure which would, according to their own judgments, lesson the amount of intemperance. Remembering, in addition to this, that nine-tenths of the voters are drinkers of intoxicating liquors, moderate or otherwise, with their families and connections, is it possible to suppose that they will rush to the poll to adopt a bill entirely to suppress in their

respective districts the sale of these liquors? Will the *buyers* extinguish the *sellers?* They reason thus, and there is no gainsaying it—"If we have a right to *use*, we have a right to *buy*; and if we have a right to *buy*, others have equally a right to *sell*." Hence I have long seen that the Alliance "flag" is *too low* for one party and *too high* for the other; *too low* for the teetotalers, who insist upon *personal abstinence*, and *too high* for the *citizen class*, who are not willing to stop the sale of drink, and don't believe that a majority has any right to prevent them buying what they hold to be useful and necessary.

I trust our Alliance friends will lose no time in bringing their measure forward, and I am glad that their leader, Sir W. Lawson, is now in parliament, so that the the Permissive Bill may be fully stated, and have a fair discussion. The temperance people have been too long divided into two parties, and it is to be hoped, for the sake of both, that this question will receive the attention of parliament as early as possible. During the fifteen years that the Alliance have been agitating, they have only ventured to appear in parliament *once*, and as their hopes for some time back have centred in the new parliament elected by household suffrage, the opinions of this parliament should be challenged upon this question without delay. The working agents of the Alliance are out-and-out teetotalers, many of them my personal friends, and I look forward to the time when we shall have more of their help in favour of the old and primitive system of agitation, from which every part of the civilized world has received the greatest blessings. We shall soon, I hope, cease to rely upon an anti-teetotal legislature, and the fickle and violent proceedings of the drinking masses, who are still an overwhelming majority; rather let us renew our allegiance to the power of truth, commending it by a kind persuasive advocacy to every man's conscience in the sight of God. Till the country becomes far more teetotalised than it is at present, we need not expect either a Maine Law or a Permissive Bill.

NOTICE.

I am sorry to have to announce that this number will be the last of the *Staunch Teetotaler*, at least, under my management. My reasons for this decision, I am sure, will be duly appreciated by my friends. My health, I find, is becoming unreliable; my dear wife has been so great a sufferer for two years as to require my constant attention, and she is now almost helpless, and all but confined to her bed. When, to these, are added the duties imposed upon me by my share in the directorship of the Preston Bank; the attentions required by so numerous a family as happens to have fallen to my lot, and a very extensive general correspondence, I think I shall be excused for not continuing a labour which of late I have felt to be very onerous. I hope still to be able to serve the cause of teetotalism through the medium of the press, without being tied, as I have been, to appear always at a fixed time. For the warm and cordial co-operation I have received from numerous friends who have sustained the circulation of my little work, I tender my warmest thanks. The number of copies printed this year has been 169,250, being a monthly average of 14,104, and I am pleased to believe that it has been the means of rendering no small assistance to our noble cause. J. LIVESEY.

By act of parliament, smoking compartments must now be provided in every train in the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class carriages. This will be a great relief to passengers who cannot bear the smell of tobacco, and yet do not like to object to a fellow traveller indulging in it. But what about drinking? I have almost been sickened sometimes by the brandy or whisky bottle, and no one before drawing the cork ever asked "do you object to drinking?" I say we ought to have a "drinking compartment;" and as all is fish that comes to the net with railway companies, we should have a special compartment for drunkards attached to the last trains out of large towns, called "the drunken train." A comfortable layer of straw, and other etceteras, of course, would have to be provided.

VARIETIES.

"The servant you got from the Squire's I understand suits you well," "Yes, ma'm, she has several good properties; and she knows exactly what kind of wine should be placed on the table with every dish."

A newspaper paragraph informed the public that there was a dinner given in New York lately, consisting of *twelve* courses, which kept the guests *five* hours at the table. For five hours, men and women sat consuming food, occupying half an hour at each viand. What could sustain human nature in such an amazing effort? What could enable them to look into one another's faces without blushing scarlet at the infamy of such a waste of time, food, and digestive force? What concealed from them the iniquity and deep vulgarity of what they were doing? The explanation of the mystery was given in a few words in the paragraph that records the crime: "There was a different kind of *wine* for each course!"

Almost every doctor I speak to tells me of the awful amount of drinking that prevails among females. The following is one case—"I had a patient whom I went to see, and was asked by her to take a glass of wine; she took one herself, and another lady did the same. The decanter was above half-full. I remained some time, and on leaving I observed that the decanter was empty. I knew she had done it. One day this same lady left one of her boxes unlocked, and a servant, curious, as they always are, to know what it contained, lifted the lid, and found it full of empty champagne bottles! This lady is short of 21, and her guardian has had to pay bills containing items of 10s. or 12s. a day for wine. And to crown all, this creature is about to be married!"

We have read a good deal about the horrible effects of "Absinthe," a drink which is said to be coming common in France. I always thought that *alcohol* was the chief fiend that lurked in this green and strangely compounded liquor, and so it turns out. Upon the authority of the *Lancet* we have the following:—"We have analysed a sample of what we believe to have been the veritable Absinthe Suisse, in order to determine whether the analysis would throw any light upon the extraordinary effects produced by this compound on the human frame. These effects, as is well known, are high and even delicious excitements, followed by proportionate subsequent depression, with, ultimately, early decadence of the nervous powers. The results of the analysis were as follows:—

	Per cent.	Per 1,000.
Alcohol, absolute	65·528	655·28
Green essential oil	·202	2·02
Sugar, gum, &c.	·354	3·54
Mineral matter	·056	·56"

Promoters of Bands' of Hope should ponder over the following:—"The Rev. W. Caine, chaplain to the New County Gaol, Manchester, states, that out of 649 prisoners connected with the various Protestant denominations in our County Gaol during the last few months, 593 had attended Sunday schools between six and seven years, 30 of them have been teachers in our Sunday schools." Does not this shew the danger of attempting to instruct the children and at the same time neglecting the parents? I am anxious to warn our friends not to expect to sustain the temperance cause by merely getting children to attend the Band of Hope meetings. Make the tree good and the fruit will be good. Those who neglect this will soon see the necessity of going back to the old Preston plan of making progress. Let the parents be visited and revisited; let them be invited to come to the meetings and be persuaded to become abstainers, and then there will be some hope for the children, but little without.

"Little birds" will convey information of things not always convenient for the public to know. "Hospitality," like other good plants, is apt to run to seed. How happy the party all looked the other night till the fourth toast had been drank in a bumper, but so soon as the health of "the bishop and clergy" had been responded to, a little bird says that several of the latter were noticed to leave the room. The wine had begun to work, and some of their lay companions were beginning to be cheery and disposed to chaff their neighbours who minister in spiritual things. The prevailing idea is that those who have the care of souls should either have stayed away or else remained to the last, to render such assistance and advice as their ghostly attainments might supply. As the strong should bear the infirmities of the weak, they might have been near to lend an arm to those who were ready to fall. One gentleman, our little bird goes on to say, missed his foot and fell down several steps; he could not "stand" as much as he had calculated. Two others compared fists, (!) and next morning the eye artist had to be sent for to cover the discolourment adjacent to the organs of vision. One pious member, who never misses Sunday school, and who sings louder almost than any other in the congregation, had to be taken home in a fly; and next morning was ready to go down on his bended knees to his better-half, if she would forgive him, and keep it quiet! Little bird! hush! do be quiet, and don't tell us any more.

"It is very little I take." "So much the better, you have less to give up; but that little numbers you with the drinkers; it separates you from the temperance reformers, and always stands in the way of speaking boldly to others and inviting them to reform."

"The Dean preached an excellent sermon last night." "Indeed, but don't you think he was preaching to the wrong sort of people. Around his church are beershops, gin vaults, singing and drinking rooms, and worse, houses of ill-fame, and I never yet heard of the Dean going to preach or even to talk to these demoralized people. Christ came not to call the righteous but *sinners* to repentance."

Those who wish to know what the London working men are doing in the cause of temperance should read the *Temperance Star*. Brief weekly reports are given of some 60 teetotal societies. These are not immediately connected with the National League, though not opposed to it. I am not ignorant that many find fault with some of their proceedings; but where is perfection to be found? These complainings often form an agreeable excuse to those who get away from the work. Let us take the good, and leave that which we don't like. And if any of us have a truer sense of propriety and are better able to conduct meetings so as not to give offence, is it not more desirable that we should go among and mix with those who are deficient than absent ourselves and indulge in public censures?

People are beginning already to count the weeks to Christmas. The "good cheer," which every paper re-echos is already whetting English appetites. Truly we are a nation of gluttons as well as drunkards. Eating and drinking are the annual oblations offered up in remembrance of the Saviour's birth! Every Friday should be a "fast" day according to the prayer-book, but if Christmas Day happens to fall on the Friday it is then a "feast" day. Religious and irreligious, all seem bent on their roast beef, plum-pudding, and nut-brown ale, and as many other luxurious dishes and intoxicating drinks as their finances will allow. It would not be Christmas if there was not a good "blow out." It is astonishing how our British Christianity accommodates itself to good dinners and plenty of drink.

It is a pity but teetotalers had something better to do, and the temperance periodicals something better to employ their columns with, than to dispute about whether 60,000 or a smaller number kill themselves with drinking. Supposing there were only one thousand, would that justify any relaxing of our efforts to save even these? Some parties try to prove that drunkenness has somewhat decreased, and this they offer as a reason against any fresh means for its removal. In all conscience there is plenty remaining. That river has outgone its bounds, and the people's cattle and their own lives are in danger, "Come, let us rush in and help them," says one, "Why should we," reply the heedless lookers on, "the water is not so high by several inches as it was the last flood." Shame on such selfishness!

There has lately been a meeting at Liverpool of young men, to form a "Young Men's Temperance Society." I trust it may be well sustained. There ought to be such in every town. Young men, full of energy, can do more, and bear more wear and tear than those advanced in years; and united in companies, they are all powerful. May they manfully breast the flood of intemperance that flows through every part of Liverpool! The speech of Mr. Samuel Nash (Secretary of the Liverpool Young Men's Christian Association) was to the point. "He stood before them that night a teetotaler. He was not a teetotaler forty-eight hours ago. Since he became one—(laughter)—he had succeeded in getting fifteen other young men—(applause)—to become teetotalers, and it would be his earnest endeavour to get as many more as possible. One of those who signed the preceding evening was a clergyman, with whom he employed all the persuasive power of which he was capable."

"Malta, Oct. 25th, 1868.—Sir,—I am sorry to state that drink is having sway over the English in Malta fearfully. The cheap drink and the warm climate have fearful effect. I give you a few of the many cases. A gunner shot himself with his own rifle after a spree. Another, in the same regiment, whose wife died a few weeks' before, neglected his poor children and got drunk; was tried by a court martial, and imprisoned, and his four young children are left to the mercy of strangers. A soldier jumped over a wall into a ravine and was fearfully mutilated; another fell over a parapet and is not expected to live. A schoolmaster drinks after his wife's death worse than before, and losing his situation, leaves his dear little children to the mercy of the world. An Englishwoman, married to a German, is an habitual drunkard, and last evening she ran away from her sucking child, and has not yet returned. I could fill pages of such cases; and other minor offences are fearfully on the increase. The extra pay the soldiers get has contributed to this. If we could only get the professing Christians on our side, with their sympathy, then we would take courage more boldly. But their plea is for moderation. A clergyman, a few days since, told a prisoner it was a pity he could not use the good creature of God and not abuse it. Another clergyman told a drunkard he would be the last to advise him to give up his 'grog'; but if he could not use it properly he had better give it up.—Yours truly, —— —— H.M.S. —— Malta."

It is said that some men have more money than wit, and possibly this might apply to some gents who attended a wine sale at Birmingham, where a small bin of port of the celebrated 1820 vintage, realised one guinea and a half per bottle. Another small bin of '33 sold at ten guineas per dozen; and other ports of less age brought at a gallop from five to seven and a half guineas per dozen.

A railway paper suggests, as all the passengers travelling by rail require to eat and drink, the companies ought to make more out of their refreshment rooms than they are doing at present. But, if other rooms are equalling that at Preston, which it is stated to be let at £700 a year, they are doing a pretty extensive trade. The eating is nothing in comparison with the drinking. The writer however makes no mention of the large amounts that the companies have to pay for accidents, many of which, if they could be traced, arise from the sale of intoxicating liquors at the refreshment rooms.

Public writers have never done making suggestions to prevent waste and to increase the stock of food for the people. One suggests that some method should be discovered to take away the bitterness of acorns and horse chesnuts, so that the people could eat what now in a great measure goes to waste. Would that we could bring these economists into the malt house, the brew house, and the distillery, and there point out to them the waste—the almost absolute waste—of 50,000,000 of bushels of good grain, capable of supplying bread or its equivalent to 5,000,000 of people.

We all know the drunken, demoralized condition of Liverpool. The Bishop of Oxford visited the town about three weeks' ago. He preached two sermons and addressed a public meeting in aid of *Missions to Central Africa*. The wickedness of *Central Liverpool* did not occur to him; he did not visit the dram-shops, the lock-ups, or the back-slums, where the harlots in multitudes reside to contaminate the morals of the town; no, he visited the "lions," including the docks, warehouses, vessels, the exchange, &c., and expressed himself "*highly delighted* with all he had *seen* and *heard*." Parliament may provide what machinery it may think proper in the shape of education bills, but while bishops, and the clergy, and ministers keep aloof from the dark and degraded parts of our towns, we need not expect the morals of the people to improve.

A minister of religion was at Mr. Smedley's water establishment, when Mrs. S. urged upon him the duty of abstinence. After returning, he wrote to her of his conversion to her views; concluding his letter as follows:—"As my wife is from home, a friend asked me to dine with him. Of course there were ale and wine on the table; I said, I am now a total abstainer, and declined to take any. The person from whom I had purchased the little wines and spirits we did use called for an order: I gave him the same answer. Last night we had our annual missionary meeting; it was attended by the Rev. ——, chairman; the Rev. ——; Rev. ——, returned missionary; and the Rev. ——, also returned missionary from India, besides lay friends. After the meeting was over, I was invited by one of our friends to supper. All the ministers were there, and the number of ministers, ladies, and friends who sat down to supper was 24. I took my glass of water and a little roast fowl. Several kinds of wines were on the table, and after the ladies had withdrawn, cigars and spirits were introduced. I felt that *Christian Duty* sustained me. My friends were surprised I would not partake with them. I felt a great pleasure *this morning* when I rose and had my simple tepid bath, and felt my *head clear*, and my *heart approving* my conduct. *I thank you* for your earnest and Christian remarks. May God bless all the means you use for the spiritual and physical welfare of those you have under your care.—I am, dear madam, yours very respectfully, —— ——."

Amongst the Americans there is a far larger proportion of real abstainers—men, and especially women, who neither "liquor up" nor taste bitters—than with us. The mass of the clergy are abstainers, which gives a powerful leverage to the temperance movement. Moreover, a large number of the most prominent men of the country, as statesmen, orators, soldiers, and literary men, are not only abstainers, but conspicuous advocates of the temperance movement. Amongst such are Henry Ward Beecher Wendell Phillips, and William Lloyd Garrison; Albert Barnes, Theodore Cuyler, and Dr. John Todd; General Howard, Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts; Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House, and coming Vice-President of the United States; Horace Greeley, and a vast number of men and women less known on our side of the water. I have not mentioned men like John B. Gough, Delavan, or Neal Dow, who beame celebrated by their advocacy of either total abstinence or prohibition. General Lee is practically an abstainer; Stonewall Jackson was rigidly so. Abraham Lincoln never took anything stronger than a little porter mixed with water and sugar, and very rarely even that. Abstainers have been quite numerous amongst the Presidents of the United States. Every President, I think, from Madison downwards, was an abstainer, till the chance accession of Andrew Johnson. The influence of example, however, is not so powerful in America as it is here. The tendency is for each person to consider his own example just as much worth as any other body's. This increases the sense of individual responsibility, but diminishes the constraining force of conspicuous examples.—*David Macrae.*

Mr. Smithies, the editor of *The British Workman*, has published the address which appeared in No. 22 of the *Staunch Teetotaler*, entitled "A Word to Publicans," in a bold type, on nice toned paper, with two wood engravings, 16 pages, neatly stitched, of a size suitable for enclosing in letters. It is sold by S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

Sir Richard Mayne, it is said, has commenced a crusade against the hoops bowled by children, and thousands of these playthings are now to be found at the different police-stations of the metropolis. Could not Sir Richard direct his vigilance towards another class of *hoops*, the contents of which do more mischief in London in one day than the hoops of our little folks do in a thousand years?

The following statement of George Easton resembles what I know to have taken place in another small village. The killing of *six* in *twelve* months is of itself sufficiently alarming; but if we would know the full amount of suffering we should include all the antecedents and all the *consequences*, extending to years before and perhaps generations after the actual drunkenness of the individuals. Indeed society seems unwilling to dwell upon or to realize in any proper measure the evils connected with cases like these:—"From a long course of hard drinking No. 1 died from the bursting of a blood vessel while he was in the very act of handing a glass of the 'mocker' to another man. No. 2 was a woman, whose bed caught fire when she was lying upon it drunk, and she was burned to death. No. 3 died from sheer hard drinking, though he had been warned again and again by his medical adviser that if he did not give it up drink would very shortly kill him. No. 4 was a man who in a state of stupid drunkenness wandered on to a railway, and an engine coming up he was killed on the spot. No. 5, a man who with six weeks of hard drinking killed himself. No. 6 was a man warned by doctors not to take drink, but took the advice of those who assured him that a little would hurt nobody. He took to drinking and died,—heart disease was said to be the immediate cause of his death. All these deaths have taken place since I visited that village a year ago."

There are so few teetotalers in St. Stephen's that when we meet with one we are anxious to hear what he has to say. At the annual meeting in connection with the autumnal session of the Congregational Union, lately held in Leeds, Mr Edward Baines said, "that total abstinence was the only cure for persons addicted to drunkenness, and it also afforded perfect security against falling into that vice. It had been said that there was heroism in the total abstainer, but he conceived there was none at all, for during the 31 years he had abstained he had not led an idle life, and yet he had always experienced a high degree of health, vigour, and enjoyment. He believed that those who were total abstainers were capable of exercising a far higher influence for moral and religious ends than those who were not total abstainers. He would lay that on the consciences of all the ministers present."

The following is Mr. Revill's experience of a soldier's life:—"I signed the pledge when a youth, in May, 1840; entered the army in 1843; and have served in England, Ireland, and Scotland amidst the greatest temptations and trials, as well as in the tropical regions of the West, Barbadoes, Tobago, and Trinidad. In the sentry-box, amidst the bitter colds and snows of the North, or under the fierce rays of a Tropical sun, my beverage was water. During the fearful ravages of that dreadful scourge, "yellow fever," when many constitutions who only partook very moderately of alcoholic drinks, and really as preservatives to health, fell victims to it, I was always in the very best of health. During four sickly months, on one occasion on the Island of Tobago, I was the only European who was not under medical treatment, and was then told by a medical gentleman of many years' experience, who knew my sober habits, that "there was no fear of me." My duties at this period were very arduous, from the paucity of non-commissioned officers. I had to mount guard in charge of West Indian soldiers, but my white constitution was no more affected than their black ones. Only once during twenty-five years have I had a severe attack of sickness; and when recovering from that I had affectionate entreaties, doctors' persuasions, and kind friends, who promised to send the wine if I would take it, but I respectfully turned a deaf ear to all, trusted in God, and proved to them it was unnecessary; thus adopting the motto of that worthy champion, who "would pass through the world as if the drink was not in it."—*John Revill, Woolwich.*

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