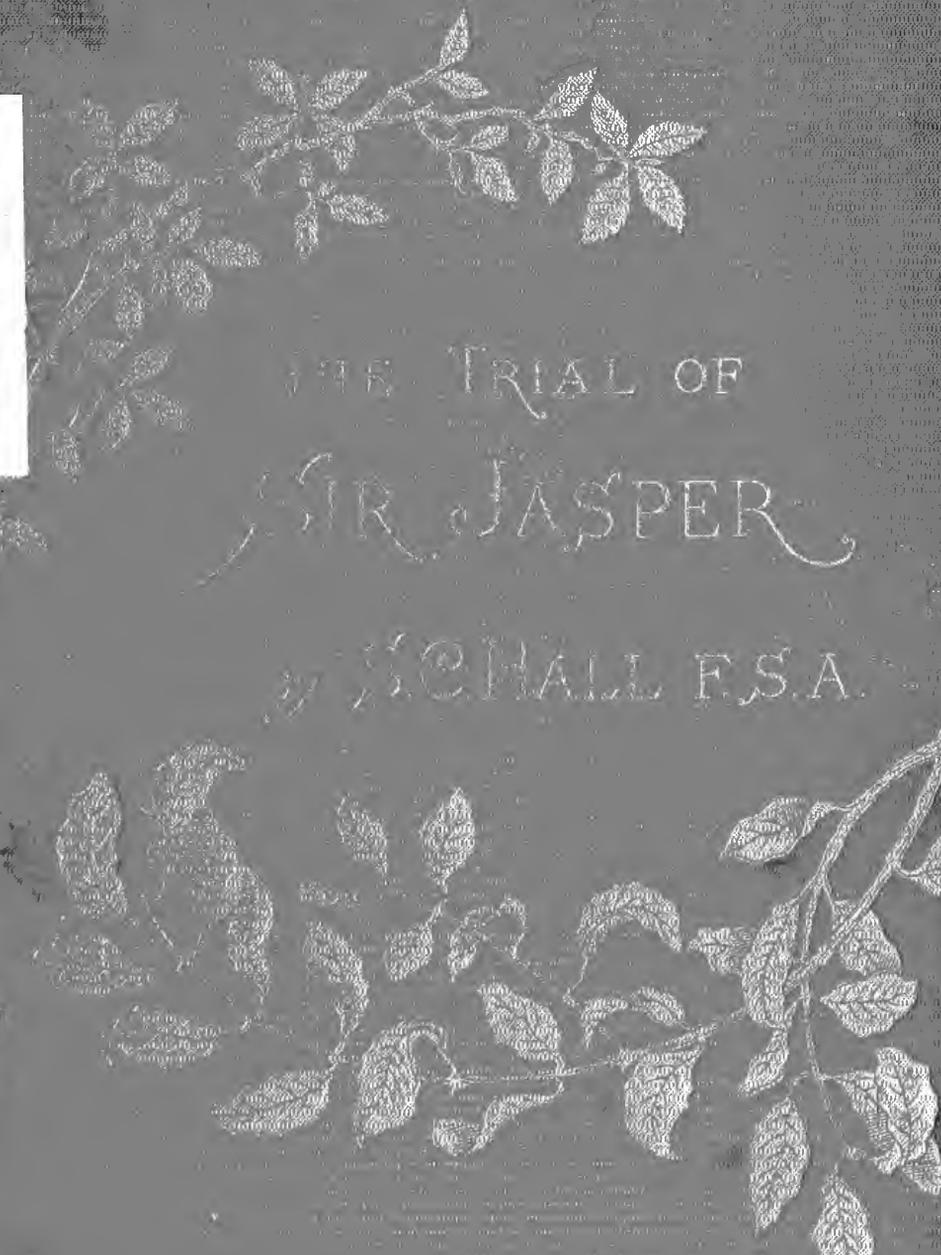


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THE TRIAL OF
SIR JASPER
BY H. HALL F.S.A.



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THE GOLDEN MEAN OF

TEMPERANCE

W. Cave Thomas.]

[Dalziel Brothers.

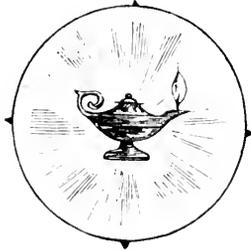
THE
TRIAL OF SIR JASPER:

A TEMPERANCE TALE, IN VERSE.

By S. C. HALL, F.S.A.,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW; EDITOR OF 'THE ART-JOURNAL.'

'WOE UNTO HIM THAT GIVETH HIS NEIGHBOUR DRINK, THAT PUTTEST THY BOTTLE
TO HIM, AND MAKEST HIM DRUNKEN.'—HABAKKUK.



'O THAT MEN SHOULD PUT AN ENEMY INTO THEIR MOUTHS TO STEAL AWAY THEIR
BRAINS THAT WE SHOULD TRANSFORM OURSELVES INTO BEASTS EVERY
INORDINATE CUP IS UNBLESS'D, AND THE INGREDIENT IS A DEVIL.'—SHAKSPEARE.

LONDON:
VIRTUE, SPALDING, AND DALDY,
26, IVY LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PR
4735
H37.C

Having been strongly urged by many of the friends and upholders of Temperance to issue a more costly edition of this book—believing it may thus find entrance into places where ordinary Temperance Tracts are seldom received—I have done so: adding several pages of ILLUSTRATIVE FACTS—details as to the terrible effects of the vice of Drunkenness, and the efforts that are made for its suppression.

S. C. HALL.

The Illustrations, from Original Drawings, by

E. M. WARD, R.A.
MRS. E. M. WARD.
ALFRED ELMORE, R.A.
THOMAS FAED, R.A.
W. C. T. DOBSON, R.A.
SIR J. NOEL PATON, R.S.A.
SIR JOHN GILBERT, A.R.A.
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.
JOHN TENNIEL.
F. D. HARDY.
H. ANELAY.

BIRKET FOSTER.
W. CAVE THOMAS.
G. H. BOUGHTON.
CHARLES MERCIER.
P. R. MORRIS.
N. CHEVALIER.
WALTER J. ALLEN.
H. R. ROBERTSON.
E. SHERARD KENNEDY.
JOHN MORGAN.
E. M. WIMPERIS.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

The Engravings by

DALZIEL BROTHERS.
J. & G. P. NICHOLLS.
J. D. COOPER.
BUTTERWORTH & HEATH.

WILLIAM BALLINGALL.
R. S. MARRIOTT.
C. M. JENKIN.
W. J. PALMER.

'Laws will not do the work which has to be done. We want men for that, and these men must see their work before they do it. Among all the writers, all the talkers, all the preachers, all the workers, all the names we see blazoned in the roll of English fame, are there none that will set about to abate this nuisance and scandal—OUR NATIONAL DRUNKENNESS?'

TIMES (*Leading Article*, 6th Aug., 1872).

861873

From nearly Two Hundred Reviews of this Book, I presume to extract the following passages:—

SPECTATOR.—"The arraignment of the prosperous distiller at the bar of the Judge of all the Earth is powerfully conceived, and the evidence called is awful and true. A soul-destroying, mind-debasing sin, a source of awful cruelty and terror, crime and ruin. As such the writer treats it, very ably, and with much truthful pathos. As a literary production the poem is of considerable merit, profusely illustrated with drawings by our best artists."

CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE CHRONICLE.—"We strongly recommend it; it will be found interesting and useful for temperance meetings in the winter evenings."

DAILY NEWS.—"The immeasurable woe and wickedness of drink-debauchery are very powerfully revealed in these energetic verses: and the poem is written with that simplicity of language which is most likely to have an effect on the class of minds needing the lesson and the warning."

THE BUILDER.—"An earnest and able effort to set forth the miserable results of intemperance, with a view to check its terrible progress."

THE ALLIANCE NEWS.—"Not only a beautiful and powerful poem, but it is so constructed and directed as to form a touching plea for Temperance. We earnestly counsel all our friends to read it."

THE ECHO.—"We strongly urge temperance societies to distribute widely copies of this cheap and brilliant little book."

TEMPERANCE RECORD.—"There is great power of discussion and force of language in the poem, and it carries with every line irresistible conviction. We heartily wish the beautiful book may find a place in every home."

BELL'S WEEKLY MESSENGER.—"An earnest, nobly conceived, and ably written poem. A singularly practical and welcome publication."

MORNING POST.—"The illustrations and engravings are alike admirable, and art has very rarely assisted letters so effectually in denouncing a sin which is, according to statistics, becoming every day of greater magnitude, and burning like a cancer into our social system."

NOTES AND QUERIES.—"The poem is forcibly written, uniting elegance with force, and earnestness with all."

GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.—"The poem is bold in conception, vivid, striking, and life-like in its portrait painting, fervid in feeling, and everywhere resonant with the clear ring of truth."

STANDARD.—"The best and most impressive warning in verse and illustration we have seen against the unspeakable horrors of Intemperance."

BRITISH TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.—"Both author and publisher have clearly vindicated their claim to the support of the Temperance community, and we sincerely hope the tectotals will show their appreciation of this great effort by procuring copies of the book, and making it known as extensively as possible."

THE SOCIAL REFORMER.—"A trenchant and courageous exposure of the country's 'curse'—the drink traffic."

THE TEMPLAR.—"Let this book be scattered broadcast throughout the length and breadth of the land. Circulate it among the children, circulate it among lodges and Temperance societies, circulate it in cottage and drawing-room, among those who patronize and uphold the drinking system. We believe the 'Trial of Sir Jasper' will carry Temperance truth and effect conviction, where the Temperance lecturer and ordinary Temperance literature have no access."

UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE ANNUAL REPORT.—"Within the past few weeks they (the Committee) have rejoiced to hail the issue and aid the circulation of Mr. S. C. Hall's admirable and powerful poem, 'The Trial of Sir Jasper,' a temperance tale in verse. The poem contains a powerful plea for the prohibition of the liquor traffic; and it subjects that traffic to a withering impeachment. . . . The value and interest of the poem are sustained by graphic and powerful artistic illustrations, from the hands of our ablest artists. The poem should be read in every Templar lodge, and on all Temperance and Band of Hope platforms, and should be circulated everywhere."



Sir J. Noel Paton, R.S.A.]

[W. Ballingall.

‘Is it too late to save him? God, we pray
His Guardian Angel may not pass away.’



Thomas Faed, R.A.]

[Dalziel Brothers.

‘Hungry and footsore, and without a bed :
Starving—yet dare not touch the meat and bread.’ (p. 16.)



I.

COME into Court, before the Eternal God !
Swear on His staff, and swear upon His rod !
Swear, infancy and manhood, age and youth !
The truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth !

Appear, Sir Jasper—Citizen and Knight.
Man render justice ! God uphold the right !

He—THE DISTILLER—makes and vends the Gin !
Arraign him—as the primal Source of Sin.

A self-deluded fool is he who deems
The head is innocent that moves the hand.
A fount impure may taint a thousand streams.
The Devil did not *do* the work he plann'd.
He is the very worst of evil pests
Who fears to execute—and but suggests.

B

He does not deal in driblets ; never takes
 Pence from the wretch whose wretchedness he sees :
 Wholesale he sells the poison ; wholesale makes
 The poison ; and grows fat on a disease :
 Sells to the greedy publican, who doles
 The liquid fire in doses, large or small :
 In pennies-worth or shillings-worth—that's all.
 Is *he* responsible for lives and souls?
 Ay—guilt is his beyond the guilt of others
 Who, by the assassin's knife, has slain his brothers.

II.

We ask—and have—the aid of ART, to show
 The height and depth of this—the Country's curse :
 To tell, with emphasis, what all should know :
 For ART can give a living force to VERSE.
 Here are the ARTIST-AIDS : impressive Teachers :
 Social Reformers : high and holy Preachers,
 Whose painted sermons he who runs may read :
 Who speak the tongue of all Mankind, indeed.
 Blessed be they who use God-given powers
 To till the soil—to plant the pregnant seed
 That lends the moral desert fruit and flowers !

III.

Oyez ! Oyez ! ye witnesses appear !
 Make way—and let Sir Jasper see and hear !
 Whence come the WITNESSES ? From filthy lairs ;
 From loathsome alleys ; mews of lordly squares ;
 From fever hot-beds, where no skill avails ;
 From 'crowners' courts ; from mad-houses ; from jails ;



A. Elmore, R.A.]

[Dalziel Brothers.

‘With memories black of many a bitter blow,
Dealt when the father’s soul was dark with gin.’ (p. 16.)



[P. R. Morris.]

[G. P. Nicholls.]

‘These are the sisters, mothers, daughters, wives :
Hopeful—yet doubtful—all may not be spent.’ (p. 52.)

From hovels where mephitic vapour rests ;
 From pauper poor-houses—begrudgéd guests ;
 From dismal ‘ Homes ’ where Parish burdens lie
 To sodden ; where deserted children die.
 From dreary haunts we shudder but to name—
 Vile haunts of infamy, of sin and shame :
 Where God is heard of only to blaspheme :
 And Gin alone—foul Devil—reigns supreme.
 From ‘ gay ’ Saloons they come, where cheats conspire :
 Where shameless women show themselves for hire,
 The Circes of the Attic, daubed with paint
 To hide their physical and moral taint ;
 Where young men dance and laugh on Ruin’s brink ;
 And ribald songs are stimulants to drink.
 From ‘ Halls ’ where hoarse sedition-mongers spout,
 And Bacchus revels with his rabble rout :
 The fœtid dens where rules and triumphs Vice,
 Where ‘ Commune ’ outcasts cog the mental dice :
 Reeking with blood from yet unwashéd hands—
 The blood of good men, boasting they have spilt :
 Proud of their shame, and glorying in their guilt,
 They bear their filthy froth to many lands.
 Of all such evil men, the direst foe—
 The dreaded most—is TEMPERANCE : *that* they know.
 Alas ! the ‘ Truth-recorder’s duty traces
 The WITNESSES to less degraded places :
 To widely different ‘ Homes ’ the ‘ Drink ’ disgraces.
 Giving a foretaste and forecast of Hell :
 And those who vend the poison know it well !

IV.

Is *that* a witness? Yes; the BABE was nursed
 At the gin-fount—the drunken mother's breast;
 She, from its day of birth, her offspring cursed.
 The bird was poisoned in its very nest.

V.

Bring in the DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER: want and woe,
 And brutal usage, sink her very low:
 With memories black of many a bitter blow,
 Dealt when the father's soul was dark with gin.
 You guess the poor girl's fate—a life of sin.
 What—friendless, helpless, outcast—could she do?
 Who is responsible? Sir Jasper—You!

VI.

Is that a WOMAN—clad in filthy rags?
 Ay, and a woman pure: though hope is dead,
 As, with her boys, her weary way she drags,
 Hungry and footsore, and without a bed:
 Starving—yet dare not touch the meat and bread.
 A miserable trampler through the streets:
 No aid she asks, no sympathy she meets.
 Where are the comforts the fair maiden had?—
 For she was fair, though now so worn and sad.
 Her husband drank the poison you supplied;
 It was a FELON cursed you ere he died.
 She is not in the street: beneath the trees,
 That shade her girlhood-home, she sits: and sees
 The kine come to the milking, through the lane:
 The setting sun lights up the window-pane:



Gustave Doré.]

[Dalziel Brothers.

‘A miserable trampler through the streets :
No aid she asks ; no sympathy she meets.’ (p. 16.)



Birket Foster.]

[J. D. Cooper

'She is not in the street : beneath the trees,
That shade her girlhood-home, she sits.' (p. 16.)

The blackbird sings its vesper hymn : the bees,
Laden with labour-fruitage, wing their way :
She hears the merry laugh of work at play :
'Tis the calm evening of a tranquil day.

Alas ! her present with her past compare :
And see her pictured here—and pictured there !

VII.

That witness is an ARTIST ! On his brow
Genius was seated ; shame degrades it now :
And self-reproach. Grand works within his brain
Dwindled to nothings but a shadowy train :
His great intendings—all—have come to nought ;
All perished in the ruin he has wrought.
Giving to those who gave him love and thought
A grief of heart for premature decay
Of powers that might have won him wealth and fame,
And had already dignified his name.

Is it too late to save him ? God, we pray
His Guardian Angel may not pass away.

VIII.

That witness is a SCHOLAR : one who stood
High in the college-books—of promise good.
Ten thousand devils haunt him, day and night ;
Haunt him alike in darkness and in light.
Horrible fancies of all hideous things,
Of birds with crawling feet and dogs with wings ;
The bread is yellow clay, the water ink ;
A monster mixes mud-stuff with his drink ;

The bones have left his limbs ; his hair is flame
 That burns its way into his very brain ;
 And shadows of a past—a ghastly train—
 Buzz in his ears of future guilt and shame.

The wretched youth is mad !
 Sir Jasper, look at him ! for you have had
 Few better customers than that lost lad :
 In dissipation old : but young in years.
 And though the poison-cup your agent gave
 Was weakened somewhat by his mother's tears,
 'Twas strong enough to drive him to his grave
 In Bedlam—Ah ! Sir Jasper sees and hears !

IX.

The CIVIL GUARDIANS of our homes are true ;
 Forbearing and forethinking, courteous, steady ;
 In turmoils disciplined and firm and ready ;
 Their motto ' Duty '—they their duty do.

But, here and there, the Fiend finds victims still—
 Victims the gin has moulded to his will ;
 Who shock the social faith, the public sense
 Of right—destroying trust and confidence.

That scoundrel *beat a woman*, almost dead.
 See her—the bandage round her bleeding head.
 What answer has he? None ! the ' man ' is mute.
 Treat him as you would treat no other brute ;
 Flog him : the hangman's lash alone can be
 The fitting punishment for such as he !

Better—though sad—to picture him who meets
 The miserable drunkard in the streets.



George Cruikshank.]

[Dalziel Brothers.

'Ten thousand devils haunt him, day and night ;
Haunt him alike in darkness and in light.' (p. 21.)



Sir John Gilbert, A.R.A.]

[G. P. Nicholls.

‘ A common incident of blighted life :
Mourn for the wretched sufferers—child and wife.’ (p. 27.)

'Tis but the usual story : every night
Revolting scenes, like this, may shock your sight :
A common incident of blighted life !
Mourn for the wretched sufferers—child and wife !

X.

Is he GOD'S MINISTER, who skulks along,
Humming the loose air of a tawdry song ?
Nature herself sustains a sudden shock,
And drops a tear of pity—for his flock.
And yet he loathes the foe that conquers him ;
Nay, sometimes with thick voice, eyes dull and dim,
And shaking hands that hold the book of prayer,
He prays to be delivered from the snare.
He prays, but does not pray with faith and trust ;
And Resolution in the scale is dust.
He gave an oath to God to sin no more—
'Twas on his mother's grave that oath he swore.
The chain has bound him in its iron links ;
And idly, weakly, vainly, sliding back,
He crawls again into the beaten track ;
Resolves—and drinks ; and re-resolves—and drinks.
What caused this Castaway to fall so low ?
'Twas SOCIAL CUSTOM—an insidious foe
That saps the moral strength—then strikes the blow !

XI.

Of pictures that deface a printed page,
Perhaps, the saddest and the darkest shows
An OLD MAN staggering to a drunkard's grave ;
Not in the frosty winter of his age.

And such is he who enters next, and knows
 Himself a sneak, a reprobate, a knave.
 The moral sense is dead : he does not shrink
 From any shift, or trick, or crime, for drink.
 See the degraded wretch we picture here :
 He blights the corn before it reach the ear.
 Yet he was once a gentleman—whose name
 Was heralded among the heirs of fame.
 See him : with gin his very soul is stained !
 See him—see many such—whose wretchedness
 Will make the Income Tax a penny less,
 And swell the boasted ‘SURPLUS.’ Millions gained
 For tens of millions lost. Where are they lost
 If of such Incubi we count the cost ?
 Jails, hospitals, mad-houses—*they* know well,
 And poor-houses o’er-crowded—*they* can tell.
 Ask what the judges, doctors, jailers, think
 The Nation gets—and *what it pays*—for drink ?

XII.

One man, who bore an ancient, honoured, name,
 Was called as witness ; but no answer came.
 Even in that mingled crowd some wept, some sigh’d :
 ’Twas whisper’d, ‘ Dead ! by his own hand he died !’
 He rests !—but that he *rests*, to think is hard—
 In a dull corner of a bleak church-yard.
 And there one helpless, aimless, woman keeps
 A nightly watch above the man who died ;
 Withered in heart, and without hope, she weeps
 Over the lone grave of the SUICIDE.



[John Tenniel.]

[Butterworth & Heath.]

‘See the degraded wretch we picture here:
He blights the corn before it reach the ear.’ (p. 28)



G. H. Boughton.]

“Over the lone grave of the suicide.” (p. 28.)

[Butterworth & Heath.

XIII.

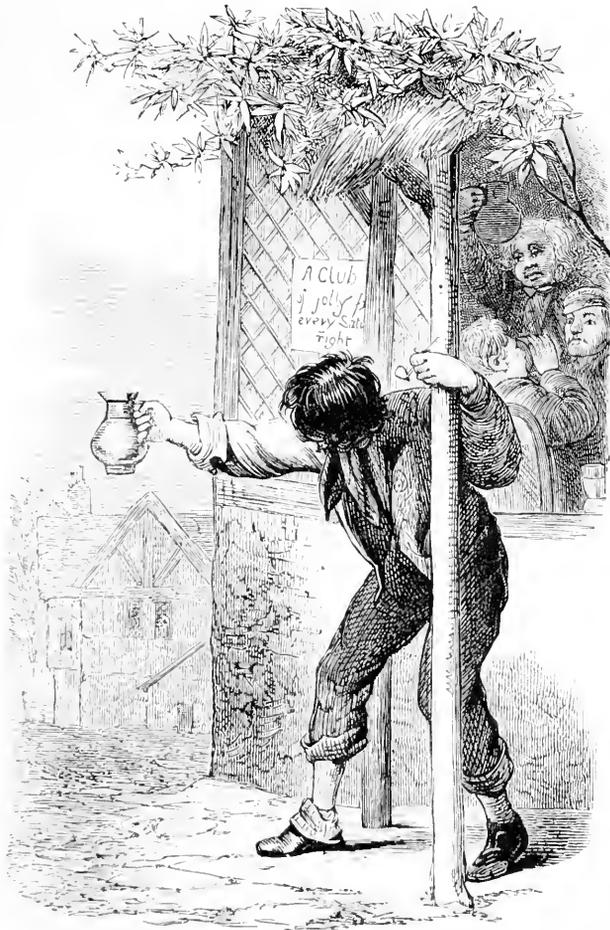
The MARINERS who guard our sea-girt coast
 And bear our commerce through the world, in ships ;
 The SOLDIERS who have gained ' good conduct strips,'
 Men who are, rightly, Britain's pride and boast ;
 Brave, honourable, faithful, loyal, just ;
 Entitled to their country's hope and trust.
 (Let ' Balaclava ' tell its marvellous story !
 The ' Birkenhead ' its tale of greater glory !)
 No better men when sober : drunk, none worse,
 When madden'd by the self-inflicted curse.
 Two sad examples enter : both must die
 When youth is full of promise—hope most high !
 One shot his comrade, as he sat at rest,
 The friend of all his friends he loved the best.
 The other stabb'd his messmate on the deck,
 His helper in the battle and the wreck.
 They had no *prépense* malice—quarrels none :
 They knew not what they did, until 'twas done !

XIV.

To lighten somewhat an oppressive load
 Of grief and guilt that fills the heart with sadness,
 Let us relate, by way of episode,
 A story that will strike the chord of gladness.

GILES JONSON was a ploughman : well to do :
 An honest, thriving, yeoman : *that* he knew :
 'Till neighbours saw, and grieved to see, his fall :
 When at ' The Grapes ' he spent his wages—all :
 And left his wife at home to starve—and think
 How she could lay the HOME-CURSE-DEVIL, Drink !

See him ! he issues from the human sty
 To tempt, by filthy lures, the passers by.
 The artist paints him—lowest of the low :
 Alas ! Giles Jonson ! 'twas not always so !
 A ministering angel was that wife—
 Patient, enduring, hopeful, prayerful, good ;
 Her husband was her very life of life ;
 And she withstood him, as a woman should,
 By tender, yielding, fond, and winning, ways—
 Ever a woman's weapons—when she prays.
 He saw her often smile, but seldom weep,
 Yet heard her words of sorrow in her sleep ;
 And soon the cheek was pale, the eyes were dim :
 He knew—he could not help but know—for him !
 But the good Pastor quench'd the fatal fire :
 And, Heaven-instructed, rais'd him from the mire.
 One day he said—his hand upon her arm—
 'I've taken it !' With horrified alarm
 She questioned, 'Giles ! what have you taken ?' thinking
 'Twas a more rapid poison he'd been drinking.
 Hurrah ! thank God ! the devil, Drink, is laid !
 And not in vain that faithful woman pray'd.
 With joy and thankfulness of soul she wept
 When Giles was pledged—and well the pledge he kept.
 Again Giles Jonson was the 'well-to-do ;'
 Again the thriving yeoman ; *that* he knew :
 Proud of his honest work, his humble rank ;
 Had money in his pockets and the bank.
 And she, his good wife, wore a silken gown,
 And in her hallowed pride walk'd through the town.



E. M. Ward, R.A.]

[R. S. Marriott.

'The artist paints him—lowest of the low :
Alas ! Giles Jonson ! 'twas not always so !' (p. 31.)



E. M. Ward, R.A.]

[C. M. Jenkin.

‘And let the artist draw his picture now :
Draw FARMER JONSON—home from *his own* plough!’ (p. 39.)

Passing, one day, the public-house again,
 He saw the landlord standing at his door.
 Giles limp'd along as if in grief and pain.
 'What ails thee, Giles?' quoth landlord; with a sigh,
 'I've got a lump here,' Jonson made reply,
 Placing his hand upon his manly thigh.
 'I told thee how 'twould be,' the landlord says;
 'That's what thou'st got by thee teetotal ways:
 Come in,' he added, 'and I bet a crown
 The lump that troubles thee I'll bring it down.'
 'I know thou wouldst,' said Giles, and gave a jump
 Full of the vigour of the days of old.
 He turn'd to leave the now abhorréd place
 And from his pocket drew a purse of gold,
 Laughed, as he shook it in the landlord's face,
 And said, 'FOR THAT'S THE LUMP!'
 And let the artist draw his picture now:
 Draw FARMER JONSON—home from *his own* plough!

XV.

What pallid wretch comes next? His hands are red!
 It is a tale of horror best unsaid.
 Is that the hand? Is that the fatal knife?
 Is that the body of the murdered wife?
 Let fall the curtain! Close it! Let the shroud
 Hide ghastly terror from a gasping crowd.
 He beat her thrice within an inch of death:
 The neighbours counselled, 'Punish him!' But no!
 She waited calmly for the latest blow.
 It came, and with a panting, parting, breath,
 She told the almost pardonable lie—
 'It is not by my husband's hand I die.'

And so these neighbours found her : and they laid
 The dead wife on the floor—there was no bed ;
 But a Samaritan had gently placed
 A decent covering o'er the woman dead,
 Through which dim outlines of a form were traced.
 One of your 'licensed' friends who keeps the—Blank—
 May tell you how much gin he daily drank,
 And—for his memory is not dull nor dim—
 He can give evidence how much he paid
 To you of what the MURDERER paid him.

XVI.

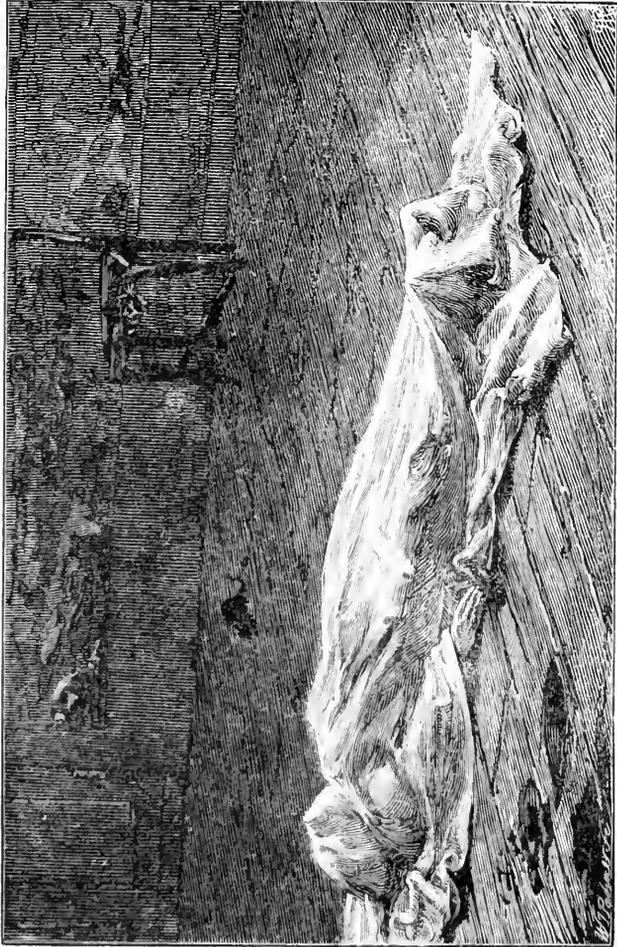
Bring in that SINFUL WOMAN—lost to shame ;
 They do not call her : cannot tell her name ;
 That relic of the past remains—alone ;
 By an abhorrent ' nick-name ' she is known.

 A fierce virago is she. How she screams
 As two policemen haul her into court,
 Followed by hooting boys, who think it sport.

 Little she knows or cares how she blasphemes.
 Haggard and wild, of woman's charm no trace
 Is seen in those blear'd eyes, that bloated face.
 How she was brought to this, what need to tell?
 'Tis an old tale how trusting woman fell.

 Yet of the village she was once the pride :
 Her yeoman father, sturdy as the oak,
 Was with her mother soon, whose heart she broke :

 And humbly prayerful for the sinner, died.
 Without a hand to help, a lip to bless,
 Shrinking with loathing from the foul caress,
 Careless and heedless what may be her fate,



H. R. Robertson.]

“They laid the dead wife on the floor.” (p. 40.)

[W. J. Palmer.



W. C. T. Dobson, R.A.]

[G. P. Nicholls

‘She may be welcomed by the Seraphim,
Where SINNERS-PENITENT find pardoning grace.’ (p. 45.)

What loathsome dung-heap her last bed may be,
 Repentance, if it come, will come too late—
 Too late for earth ; but not too late for Him
 Whose call is to the outcast—‘ Come to Me !’
 She may be pure and beautiful again ;
 And, freed by pardoning mercy from all stain,
 Again receive a parent’s fond embrace ;
 She may be welcomed by the Seraphim,
 Where SINNERS-PENITENT find pardoning grace.

XVII.

One other witness comes, but comes per-force ;
 Swearing and struggling, and, with bellowing, hoarse.
 Lord Medway, from a party in Mayfair,
 ‘ Incapable,’ with shaking head and hands,
 Was staggering to his house in Belmont Square.
 They drag his lordship into court, and there
 Sir Jasper greets the owner of broad lands,
 Yet shrugg’d his shoulders, murmuring, ‘ Only think,
 The mob has seen a nobleman in drink !
 That sin, disgusting, is no sin of mine ;
 The man is drunk—I did not make the wine !’
 He might have said as much, when Lady Deign
 Beat her small maid, who said she liked champagne,
 And gave her two hours’ warning on the spot :
 As much, when Lady Josephine Le Blot
 Let fall a lighted candle in the cot
 Where slept her babe : and when the babe was dead,
 ’Twas ‘ accidental death ’ the Jury said :
 As much, when Sir Augustus Hugh Fitznought
 Home in a costermonger’s cart was brought,

To put the night-lamp underneath his bed :
 As much, when four fine boys of Countess Class
 Were brought in with dessert, to have *their* glass ;
 And when, in after life, these boys became
 Degraded sots, they traced to her their shame :
 (The drunkard's children share the drunkard's curse :
 And foul diseases, thus transmitted, nurse
 A vicious nature in a vicious frame :)
 As much, when Doctor Morte was drunk beside
 His patient's bed—and so the patient died :
 As much when, muddled Baron Jule la Coste
 Staked his last guinea to Sir Rooke—and lost :
 As much, when, homeward bound, Sir Joseph Beck
 Fell from his horse's back and broke his neck :
 As much, when Captain Sir Adolphus Brand
 Was wreck'd, with half his crew, in sight of land.

But why extend the list? Take heart of grace,
 Sir Jasper ; yours is not the only case
 Where 'social customs' sacrifice the soul ;
 You have your share, indeed, but not the whole.
All the foul crimes we lay not at your door ;
You do not tempt your equals or your betters ;
 The poor—or those who are to be the poor—
 'Low people' all—are they who are your debtors.

XVIII.

And, not content with sin and death at home,
 We give the Demon scope and space to roam.
 The means to sadden, sicken, and degrade,
 Forms a huge item of our Export trade ;



H. Anclay.]

[Butterworth & Heath.

‘ And when the babe was dead,
’Twas ‘accidental death’ the jury said.’ (p. 45.)



N. Chevalier.]

[J. & G. P. Nicholls.

‘This happened in New Zealand: they had placed
A drunken Maori in the public stocks.’ (p. 51.)

Corrupting COLONIES, to make them pay
 The cost at which we keep them ; rendering worse
 Than 'savages,' the savages we curse ;
 The aborigines, who, day by day,
 Are dying out—and not by *slow* decay.
 This happened in New Zealand : they had placed
 A drunken Maori in the public stocks,
 Thus to reform the man they thus disgraced :
 Degrading him among his native rocks,
 And in the sight of comrades, asked and taught
 To love the men who sold the thing they bought.
 He called the magistrate, and thus address'd
 The organ of the Law : ' You find it best
 To punish me for that I'm drunk : and think,
 It wise and just : oh ! weak and foolish man !
 Ah ! I can show you a far better plan :
 Punish the man who made and sold the drink.'

But Britain from its duty dare not shrink :
 The counsel of that Maori may reach
 The Law-source : and our Legislators teach :
 PUNISH THE MEN WHO MAKE AND SELL THE DRINK !

XIX.

There was a hubbub in the Court, a cry
 For justice, as more witnesses drew nigh :
 Fierce shouts of execration—' Let him die !'
 And ' blood for blood !' were words that met his ear.
 What marvel if, impell'd by selfish fear,
 He left the scene of mingled grief and crime
 And sought a back-door exit—just in time.

XX.

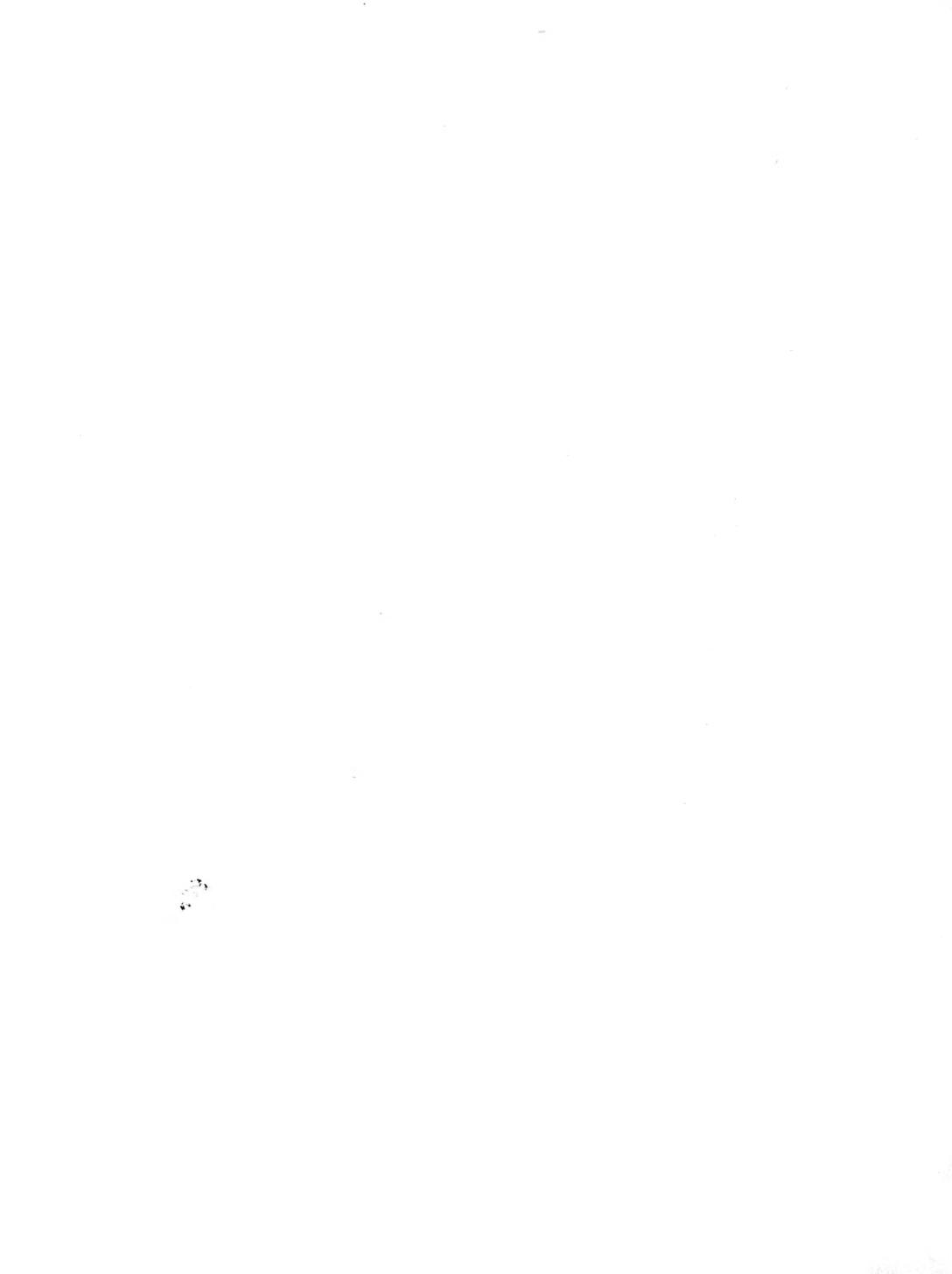
He slunk away—'twas evening, but not night—
 And pass'd a stuccoed palace, full of light ;
 He did not enter, only peer'd within ;
 But saw the men who bought and drank his gin ;
 Round a gay garnished counter saw the throng :
 Drunk were they all, or to be drunk ere long.
 The portly landlord gossiped with the crowd,
 The merry barmaid smirked and smiled and bowed,
 And madam's voice was harmony, though loud.
 But who are they that through the window peep,
 Scenting the 'luxuries' they do not share ?
 The women who should be at home, asleep,
 For surely they can have no business there.
 Some are the very young, some very old,
 Huddled for warmth, yet shivering from the cold.
 These are the sisters, mothers, daughters, wives,
 Hopeful—yet doubtful—all may not be spent
 Of the week's wages, for the weekly rent—
 Surely the reckless reprobates will keep
 Some little part to save the children's lives !
 All silent—few among them dare to speak :
 Away, Sir Jasper ; hear that horrid shriek !
 Such sounds are nothings—from the low and mean ;
 'Tis but a hungry woman, who has seen
 The miserable husband gulping down
 Her cherished 'pet of pets,' her Sunday gown.
 Even yet more audible is that deep sob,
 So deep, it gives a shudder to the mob :
 For sure a heart broke with it : was that strange ?
 A wretched drunkard offers in exchange

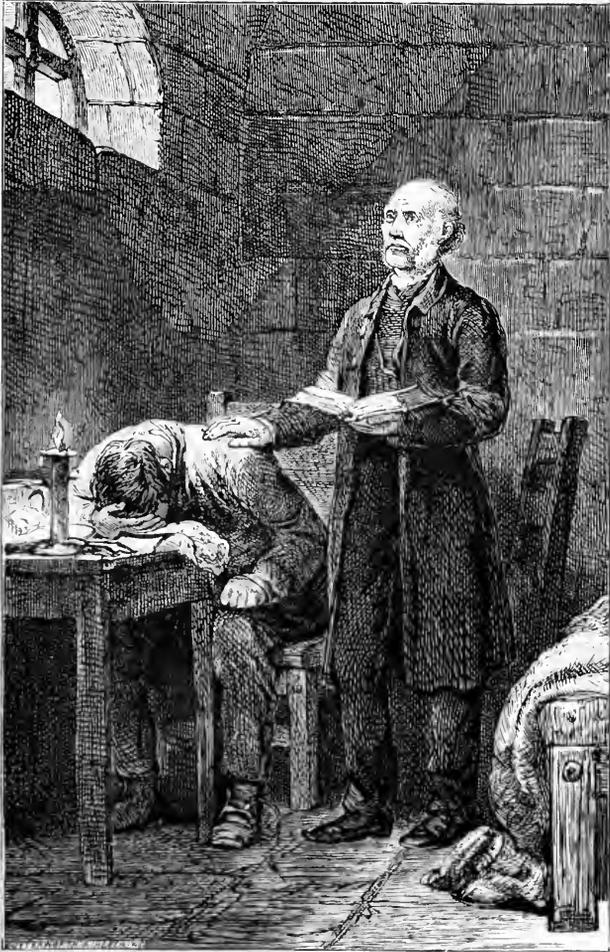


E. Sherard Kennedy.]

[Butterworth & Heath.

‘The Artist saw this scene in London Square,
One night of snow, or nearer early morning.’ (p. 58.)





Charles Mercier.]

[Butterworth & Heath.

‘ENTER THE PRISON: see the good man there,
Who from the death-doomed sinner drives despair. (p. 57.)

For one poor poison-cup, the Sacred Word !
Her Bible, her dear mother's parting gift,
The produce of long days of hoarded thrift.
'Twas her last household god ! she saw and heard !

XXI.

Sir Jasper, more examples do you need ?
Read the day's Paper : shudder as you read :
You will, if you are human : hear the call
To 'writers,' 'talkers,' 'preachers,' 'workers,'—all !
What Authors cannot do, the ARTISTS may :
Laws avail little : words are but a breath :
But ART can scare your victims from the way
That leads to death—here-and-hereafter-death !

XXII.

Enter the PRISON : see the good man there,
Who from the death-doomed sinner drives despair :
God's messenger is he who brings THE WORD :
In that dark, dreary, chamber read and heard.
Among those men of God, shall we forget
The venerated PRIEST who liveth yet :
 Liveth to be a Warning and a Guide :
For such men never die : no need to name
Him to whom IRELAND owes a mighty debt :
And though the seed fell but on stony ground,
After long years, the harvest will be found :
 For what was once a glory and a pride,
Under his blessed influence, became
A degradation, a reproach, a shame.
And blest among the very blest be they
Who give us FOUNTAINS in the public way,
Refreshing man and beast—and nought to pay !

XXIII.

The Artist saw this scene in London Square,
 One night of snow, or nearer early morning :
 The man had died, where he had fallen—there :
 Leave ART to tell the tale and give the warning.

XXIV.

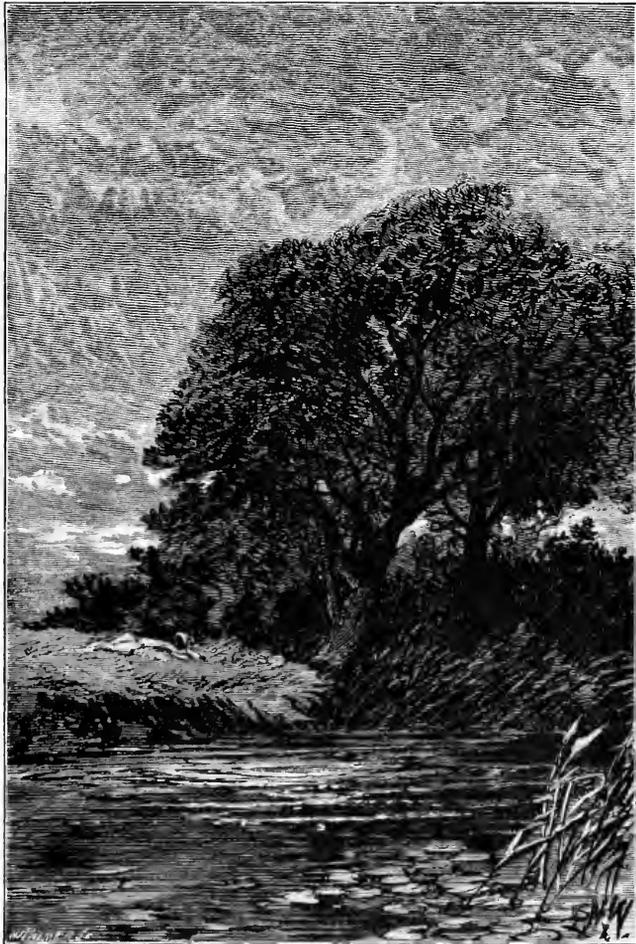
And this : what seeks the child ? what brings her near ?
 ' Looking for father,' *that* the artist saw ;
 And *that* some guiding spirit bade him draw.
 What need of words ? said we not well that Art
 May take the Poet's or the Preacher's part,
 And teach to mind and heart and eye and ear ?

XXV.

Can you not guess what these pool-bubbles mean,
 Though of the self-drowned woman nought is seen ?

XXVI.

Sir Jasper, you may come another day
 To see the drunkard's ' HOME '—'tis on your way.
 Be careful as you mount the dangerous stair.
 The broken window shows one broken chair :
 Not worth a penny or 'twould not be there.
 The filthy floor gives rest without repose,
 Imprisoned vapours in the stead of air :
 Though chill and bitterly the bleak wind blows,
 And rain drips through the roof ; and though the wall
 Is black and slimy : yet the vermin crawl
 Throughout the dull and dark and dismal room,
 Where gin-rot brings its deepest depth of gloom.



E. M. Wimperis.]

[W. J. Palmer.]

‘Can you not guess what these pool-bubbles mean,
Though of the self-drowned woman nought is seen?’ (p. 58.)



Alfred Elmore, R.A.]

[F. Wentworth.

‘Where are his wife and children—both he had?
Go ask the parish paupers: one is mad.’ (p. 63.)

Look at the wretch who lies upon the floor :
His only coat is thin—too meanly poor—
A rag—to bring the drunkard one drop more.
No food—no, not a scrap ;—the life he led
Destroys the appetite for meat and bread.
No blanket—needing none—he has no bed—
It was exchanged for gin, ay, long ago :
No pillow, even of straw, to raise his head ;
Among the very lowest, very low !

Where are his wife and children—both he had ?
Go ask the parish paupers : one is mad.
The children, pariahs, crawling ‘ home,’ at night,
To crave the ‘ Refuge ’ shelter—warmth and light !
‘ Full !’ There are many hundred children more
Who shrink and shiver round the closed door.
So—frightened when the street police are met—
They huddle under arches from the wet ;
Bad as they are they are not thieves—as yet !

XXVII.

Contrast this picture with the HOME where lives
The man who knows the blessings TEMPERANCE gives :
He earns his living and can pay his way,
Yet still keep something for a rainy day.
His labour done, he gaily gathers up
His tools, makes entry of a finished job,
Thinks, with a relish, of the fragrant cup,
And hears the kettle singing on the hob,
Knowing the well-stored cupboard is ‘ all right’
To satisfy a wholesome appetite.

While he was toiling, she had done her part ;
 His counsellor, companion, friend, and wife,
 The sharer of his joys, and cares, in life.

All is prepared—a welcome of the heart.
 Order prevails within, the floor is swept,
 And all things cleanly, neatly, nicely, kept.
 Suggestive prints adorn the paper'd walls,
 Precious as priceless gems to lordly halls ;
 And a few bits of only common delf
 Are heir-loom graces of the mantel-shelf.
 The children are in bed, 'tuck'd in ' and warm—
 Little they heed the pelting rain and storm.
 They've said their evening hymn and prayer, and sleep :
 While guardian angels watch and ward will keep.
 Young as they are, 'twould make them sad to miss
 The father's blessing and the mother's kiss.
 The supper over, now they sit and chat,
 Companions only by the well-fed cat.
 With cheerful mind that gives the happy look,
 He reads some pleasant and instructive book--
 One of the cherished prides of his small stock --
 (For every printed word becomes a seed
 That, planted, *must* spring up—a flower or weed—
 And he who writes may write what millions read :)
 While the wife, listening, mends the baby's frock.
 Early to bed, with no corroding care,
 They go—but not without Thanksgiving Prayer.

XXVIII.

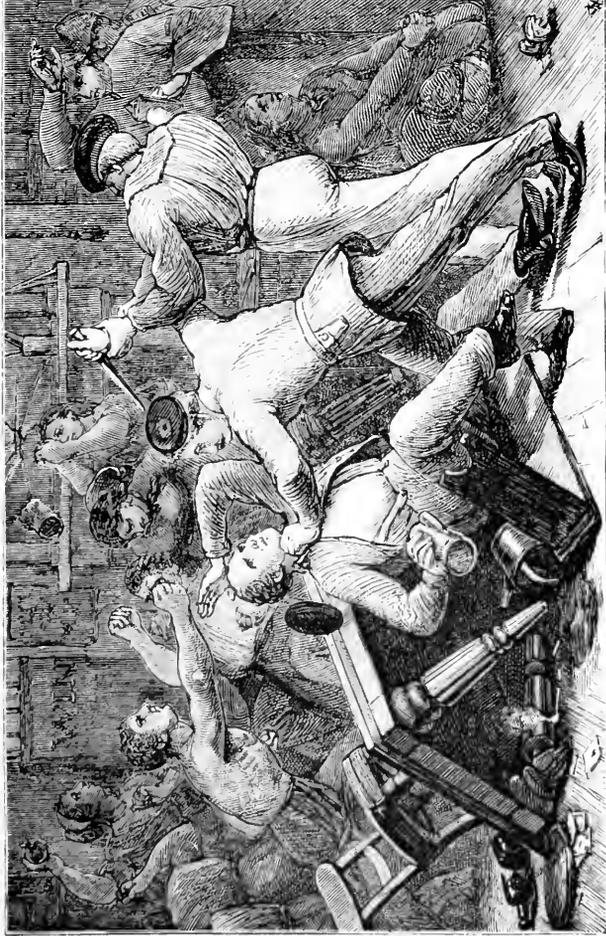
Such is the MODEL WORKMAN ; many such,
 Whose labour is their staff, and not their crutch,



J. Morgan.]

[E. Wentworth.

“Full!” There are many hundred children more
Who shrink and shiver round the closed door,’ (p. 63.)



W. Cave Thomas.]

[F. Wentworth.

'No better men when sober: drunk, none worse.' (p. 33.)

Thank God, there are, as there have always been,
 Loyal and true to Country and to Queen.
 Mindful and careful of a needing brother,
 And the *eleventh* commandment, 'love each other !'

Avoiding public wrangle, private strife ;
 Knowing employers and employed alike
 Must prosper, he condemns and hates 'the strike,'

Strikes ! the fell upas-trees of social life.
 They grow, trade withers, enterprise is dead ;
 All strikes—BY WHICH THE HANDS DIRECT THE HEAD.
 'Live and let live,' his cherished motto, makes

Easy his load, and smooths and clears his way :
 He asks no more than what he gives and takes—
 'A fair day's labour for a fair day's pay.'

He shuns 'the Park,' where rogues and rascals scheme,
 Where 'licensed' atheists drivel and blaspheme,
 Making God's Word a theme for brutal jest,
 Busied to desecrate the Day of Rest.

Such lures are not for him. To Church he goes,
 For hallowed thought and sanctified repose :

To any church—it little matters where,
 Or by what name—if God is worshipp'd there,
 And souls are strengthened and refreshed by Prayer.

His gift is but a very common gift :
 Forethought for self and others ; liberal thrift !
 The charity that will not wildly roam ;
 The charity that does not *stay* at home.

He squanders nothing, nothing leaves to chance,
 But prays, and trusts, and knows that God will bless
 The Heaven-directed source of all success,
 The mainspring of his guidance—TEMPERANCE !

The Member chosen by his native place
 Was but a workman once. You still may trace
 The signs of labour on his sinewy hand.
 The Peer who ranks the loftiest in the land
 Has swept his father's shop ; nor thinks it shame
 To tell his fellow-lordships whence he came.
 Are cases such as these, in England, rare,
 Of men who rise to rank, by toil and care ?
 Self-taught, self-trained, self-disciplined—self-made :
 Esteemed, respected—gentlemen in trade.
 What hinders *him* from rising as *they* rose
 To share the many blessings Toil bestows ?

XXIX.

SPIRIT OF TEMPERANCE ! Hail ! what mighty things—
 High boons to Soul and Body—TEMPERANCE brings !
 Your work may be to bring considerate thought
 To humbler toilers in the hive of men :
 Yet take refreshing draughts to brains o'erwrought,
 To care-worn, heart-sick, soldiers of the pen.
 A mother mourning o'er a child departed :
 Or worse, pursuing evil ways in life :—
 You may take comfort to the broken-hearted,
 And rescue the weak struggler in the strife.
 To the repenting, or repentant, sinner
 You may bring light, and bid his terror cease :
 Some fallen sister you may seek, and win her
 Into the pleasant paths of hope and peace.
 You may dispel from shallow doubters doubt,—
 Chaos, to which is said, ' Let there be light !'
 And guide the sceptic as he gropes about
 In darkness, dreaming of an endless night,



F. D. Hardy.]

[Butterworth & Heath.

““Looking for father,” *that* the artist saw ;
And *that* some guiding spirit bade him draw.” (p. 58.)



Mrs. E. M. Ward.]

[Jewitt & Keates.

'They've said their evening hymn and prayer, and sleep :
While guardian angels watch and ward will keep.' (p. 64.)

Where Poverty and Want are tempters ; where
 Vice hath no check from Comfort : none to teach ;
 Where self-inflicted sorrows bring despair,—
 Your Lord may let your soothing influence reach
 Where more resistless tempters triumph—worse
 Than want and poverty—you may be nigh :
 When plethora of gold creates a curse,
 And wealth demands what riches cannot buy.
 You may help those who help themselves—whose prayer
 Is for GOD-AIDED efforts : who, believing
 In SELF-HELP, greatly think and grandly dare ;
 And those more blest in giving than receiving :
 Whose Charity revives like sun-lit dew :
 And adds to bread the health-boon of the leaven :
 Happy in making happy : ah ! how few
 Enjoy on earth the chiefest joy in Heaven.
 Your task it is to lead the soul to God !
 Teaching to bless His staff and kiss His rod !

XXX.

SUMMON, ONCE MORE, SIR JASPER !

You have seen
 The things that are, will be, and long have been :
 The issues of vice-traffic. Does it pay
 The searéd conscience ? Is the sin condoned,
 Because the retribution is postponed,
 And Justice gives Repentance ' a long day ?'
 Accused ! You are ACQUITTED ! Go your way !
 No human law can reach you ; murders done
 As you do yours—the penalties are none !

Go, and be happy if you may, or can.
 But had you killed a single fellow-man
 By open violence, or by subtle craft,
 Or by another kind of poison-draught,
 You would have hung at Newgate for that ONE.

But think you that your case is ended here?
 That in no after-Court you need appear?
 That when the Accusing Angel serves his writ,
 You've but to plead your '*autrefois acquit*?'
 No! for your victims will appeal to Him
 Who sits enthroned above the Seraphim—
 For justice—not in darkness but in light!

Sir Jasper, will you grudge
 These victims their inalienable right
 To change the venue—and be tried elsewhere?
 They will be witnesses, accepted, there—

WHERE GOD WILL BE THE JUDGE!



ILLUSTRATIVE FACTS :

“ STUBBORN THINGS,”—“ STRANGER THAN FICTION.”

“ For it must needs be that offences come: but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.”—*St. Matthew* xviii. 7.

[When I wrote this Poem—to which I was incited by the “ call ” I have quoted from the *Times*—I had but a limited idea of the magnitude of the forces in arms against what is rightly termed “ the national vice ; ” that so many men and women *had* “ seen their work ” —and are doing it; “ writers, talkers, preachers, workers,” who *have* “ set about to abate this nuisance and scandal—our national drunkenness.” Moreover, I was but imperfectly informed as to its awful and terrible extent. I may safely assume that a very large number of persons, of all grades, the educated classes more especially, have but a dim notion of the evil in all its manifold ramifications, and know comparatively little of the immense efforts to arrest its progress. Upon these two points, indeed, I have confirmation strong in a recent declaration of no less a person than Archbishop Manning :—

“ I must own, though I ought to have known it, that I did not know it till some members of the United Kingdom Alliance called my attention to the two volumes of the evidence of the Committee of 1854. After reading these, I declare that I felt as if I had broken into a world of horror that I had never seen before, and of which I was till then perfectly unconscious. For the first time, I then knew of the pestilence that is walking in darkness, so that men are struck by it when they are not aware.”

For such persons—persons who are, as I was, until recently, comparatively ignorant of the terrible extent and effects of the vice, and the great efforts made to suppress it—I have prepared and printed these Notes.*]

* Although I have gathered these facts from many and varied sources, there are three books to which I have been specially indebted; the first is “ The Condensed Argument for the Legislative Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic,”

"Ask what the Judges, Doctors, Jailers, think."

THE JUDGES.—"Almost every crime has its origin more or less in drinking."—Judge Gurney. "Ninety-nine cases out of every hundred are caused by drinking."—Judge Erskine. "If it were not for drinking, you and I would have nothing to do."—Judge Pattison's charge to the Grand Jury. "If all men could be persuaded from the use of intoxicating drinks, the office of Judge would be a sinecure."—Judge Alderson. "Three-fourths of the cases of crime have their origin in public-houses and beer-shops."—Judge Wightman. "More mischief is done by drunkenness than by any vice in the country."—Judge Platt. "But for the offences brought on by the excessive use of intoxicating liquors the courts of justice might nearly be shut up."—Judge Coleridge. "Nine-tenths of the cases to be tried were caused by drink."—Chief Justice Bovill. "Whatever step we take, and into whatever direction we may strike, the drink demon starts up before us, and blocks the way."—M. D. Hill, Q.C., Recorder of Birmingham. Chief Baron Pigott said, at the Tipperary Assizes, "The offence of drunkenness is at the bottom of every crime in the country." Baron Hughes, at Armagh, "Almost every crime is attributable to intoxication." Baron Fitzgerald, "Nineteen-twentieths of the crimes committed in Ireland is traceable to that most powerful source of crime—drunkenness." Justice Lawson, at the Cavan assizes (1872), said, "Drunkenness seemed to increase in the direct ratio of the prosperity of the people. It led to almost all the crime committed in the country." "I can keep no terms," said Chief Justice Coleridge recently, "with a vice that fills our gaols; that destroys the comfort of homes and the peace of families, and debases and brutalises the people of these islands." The Grand Jury at the Central Criminal Court, London, made the following presentment: "The Grand Jury cannot withhold from the court the amazement and horror they have felt during their investigations, at the systematic countenance of and encouragement to, vicious habits by the facilities afforded by the numberless PLACES OF RESORT for drinking and profligacy, thereby providing nurseries for crime and destitution; and they earnestly hope that some effectual steps may be taken, either by the withholding of licences, or curtailing the hours for the sale of intoxicating liquors, and thus grapple with a system of demoralisation as antagonistic to the interests of religion, and as injurious to the social well-being of all classes of the community, as it is degrading to us as an enlightened nation." I have printed a long list; yet it is only a selection.

by Frederic Richard Lees, Ph. D.; it is a book so conclusive and convincing that no one can read it without a deep and fervent desire to aid the cause of which the author is the eloquent and philosophic advocate. Another valuable work is "Our National Resources: How they are Wasted," by Mr. William Hoyle; an appalling picture, indeed, but one that must do enormous service and carry conviction—not only as to the prodigious spread of the curse, but that it may be, and will be, arrested. The other book is a "Report by the Committee on Intemperance for the Lower House of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury," containing "testimonies" from judges, jailers, coroners, doctors, magistrates, parochial clergy, superintendents of lunatic asylums, chaplains and governors of prisons, masters of work-houses, and the constabulary, "in answer to forms of inquiry" as to the extent, the causes, the results, and the remedies of intemperance. These "testimonies" were received from all parts of the Kingdom.

THE DOCTORS.—This "Declaration" was signed by 2,000 medical men in the United Kingdom, India, and the British Colonies; "That a very large portion of human misery, including poverty, disease, and crime, is induced by the use of alcoholic or fermented liquors as beverages;" and this by 300 leading Physicians and Surgeons of the Metropolis: "Being firmly convinced that the great amount of drinking of alcoholic liquors among the working-classes of this country is one of the greatest evils of the day, destroying—more than anything else—the health, happiness, and welfare of these classes, and neutralising, to a large extent, the great industrial prosperity which Providence has placed within the reach of this Nation, the undersigned would gladly support any wise legislation that would tend to restrict, within proper limits, the use of alcoholic beverages, and gradually introduce habits of temperance." They also expressed the opinion that no medical man should prescribe alcohol "without a sense of grave responsibility." Sir Henry Thompson (in an admirable and most valuable letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, which has been reprinted generally throughout the Kingdom), thus writes: "I have long had the conviction that there is no greater cause of evil, moral and physical, in this country than the use of alcoholic beverages. . . . I have no hesitation in attributing a very large proportion of some of the most painful and dangerous maladies which come under my notice, as well as those which every medical man has to treat, to the ordinary and daily use of fermented drink taken in the quantity which is conventionally deemed moderate." Dr. Carpenter, addressing the British Association (Bradford, 1873), said, "Drunkenness darkened the mind, injured the nerves, and destroyed the will of the individual." "Let me ask my professional brethren the cause of a vast amount of kidney and liver diseases, diseases of the brain and nervous system, insanity, paralysis, and idiocy? From what cause more than half the accidents which fill our hospitals? What number of suicides occur in the depressing stage following over-excitement of alcohol?"—J. W. Turner, F.R.C.S. Of these opinions, also, I give but a limited selection.

THE JAILERS.—Take a single example—the town of Liverpool: In one year 13,614 persons (5,030 being females) were taken into custody, charged with "drunkenness," 1,380 with the additional offence of "assaulting the police," 3,078 were described as "habitual drunkards;" 1,077 were committed to jail for three days in default of payment of the fine of five shillings—836 males, and 1,131 females. Well might the chaplain of the jail thus comment on that fact: "Were it not for drunkenness a jail one-third the size of this would suffice." The Deputy Governor of Winchester jail writes: "Seventeen out of every twenty owe their incarceration to drink." At the Perth Assizes, Lord Ivory said: "Almost all the cases (fifty-two) to be tried arose from drink." At the Cheshire General Sessions, at Chester, the Rev. J. M. Kilner, chaplain of Chester Castle, in his report stated that, "from a careful retrospect of his books, he found that out of 11,616 prisoners who had come under his notice during his connection with the castle (sixteen years), 7,332, or more than 63 per cent., had been violators of the law through drunkenness and its consequences." The jail chaplain of Manchester writes: "Of 1,000 criminals whose cases he had investigated—714 males, 286 females; of the 286 females, 157 confessed they were drunkards, and many of these are not yet 20 years of age; of the 714 males, 554 confessed they were drunkards, and a large number of these are not

20 years of age; so, out of the 1,000 prisoners, 711 admit they are drunkards." The Metropolis: The Rev. Dawson Burns, one of the ablest workers in the cause, who has long been doing the work the *Times* says "has to be done," gives this fearful summary in one of his many letters to the leading journal: "The police authorities have furnished me with the following 'Return of the persons apprehended by the Metropolitan police during each of the following years for the offences stated below:—"

Year.	Drunk and disorderly conduct.	Drunkenness.	Total.
1868 ...	10,463 ...	9,169 ...	19,632
1869 ...	10,853 ...	9,538 ...	20,391
1870 ...	11,540 ...	10,076 ...	21,623
1871 ...	13,016 ...	11,197 ...	24,213
1872 ...	16,420 ...	12,689 ...	29,109
Total ...	62,301 ...	52,669 ...	114,970

In the year ending September 20th, 1872, the "apprehensions for drunkenness" in the United Kingdom amounted to 151,984, nearly double what they were in 1863.

"The man who knows the blessings Temperance gives."

Following the statements of Judges, Doctors, Jailers, may be introduced some comments by each of them as they refer to total abstiners:—

"Let me quote a fact quite well known—the Governor of Canterbury Gaol stated that in 22,000 persons who passed through his jail in fifteen years he had never met with a single teetotaler."—W. S. Caine. "A gentleman who has been for thirty years on the Board of Guardians at Newcastle-on-Tyne (George Charlton, Esq., Mayor of Gateshead) states that in the whole of that time he never knew a single total abstainer to apply for relief." "The rule is universal, that where no public-house exists, there the demand for relief from the parish is reduced to a minimum."—Samuel Fothergill. I quote the following from answers to the Canterbury Convocation:—"During twenty-eight years of official life (as a Jail Governor) to the best of my knowledge I never had a total abstainer in custody." "I do not remember, in my career as a policeman during nine years, to have had a teetotaler in custody for any offence whatever." "I have been master of workhouse and relieving officer for eleven years," said one witness, "and during that time I never knew a teetotaler applying for parish relief." Another said: "Among the upwards of 170 men and women in this house, there is not one teetotaler to be found."

"High boons to soul and body Temperance brings."

Every member of a temperance society ought to receive from his employer larger wages than he who is even but occasionally drunk. He gains more for his employer and ought to be paid more, not only as an act of justice but as an encouragement and an example. I heard a teetotal navy say at a public meeting—"My comrades accuse me of being an unfair man because I do the work of two men. I tell them it's teetotalism. I don't work harder than one of them to do the work of two; and then I ask them to come and look at my home and my children to see how I spend my double wage." Mr. Thomas Brassey, senior, told me that at one time he employed 20,000 men, at wages from £2 to £5 weekly; but that he did not believe twenty of them had £5

saved at the end of the year. His son, Mr. Thomas Brassey, M.P., states :— “ But some of the most powerful among the navvies have been teetotalers. On the Great Northern Railway, there was a celebrated gang of navvies, who did more work in a day than any other gang on the line, and always left off work an hour and a half earlier than the other men. Every navvy in this powerful gang was a teetotaler.” John Ware, M.D. (Boston, U.S.) : “ None labour so constantly, so cheerfully, and with so little exhaustion, as those who entirely abstain. None endure so well hardships and exposure, the inclemency of weather, and the vicissitudes of seasons.” Alcohol taken to obtain strength for labour, physical or intellectual, is a gross delusion. It is as if a man about to run a race had voluntarily weighted himself to impede his motion. The highest authorities and safest guides assert that alcohol does not assist, but does prevent, digestion; that it impairs the vital organs; “ acts as a poison upon blood and tissues;” “ produces susceptibility to morbid action in all the organs;” “ congests the membranes of the brain;” “ resulting in painful and lingering diseases.” “ In England, where Government and LIFE ASSURANCE statistics are accessible, it has been established that the health of teetotalers is, on the average, one half better than that of moderate and free drinkers together; and that *the value of life* amongst abstainers is increased by *one-third* as compared with the moderate drinkers.”

“ *The nation gets—and what it pays—for drink.*”

The gross amount of revenue collected in the year ending March 31, 1873, from alcoholic liquors and malt, was as under :—

From Home-made spirits	£13,740,542
„ Foreign and Colonial Spirits.....	4,881,566
Total from Ardent spirits	18,631,108
„ Malt	7,544,175
„ Wine	1,686,639
	<u>27,861,922</u>
From licences to sell intoxicating liquors (about)	1,700,000
	<u>£29,561,922*</u>

That is what the nation “ gets; ” see what the nation “ pays ” to get it.

During the seven years ending 1872, the money *directly* spent upon intoxicating liquors in the United Kingdom, is thus estimated by Mr. Hoyle Author of “ Our National Resources, and How they are Wasted ” :—

1866	£113,025,458
1867	110,122,206
1868	113,164,874
1869	112,885,603
1870	118,830,281
1871	118,606,060
1872	131,601,490
	<u>£810,642,01†</u>

* In the year ending March 31, 1872, the total thus received was £26,816,314.

† It may be borne in mind that the national debt is less than 800 millions.

Those who doubt this statement may have their doubts removed. Intemperance "deluges the land with pauperism, crime, insanity, social and domestic misery, while it blocks the way of educational, religious, moral, and political progress." "Then, again, there is the loss of time and labour through drunkenness. That was estimated by the Parliamentary Committee of 1834 at fifty millions yearly." It would be safe to calculate such loss as very much greater in 1873.

Mr. Hoyle has, in answer to my application, supplied me with this statement, showing what the NATION PAYS for intoxicating drinks, as a "set off" against THE GAIN of £29,561,922 :—

DIRECT COST—

Money expended upon intoxicating liquors (1872).....£131,601,400

INDIRECT COST—

1. Loss of labour and time to employers and workmen through drinking, estimated by Parliamentary Committee of 1834 at one-sixth of wealth produced—at least £50,000,000
2. Destruction of property by sea and land, and loss of property by theft and otherwise, the result of drinking 10,000,000
3. Public and private charges, by pauperism, destitution, sickness, insanity, and premature deaths, traceable to the use of intoxicating liquors 15,000,000
4. Loss of wealth arising from the idleness of paupers, criminals, vagrants, lunatics, &c., say 600,000, who might work and produce yearly £50 each 30,000,000
5. Loss of wealth arising from the unproductive employment of the judges, magistrates, lawyers, witnesses, policemen, jurymen, gaolers, poor-law guardians, clerks, rate-collectors, &c., whose time is employed through drink, cost of keeping criminals, &c..... 10,000,000
6. Loss arising from non-productiveness of capital in money spent upon drink, which in three or four years would reach £20,000,000 or much more annually 20,000,000

£266,601,400

"And saw the men who bought and drank his gin."

It is notorious that wealthy brewers and distillers are owners of a large number of public-houses and beer-shops, the rent of which is a comparatively small portion of their gains; the publican can only sell his landlord's manufacture, and is the perpetual advertiser of his "double X," "cream of the valley," "old Tom," and so forth. Not one in ten of those who sell drinks can go to any market in which he can obtain, such as it is, "the best."*

* Vide evidence of Mr. R. Hammond, junior, J.P., before the Parliamentary Committee. He adds: "In Yarmouth there are 182 public-houses; of these 128 are brewers' houses. . . . A great many of them are of the lowest and worst description. . . . But from the interest the parties have on the bench, little or nothing is said on the licensing day."

According to the report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, published February, 1870, the licences in the United Kingdom to sell intoxicating liquors were thus described:—

Publicans	98,009
Beersellers	52,500
Spirit Dealers	5,894
Beer Dealers	5,952
Wine Dealers	3,639
Sweets Dealers and Makers	123
Retailers of Wine (consumed off the premises)	4,780
Refreshment-house Keepers, selling Wine ...	2,974
Sweets Retailers	9,024
Packet Boat licences for sale thereon	374
Table Beer Sellers	2,720
Retail Brewers	17
	<hr/>
	186,006

Nothing stronger could be written concerning public-houses than this—copied from the *Times*, July, 1872:—“It would be impossible to find anything which stands for so much loss to soul, body, and estate, for so much discomfort and everything that is disagreeable, as the public-house. Even if we accept the best case that can be made for it in principle, the fact is still a huge nuisance and misery. It is not only the quiet religious family, or the respectable householder, that regards the public-house as one of the enemies of his peace, but it is almost everybody except the publican and his landlord. It is the wife and children who see the day’s or week’s wages spent there. It is the neighbourhood disturbed by nightly broils and deeds of violence. It is the employer who finds his men demoralised and enfeebled. It is the honest tradesman who sees the money that should come to the counter go to the bar. THERE IS NOT A VICE, OR A DISEASE, OR A DISORDER, OR A CALAMITY OF ANY KIND THAT HAS NOT ITS FREQUENT RISE IN THE PUBLIC-HOUSE. IT DEGRADES, RUINS, AND BRUTALISES A LARGE FRACTION OF THE BRITISH PEOPLE.”

“The drunkard’s children share the drunkard’s curse.”

“It is scarcely necessary to say that the actual existence of intemperance in an individual member of society does not represent the mischief which this unit inflicts upon it. There is the evil example; there is the resultant poverty and distress to those dependent upon him—new factors of every malady; there is the *transmission to posterity* not only of various forms of disease—notably derangements of nerve-tissue—but of a proclivity to drink, which is established by competent authorities to be as hereditary as insanity itself.”—Dr. Edgar Sheppard. “Idiocy is the sin of the parent visited upon the children. That poison which, taken in excess, contracts life within the body of the mother, and transmits impaired and feeble constitutions to the unhappy offspring who *are* born, must, by natural law, affect the brain. Hence the frightful number of ‘Naturals’ to mock the civilisation we profess.” “There is no single habit in this country which so much tends to *deteriorate the qualities of the race*, and so much disqualifies it for endurance in that competition which in the nature of things must exist, and in which struggle the prize of superiority must fall to the best and to the strongest.”—Sir Henry Thompson. “Those who are habitually addicted to this revolting vice not only

injure their own bodies and minds, they likewise injure the minds and bodies of *their progeny*. It has been ascertained that the offspring of inebriate parents are generally more than usually depraved and criminal." Of 1,000 cases investigated by the gaol chaplain at Manchester: "Out of the 1,000 prisoners, 415 told me they had drunken fathers, and 113 said they had drunken mothers." "It is remarkable, that all the diseases that spring from drinking spirituous and fermented liquors *are liable to become hereditary*, even to the third generation, gradually increasing, if the course be continued, till the cause become extinct."—Dr. Darwin, F.R.S. "These highly curious annals of crime show, in the clearest manner, the fatal influence of the drinking of whisky upon the lowest classes; for out of 234 boys at present in the institution, it appears, from their own account, that the drunkenness of their parents stood thus:—Had drunken fathers, 72; drunken mothers, 62; both fathers and mothers drunken, 69. So that upwards of two-thirds of the whole boys have been precipitated into crime, through the habits of intoxication of one or both parents."—Sir Archibald Alison, of the Glasgow Refuge. "The sin of the parent is visited on a stunted, sickly, and debilitated offspring."—Canterbury Convocation. "Facts make clear the sad truth that the children of parents whose systems were tainted by alcoholic poison do start in life under great disadvantage. . . . They are more likely to fall into the pauper class or criminal class."—Hon. R. C. Pitman, in the Massachusetts Senate. "The habits of the parents of 300 of the idiots were learned, and 145, or nearly one-half, are reported as known to be habitual drunkards."—Dr. S. G. Howe (Massachusetts) Report to the Legislature. "The drunkard entails mental disease on his family."—Sir W. A. F. Browne, M.D. Dr. W. B. Carpenter, F.R.S., expresses a very strong opinion as to the "hereditary transmission" of the drunkard's disease. A declaration has been signed by twenty-one physicians, that "the use of alcohol entails diseased appetite upon offspring." "Dr. North (United States) remarks that children nursed by intemperate women are peculiarly liable to derangements of the digestive organs, and convulsive affections; and that he has seen the latter almost instantly removed by the child being transferred to a temperance woman." Dr. E. Smith writes, "The drinking habit of the mother is a common occasion of dropsy in the brain of infants." "The drinking mother," says a high medical authority, "is a monster. She strikes a blow at reason and virtue in the very womb."*

"Drank the poison you supplied."

"The certain truth that our alcoholic beverages—notably, whisky, gin, brandy, and rum—contain a deleterious agent which is decimating our population. . . . They are largely mixed with amylic or fusel oil, ingredients which condition, for the most part, the miserable consequences of habitual sottishness. All the spirits in use are nothing more or less than alcohol thus flavoured."—Mr. Phillips, principal of the Laboratory of the Analytical Department for the Inland

* Dr. Carpenter gives a fearful list of the diseases that are generated by alcohol: delirium tremens, insanity, oinomania, idiocy, apoplexy, paralysis, epilepsy, moral perversion, irritation of the mucous membrane of the stomach, gastric dyspepsia, congestion of the liver, and others.

Revenue. "Upwards of sixty persons expressed belief in the adulteration of beer." "There is no doubt that much of the liquor sold at public-houses and beer-shops is adulterated, and often injuriously. The worst kind is a cheap liquor popularly called 'clink.'" "Public-house beer is generally adulterated with deleterious ingredients." "The beer is abominably adulterated." "The vile mixtures sold instead of genuine beer."—Canterbury Convocation Report. "During the last financial year, 26 samples of beer and materials found in the possession of licensed brewers have been analysed, and of these 20 were found to be illicit, the prohibited ingredients being, in 14 samples, grains of paradise—one of these samples containing, in addition, tobacco; in two others *cocculus indicus* was present in large and dangerous quantities; two samples contained capsicum; and the remaining two proto-sulphate of iron."—Dr. Edgar Sheppard, Professor of Psychological Medicine at King's College. The learned physician asks why distillers and publicans are not prosecuted for making and vending impure alcohol as well as the milkmen we are "down upon" for adulterating milk with water. There are few "vested interests" in the milk trade, and there is no milkman in Parliament. But the milkman is not the only "adulator" the law pursues: there is scarcely a branch of trade in which some vendors have not been prosecuted—all but the publican who sells, and the distiller and brewer who make, the poison! Surely a time is near when "even-handed justice" will punish culprits of this class as severely at least as those who mix water with milk.* In a very recent case concerning "nourishing stout," it was asserted in court that "the quality was improved by *something put into the casks after they reached the plaintiff's cellar.*" And in another recent case, where a man died from drinking four gills of sherry, "It was proved by Mr. Railton, analytical chymist, that the wine deceased had drunk did not contain twenty per cent. of the juice of the grape, and that in four gills there must have been a gill of proof spirit in the wine. The jury returned a verdict attributing death to an overdose of alcohol." "IT IS SIMPLY ILLOGICAL AND UNJUST TO PUNISH THE BAKER AND LET THE VINTNER ESCAPE FOR ESSENTIALLY IDENTICAL ACTS."—J. L. W. Thudichum, M.D., on adulteration of Sherries. Of Ports, also, a like verdict has been given: where "brandy and other spirits (evil spirits many of them in all senses), essences, alum, catechu, valonia, and glycerine, do so much for the palate and the nostril." †

I heard Dr. Edmunds say, at a meeting of the Alliance, "YOU CANNOT ADULTERATE LIQUORS WITH ANYTHING WORSE THAN ALCOHOL."

* There is a book published "*for the use of publicans and spirit dealers,*" called the "MIXING AND REDUCING BOOK." It professes to tell the publican how to "mix" with the spirit, oils of juniper, angelica, bitter almonds, coriander, nitric acid (aqua fortis), cassia buds, chillies; how to purify tainted gin; how to improve the colour of gin; how to give gin artificial strength, &c., &c. A work, "THE BREWER," is also issued by the same publisher.

† Greek wines, recently introduced by Mr. Denman, are recommended by the faculty and by other accepted authorities as pure, unadulterated, "unfortified." Those who *will* drink wine had better take it with as little admixture of poison as is possible; and, perhaps, there is evidence that this Greek wine is the purest, *i. e.* the least alcoholic, of all wines. Mr. Denman has published a pamphlet to expose the system of adulterating wines: converting into rank poison that which Nature made wholesome and pure.

“ Was wreck'd with half his crew in sight of land.”

Two or three cases may suffice. It would be easy to quote a score in which the ship did not actually “go down.” The *total* wrecks of which there were no survivors—details concerning which underwriters hüt surmise—can be found only in the book of the Recording Angel. In a recent case, Mr. Hooker said he was prepared to prove by the witnesses that from the time the ship left —, where Captain — took charge of her, until she arrived at Liverpool, the captain was perpetually drunk, behaved like a maniac, brutally ill-treated the crew, and daily jeopardised their lives and the safety of the ship.” Another case:—“On the arrival of the *Sarah-Ann* at Dover, the pilot, the master, and the master’s wife, were rowed ashore from the roadstead where the vessel lay at anchor, all three being in a state of helpless intoxication. On board the ship a large portion of gunpowder was lying in proximity to the galley fire. The pilot had to be lifted from the bottom of the boat into the nearest wheelbarrow, and wheeled to the police-station.”—*Pall Mall Gazette*. Another case:—“The cook, boatswain, and steward, when they found the ship sinking, went down to the cabin and made themselves drunk, and were seen no more.”—Loss of the *Clyde*, Valentia Harbour, November, 1873.

A sea-captain took with him a four-gallon cask of brandy; “And the four gallons,” said the merchant who owned the ship, “cost me four thousand pounds.” “It is notorious that the annual destruction of property and life through accident and shipwreck caused by Intemperance is enormous.”

“ A drunken Maori in the public stocks.”

The anecdote was told to me by Edmund Halswell, Esq., to whom the circumstance occurred during his residence as a magistrate in New Zealand. The Rev. Mr. Andrews, in his account of the Mohawks of Georgia, thus describes the effect of spirits upon them:—“They grow quite mad—burn their own little huts—murder their wives and children, or one another,—so that their wives are forced to hide their guns and hatchets, and themselves too, for fear of mischief.” In 1873, an interview took place at Capetown between the Colonial Secretary, and two Kaffir chiefs. The secretary, having expressed his regret that there was so much drunkenness among the Kaffirs, the chief, Sewani, said, “Yes, that is a matter I have to talk about. Why did you bring this temptation before us? Why is it brought into our locations—to our very doors?” Subsequently he said, “We cannot resist this evil which Government has allowed to be brought to us—to be forced upon us.” “None but those who have come directly in contact with the evils of intemperance among the natives of India, who have witnessed the complete mastery it attains over, and the wreck to which it reduces them, both in body and soul, can have any adequate conception of the extent and power of the evil.”—Rev. E. Scudder, M.A. “Hear the report of the missionaries,” said John Bright, in one of his advocacy-speeches on Temperance. “Through the drunkenness of British and American seamen, and the extensive introduction by them of ardent spirits amongst the natives, many of the little churches gathered upon the heathen strand—the pledges, as we have accustomed ourselves fondly to regard them, of the world’s conversion—have been broken up; the labours of the missionaries thwarted, and their lives endangered; the beautiful islands which gem the bosom of the Pacific, in peril of being flung back into the scathed and blighted desolation of spiritual death.”

“A fierce virago is she.”

“Of all the affecting spectacles that can be witnessed, there is none so utterly dreadful as to see a woman—a wife—a mother—staggering drunk out of a gin-palace. The imagination shrinks from following out the evil to all its results; but no one can have visited the poor in great cities without being profoundly conscious of the desolation caused by female intoxication. WHY NOT PUNISH THE MAN WHO SUPPLIES THE MEANS OF SUCH RUIN?”—Charles Buxton, M.P. (brewer), *North British Review*, vol. xxii., p. 466.

“Is he God’s minister who skulks along?”

He cannot fail to shudder who reads the many details of clergymen “of all denominations” who, having preached to others, have become castaways. We find recorded in a Welsh paper the results of drinking on the part of a minister of the Gospel. His name is given, for the case was public. He drank and slept in a cab; but he had made the driver drunk, and the wretched man fell from his seat and broke his neck. In the following case also the name is given: “Police-constable Hughes related the condition in which he found the reverend gentleman. He was quite incapable, and had ridden his horse to such an extent that two shoes were off its feet, and the others were in a bad condition. When he took defendant off the horse he could not walk without support, and he placed him in a waggon to convey him to the police station. When defendant came to fetch his steed he was again drunk, and on being told that the animal wanted shoeing he refused to give more than 5½d. for having it done, preferring to ride the poor beast barefooted, as he came.” “We have known, not one minister, but scores, ruined by the Syren Alcohol. Three distinguished dissenting preachers, *in our own locality*, whom we knew, were dismissed from their pulpits—one, the eldest of the three, the Rev. E. P., fell into the snares of drink, seduced a lady of his congregation, and died abroad;—the second, *the son of the former*, and one of the most eloquent preachers we ever listened to, became a hopeless drunkard, and it is to be feared died in that state, from the result of an accident;—the third, the Rev. W. T., we heard of, some time ago, in the west, the most degraded sot of the place where he resided. We could name several others less distinguished for talent, both in the Episcopal Church and amongst dissenting congregations, who have fallen into the snare.”—Dr. F. R. Lees.*

“The wretched youth is mad.”

“The alarming amount of madness in the United Kingdom is well known to be in great part owing to the abuse of fermented liquors.” That fact is very easily proved. Lord Shaftesbury states that “having been for sixteen years chairman of the Lunacy Commission, he has ascertained that no less than three-fifths of the cases of insanity, both here and in America, are from this cause.” “The worst cases of general paralysis and diseases of the brain and

* Yet a clergyman was actually found to take a seat at the annual dinner of the “Stamford Licensed Victuallers’ Association!” and to reply for THE TOAST OF THE CLERGY! It is reported, indeed, that he said of the publicans, his hosts:—“Their influence for good was enormous, and in many cases it far exceeded that of all the bishops on the bench and all the beneficed clergymen in England!”

mind which came under my notice in a certain class of society arose from this most pernicious practice."—Dr. Forbes Winslow. "Intemperance is the most prolific cause of insanity, especially amongst the labouring classes."—*British Medical Journal*. "For twelve years I have here watched and chronicled the development of the greatest curse which afflicts this country. From thirty-five to forty per cent. is a fairly approximate estimate of the ratio of insanity directly or indirectly due to alcoholic drinks."—Dr. Edgar Sheppard, dating from Colney Hatch. The twenty-sixth report of the Commissioners of Lunacy shows that the total number of lunatics, idiots, and persons of unsound mind in England and Wales, registered on the 1st January, 1872, was 58,640, being an increase of 1,885 upon the cases recorded on the 1st of January, 1871.

"You guess the poor girl's fate—a life of sin!"

"The public-house is the mainstay of the 'Social Evil' as confessed by unfortunate women, when, from time to time, they have been led to the penitentiaries; and after they have been reclaimed, the danger of a relapse hangs almost entirely upon a return to drinking habits." Dr. Hawkins, in a paper on the "Moral Statistics of Manchester," states that "out of seventy unfortunate women interrogated, *one-half* were drunk at the time, viz., ten o'clock on Sunday morning." "To the effects of liquor, multitudes must refer both their *first deviation* from virtue, and their subsequent *continuance* in vice." Mr. J. Wilson, overseer of St. Margaret's, Westminster, deposed, that as to the causes of their fall—"Almost, if not always, they have attributed it to the excitement of liquor." It is as certain that sin has its most effective sustainers in the public-house as it is that sin exists. "Ah! sir," said a poor girl to Mr. W. Logan, author of *The Moral Statistics of Glasgow*, "we never could go on in our miserable course were it not for intoxicating liquors." Mr. Poynder, Under-Sheriff of London, thus wrote:—"When the history of these poor fallen women shall be read in the light of the last Great Day, it will unmistakably be found that their fate was most intimately bound up with a legalised Liquor Traffic." The subject is one that I cannot pursue further. The abstracting *even of one hour* from the night of liquor sale has produced good results; all authorities agree as to that fact. I quote only one—a passage from the Report of the "Midnight Meeting movement." "The haunts of debauchery and vice are silent when they formerly were most noisy, and the strings of wretched revellers who formerly trooped from tavern to tavern during the small hours, betake themselves home just as they used to be beginning the evening a few years ago. Of course there is less drinking in consequence, and of course the night-house keepers are indignant and evasive. . . . Profligacy has lost half its grossness by the *early closing act*." It is just the clause the publicans are banded to repeal—to keep open again till twelve o'clock. The hour before midnight is that for which the publicans most eagerly contend, for then the reason of the drunkard has left his control, and he will spend his kept-back shilling; then miserable and sinful women have lost the last grain of shame, and drained their victims; then the tempters put out their glaring gaslights and count their gains, heedless of the miseries, the degradations, the crimes, the murders, the suicides—ripe produce of moneys heaped up in the till.

"Can you not tell what these pool-bubbles mean?"

A short time ago, a woman entered an hotel at Virginia Water, took a drink at the bar, and, asking permission to leave there a small basket and an umbrella, walked through the back-door and into the water. She must have gone twenty yards nearly before the water was deep enough to drown her. The basket contained only things for her "laying out." Her husband on giving evidence said that a year before she had been left a sum of money; from the unhappy day of her receiving it she was never sober; it was all spent; with her last sixpence she bought her last drink, and went deliberately to meet her God—a suicide.

"Him to whom Ireland owes a mighty debt."

Alas! all accounts from Ireland concur in describing drunkenness to be almost as extensive there as it was before Father Mathew wrought his wonderful reformation in the habits of its people.* But, at least, this vast good remains: drunkenness is now looked upon as a degradation; in the old times it was rather a source of pride than of shame; an Irishman drunk was "an Irishman all in his glory;" and in the upper classes it was considered a breach of hospitality to permit any guest to depart sober from a festive party. Now, a gentleman is very rarely seen intoxicated, and a peasant will skulk home through by-ways if the foul drop has mastered him. Immense efforts are making by Protestant and Roman Catholic to restore Temperance to a country proverbially rich in "raw material;" and by God's help and blessing these efforts will be successful. My intimacy with the Good Priest, the Rev. Theobald Mathew, is among the happiest of my memories. I loved and honoured him. Truly, he was one of the very best servants of his Master: a good man, a thorough gentleman, a faithful Christian, and an earnest and devoted labourer for the work God gave him to do. Yes, it is one of the happiest, and, also, one of the proudest, of my memories, that I was "the first Englishman who did him justice." (IRELAND, ITS SCENERY AND CHARACTER, by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall: 1840.) I quote that passage from one of his letters to me. He died before age had weakened his power; died from over-toil, and alas! "the wear and tear" incident to impoverished means.

"Giles Jonson was a yeoman—well to do."

I heard this tale at a Temperance meeting, thirty years ago, from the man who was the hero of it. To his story, much as I have told it, he added—"And here's my wife; I drove her to this meeting in her own one-horse shay." I quote a few incidents from several that occurred at a Temperance meeting; no doubt there are many who could furnish me with even stronger facts:—"Pll buy no more caps or bombazine gowns for landladies," said a sturdy convert; "but my own wife shall have them." "I can now send my

* "It is our painful duty to add, that in the disgraceful crime of drunkenness, and in the assaults which are its outcome, *Ireland has a bad pre-eminence*. In 1872 there were 83,289 cases of drunkenness in Ireland, against 33,891 in a corresponding number of the population of England and Wales; and 30,246 common assaults against 18,387. These are figures which no countryman of Father Mathew can read without a blush of shame."—*Freeman's Journal*, 8th November, 1873.

children to school and go to a place of worship myself," said another. "I became an ale-house politician, a drunken reformer, trying to govern the nation, and yet not able to reform myself. Ask my employers *now* whether I do not work better; ask my fellow-workmen also." This was said by another: "I never was so well in my life; and my house, which was hell, is turned into heaven by tee-total." And this by another: "I am now respected and in good credit, and I can serve God as I ought to do. Ask my wife!" A voice from the crowd was heard: "Yes, and I love thee better than ever I did!" They were nearly all reclaimed drunkards who at that meeting signed this address:—"We are now happy; our wives are comfortable; our children are provided for; we are in better health; better in circumstances; we have peace of mind!" Take an example from another order of society. Hear what was said by Edward Baines, Esq., at a public meeting in Leeds: "This day, the 9th of November (1870), thirty-three years ago, I made a resolution to try the experiment of total abstinence from spirits, wine, and beer. I tried it for a month, and I was as well, as happy, and as strong, and did as much work at the end of the month as at the beginning. I have tried it for all the months and years that have elapsed since, and with almost unvarying health, comfort, vigour, and happiness in the discharge of the duties of life. Now for comfort and happiness. I believe most conscientiously that I enjoy myself more, enjoy my food more, enjoy whatever I have taken to drink more, enjoy my sleep more, and enjoy my work more, and have done more work than if I had taken any intoxicating drink."

"He took the pledge, and well the pledge he kept."

Very recently, one of the most eminent and prosperous of our manufacturers told me this:—"I had a brother and a son, both drunkards. I could never persuade my brother that two glasses of wine were better than two bottles, and that none was better than either. He died; I will not say in what state. With my son I could do nothing; he was a perpetual dread and disgrace to me, and a terrible affliction to his family and friends. I sent him to China, mainly to be rid of him—lest he might infect with the disease his younger brothers. I rejoice and am thankful to God to say he is now my partner, and a more estimable man or more valuable member of society does not live. He took the pledge—and kept it. For five years no drop of stimulant has passed his lips, and I believe by God's help and blessing it never will." This is but one of tens of thousands of cases as strong. A volume of "illustrative facts" might be given to show that reformed drunkards have become conscientious and useful citizens and valuable heads of families. No one would believe that the labour of "Good Templars" and other Temperance societies has been labour in vain: God has given an abundant harvest of their work.

"From dreary haunts we shudder but to name."

"These lodging-houses are, moreover, the seething hotbeds of depravity and crime, and being adjacent to the habitations of the lowest class of our labouring poor, the indecent and immoral habits of the population infect whole streets, and cast a gloomy shadow of squalor and vice over the locality."—Dr. Ross, Medical Officer, Bloomsbury. "There is not a sin which the imagination of man can conceive which is not rife in that north bank of the River Thames. I saw there figures and faces deformed and defiled by the

sin of drunkenness, and, *therefore*, by every other form of sin; a sight horrible to look upon; and all this is the creation of drink."—Archbishop Manning. The late Home Secretary (Bruce), having referred to the "recklessness and moral degradation which sprung from, and were occasioned by, the liquor traffic, said that, "Our prisons, lunatic asylums, and workhouses were filled with inmates whose career had originated in their passion for intoxicating liquors. The back streets, courts, and alleys of most large towns were thronged with a squalid and dangerous population, who owed their degradation to the same cause; even rural districts were not free from the curse."

"Yet of the village she was once the pride."

"The details of those successive days in vice, be they few or many, which commence in misfortune or folly, and end in death, it may be well to cover; be that as it may, the simple attractive country lass passes off from one side of life's stage, while on the other she enters, the wandering, suffering woman of sin. The character is changed. No more the country-girl—but, henceforth, in a word—she is an 'Unfortunate!' Yes, an 'Unfortunate!' Mild euphuism for indicating a life covered with every shade and character of misery, degradation, and revolting shame."—Midnight Meeting Movement.

"From pauper poor-houses—begrudged guests."

In 1871 the number of paupers in the United Kingdom was 1,280,188; the cost of maintaining them approaching fourteen millions. There were in 1873, 60,206 lunatics maintained at the public cost; in 1872, the cost of the police was £2,798,344. In England and Wales alone the paupers receiving relief on January 1, 1873, were 860,372, of whom 154,171 were indoor. Lunatics, idiots, and persons of unsound mind had increased from 41,120, in 1862, to 60,206 in 1872. This is exclusive of Scotland and Ireland. The total cost of supplying indoor paupers, and outdoor paupers, and workhouse officers *with ale, wine and spirits* during the year 1871 amounted to £126,701 9s. 4d.

"That witness is an artist."

One of the greatest of our sculptors—a man of lofty genius, largely "patronised," commanding all the elements of prosperity—was found one night in a gutter with a penny in his pocket. They conveyed him to the Middlesex Hospital, and there he died. I knew him well from the beginning to the close of his career. I knew also a landscape painter, the son of one whose name is now among the most renowned of his order. I persuaded him to take the pledge. He relapsed. I saw him reduced to the very dregs of poverty, wretchedness, self-reproach, and shame: his accomplished wife in rags—and despair. He died, I was told, in a madhouse. How many frightful cases of the kind have come within my own knowledge? Is there a single artist who could not relate from sad experience some tale, such as this, of an unhappy brother?

"Over the lone grave of the suicide."

"I think intoxication likely to be the cause of one half the inquests held."—Mr. Wakley, Coroner for Middlesex. On another occasion he said: "Gin may be thought the best friend I have: it causes me to hold annually 1,000

inquets more than I should otherwise hold." A communication appeared in the *Liverpool Mercury*, from the Coroner's clerk in Liverpool, from which we gather that "in seventeen out of every twenty inquests, drink has had more or less to do with the cause of death." Dr. Browne, of the Crichton Asylum, Dumfries, states that "of 222 cases of suicide taken as they came, at random, 158 sought death under the influence of drink." The mournful suicide of the Earl of Delawarr is fresh in memory. "He is not said to have been personally addicted to liquor, but his mind lost its balance and he destroyed himself because of the death of the lady who was 'under his protection;' and the medical testimony to the cause of her death is strong and striking, 'She was a great drinker!'" Such dismal facts as these are to be found in nearly every day's newspaper: "He was quite dead. He was very much addicted to drinking; in fact, he was hardly ever sober, and during the past three months his habits had been, if possible, more intemperate than before."—Deposition of the man who "cut him down." "The unfortunate gentleman had been for some time past under medical treatment for *delirium tremens*. One of the servants, hearing a noise in the passage, went up-stairs and found the captain lying on the floor weltering in blood, his head being close to the street door." "Deceased was hanging from a hook in the ceiling. There was a little child standing at the cellar-door as witness entered, but too young to speak." The man was a drunkard, and was drunk when he passed into eternity.

"What," exclaimed a bystander, gazing on the body of a suicide; "What did the man who sold him the gin get by this? Perhaps a shilling!"

"Destroys the appetite for meat and bread."

It would be easy to adduce proofs that total abstinence removes disease and restores health; that, however sudden may be the change from inebriety to sobriety, it is attended by no danger. No evidence can be so conclusive as that of the masters of workhouses and the chaplains and governors of jails; inasmuch as in workhouses and jails total abstinence is compulsory and continuous. Hear what the masters of workhouses say; I might quote a hundred answers to the same effect given to the Canterbury Convocation:—"I do not perceive that the inmates suffer in any way while in the workhouse from being total abstainers." "The change from excess to total abstinence which ensues on admission here, so far from being injurious, is highly beneficial both to the mental and bodily health of those admitted." "The health of paupers is greatly benefited by total abstinence from intoxicating liquors; in fact there can be no better proof of the benefits of total abstinence than the healthy condition of paupers, compared with the health of the same individuals when not in the house." And hear what the chaplains and governors of prisons say:—"In the majority of instances, if you wish to prolong the life of a drunkard, send him to gaol,—which is, in every sense of the term, a temperance establishment,—and you will achieve your object." "Teetotalism enables emaciated exhausted nature to revert to her original robustness, and has here transformed the prematurely aged and enfeebled to the healthfulness and activity of youth." "I never saw one prisoner injured of his or her health by enforced abstinence, but the reverse. *The women often recover their former good looks, even if they looked ugly and hideous on their admission.*"

"Her Bible, her dear mother's parting gift."

Mrs. S. C. Hall, so long ago as 1840, worked this incident into a small tract.* It is the record of an actual fact: the publican was so touched by the circumstance that he tore down the sign above his door, went down into his cellar, broke all the bottles, took the bungs out of the barrels, and let the contents flow into the sewer. He changed his public-house into a coffee-house: his example spread, his precepts had weight, and he prospered.

"See him: he issues from the human sty."

"If I am asked to point out the great cause and encouragement of Intemperance, I have no hesitation in ascribing it to that most disastrous Act of Parliament which set Beer-shops on foot. It has inflicted a terrible curse on this country." "The Beer-houses as at present conducted are a social pest." "The Beer-houses are an unmitigated nuisance." "The Act permitting Beer-shops is here, and I think everywhere, a curse." "Abolish Beer-houses, the seats of Vice and Intemperance."—Report: Canterbury Convocation. The late Chancellor Raikes on the Beer-shop Act: "He had seen its effects spreading like a blight all through the country: villages which formerly were like the creations of romance had become the scenes of every evil."

"The dead wife on the floor."

Scarcely a day passes without the record of murder or attempted murder such as that described. A few cases may be quoted. John Sibley murdered his wife Jane, and then cut his own throat. Policeman found the carving-knife covered with blood. A neighbour deposed that "when he took to drink he was a raving madman." Another neighbour stated that "latterly what money he earned he spent in drink, and this poor woman, his wife, has sat up for whole nights and days in succession, dressmaking, to find her children in bread. In the depth of winter she has sat nearly naked, without a fire, stitching, without a morsel in her lips for days together, purposely, so that her children might have food. She would not touch intoxicating liquor herself, and being literally starved and ill-treated was reduced to a mere skeleton, but with a woman's fortitude lived, forgiving her sinning husband day by day with the hope that some time he would reform." Take a case from a different station in life: "Lady P—, the wife of Sir H— P—, of P—, R—shire, obtained a judicial separation from her husband and £500 a year alimony. It appears that Sir H— had contracted a habit of drinking to excess, and was guilty of an extraordinary series of acts of cruelty towards his wife, including setting his bull-dogs at her, and repeatedly beating her, and firing pistols at her." In October, 1873, a ruffian was tried at the Old Bailey. The details are too disgusting to reprint. "She had been married to him nineteen years, and he had been given to drinking all his life." Baron Alderson, in sentencing this fiend, observed that "a man who indulged in drink might at any moment find himself at the bar of a criminal court." Address on the scaffold of George Driver, hanged at

* "The Drunkard's Bible," published among the Norwich Tracts (and by several Societies) at the charge of Sixpence for a dozen copies.

Chicago: "It was the poisonous drink that was in me that would not let me see what I was doing. That day when I shot my wife I did not know what I was doing till it was all over." This passage is extracted from an Irish paper: "Calmly though terribly affected, he (Edward Walsh, hung for the murder of his wife) ascended the scaffold; and as he stood on the drop it was a harrowing sight to behold; and oh! what a lesson to the drunkard!" In the year ending 29th September, 1872, it appears from the Criminal Statistics that out of the total number of fourteen capital sentences carried into execution, ten were for the murder by men of their wives or of women with whom they had cohabited. Of these ten cases, six were due directly and two presumably, to drunkenness. To two cases of hanging for wife-murder in 1873, the *Daily Telegraph* thus refers: "*** In both these instances ferocity had been fostered, humanity stifled, the men's hearts hardened, and their lives shortened, by drink." Well may the Poet Laureate write—

"When the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head,
Till the filthy by-lane rings with the yell of the trampled wife."

"His counsellor, companion, friend, and wife."

"Most husbands are what their wives make them. I believe much of the wretchedness that arises from intemperance may be traced to the neglect of home influence to procure ease, comfort, and respectability, and that very often wives are responsible for the issue—to God, if not to man. Has care been taken to lighten toil by the minute but numberless thoughts that bring sunshine into even the humblest and poorest household? Have the clothes been mended so as to keep out the rain when at work? Is the small fire-place bright, although rigid economy may be needful? Are the slippers ready to replace the boots that mount the staircase muddied? Were the children tidy and clean before they were put to rest? Is the kettle singing on the hob? Has the wife a word of greeting and a smile of welcome? Is there a book beside the table—is '*the Book*' there? Into such a household be sure the demon of drink will rarely enter! From such a home evil spirits will have no power to wile away the husband. Let us contemplate the reverse of the picture. Do we not know houses where the wife is a slattern, who rarely mends her clothes, and does not often use water; who is seldom occupied in any home duties; who spends her time in gossip, and wastes the day from sunrise to sunset, doing only what *must* be done; who hears her husband stalk up the stairs, and has no loving welcome—nothing to cheer him after his hard day's work but the bare food, without the condiments of pleasant words and sweet smiles? The wet towels are on the chair before the dull fire; there is no dry coat to replace that which the rain has soddened; no change of shoes in the stead of those that are heavy with the mud of labour; if the children are yet awake they are peevish and fretful. Dear women friends, low and high, humble or elevated—for the lesson I desire you to read applies to the one just as much as it does to the other, to the mansion as to the cottage, to the costly 'suite' as to the single room—ponder over these things! Think how much is in your power to wile the husband from the club and the beer-shop. How terrible is your responsibility, for soul and for body, if you neglect such duties as make men sober, steady, domestic, industrious, and religious—if you encourage habits, the inevitable consequence of which will be, to send men

out of their homes to seek enjoyments in which you not only have no share, but which deprive you of those you might have, and peril all that most contributes to the good of society, the happiness of mankind, and the high and holy purposes of God!"—"Building a House with a Tea-cup!" a Penny Tract. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Partridge and Co., o, Paternoster Row.

The evil is by no means limited to the humbler classes; most of us could point to "Lordly Halls" where it exists. I have grieved when I heard (I have often heard) the lady of one of the greatest men of our age say to her husband, "O, Edward, I wish you would dine at your club to-day." Alas! a time came when he seldom went home at all; and, at length, never. They were "separated." It is a sad story and I cannot tell it. But in the stately mausoleum at —— there lies one who could. There are mansions in Belgravia, as there are houses in Whitechapel, where woman's influence, neglected or misdirected, leads to wretchedness, degradation, and vice.

"He blights the corn before it reach the ear."

"It appears that in many parts of the country the evil begins at the earliest age, and that youths and children may be found amongst its victims; and thus the physical, moral, and spiritual life of our people becomes infected at its source." "The ages of this band of juvenile drunkards range from under twelve years to twenty-one, among whom are 25 girls and 32 boys from fourteen to sixteen years old. These youthful inebriates are probably for the most part sons and daughters of either living or dead drunkards. The public-house thus blights two generations at once. "I saw a boy of ten or twelve years old, who works at a paper mill, staggering about the fields—he was drunk." "As soon as they earn wages the boys get beer." "Lads of nine and ten begin to frequent public houses with their parents."—Report: Canterbury Convocation. "I know," said Archbishop Manning, "there are boys and girls of twelve who are beginning to be drinkers of spirits." The Rev. Henry Berken, of the Forest of Dean, deposed that he had seen boys of twelve years old staggering home, from the public-house, drunk.

"He prays to be delivered from the snare."

I hazard the assertion that if the proposal to close public-houses were left to the decision of drunkards they would be shut up—if, that is to say, the votes were given when the brain-madness had passed off. If the votes of two-thirds of the ratepayers are taken under the Permissive Bill, many drunkards will be found among the voters. They cannot resist temptation that lures them as they pass from labour to their homes, but would do so if they had to go some distance for drink—and be thankful! The evidence of many drunkards has been supplied on that head, and it is conclusive.*

* Seghill is a Northumberland colliery village, eight miles north of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and contains a population of about two thousand. The houses all belong to the colliery owners, including the two licensed public-houses, which are by far the largest and best in the place. The opinions of the miners above 21 years of age on the desirability of closing the two houses were taken by eight miners. When the voting-papers were gathered in, it was found that 505 names were attached, divided as follows:—*for* closing, 433; *against* closing, 55; *neutral*, 17. The result was sent to the owners, who immediately gave the publicans notice to quit.

“Suggestive prints adorn the paper’d walls.”

There are few temperance homes without engravings on the walls—emphatic teachers and eloquent preachers. “The British Workman,” for one penny, gives such as are of unsurpassed excellence in drawing and engraving. Mr. Smithies has thus laid foundations of incalculable value; and the Religious Tract Society has issued a series of cottage prints, so good that the stateliest mansions cannot procure better.

“No better men when sober, drunk none worse.”

Intemperance in the army is a grievous blot on the service. There are small fines for drunkenness, the proceeds to be given to “well-conducted non-commissioned officers and men, on discharge from the army.” In the year 1860-70, the drunkards paid not less than £13,262 14s. 3d.; yet only £22 os. 11d. were disbursed by way of rewards for good conduct! In 1870-71, however, the disproportion, though still very great, is less startling. £17,004 5s. 8d. were paid by drunkards; £1,520 6s. 11d. were disbursed to sober and well-conducted men. In 1871-72, the Drunkards’ Fund shows a decided increase; £21,106 os. 2d. were paid by them, and £5,861 2s. 5d. were distributed among the sober possessors of good-conduct badges. But it is admitted on all hands that while canteens are sanctioned within barracks, drunkenness is inevitable. The system of recruiting, too, is a powerful helper to vice. Mr. Godley, Under-Secretary at War:—“I consider the way in which recruits are obtained to be both discreditable and immoral.” Another authority stated that “the whole of the bounty-money is not merely pure waste. It is, in fact, a curse, and not a boon to the soldier, being almost invariably spent in riot and debauchery.” It is, however, gratifying to know that, mainly through the instrumentality of one of God’s missionaries, a good lady (Miss Robinson), Regimental Temperance Societies, in association with the National Temperance League, exist in 140 regiments, into which 7,730 total abstainers have been enrolled. Sailors, too, are provided daily with rum as part of their rations, not in much strength or in large quantities, it is true, but sufficient to nurse their love for it, and render them weak and depraved drunkards when they get on shore; and here, another good lady (Miss Weston) is also doing God’s work, especially among the 34,280 seamen marines and boys that form our naval service. The admirable lady, Miss Nightingale, writing of the Crimea, grieves over the sight she often saw—of men not maimed in battle, but defaced by a foe more dreadful and deadly than the Russian or the plague. That soldiers and sailors can do, and are expected to do, without liquor, is proved by the results of the expedition to South Africa. “No spirit ration will be issued, except on the requisition of the medical officers.” “We are told that in 1864 about four hundred sailors and marines were landed from the *Rattlesnake*, and remained on shore for four months, with the loss of only two men. The grog-shops of the station were then closed by martial law. . . . Their field flasks were filled with cold coffee, and no spirits were allowed to be issued on the march.” “No spirit ration means no crime; from the absence of liquor, no troops can have been healthier.”—Narrative of the Red River Expedition.

"The children are in bed."

I have pictured the drunkard's children: it is needless to picture those of Temperance men and women. Something I should have said, however, of the BANDS OF HOPE and JUVENILE TEMPLARS. Perhaps there are 500,000 children who have been total abstainers all their lives, and by far the majority, if not all, will be so as long as they live. It is impossible to overrate the value of this grand movement—they are emphatically THE FUTURE. A bare list of these "societies" would occupy some pages of this book. They are earnestly guided and governed, morally and religiously taught, and will grow up to be the blessings, not only of their own homes, but of the world—as far as their influence can extend in it.* It should be known that when a child seeks to enlist in this army, he must obtain the written consent of one or both parents; and the "pledge" is, generally, only this: "I hereby promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks as beverages." Good Mr. T. B. Smithies told this anecdote at a public meeting. "It is my rule not to give the pledge to young boys and girls without the consent of the father. Two boys came to me without such consent. I sent them away to get it. By one it was brought; the other brought a letter from his father saying he would on no account let his son be a teetotaler. Many years afterwards I saw the parents of both these boys. One had died of delirium tremens; the other had been just taken into partnership by the master to whom he was apprenticed." God bless these Bands of Hope and Juvenile Templars; and God will bless them—with vigour and health, in manhood and womanhood—boons they will transmit to children; and in age, with comfort, prosperity, and self-respect, safe and sure in preparation for the Hereafter; for

"In their youth they never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to their blood;
Nor did not with unashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility."

"From gay saloons they come!"

Any passer-by may look into one of them and confirm what is said by a hundred witnesses. "In some the songs and singers were too disgusting to be dangerous: in others it was very different." "The songs were highly spiced with licentious hints, which were applauded by a mixed audience of both sexes." "It was painful to witness that the nearer the approach to licentiousness the louder grew the applause."—Canterbury Convocation Report.

"To any church; it little matters where."

If the "call" is to any class, it is surely a call to the ministers of religion. They have indeed largely responded to it. But while the enemy of God and man, the public-house, is the hourly tempter (on the Sabbath even more than

* The United Kingdom Band of Hope Union sold or circulated during the year 1872-3 the prodigious number of 243,293 publications intended and calculated for the young, but including 61,951 "pledge cards."

on other days) their efforts must be comparatively futile. This declaration was signed by 3,000 ministers of the gospel; and no doubt many other thousands have signed it in intention: "We, the undersigned, ministers of the gospel, are convinced by personal observation within our own sphere, and authentic testimony from beyond it, that the traffic in intoxicating liquors as drink for man is the immediate cause of most of the crime and pauperism, and much of the disease and insanity that afflict the land; that everywhere, and in proportion to its prevalence, it deteriorates the moral character of the people, and is *the chief outward obstruction to the progress of the gospel.*" This is the declaration of Archbishop Manning: "I protest not upon theory, but by the experience of long years—I may now say of a long life—that the moral and religious labour of us all will not suffice to save men from drunkenness while the Legislature studiously, year by year, multiplies profusely the temptations to drink." "The clergy everywhere, but in our large towns especially, are discouraged, cast down, almost driven to despair, through the universal prevalence of the vice (of drinking), and the temptations that are multiplied for its encouragement, on every hand, under the protection of law; it thwarts, defeats, and nullifies their Christian schemes and philanthropic efforts to such an extent that it is becoming a matter of grave question whether infidelity, religious indifference, and social demoralisation are not making head against us in defiance of all our churches, our clergy, our Scripture readers, and our schools."—Canterbury Convocation. One witness gives as the result of an inquiry extending over six successive Sundays, and including visits to 1,456 spirit-vaults, beer-houses, and public-houses, in Manchester, "that they had on a single Sunday 212,243 visitors; and that 22,232 of the calls were by children, some of whom went to drink on their own account, some to fetch drink, and some were bad characters." "The crusade in which you are engaged is so important and so sacred, that it must attract to its standard all true, noble, and generous souls—of whatever creed, class, party, or sect. It is a work for God, for humanity, and for eternity; and, in spite of all difficulties, it must and will go forward. Christianity, civilisation, and civil government must fail in the accomplishment of their objects, so far and so long as the liquor traffic, and its inevitable results of pauperism, vice, crime, insanity, and brutality, are permitted to exist under the sanction of law."—United Kingdom Alliance Report. The Earl of Shaftesbury recently said—having previously expressed his apprehension at the growing pauperism and criminality of a large section of the community, at the very time when political changes are putting the destinies of the nation more than ever under the control of the great mass of the people:—"Your only security is to give the people of this country a DEEP SENSE OF THEIR RESPONSIBILITY. If there is one thing more than another which elevates a working-man, as a citizen of this world and an aspirant to be a citizen of the next, it is the sentiment and the conviction of the responsibility that he owes TO MAN HERE, AND TO GOD HEREAFTER."

"All strikes, by which the hands direct the head."

"I need not draw upon fancy to picture the terrible evils that arise from 'strikes'; I have witnessed them. Some years ago, I saw in Northumberland many hundreds, I believe thousands, of men, women, and children *camping out* under the miserable shelter of hedges and ditches, enduring an almost

incredible amount of suffering and want; years of hard toil could not have restored them to the state in which they were, previous to futile sacrifices; it was ruin to the employers in many cases; but that ruin inferred a long-continued wretchedness to whole families of the employed. . . . I will take a single case, because it has come within my own knowledge. A skilled mechanic married a good, industrious, and well-reared, maiden, with whom he had a small fortune. The money was properly expended in providing a home replete with comfort—approaching, indeed, to what may be called a quiet elegance. It was to the full appreciated: the home was a home of happiness. But alas! the *strike* came. Aid to such a dwelling from the *committees* was out of the question. One by one, articles of furniture went; *there was hunger in the home*. Privations were at length so obvious, that relief was accorded—doled out grudgingly, insignificant in amount, but sufficient to destroy *a sense of independence*; it was the pittance *forced from other mechanics*, as wretched, or nearly so, as the one who was *relieved*. He would gladly have gone to work; the pale face and sunken eyes of his young wife were reproaches hard to bear; but there was a *power* that forbade it; he submitted to so *despotic a dictation—so abject a slavery*—such as any workman would have been justified in resisting to the utmost if inflicted by an employer.”—“THANKSGIVING: 27th February, 1872.” Beaumont Institution Prize Essay, by Mrs. S. C. Hall.

“*Where Commune outcasts cog the mental dice.*”

“The International Society”—“iniquitous association”—was brought, by Mr. Baillie Cochrane, under the notice of the House of Commons. “Their principles,” he stated, “struck at the root of all morality, of all civilisation, of all the rights of property, and of all belief in God.” And he proved the case by *unquestionable evidence*. They were styled “a band of miscreants” by another member of Parliament. Yet they are permitted to work their wicked will unchecked, in the only country of the world where they could do so in personal safety, and which they are labouring to destroy as a constitutional monarchy. Surely it may be said,—

“Of all such evil men the direst foe,
The dreaded most, is Temperance.”

“*The means to sadden, sicken, and degrade.*”

The idea that wine, spirits, and beer are to be classed among the good things given of God for the enjoyment of man is exploded by science as well as experience. “Alcohol can in no sense be regarded as a good creature of God;” it is an artificial, not a natural product—“a product of fermentation, an *educt* of distillation;” in the process, the primitive character of the grape and the grain undergoes an entire change. It is a gross slander to describe alcohol as a production of Nature; “alcohol does not exist in plants, but is a product of vinous fermentation.” “Alcoholic liquors are no more found in creation than pistols and powder, bullets and bowie-knives.” Intemperance, “for whose license the authority of Holy Writ is blasphemously pleaded by the deluded victims.” The Bible continually exhibits the evils of the use of strong drinks. A volume of comments on 700 illustrative texts has been published by Dr. F. R. Lees and the Rev. Dawson Burns. “Its execution shows accuracy, conscientiousness, and fidelity.” It sets before us the whole

matter. A Temperance Hospital has been recently established in London. Alcohol is not necessarily excluded, neither is strychnine, but the one is considered a poison as much as the other, and is treated accordingly.

“And put the night-lamp underneath his bed.”

This is no fancy—the circumstance actually occurred: the case is well known. A group of houses in the Temple was thus burnt down, by an eminent lawyer of rank.

“Is he responsible for lives and souls?”

“Where, in the eye of Eternal Justice, is the difference between him who strikes the blow of death and him who knowingly maddens the brain, and tempts and fires the soul to strike it?”—Report American Temperance Society. “He was satisfied that every manufactory for spirits was a manufactory of poison; that every spirit-store was a magazine of death; and that every person who was concerned in the trade of making or selling spirits was a distributor of disease and death.”—Judge Crampton. “I know that the cup is poisoned: I know that it may cause death: that it may lead to crime—to the tortures of everlasting remorse. Am I not then a murderer—worse than a murderer—as much worse, as the soul is better than the body?”—Rev. Dr. Beecher at Boston. “If any man has priority of claim to a share in this work of death it is the manufacturer.”—Rev. Dr. Fiske. A distinguished gentleman from one of the cities of America writes:—“Distillers, retailers, and drunkards are culprits here in the eyes of all sober men. The remark is now common that it is as wicked to kill a man by one kind of poison as by another: he who does it in any way is, in the sight of God, a murderer, and will be held responsible at His tribunal. The difference between death by simple poison and death by habitual intoxication may extend to the whole difference between everlasting happiness and eternal misery.”

“Humbler toilers in the hive of men.”

Dr. Carpenter, speaking at the British Association (Bradford, 1873), strongly advocated the policy—the necessity—of “making temperance attractive,” to raise the status of the artisan by providing for him places of entertainment, from which unhealthy stimulants are excluded. “They should establish clubs, and have in them a series of entertainments, concerts, &c., besides rooms for various games, such as dominoes, chess, draughts, bagatelle.” This is to some extent done: but partially, however; with few exceptions, the Temperance Hotels, contrast strongly in their depressing gloom with the glaring lights and hearty voices of “the Palace” opposite. Temperance coffee-houses are little better. There is in all I have seen a sad lack of the means by which to obtain cheerful repose and recreation after labour. The Bishop of Exeter, at a meeting in Exeter of the Church Temperance Society, said:—“Another thing at which the society should aim was to provide counter attractions to the public-house, in the shape of places of wholesome recreation and innocent, sober, enjoyment.” The Canterbury Convocation prints nearly a hundred “intreaties” for aid on this head. We cannot indeed, as one of their advisers counsels us to do, “destroy all courts and alleys, as most of them are hotbeds of wickedness;” but we can establish

close to them coffee-rooms and halls for wholesome recreation and healthy enjoyment. We believe temperance advocates, aware of the necessity, are establishing "public-houses without intoxicating drinks,"—to be open at all hours—"workmen's clubs," &c.; and, while the evil is gradually diminishing, especial care must be taken that the interests of women shall be protected, and *their* means of relaxation provided for, as well as those of the children. Selfish pleasures only induce self-reproach.

"Were brought in with dessert to have their glass."

"The injurious habit of tipping may be traced to a variety of causes. It often originates in early life, even during the days of childhood. The pernicious practice of permitting or encouraging young children to "sip a little wine" out of their father's or mother's glass during the hour of dinner, is a mistaken act of kindness, and cannot be too highly condemned."—Forbes Winslow, M.D.

"Of men who rise to rank by toil and care."

The newspapers have fully informed the public concerning "the Shaftesbury Park Estate," which provides for working men and their families homes replete with every possible comfort—in houses that each occupant may (as many of them have done) make his own. There will be no public-house on the estate: if men *will* have drink, they must go some distance to get it; and that, which is considered shameful, will be known to all his neighbours. This is but the beginning of a movement that, we trust, will be imitated in the vicinity of every large town of the Kingdom. It is impossible to over-calculate the immense benefits that must hence accrue; the good Earl of Shaftesbury (to whom society owes a debt of gratitude that can never be overpaid) may live to see a hundred such "workmen's cities" in these Kingdoms. May God prolong the life of him whose life has been devoted to the work of God for the well-doing and well-being of man.

I am reminded of a story told to me by William Chambers. He met in London a man who had been in his employ. After greeting him, he said: "Well, Tom, and are you a Chartist now?" This was his answer: "Oh, no; I've got two houses!"

"That witness is a scholar."

Education has been prescribed by many state-physicians as the cure for drunkenness; but that education is ineffectual is, unhappily, too clearly and certainly proved. Passing over the dismal fact that some of the best and ripest scholars of the age, men of the largest intellectual capacity, of the loftiest genius, have been drunkards (I could give a hundred names—all famous), the answers to the Canterbury Convocation conclusively show that the victims of intemperance are by no means only the ignorant; the evidence of jailers, workhouse governors, clergymen, and Sunday-school teachers, supplies an awful list of educated men who are the "best" customers of "the licensed victualler," and the worst examples in parishes of which they are the pests. *I resist temptation to enter into this subject at greater length.*

“And yet he loathes the foe that conquers him.”

For those who can restrain, all *may be* safe and well. Those who cannot *must* refrain; there is no other course but to avoid stimulants altogether—neither to take nor touch “the accursed thing.” Thaddeus Stevens—“the great Commoner,” (of the United States) as he was termed—bequeathed a large fortune to his nephew on the sole condition that he was, during five years, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, otherwise his enormous wealth was to erect and endow a house of refuge for homeless and indigent orphans. The orphanage has been erected and endowed. “The nephew is a confirmed drunkard.” I knew a wealthy gentleman at Bath who paid a poor gentleman a handsome salary, upon the sole condition that he was to keep him from drink—the income to cease if he suffered him to “take a drop.” Yet he deceived his guard, and died of delirium tremens. The simple way was this: a barber came every morning to shave him, and under his waistcoat he carried a bottle of brandy, which he exchanged for an empty bottle, taken from under the waistcoat of the gentleman. That brandy he drank at night, the only time when his guard was not in his presence.

“No man,” says an eminent physician, “who has taken only a single glass has all his faculties in as perfect a state as the man who has taken none.”

“’Twas social custom—an insidious foe.”

The great and good Dr. Channing has said of intemperance, that “the danger of this vice lies in its almost imperceptible approach. It comes with noiseless steps, and *binds the first cords with a touch too light to be felt,*” but, alas! which operates to a fatal end—though “the man of thought and genius detects no *palsying poison* in the draught which seems a spring of inspiration to intellect and imagination.” Elihu Burritt remarks:—“Not one that ever perished in its depths reached it at one bound. Custom! not any innate or instinctive thirst for inebriating drinks in the victims themselves at the beginning, but custom.” “The cup, which was at first carelessly sipped as a matter of courtesy, or in conformity with custom, is soon quaffed with the eager relish of importunate appetite; and the harmless exhilaration which occasionally surprised a man in the unguarded moments of social glee, has been repeated and prolonged into a habit.”—*Joshua B. Flint, M.D.*

“Beat her small maid who said she liked champagne.”

A volume might be written on the text I copy from the *Practitioner*, 1871: “the proposal to do away, entirely or for the greater part, with the provision of alcoholic drinks at evening parties for women.” It is a heavy grief to know that “drinking customs” are terrible temptations to ladies, in society and in comparative secrecy at home—habit *seems* to beget impunity, but the penalty is of a surety paid. Not long ago, I saw at a dinner-party, a lady drink five glasses of champagne, besides sherry; she did not appear at all ashamed of the act—perhaps was not aware of what she was doing. Not only in England, but in other countries the vice is growing. Dr. Wilks, physician to Guy’s Hospital, writes this: “That diabolical compound styled *absinthe* is ruining the bodies and souls of many ladies in France.” “Some time ago, I was called to visit a woman whom I was obliged to pronounce a

confirmed maniac, and to order her removal to an asylum. Her friends then told me that she never touched spirits until the doctor ordered her to take brandy, which she soon learned to love too well, and which first produced dyspeptic symptoms, and has gradually brought on lowness of spirits, melancholy, and mania."—*T. P. Lucas, M.D.* I knew a lady in whose closet, after her death, was found a large boxfull of emptied eau-de-cologne bottles. Bakers, as well as grocers, are now frequently selling wine, and it is common for ladies to go in, buy a bun, and drink one, two, or three glasses.

"But who are they that through the window peep?"

The picture is under-drawn by the accomplished artist, P. R. Morris, but it is from the life. A ramble through any London street, when midnight is drawing near, will show pictures infinitely more shocking. How many of the miserable waiters and watchers go home hungry to hungry children—to "rest" in a filthy room without a bed! The "portly landlord" has it, and their clothing and their food. The sad theme has been forcibly illustrated by Mrs. Henry Wood, in her admirable and valuable story, "Danesbury House"—the prize story of the Scottish Temperance League—of which, I understand, 145,000 copies have been sold.

"Looking for father! that the artist saw!"

Many have watched the door of a public-house at midnight, and witnessed scenes such as that the artist saw and painted. I heard this anecdote: A little girl of three years old was lost in one of the streets of London. She could not tell her name or where she lived; and while the bystanders were puzzled what to do, there came up another little girl who said, "Ask her where she gets her daddy's beer?" That question she answered, and she was recognised and taken home. "It is not a rare occurrence on Monday morning for two or three little children to be seen at the door of the house of their father's master asking whether 'father is at work to-day,' and it would melt the heart of any man with a particle of pity in him to see the look of distress on the poor little bairnies' faces as they turn away, sad and sick at heart, when they are told that he is not, for they know full well what that answer means for them."—*Rev. J. J. M. Perry, M.A.*

"Who give us fountains in the public way?"

Few modern improvements have had more salutary influence to diminish drunkenness than the fountains that grace so many leading thoroughfares in all large cities and great towns. They are grand helpers in the work that "has to be done." The world knows for how much of this boon to humanity it is indebted to the benevolence and beneficence of the Baroness Burdett Coutts, for whose thoughtful mind and generous heart nothing seems too large and nothing too small—that may "do good and distribute." Women have been foremost in this work of mercy; it is to women, of the several grades in society, from the high in rank to the humble in position, we are indebted for many of the practical benefits associated with the Temperance cause. I might print a very long list of those who have been and are in this way BLESSINGS.

“Sells to the greedy publican.”

The publicans—who have only of late years adopted the more euphonious title of “licensed victuallers”—seek to remove “the grievances of the Licensing Act of 1872.” They aim to keep open houses all over the country from five A.M. to twelve P.M.*—nineteen hours of the twenty-four—and are willing on SABBATHS, and “such like days,” to close for some part of the day, and shut up at eleven o’clock. But they claim that “*guests*” and “*travellers*” shall be supplied with drink at any hour! They are dead set against all attempts to secure a thorough inspection of their business, with efficient penalties where the law is broken. They cling to a monopoly, yet violently denounce every effort to conserve public sobriety. They assume the position of benefactors and not culprits; that their dealings are blessings and not curses; and they claim not only the protection but the fosterage of the State. “God, the righteous Judge, shall judge!” “The best defence of the Act of 1872 is that it has been found, in practice, to work well, and has been tolerably successful in attaining the results at which it aimed. It has succeeded in diminishing the amount of actual drunkenness, and of the public riot and disorder with which the vice is generally accompanied. The experience of most Londoners will agree with the unanimous testimony of the Metropolitan Police Reports in favour of the new restrictions.”—*Times*, December 17th, 1873. “From returns just presented to our Society by the superintendents of the police throughout England and Wales, it appears that the Act of 1872, by which the hours of opening and closing public-houses were shortened, and a discretionary power of further restriction given to the local authorities, has been already *productive of great benefit*. Of 125 returns, 110 speak unhesitatingly as to the favourable results, desiring the Act to be maintained, and, in many instances, with further restrictions; only thirteen decline to give an opinion, and none condemn the Act.”—Address: Church of England Temp. Soc.

“The issues of vice traffic.”

It will not be denied that there are some kinds of traffic that society claims the right to interfere with and prevent; children are not permitted to work beyond fixed hours; education has been made compulsory; so has vaccination; unwholesome graveyards have been closed up; the infectious diseases bill is one to which reluctant assent is given by many; gambling is under certain restrictions; lotteries at one time contributed largely to the revenue, and their abolition was sternly resisted by great statesmen on financial grounds; our fathers can remember the time when negro slaves were publicly bought and sold in England. I might refer to other cases of a similar kind, such as Mr. Martin’s Act to Abolish Cruelty to Animals, the Act for the Suppression of Betting Houses, Lord Campbell’s Act to put down the Sale of Obscene Books and Pictures, and several others, all of which were regarded as infringing upon the liberties of the people.† But, in fact, upon this very subject—the Liquor Traffic Parliament *has* legislated, it has curtailed the hours at which drink may be

* That is now done in London; in the Provinces, in Ireland, in Scotland, and in Wales, the hour for closing by law is eleven, and in some parts it is ten.

† The man who sells indecent publications argues that people are not compelled to enter his shop; they are free agents to buy as he is to sell. Yet he is condemned to fire and imprisonment. The law takes this narrow view of the case: *You vend that which is injurious to your neighbour.*

sold by "licensed victuallers!" their "liberty," and that of their customers, *has been* "outraged." That is surely as much an interference with freedom of action on the one part and "vested interests" on the other, as it would have been if in legislating the Legislature had decreed that not only should no liquor be sold after the hour of eleven at night, but during any hour of the twenty-four.

"Punish the men who make and sell the drink."

There are weighty AUTHORITIES for the opinion not only that "what is morally wrong cannot be financially right," but that the Legislature may, and is bound to, prevent that which is prejudicial to the many though beneficial to the few. Thus writes one of the earliest, Vattel:—"Let Government banish from the State whatever is fitted only to corrupt the morals of the people."—(*Vattel*, lib. i. chap. xi. sect. 165.) And thus spoke Lord Macaulay (Discussion on the Ten Hours' Bill):—"There is a great deal of trade which cannot be looked upon merely as traffic, which affects higher than pecuniary interests; and to say that Government ought *only* to regulate such trades is a monstrous proposition from which Adam Smith would have shrunk with horror. Higher than pecuniary interests are at stake here. It concerns the commonwealth that the great body of the people should not live in a way that makes life wretched and short, which enfeebles the body and pollutes the mind. It must be admitted that where health or morality are concerned, we are justified in interfering with the contracts of individuals." This passage is from the *Edinburgh Review* (Mr. Conybeare), July, 1851:—"Society may put down what is dangerous to itself—*salus populi suprema lex*. Any trade, employment, or use of property detrimental to the life, health, or order, of the people is, by English law, a *public nuisance*; and, in suppressing it, the State assumes the right of sacrificing private interests to the public good. And this not only when the detriment is physical or economical, but also when it is moral. . . . Now the liquor traffic, and particularly the retail branch of it, is a *public nuisance* in all these respects—physically, economically, and morally." I may quote one more authority—the Duke of Argyll—"The Reign of Law": "Proposals for legislative interference, with a view to arrest some of the most frightful evils of society, are still constantly opposed, not by careful analysis of their tendency, but by general assertions of national law as opposed to all legislation of the kind. '*You cannot make men moral by act of Parliament*,' such is a common enunciation of principle, which, like many others of the same kind, is in one sense a truism, and in every other sense a fallacy. It is true that neither wealth nor health, nor kindness, nor morality can be given by act of Parliament. But it is also true that the acquisition of one and of all of these can be impeded and prevented by bad laws, as well as aided and encouraged by wise and appropriate legislation." And from the *Times* (1853) I quote this memorable passage:—"No way so rapid to increase the wealth of nations and the morality of society could be devised as the UTTER ANNihilation of the manufacture of ardent spirits, constituting as they do an infinite waste and an unmixed evil." "The Maine Liquor Law" has been the subject of much comment: to enter upon it fully here would occupy more space than I can give. *To say it is a failure is to say what is utterly false*. This is a summary of the "Failure" in Massachusetts and other States:—"Drunkness rapidly dimi-

nished; disorder disappeared; almshouses desolate; houses of correction and jails thinly inhabited or entirely closed; while external signs of moral and social prosperity are everywhere visible.*

But evidence nearer home is to be obtained in abundance. The Report of the Canterbury Convocation informs us that in the province of Canterbury there are upwards of 1,000 parishes "in which there is neither public-house nor beer-shop." Conclusive testimony is given by the answers of all classes of people to questions on that head. I append only one of them:—

"In consequence of the absence of these inducements to crime and pauperism—according to the evidence before the committee—the intelligence, morality, and comfort of the people are such as the friends of Temperance would have anticipated."

But the Province of Canterbury is by no means the only witness, in either England, Scotland, or Ireland, where the experiment of rejecting drinking houses has been tried: and of the happy and blessed results there is abundant, conclusive, and convincing evidence. "Bessbrook is an Irish manufacturing town near Newry. Its principal founder, and now sole proprietor, is J. G. Richardson, a leading member of the Society of Friends. That gentleman, with one or two other 'Friends,' founded the Bessbrook Spinning Company, and erected there the Bessbrook Mills. The factory has grown so large that it gives employment to 3,000 hands, most of whom reside in the neighbourhood of the Works. In Bessbrook there is no licensed public-house, nor is there one in any of its surrounding lands. There are no police in the place. There is no drunkenness in Bessbrook; no quarrelling; no theft; no crime—in short, the operatives are models of sobriety and good order."

And Lord Claud Hamilton has described a district, also in Ireland, inhabited by 10,000 people, in the county of Tyrone, in which there are no public-houses, entirely owing to the action of the landowners. The result has been that "whereas those high roads were in former times constant scenes of strife and drunkenness, necessitating the presence of a very considerable number of police to be located in the district, at present there is not a single policeman in that district, the poor-rates are half what they were before, and all the police and magistrates testify to the great absence of crime." †

At SALTAIRE—the workmen's town of the philanthropist, Titus Salt—there is no public-house nor any vendor of intoxicating drinks. I might occupy pages in describing the happy results.

Yes: "Facts are stubborn things." There is no fact so easy of proof as that where there is no drinking-house, there is comparatively little of misery, degradation, and vice.

* The subject ordinarily treated under the heading "Maine Liquor Law" is so large and comprehensive that I had better pass it over entirely than treat it cursorily; but any reader can easily obtain full details. Its brave and eloquent advocate, General Neal Dow, has been for some time in England addressing numerous meetings in various parts of the country; he does not rest his right to belief on his own high character, but sustains his testimony by evidence indubitable that, instead of being a failure, "the law" has produced enormous and prodigiously beneficial results.

† In Edinburgh, before the passing of the Forbes-Mackenzie Act, £12,000 had been voted for enlarging the jail. The Act was passed: it was not found necessary to enlarge the jail at all: and that sum has never been applied to the purpose for which it was voted.

“ ‘Writers,’ ‘talkers,’ ‘preachers,’ ‘workers’—all.”

In prefacing these notes, I stated that there was a prodigious force in arms arrayed against “the National Vice—Drunkness.” There are several powerful organizations actively engaged in the work, not only in the Metropolis, but in all the Provinces, in Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and in our Colonies. The principal National organizations are the British Temperance League, the National Temperance League, the Scottish Temperance League, and the Irish Temperance League. These societies hold meetings, employ lecturers, and issue serial and other publications in great numbers.* The United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, and many district Unions are earnestly engaged in fostering thousands of Bands of Hope, and promoting temperance among the young. There are also a number of “Orders,” such as the Rechabites, Sons of Temperance, and Good Templars. The last named have about 5,000 “lodges” in the United Kingdom, with 350,000 members.† Among various religious denominations, societies exist to carry on the temperance work—especially among, and by means of, their own members. “The Church of England Temperance Society” was reconstructed in February, 1873; but very many clergymen had long been active in the good work in their various parishes. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York are the presidents of the new society, which has two branches—one for the promotion of total abstinence, carried on by a total abstinence committee, and the other, in which abstainers and others unite, for procuring such social and legislative reforms as may abate drinking practices and temptations. It is calculated that between four and five thousand Protestant ministers in the United Kingdom are total abstainers. Some of the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland, and in England Archbishop Manning and other zealous enemies of drunkenness, are waging a vigorous crusade, among their own people, against the drinking customs and the drink traffic. Of the associations that directly seek the assistance of law, by far the most influential is the United Kingdom Alliance, formed in 1853 for the Legislative Suppression of the Traffic in Intoxicating Liquors as beverages. Its president is Sir W. C. Trevelyan, and for some years past it has exerted itself most laboriously in support of the Permissive Bill of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, which, if enacted, would allow the rate-payers of every district to stop the sale of alcoholic liquors in their own locality, if the votes in favour of such action were in the proportion of two to one.‡ Other societies aim by legislative changes to diminish the hours of sale and the number of licensed houses; also to close public-houses on Sunday (as in Scotland), to transfer the licensing power to boards popularly elected, &c. Temperance societies for the young are scattered broadcast throughout these Kingdoms; there is no town, and hardly a village of size, that has not one; and each is an agent for the distribution of tracts, the aid of public meetings, the employment of lecturers, and generally for the active help and encouragement of the principles they profess and uphold.

* At the anniversary festival of the Scottish Temperance League, it was stated that 70,000 volumes and 630,000 tracts had left their office during the year 1873; several containing engraved illustrations.

† At a recent meeting of the Templars in Bristol there were present 2,500 representatives of Lodges.

‡ The United Kingdom Alliance, though it does not make personal abstinence a condition of membership, is heartily supported by the great bulk of Temperance societies.

"One of your licensed friends."

"The licensing of sin is not the way to prevent or restrain it, but it is the way to sanction and perpetuate it, by declaring to the community that, if practised legally, it is right, and thus ignoring the efficacy of truth and facts in producing the conviction that it is wrong." It has been well said (Rev. Dr. McKerrow at Edinburgh): "*the publican is an educator as well as the school-master;*" and it is a memorable passage in one of Mr. Gladstone's speeches: "THE LAW OUGHT TO MAKE IT EASY FOR MEN TO DO RIGHT, AND DIFFICULT FOR THEM TO DO WRONG." Nay, society has frequently asserted its right, not simply to regulate the traffic in spirits, but to prohibit their *manufacture*. There is no doubt that, at all elections, much of the result will be determined by the answer to the question, "Will you support or oppose the Permissive Bill?" and it is understood that if neither candidate will avow his intention to give it aid, the members of the United Kingdom Alliance, the Templars, and, in a word, abstainers generally, will decline to vote for either. There are hundreds of thousands who will consider they thus act rightly—thus best sustain the cause of God, their country, and humanity—sinking, or postponing, all mere party matters in the hope of achieving this one vast good. When the storm is around the ship and breakers are ahead—that is not the time for the crew to holystone the deck. The minority may soon become the majority; borrowing a suggestion from a not far-off past,^{*} "agitate, agitate, agitate." Fifty years ago there was not a single Roman Catholic a member of any corporate body in Ireland. It was a small group of a dozen who met in Clarkson's parlour and resolved that the Negro slave should be made a free man: † it was an assemblage not more numerous that determined to make Free Trade the shibboleth of Great Britain; the young among us can remember when the Ballot was hooted on its way through Parliament. Those who are old men may live to see "the Permissive Bill"—or some "*Bill,*" *its equivalent*—the law of the land; and these Kingdoms relieved from an incubus infinitely more disastrous than was negro slavery, gaining a thousandfold more than was gained by free trade—a boon to which the ballot is as a mere drop in the ocean to secure independence of thought and action. No doubt many elections have been, and others will be, determined by the contest between the publicans and Temperance societies. If the former

* "Does not history tell us the greatest changes of the world have been wrought by minorities: but on the one condition that the minorities shall not be hopeless."—Lord Lytton.

† On the 22nd of May, 1787, twelve gentlemen, principally merchants of London, and, all but three, Quakers, met and constituted themselves a committee "for effecting the abolition of the slave-trade." Twenty years afterwards—in 1807—that purpose was accomplished: but not until then. And not until nearly thirty years after that date—1833—was the freedom of the slave proclaimed throughout the dominions of the British crown. To do that great work of humanity Parliament paid £20,000,000 to slave-owners. What a gallant officer, General Vyse, said of the slave-trade in 1807, may, as surely, he said of the liquor traffic in 1873: "On the result of the question before the House depends the happiness or misery of England; and he could not tell how those who opposed the Bill could satisfy their consciences in shutting the gates of mercy on mankind." And Clarkson and Wilberforce lived to see in all the possessions of the British Crown the negro as free as the Anglo-Saxon. They were not deterred by the magnitude of the evil; they did not reason that the evil was "too great to be dealt with by Parliament."

succeed, "the rum-hole, the gin-shop, the luncheon-bar, the beer-palace, will in effect give the law to the State, and whichever party is the more ready to do their bidding will govern the empire."—*Nonconformist*. "Driven to desperation by suspicion and alarm, the various representatives of the drink trade banded together in defence of their interests, and constituted themselves a political power. They have turned many an election, and they threaten to turn many more. By combining to pursue one single object, and to "know nothing," as the American phrase goes, except the exigencies of their own private pockets,* they have accomplished a great success, and set a signal example."—*Times*, August, 1873.

"It is certain, however, that the power of the publican is diminishing, and that of the temperance advocate (whether member of any society or not) augmenting. The one will continue to increase, the other to decrease. THE ELECTION OF 1874 WILL BE LONG REMEMBERED AS THE DEATH-THROE (proverbially powerful and perilous) OF A MONSTER. Public opinion will do the holy work.

A time is not far distant when men will no more think of tolerating a dram-shop than of poisoning a well from which their neighbours and themselves draw water to drink.

"The law-source and our legislators teach."

Although these notes are but a collection of "Facts" upon which readers will reason, and over which they will, I trust, seriously ponder, I cannot bring them to a close without further observations on the "PERMISSIVE BILL," which will in due course again come before Parliament. The United Kingdom Alliance is an association of Temperance and social reformers, and was formed in Manchester, on the 1st June, 1853. At the first meeting of the General Council, held in Manchester, in October, 1853, when the Society was publicly inaugurated, the following declaration was unanimously adopted as a basis for the agitation, and as indicating the character and scope of the movement:— "That it is neither right nor politic for the State to afford legal protection and sanction to any traffic or system that tends to increase crime, to waste the national resources, to corrupt the social habits, and to destroy the health and lives of the people." The Permissive Bill, therefore, is based upon the broad principle that the liquor traffic is inimical to the well-being of the nation, and its preamble sets forth that,— "Whereas the common sale of Intoxicating Liquors is a fruitful source of Crime, Immorality, Pauperism, Disease, Insanity, and premature Death, whereby not only the individuals who give way to drinking habits are plunged into misery, but grievous wrong is done to the persons and property of Her Majesty's subjects at large, and the public rates and taxes are greatly augmented; and whereas it is right and expedient to confer upon the ratepayers of cities, boroughs, parishes, and townships the power to

* At a meeting in Birmingham of delegates of the Licensed Victuallers' Defence League, the report contains this passage, "Their watchword should be, finally, their own trade interests, and to know no other politics than to ensure the right man in the right place." "*Hyocrisy has been defined as the homage which vice pays to virtue. But vice has grown too bold to pay any homage; it stands before us uncovered, in defiant attitude.*"—Hon. R. C. Pitman (Judge), Speech to the Senate at Washington.

prohibit such common sale as aforesaid, &c." The Bill simply provides that where, on a poll, *two-thirds of those voting in any parish shall decide against the sale of liquor being licensed in such parish, no licences shall be issued.** The Alliance has no test of membership bearing upon the personal habits of its members, their religious creed or political party. It invites the aid and co-operation of *all* good citizens, whether abstainers or not. It has but one object—the annihilation of the liquor traffic by a law enacted by Parliament, and enforced by public opinion, armed with executive power. It is a self-imposed law, that which advocates of the Permissive Bill seek, and only compulsory on the principle that a *majority shall dictate to a minority*; a principle that constitutes the very essence of the British Constitution, from Parliament to the poorest parish in the realm. At present, the Permissive Bill supplies the only test that Temperance supporters can put to candidates; † but they would vote for any candidate who declared adherence to the *principle* of that Bill, although he might object to its details: the "principle" being to prevent drunkenness and its effects by conferring upon districts the power of suppressing the liquor traffic in such districts.

"Read the day's paper."

"The times of ignorance" are past. No plea can be put in that we cannot know the extent of the evil, nor the means by which it may be lessened or removed. I have shown that Temperance has a host of advocates—in the pulpit, on the platform, in the press. A ROYAL COMMISSION "to inquire into the operation of the liquor traffic," even if the good brothers, Lord Kinnaird and Arthur Kinnaird, M.P., succeed in obtaining it, will tell us little more than we already know. Temperance Societies are not all of one mind, but they have one object—to lessen or remove the cause of drunkenness. ANY MEASURE THAT WILL HELP TO DO WHAT THE PERMISSIVE BILL IS INTENDED AND EXPECTED TO DO WILL HAVE THEIR UNITED AND COMBINED SUPPORT.

* The Right Hon. John Bright advocates the transfer of licensing public-houses from the magistrates to the town councils, thus giving to the ratepayers indirect power to suppress the liquor traffic. That is, as Sir Wilfrid Lawson has said, "half way on the right road." More than that—it is conceding the principle on which the Permissive Bill is based; for the power to grant, must include the power to refuse, licences. And Lord Aberdare, when Home Secretary, was satisfied that "if they were to create a wholesome and vigorous public opinion on that subject, *they must give the ratepayers of the country some direct interest in it, and that the wider spread that interest was, the greater would be the social advantage.*" Thomas Brassey, M.P., takes much the same view as John Bright. He writes: "I consider that to transfer the responsibility for granting licences to the municipal bodies would be a statesmanlike solution of a difficult problem. The members of the town councils, elected by the ratepayers, are directly responsible to local public opinion, and, therefore, by investing them with this additional duty, the principle of the Permissive Bill is, to a certain extent, recognised."³ There are some Temperance advocates who seek to abolish licences altogether, to throw the trade in liquors as open as any other trade; thus withholding from the traffic the countenance and respectability that licences in a measure give to it, but at the same time rendering the vendors of drink responsible for any evils that might arise as a consequence of such sale. That is indeed done in some of the States of America.

† "We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the policy of the Permissive Bill party is a definite, logical, and resolute policy."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"For every printed word becomes a seed."

He is daring, who, now-a-days, writes, as the poets of long ago so often wrote, in praise of "Jolly Bacchus, god of wine!" inducing misery and crime by asking a festive party to "wreath the bowl with flowers of soul."

"It is but the madman who flings about fire,
And tells you 'tis only in sport."

The pages of recent poets are not often disgraced by advocacy of drunkenness; nearly all the drinking-songs that stimulate debauchery belong to the past. What shall we say, then, of an author who boldly affixes his name to a song entitled "Whiskey for Ever," and publishes it in a literary journal, the proprietor of which is a Member of Parliament. I extract one verse:—

"Raimen na gole;
(Come let us drink)
Fill up the bowl;
Let us console
Dull care wid a glass, boys,
Sorrow a single
Drink ye can mingle
Could aqual the mellow pothecen that we pass, boys!"

Did the author of these evil lines give a moment's thought to the wretchedness that might be (must be) in the drunkard's home, while

"Smiling we sit,
Warning our wit
Wid necthar the gods might hegrudge us the drainin'?"

Did it occur to him that the hell-broth he calls "necthar" *must* lead to misery, and might lead to murder: breaking hearts, making hearths desolate children orphans, wives widows, peopling poor-houses, crowding jails, thronging mad-houses? Let him take as a motto for his song, not the passage from his own pen—"Whiskey for ever till dawning of day"—but the words of the prophet Daniel,

"THE ABOMINATION THAT MAKETH DESOLATION!"

A time may come when Mr. "A. P. Graves" will feel deep remorse for that which he has printed in the *Athenæum* of January 17, 1874. I know that Thomas Moore did, for much he had written in his youth: walking with me in my garden, and speaking of the unhappy son who had been a heart-break to him and his excellent wife, he referred to his early poems in terms of strong repugnance. And this is the statement of Rogers: "So heartily has Moore repented of having published 'Little's Poems,' that I have seen him shed tears—tears of deep contrition—when we were talking of them."

But is the author of this pernicious song more culpable than that Right Honorable Member of Parliament who, addressing his constituents on the 3rd of February, 1874, proclaimed that "IT WAS NO PART OF THE DUTY OF GOVERNMENT TO KEEP THE PEOPLE SOBER"? He said also—he being a prominent member of the then Government—"We deal with crime, not with vice." Adding, "I must leave it to the people of England to decide whether it is better that their money should go down their throats or into their pockets." Such sentiments would excite indignation and aversion if uttered in the lowest drinking-shop of Ratcliff Highway: yet they were heard with patience by graduates of the London University:—men of culture, many of them engaged in teaching others how to fight the battle of life!

"Your victims will appeal to Him!"

"Neither may we gain by hurting our neighbour in his body. Therefore we may not sell anything which tends to impair health. Such is eminently all that liquid fire, commonly called drams or spirituous liquors. . . . All who sell them in the common way, to any that will buy, are poisoners general. They murder his Majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither does their eye pity or spare. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves—a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there—the foundations, the walls, the floor, the roof, are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, O thou man of blood! though thou art 'clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day,' canst thou hope to deliver down the fields of blood to the third generation?"
—Rev. John Wesley: Sermon on the Use of Money.

"The height and depth of this—the country's curse."

Instead of a SUMMARY of these notes, I print a passage from an essay, "How to stop Drunkenness," written by the late Charles Buxton, M.P. (a brewer) and published by Partridge & Co., Paternoster Row. It embodies all I desire to say as a concluding comment on these "Facts:"—"Not only does this vice produce all kinds of positive mischief, but it has also a negative effect of great importance. It is the mightiest of all the forces that clog the progress of good. . . . The struggle of the school, and the library, and the church, all united, against the beerhouse and the gin palace, is but one development of the war between heaven and hell. IT IS INTOXICATION THAT FILLS OUR JAILS; IT IS INTOXICATION THAT FILLS OUR LUNATIC ASYLUMS; AND IT IS INTOXICATION THAT FILLS OUR WORKHOUSES WITH POOR. WERE IT NOT FOR THIS ONE CAUSE, PAUPERISM WOULD BE NEARLY EXTINGUISHED IN ENGLAND. . . . Looking then at the manifold and frightful evils that spring from drunkenness, we think we are justified in saying that it is the most dreadful of all the ills that afflict the British Isles. We are convinced that if a statesman who heartily wished to do the utmost possible good to his country were thoughtfully to inquire which of the topics of the day deserved the most intense force of his attention, the true reply—the reply which would be exacted by full deliberation—would be, that he should study the means by which this worst of plagues can be stayed. THE INTELLECTUAL, THE MORAL, AND THE RELIGIOUS WELFARE OF OUR PEOPLE, THEIR MATERIAL COMFORTS, THEIR DOMESTIC HAPPINESS, ARE ALL INVOLVED. The question is, whether millions of our country-men should be helped to become happier and wiser—whether pauperism, lunacy, disease, and crime shall be diminished—whether multitudes of men, women, and children shall be aided to escape from utter ruin of body and soul? SURELY SUCH A QUESTION AS THIS, ENCLOSING WITHIN ITS LIMITS CONSEQUENCES SO MOMENTOUS, OUGHT TO BE WEIGHED WITH EARNEST THOUGHT BY ALL OUR PATRIOTS."

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

In previous Editions of this Poem the Illustrations were included in the paging of the text; in this Edition it was considered desirable to page the text only. By an unfortunate oversight the Illustrations have been printed on the former plan, thus causing a discrepancy in the page references at foot of Engravings. The error will be rectified by the following *Errata* :—

For page 10 *read* page, 8.

“	52	“	“	20.
“	21	“	“	9.
“	27	“	“	11.
“	28	“	“	12.
“	34	“	“	14.
“	39	“	“	15.
“	40	“	“	16.

For page 45 *read* page 17.

“	51	“	“	10.
“	57	“	“	21.
“	58	“	“	22.
“	63	“	“	23.
“	33	“	“	13.
“	64	“	“	24.

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