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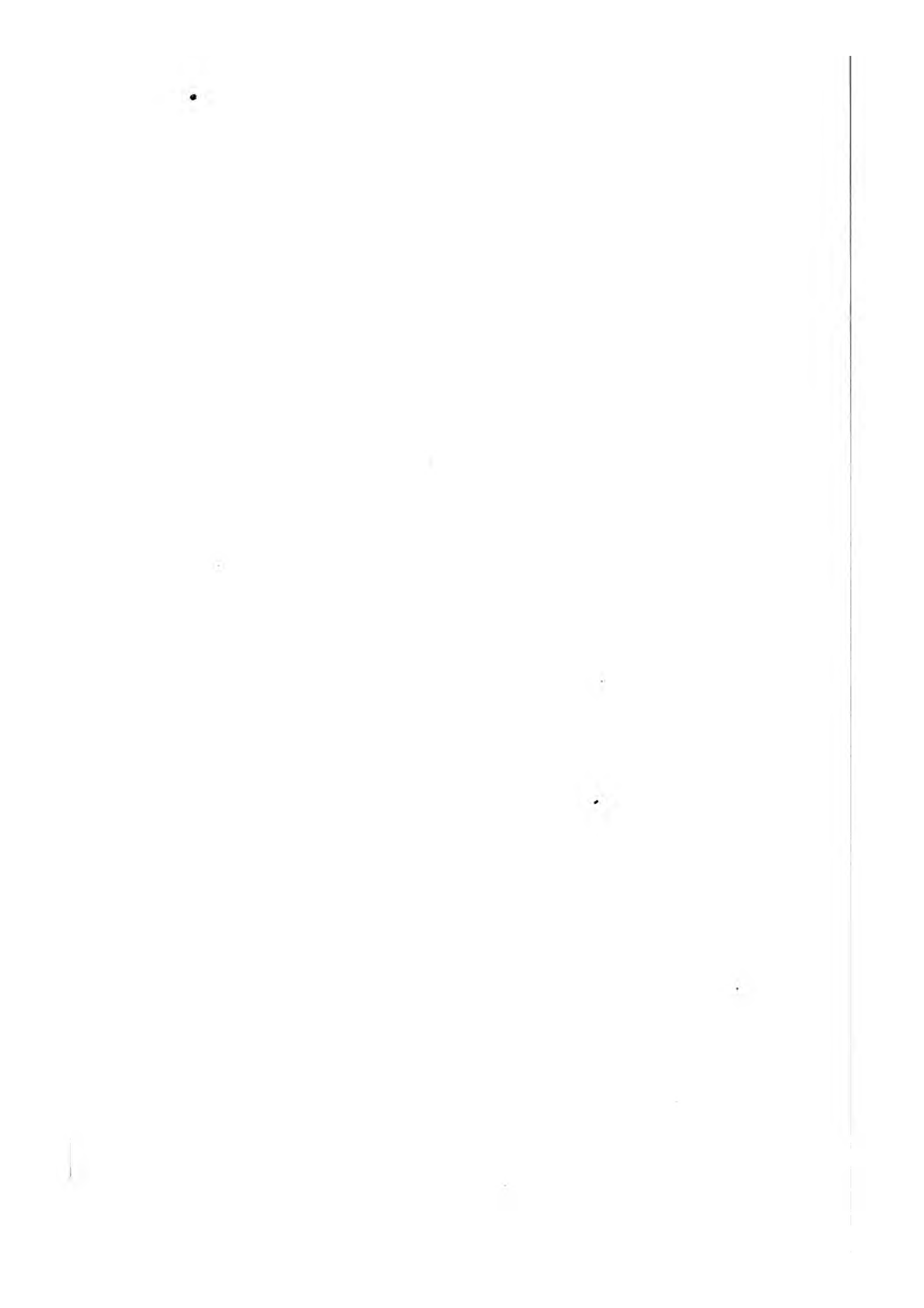
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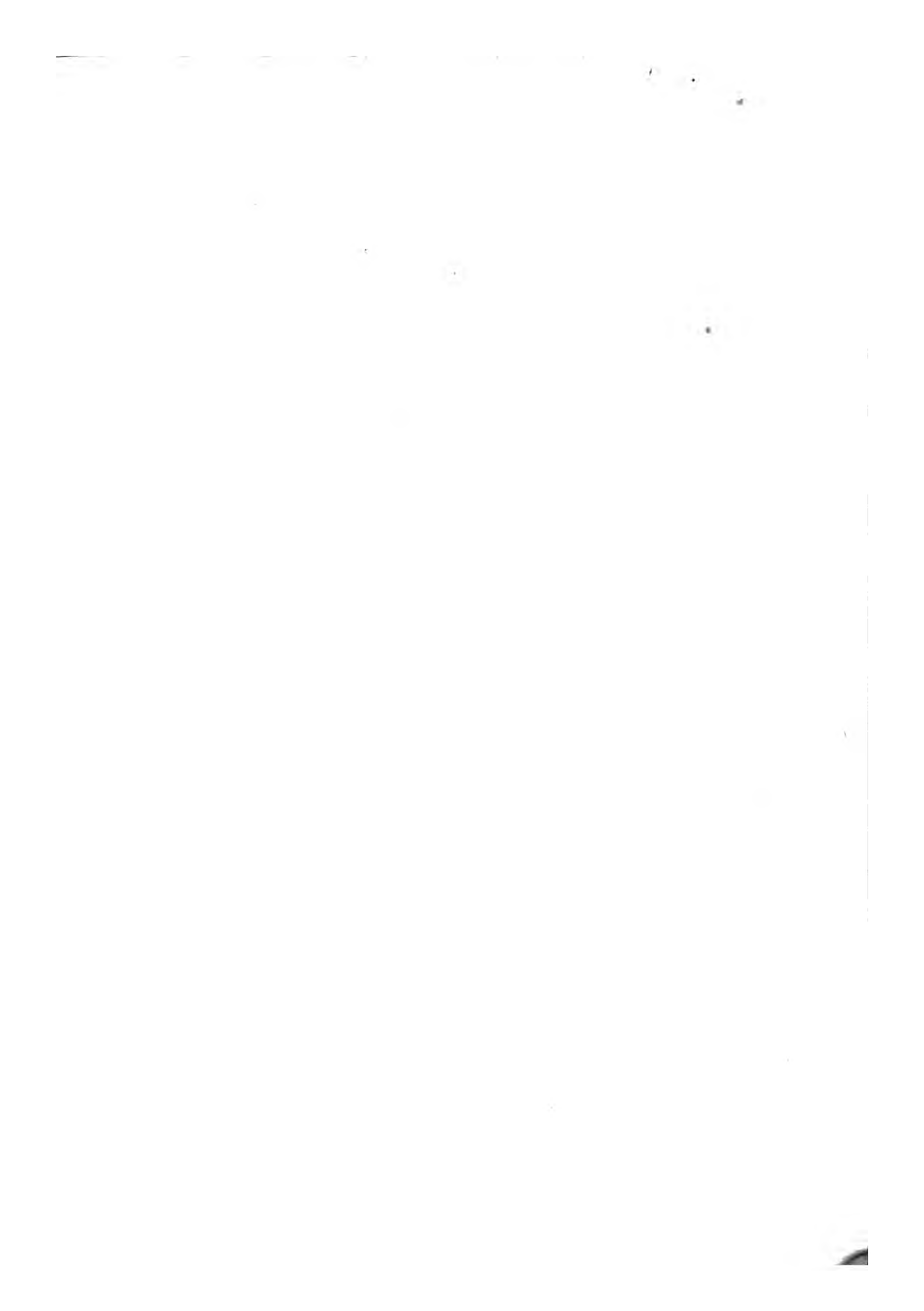
MY EXPERIENCE
AS A
MODERATE DRINKER, A DRUNKARD,
AND
TOTAL ABSTAINER,
BY
CHARLES MEADOWS.



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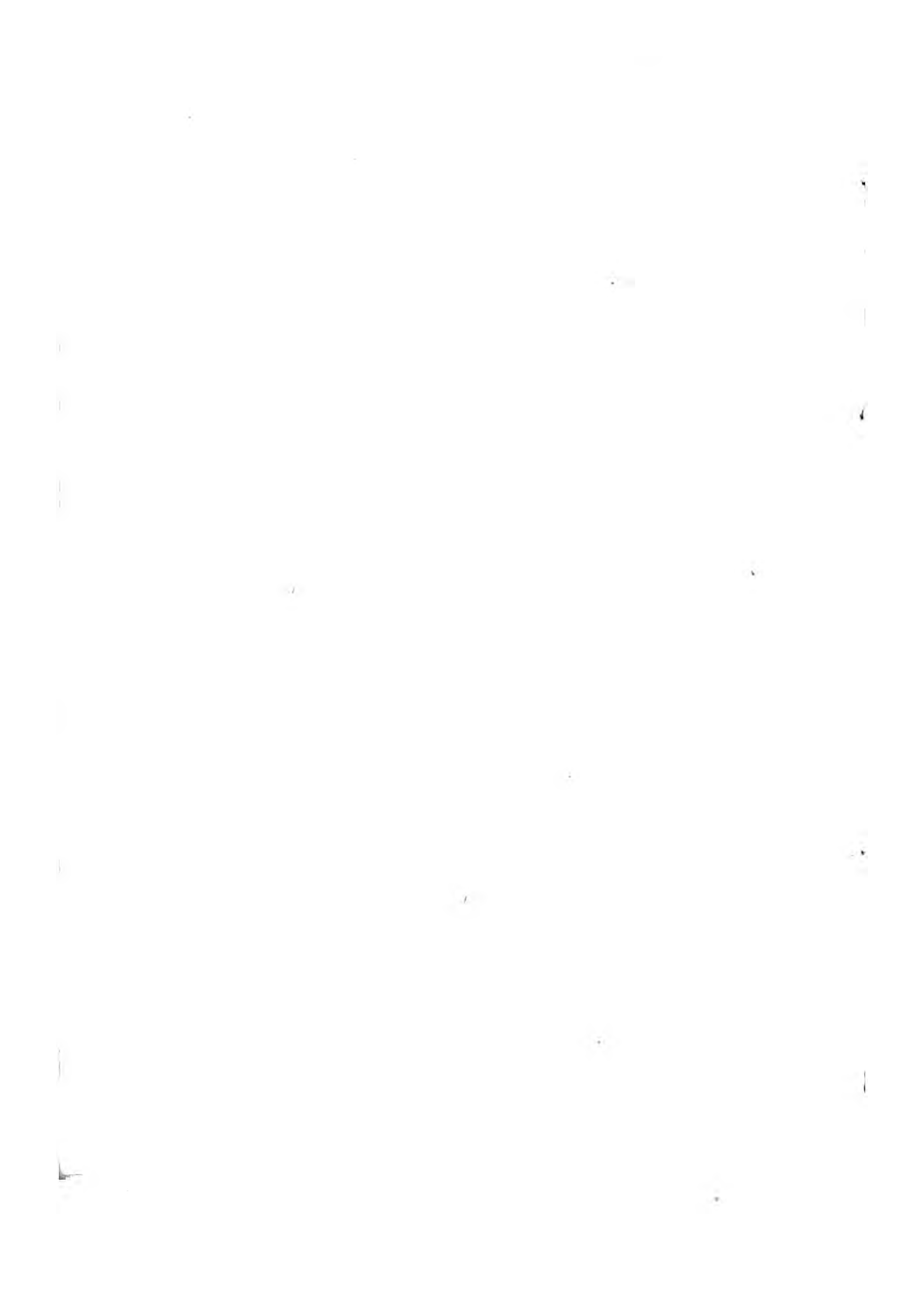
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AS A
MODERATE DRINKER, A DRUNKARD,
AND
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BY
CHARLES MEADOWS,

TO WHICH IS ADDED
"A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP."

BY
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

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CHAPTER I.

JEREMY TAYLOR'S DEFINITION OF DRUNKENNESS. JONATHAN SWIFT. BEER DRINKING. LONGEVITY OF A BEER DRINKER. EVILS. HABITUAL TIPLERS NOT THE WORST FELLOWS IN THE WORLD.

AT this time when various efforts are being made in the cause of Temperance, and the "Blue Ribbon Movement," as it is called, has been the means of causing an unusual amount of attention to be directed to the subject of intemperate drinking, moderate drinking, and total abstinence from all alcoholic beverages, upon which a good deal of controversy has arisen, and difference of opinion expressed ; it has occurred to me, that if the experience of an individual, was truly and candidly narrated, who has passed through all the different stages of the use and abuse of intoxicating liquors, in the course of a life extending over sixty years, giving due allowance to all considerations that might be fairly urged for, or against, the use of stimulants, without the frantic zeal of a zealot ; it might possibly be of considerable service to a good many persons capable from exercising similarity of choice—subject to the same apparent necessity—or lack of strength of will, to sympathise with the writer, and turn *his* experience to

their own benefit, in analogous instances, or, at least, to take useful warning.

Jeremy Taylor's definition of Drunkenness.—I ought to remark here in reference to the title, or style of this little work, that, in giving my experience, when I term myself as having once been a *drunkard*, I must not be set down as at one time being on a par with those poor unfortunates, who abandon themselves to drinking without having regard to the slightest sense of decency; who give themselves over entirely to the satiating of an inordinate appetite for stimulants, and are oblivious to anything else, like those miserable wretches who are sometimes seen hanging about the doors of public houses. But I regret to say that, I was once an habitual drunkard, in the sense of the term as it is defined by Jeremy Taylor.

“Drunkenness is an immoderate affection and use of drink. That I call immoderate is beside, or beyond, that order of good things for which God hath given us the use of drink, which, if we go at any time beyond, is inordinate and criminal, and is the vice of drunkenness. He that drinks much and is strong to bear it, and is not deprived of his reason violently, is guilty of the sin of drunkenness. Let your drink never go beyond such a refreshment, as may a little lighten the present load of a sad, or troubled spirit.”

In the first quarter of the present century, in which I was born, drinking was a habit with all who occupied such a position in life as could afford the expense.

My father used to consider himself a moderate man, I

can remember, but he would not care to take wine with dinner, at all, unless he had a whole bottle to himself, and some of his friends would take two, or even three bottles. The wine was of good quality in those days, and was looked upon as a matter of considerable daily importance.

I recollect there were two friends of my father's—brothers—who were bachelors, and lived together, who always had twenty pipes of port wine in their cellar. A pipe would last them just twelve months, and they were in the habit of laying down a fresh pipe every year, so that the wine they drunk, had always been twenty years in their own cellar. Thus, drinking a certain quantity was a matter of habit with my father, which I can quite understand, as in the same way when I was a beer drinker, I did not care to take less than a pint at one time, a half-pint only tantalising the appetite, and causing a desire for more, so that too much stress need not be laid upon that portion of drink, which one man may deem necessary, but which may appear exorbitant to another.

Jonathan Swift.—Immoderate as were the drinking customs of my early days, they were comparatively reformed habits to those which had preceded them; the chronicles of which are to be found among the correspondence of the men of letters of that earlier period, even Addison, the author of perhaps one of the grandest, and most devotional pieces ever written, being constantly guilty of the sin of drunkenness.

Curious evidence of the practice of continual insobriety, is furnished in that singular series of letters, addressed to

Mrs. Johnson (Stella) by Swift, extending from September 1710 until the summer of the year 1713, when the Dr. was made Dean of St. Patrick's.

These letters "collected and revised by Dean Swift, Esq., of Goodrich, in Herefordshire," were said by the compiler to have all been very carefully preserved by *Stella*, and at her death, if not before, taken up by Dr. Swift, "for what end we know not, unless it was to compare the current news of the times, with that *History of the Queen*, which he writ at Windsor in the year 1713. They were sometimes addressed to Mrs. Johnson, and sometimes to Mrs. Dingley, who was a relation of the Temple family, and friend to Mrs. Johnson.

Both these ladies went over to Ireland upon Swift's invitation in the year 1701, and lodged constantly together.

Frequent allusions are made in these letters to the "British Essayists," Addison, Steele, Congreve, and Prior, the witty dean describing a treat given by the former to himself and another:—"I dined with Mr. Addison, and Dick Stuart, Lord Mountjoy's brother; a treat of Addison's. They were half fuddled, but not I, for I mixt water with my wine, and left them together between nine and ten," &c.

Further on he recounts a similar experience, in the course of which he gives a recipe for keeping sober—a work of difficulty, apparently in those times—which he puts into rhyme, thus:

"Well, we dined to-day according to appointment, Lord Keeper went away at near eight, I at eight, and I believe the rest will be fairly fuddled, for young Harcourt, Lord

Keeper's son, began to prattle before I came away. It will not do with Prior's lean carcass. I drink little, miss my glass often, put water in my wine, and go away before the rest, which I take to be a good recipe for sobriety. Let us put it into rhyme, and so make a proverb ;

Drink little at a time,
Put water with your wine,
Miss your glass when you can
And go off the first man."

These letters of Swift, throw a singular light not only upon the manners, but upon the politics of the times, and contain some curious particulars of the current events of the day, and thus in the following, the writer expresses his regrets :

"I dined to-day with my friend Lewis, and we were deep in politics, how to save the present ministry, for I am afraid of Mr. Secretary, as I believe I told you. I went in the evening to see Mr. Harley, and upon my word, I was in perfect joy. Mr. Secretary was just going out of the door, but I made him come back, and there was the old *Saturday Club*, Lord Keeper, Lord Rivers, Mr. Secretary, Mr. Harley and I, the first time since his stabbing." (Harley had been attacked by a Frenchman, the Marquise de Guiscard, who had been taken up by Mr. Secretary St. John's warrant for high treason, and brought before the lords to be examined ; there he stabbed Mr. Harley in the breast with a pen-knife). Mr. Secretary went away, but I staid till nine, and made Mr. Harley show me his breast, and tell all the story ; and I showed him

the Archbishop of Dublin's letter, and defended him effectually. We were all in mighty good humour. Lord Keeper and I left them together, and I walked here after nine, two miles, and I found a parson drunk fighting with a seaman, and Patrick (his servant), and I, were wise enough to part them, but the seaman followed him to Chelsea, cursing at him, and the parson slipped into a house and I knew no more. It mortified me to see a man in my coat so overtaken. A pretty scene for one that just came from sitting with the prime ministers. I had no money in my pocket so could not be robbed. However, nothing but Mr. Harley shall make me take such a journey again. We don't know yet who will be president in Lord Rochester's room. I measured and found that the pen-knife would have killed Mr. Harley, if it had gone but half the breath of my thumbnail lower, so near was he to death. I was so curious to ask him what were his thoughts, while they were carrying him home in the chair. He said he concluded himself a dead man. He will not allow that Guiscard gave him a second stab, though my Lord Keeper, who is blind, and I, that was not there, are positive of it. He wears a plaister still, as broad as half a crown," &c., &c.

Like masters, like men : Swift in these letters to Stella continually complains of the drunkenness of his servant, Patrick, whose hands shook so at times, that he was unable to shave him. Here is a specimen :—

“ We have plays acted at our town and Patrick was at one of them. Oh ! ho ! he was damnably mauled one day when he was drunk. He was at cuffs with a brother footman, who dragged him along the floor upon his face,

which looked for a week after as if he had the leprosy, and I was glad enough to see it. I have been ten times sending him home to you, yet now he has new clothes and a laced hat, which the hatter brought by his orders, and he offered to pay for the lace out of his wages, &c., &c." And thus the vice of intemperance, as will be seen, appeared to pervade all classes, from the highest to the lowest.

Even the most exalted personage in the realm, when recently deceased, was not exempted from public reproach, as will be seen from the following lampoon :

At the top corner of Ludgate Hill, where Dakin's tea and coffee warehouse is now situated, there used to be a public-house, and to the statue of Queen Anne, which stands before the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral, was affixed this distich :—

“ Here stands brandy-faced Anne,
Who has left us in the lurch,
With her face towards the grog-shop,
And her back towards the church.”

Men of all classes, indeed, appeared to drink immoderately in those days, by all accounts. Swift in these letters, in which he gives an account of the various dinners he was at, frequently speaks of drinking *Irish Wine*, by which he meant *Claret*, the wine in ordinary use by most Irish gentleman at that period, as also in Scotland (which latter by its close connection with the Court of France may be supposed to be influenced by many French usages), whiskey being the ordinary “ tippie ” of the lower classes in both countries, as obtains in the present day, while beer

seems always to have been that of the inferior order of Englishman.

Beer Drinking.—Beer, undoubtedly, is comparatively harmless, as compared with spirits; a moral which Hogarth sought to teach in his coarse, but truthful pictures, of which “Gin Lane,” may be taken as an example, in contrast to that of the beer-drinkers. Beer, indeed, used to be brewed upon a very large scale, for the use of servants and dependants, in most of the principal country gentlemen’s houses, and seems to have been habitually drunk by many in what would be deemed immoderate quantities now, without apparently any great injury accruing to their constitutions.

Longevity of a Beer Drinker.—On a tombstone in Disley Churchyard there is the following inscription:—

“ Here lyeth interred
 The body of Joseph Watson,
 Buried June 3rd, 1753,
 Aged 104 years.
 He was Park Keeper at Lyme,
 More than sixty four years,
 And was ye first that perfected the
 Art of Driving ye Stags.
 Here also lyeth
 The Body of Elizabeth his wife,
 Aged 94 years,
 To whom he had been married 73 years.
 Reader take notice,
 The Longest Life is Short.”

This Joseph Watson was born at Mosley Common, Leigh, Lancashire, in 1649. His wife came from Eccles, and he lived with her for 72 years. Watson was Park Keeper to Mr. Peter Leigh, of Lyme. About 1710, in consequence of a wager between his employer and Sir Roger Moston, Mr. Watson drove twelve brace of red deer, from Lyme Park to Windsor Forest, as a present for Queen Anne, and doubtless the progeny of these deer are now in Windsor forest. He was a man of low stature, fresh complexion, and pleasant countenance.

“He believed he had drunk a gallon of malt liquor a day, one day with another for 60 years; he drank plentifully the latter part of his life, but no more than was agreeable to his constitution, and a comfort to himself.” In his 103rd year he killed a buck in the hunting field. He was the father of the Rev. Joseph Watson, D.D., rector of St. Stephen’s, Walbrook, London.

Such records as these serve to show that great quantities of beer may be drunk in individual instances with impunity, a fact that is borne out in the case of agricultural labourers at harvest time, when the intense perspiration caused by heavy work under a hot sun, exhausts the salts of the blood, which it is sought to renew by excessive drinking, and I am desirous of placing the matter fairly before my readers, who should not be led away by this immunity, which appears to have been enjoyed by some, in hope of escaping the evil consequences, likely ultimately to accrue by undue indulgence of beer drinking, which men of very strong constitutions have frequently appeared able to bear, even up to a prolonged age, in conjunction with great exertion, and bodily exercise.

Evils.—The evils, however, in the case of agricultural labourers, arising from this practice, is often evidenced by men sleeping for hours under a hedge to recover from the effects of their debauch, when valuable sunshine is often lost particularly in catching weather in hay harvest time. But the great evil in the too free use of beer, is, as has been exemplified in my own case, that it is too frequently the precursor, and beginning of a habit, which leads to ultimate consumption of more dangerous forms of alcoholic preparations, and which is, indeed, commonly so with young men employed in mercantile pursuits, who, beginning with the least objectionable form, that of malt liquor, seldom adhere to it in advanced life, and end by having recourse to the more dangerous ones.

Habitual Tipplers not the Worst Fellows in the World.—My experience leads me to the conclusion that, speaking fairly, even habitual drinkers are not always the worst fellows to be found in the world, and often they are chiefly their own enemies only, their sad failing being frequently traceable to distinct causes, and habits that have grown upon them.

They are mostly of an excitable and sanguine disposition many of them being able to be temperate enough at times, but failure in the business transactions of the world, or the occasion of any sudden disaster, acts very keenly and gives birth to a corresponding despondency, which causes them to take to the bottle under the mistaken idea that they can drown their sorrows for the time by certain libations; when colder, and more phlegmatic temperaments

can bear the ills, and crosses of life with tolerable composure, and to speak of many of those who indulge too freely, as if they were the most depraved of men, as is sometimes the fashion, I think to be folly ; as many are fit objects for the deepest compassion. Thus, I can call to mind several teetotallers who are worthy and estimable men, yet who are destitute of any toleration, who in the course of their practice of prudence, and attention to business during a long course of years, have amassed considerable sums of money, to which their cool heads have mainly contributed, who make not the least allowance for their impulsive brethren, who are placed by the accidents of fortune in more trying circumstances.

Several of these are fond too of society, and “ given to hospitality ” by which they are cheered and amused at comparatively small cost to themselves ; for these entertainments do not cost much money, when no wines or liquors of any sort are placed upon the table, and in some instances it has been highly amusing to me, to see upon these moderately festive occasions the uneasiness of a stray toper who has been barred from his glass, by the rule of the house, in this somewhat ungenial society, but who had accepted the invitation with his eyes open, and knowing what to expect.

One old friend of mine that I can call to mind, with whom I was on terms of close intimacy some years ago, had a younger brother named Samuel, in a much poorer worldly position than himself, who was very much addicted to free living, who could scarcely get through the good dinner that was set before him without his accustomed glass or

two of ale with it, and to such men, enforced abstinence is very unwelcome. The little passages betwixt this pair of worthies, have often highly diverted me.

“Come Sam,” the elder brother would say, putting on an air of exuberant hospitality and welcome, and cheerfully rubbing his hands in pretended excess of cordiality—“Come Sam! What’ll you take to drink to-day. There’s hard water, soft water, hot water, and cold water. Take your choice, my boy, this is *Liberty Hall* you know, but let me recommend the cold pump water. There’s a splendid tap just now—fresh on—” and he would clap his hands till the room resounded again, and any one could see with half an eye, that he was serious in his offer, so far as it went, and that his brother was welcome to a hog-head of the sparkling crystal liquor (as brewers call it), if he liked.

Poor Sam would grin a sickly smile and hardly relish this chaff, and say something about having a hot cinder in it, to give the water a flavour; but he always used to take himself off very early, and was seldom seen by tea time, for “the cup which cheers,” &c., had no charms for him, who used to sing an old drinking song, in which something occurs about “when clattering comes the tea-urn in, and all our joys are done,” though of the two men, I scruple not to say, that Sam would have helped a distressed friend with greater cordiality and liberality, than his more fortunate and wealthy brother, who was fond of his money.

I must therefore remark here, that having no fellow feeling with those who drink for drinking’s sake, I feel the deepest sympathy, and commiseration, for those who

feel that, constitutionally, they stand in need of stimulants upon particular occasions, when the troubles and trials of life press heavily upon them ; and as of these I have had my full share, and have laboured under every species of temptation, which I have sometimes been able, and sometimes unable to resist. Some of the circumstances attending these, I will briefly narrate, and the steps I resorted to, to overcome habits, which, at one period, threatened the welfare of both body and soul.

CHAPTER II.

LEGISLATIVE INTERFERENCE IN THE SALE OF INTOXICATING DRINKS. SABBATH REST. TAKING REFRESHMENTS UPON LONG COUNTRY WALKS. SHENSTONE'S LINES IN AN INN WINDOW.

WHEN I was a lad, and first came to London with my parents, they resided in the suburbs, and at times, when I used to walk home early upon a Sunday morning, so as to have a long day with them, from the place of business in which I had been placed, I have seen both men and women laying helplessly drunk upon the pavement, who had obtained their liquor at public-houses which had been kept open nearly all night, at which they had been drinking ; and the sight of a drunken woman with dishevelled hair and clothing, and total want of decency, was very shocking to the youth of that day, circumstanced like myself, who could not help being attracted to such a sight by a sort of repellant curiosity hard to describe. For, to most of them, however men might have chosen to have brutalized themselves, there was something inexpressibly revolting to see one of the same sex as their mothers in such a debased condition ! The Legislature, however, shortly after interfered, and public-houses were not allowed to be kept open after Twelve

o'clock on Saturday nights. This was a highly necessary step to prevent the desecration of the early Sabbath, but of late, the question of much more stringent regulations for the sale of drink has been debated.

Legislative Interference in the Sale of Intoxicating Drinks.—The aspect of Legislative Interference with the liberty of selling intoxicating liquors demands attention and consideration ; whether it may be under the form of Permissive Bills or otherwise ; and it is very questionable whether *undue* compulsory deprivation would effect the object that it is sometimes credited with being able to attain ; as there would be no preventing those persons desirous of drinking, from laying in a stock to be consumed during the hours of prohibition. Of necessity it would be the means of stopping a good deal of casual drinking, but whether it would do what Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and others of a similar way of thinking to himself, is extremely questionable. It is said that in Glasgow and other Scotch towns, where the strict observance of the Sabbath is carried to great excess, an enormous amount of quiet drinking is steadily carried on upon Sundays, many persons making a regular habit of taking more whiskey upon that day than any other.

A proper check upon the sale of liquors, is, indeed, strictly indispensable on the score of morality and public decency, so that such hours be fair and reasonable. But, to Englishmen, paternal legislation, that oversteps proper bounds, is intensely disagreeable.

I can call to mind an instance in my own experience in connection with what may be termed “ Experimental Leg-

isolation," and which was very generally considered at that time as an improper interference with the liberty of the subject, as respects reasonable hours in the closing of public-houses. I forget the year in which the little episode I am about to relate took place, and also the hours at which houses were obliged to close, but it would have been between the years 1851 and 1855, that either an Act of Parliament, or some local regulation was passed, compelling public-houses to close early upon Sunday evenings. I almost think it was at Nine o'clock, but there was such an universal burst of indignation evoked by the measure, that the rule was quickly rescinded.

I was lodging, in that year, (whichever it might have been) with a friend who lived at the foot of Highgate Hill, and was then engaged in a wholesale house in the City; and upon Sundays, my friend and myself, were in the habit of taking long walks; going to Barnet and neighbouring places—upon one occasion, even as far as St. Albans. I was, at that time, a beer drinker, and so was my friend, and after these long walks, returning home to supper, late upon summer evenings, what with dusty roads and dry mouths from smoking numerous cigars, we were always ready for our beer upon our return.

None was kept in the house, it being fetched by the servant from a neighbouring inn. One Sunday evening, returning from a long walk, shortly after this regulation had been put in force, as we were rather late upon that occasion, my friend's wife had taken the precaution to send for the beer just before closing time. We had caught sight of the servant, just as she had entered the house with

a big jug, and had closed to the door; and, admiring the providence that had been displayed on our behalf, we hurried up quickly to save the girl the trouble of having to open the door again. She had placed the large jug, containing the beer, on the floor, while she shut to the door, and perhaps being startled by our hasty summons, upon re-opening it, she managed somehow to upset it, and all its precious contents were lost. We sent immediately again to the public-house for a fresh supply, but it was then permanently closed for the night.

We were parched with thirst, and I remember my friend actually swore about it, and raved upon the iniquity of unjustifiable interference on the part of the legislature with a man's rights; and to the confirmed beer-drinker, it is useless to talk about tea and coffee. I remember that I laughed heartily at his rage, but must also admit I was very disappointed myself, for, for many years, when a young man, it was my invariable custom to smoke of an evening, and drink beer, while reading a book. I did not need *strong* beer, but I wanted a good quantity of it, that is to say at least a quart; a pint with my supper, and a pint afterwards, or perhaps two pints.

Sabbath Rest.—When living at Highgate, I used to walk to and from the City each day, a distance of four-and-a-half miles. It was all down hill going to business, and I used to walk fast, making a point of skipping over each road-crossing quickly, and as I used sometimes to pick up a fellow employè who lived in the Holloway Road, who had to accommodate his pace to

mine, we nicknamed this practice "Hopping the Crossings," and it made a very sensible difference in the time occupied by our journey, which I could walk in an hour. It used to take, however, an hour-and-a-half to return, being all up hill, and being performed more leisurely.

I have alluded to Sunday closing. So far as I am concerned I should like to see the Sabbath safe-guarded and kept as a day of sacred rest. The Sabbath peace which reigns in England every seventh day, is, I think, a fortunate thing for the country, when the whirling bustle of mills and workshops cease, and toiling thousands rest. This natural cessation of labour is to me very delightful, when natural sounds—the music of the spheres—are to be heard, and the toiling, moiling clatter of every-day life ceases, and I can fully enter into the feelings this inspired in Francis Jeffreys, who said to a correspondent:—"There is nothing so sweet to my imagination as a bright calm Sunday in the early part of autumn; gilding with its temperate splendour the yellow fields, holy spires, and carrying, on its still and silent air, the soothing sounds that fall and expire in this mild pause of labour; lowing oxen, bleating sheep, and crowing cocks, heard from farm to farm, through the clear air, and even the wood pigeons and roosting crows resounding through far groves, and the distant tinkling of bells, and the slow groups wandering from church, and the aspect of peace and plenty, and reflection that meets the eye on all sides."

Lord Jeffrey is, of course, wrong when he speaks of "roosting *crows*," it should have been *rooks*, a different

bird altogether to the other, with a yellow bill, and of a domesticated nature, the difference betwixt the two having been pointed out by pleasant Washington Irving, who, when speaking of them, says:—"The rooks are old established housekeepers, high-minded gentlefolk, that have had their hereditary abodes time out of mind; but as to the poor crows, they are a kind of vagabond, predatory gipsy race, roving about the country without any settled home. Their hands are against everybody, and everybody's against them, and they are gibbeted in every cornfield." And these natural sounds are pleasing, I take it, to all, for thus the amiable Cowper:—

“ But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime,
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.”

The local associations before alluded to (in which the country inns used to figure, in my estimation, in my waiking days, not perhaps as the least interesting item), have been pleasantly described by a writer in *Blackwood*, probably a Scotsman:—"Strong and many are the claims made upon us by mother Earth;—the love of locality—the charm of attraction which some one homely landscape possesses to us, surpassing all strange beauties, is a remarkable feature in the human heart. We, who are not ethereal creatures but of a mixed and diverse nature—we, who when we look our clearest towards the skies, must still have our standing ground of earth secure—it is strange what relations of personal love we enter into with the scenes of this lower

sphere. How we delight to build our recollections upon some basis of reality—a place, a country, a local habitation—how the events of life, as we look back upon them, have grown into the well-remembered back-ground of the place where they fell upon us ; here is some sunny garden or summer lane, beatified, and canonized for ever with the flood of a great joy, and here are dim and silent places, rooms always shadowed and dark to us, whatever they may be to others, where distress of death came once, and since then dwells for evermore. As little as we can deprive ourselves of the human frame, can we divest our individual history of its graceful garment of place and scene. Such a thing happened, we say, but memory is no bare chronicler of facts and events, and as we say the words, the time starts up before us, with all its silent witnesses ;—leaves that were shed years ago, trees cut down and gone, yet they live in our thoughts with a joy or the sorrow of which they were the silent attendants. We have caught and appropriated these bits of still life—they are a part of our history, and belong to us for ever.”

In some degree, every mind must have its own gallery of pictures, impossible to be revealed to the vision of another—from the homely imagination which cherishes that one bit of sunshine on its walls, “the house where I was born,” the old childish paradise and ideal, rich with such flowers and verdure as can be found in no other place, to the stately and well furnished recollections which can roam at will through all the brightest countries in the world ; but wherever we go, we weave ourselves with the landscape, and make every milestone a historical monument in the chronicle of our life.

And so it comes that, natives of a country never expatriated from their own soil, grow into a passionate love and veneration for their own land. The hills which are radiant for ever with their dream of youth. The rivers, whose familiar voices have chimed into every sound of their lamentations and their joy. The woods, that echo to their daily footsteps, and all the silent accessories upon which, as on so many props and pillars their thoughts for years are hung—the very sight of which recall a hundred fleeting fancies—the very name of which spreads pictures lovelier than reality before closed eyes—the “ kindly ” country, which seems to respond with a voice borrowed from our own past thoughts to the thoughts of to-day, suggesting ancient comforts, ancient blessings, silently speaking hope from experience ; solace present from solace past, lays claim upon us, the most intimate of our confidants, the nearest to our bosom ; and nature lavish in her demands upon our sympathy—perpetually calling upon us to weep with her and rejoice with her—makes liberal recompense, and softens around us with a visible embrace our mother country, and sympathetic and consolatory home.”

I read the preceding lines at the time they were first published—now a good many years ago—and I copied them into the common-place book that I used to keep, where I now find them with other memoranda, and I quote this extract in order to show that I was of that kind of disposition naturally, as caused me to take an interest in such things as would give a distaste for anything in the form of coarse dissipation, for which I always entertained a horror, and also to show, as will be afterwards seen, the

rocks upon which one is likely to be driven in the gratification even of what may be deemed an innocent appetite, and the satisfying of the demands of nature.

Taking Refreshment upon long Country Walks.—I have alluded to the custom in my young days of taking long country walks, which often necessitated a halt at a wayside inn for the purpose of refreshment. Probably the habit of moderate drinking could not be presented under a less objectionable form than this one, when after the endurance of fatigue, perhaps in warm weather, or along dusty roads, the pedestrian is tempted to indulge in a good draught of beer. But this may be soon abused, and without due watchfulness, it is easy to fall into a habit of excess which I found in my own case, for even the road-side inn has temptations to the lover of the country, who delights in rambles amongst the scenes of nature, many of which, on account of local associations, as before described, make a vivid impression upon the mind and fancy.

Wonderful, indeed, is often the effect of the remembrance of these associations. From the recollection of a chalky patch in a cornfield, where in old times an immense number of the wild red poppy used to grow, which, as the breeze swept over them, flung up their heads and danced merrily in the summer sunlight, my eye can never rest upon a patch of poppies (generally the indicators of a poor soil) without the whole scene in which these formed a leading feature being vividly recalled to my recollection, with its breadth of prospect through which the Medway winded—the hedge near which I used to sit, and even the rings

upon the grass, where the rustic fancy pictures the fairies to have danced upon their moonlight gambols, even to the tremulous atmosphere which wavered with heat.

How well I remember the rustic inn, and its delicious ale (no ale that I ever tasted came up to that), with its sanded floor, and old-fashioned mantel-piece covered with initials: H. A., C. B., T. H., and so on, while some names were carved in full. In one instance a lover had begun the name of his mistress, which being a long one, had caused him to give it up in the middle, or, perhaps he broke his knife, and CATHE are the only letters of the fair Catherine's name, that were called into existence. I have done the same myself in my day, and have used my knife in this pastime of young lovers—not indeed upon a mantel-piece, but upon trees and rustic benches, where a certain feminine name is duly inscribed.

Being at the village of Cobham, twenty-five years ago, the "Leather Bottle" Inn, of which Dicken has immortalized in *Pickwick*, I noticed upon one of the windows in the upstairs room of the "Ship," which used to be "mine Inn," a great many names, and amongst them those of "Caroline," "Fanny," "Marion," &c., traced with a diamond on the glass. Another person had also noticed them, for upon one of the small panes were the following verses, which I copied down in my pocket-book at the time:—

"I would not care to write a line,
To sound the praise of Caroline,
And Marion hath no charms for me.
But on this brittle page of fame,
My own beloved *Fanny's* name,
Traced by a stranger's hand I see.

“Ye Cobham angels guard the word,
 And long protect the frail record
 That bears my Fanny’s name,
 For she more worthy of your care
 Than all those other maidens are,
 Doth put them all to shame.”

The reader is of course at liberty to admire, or not, the poetry and the sentiment, but the termination did not exactly please my fancy.

The last verse of Shenstone’s well-known lines that were written upon the window of an inn at Henley, are to be met with on the pane of one or two other inns in different parts of the country. I cannot resist the pleasure of giving the whole :—

“To the fair Freedom I retire,
 From flattery, cards, and dice, and din ;
 Nor art thou found in mansions higher
 Than the low cot or humble inn.”

“’Tis here with boundless power I reign,
 And every health which I begin
 Converts dull port to bright champagne :
 Such freedom crowns it at an inn.”

“I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
 I fly from falsehood’s special grin ;
 Freedom I love, and form I hate,
 And choose my lodgings at an inn.”

“Here, waiter ! take my sordid ore,
 Which lackey else might hope to win ;

It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an inn."

*"Who'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.*

CHAPTER III.

ONE RESULT OF TOO FREE BEER-DRINKING. THE TEMPTATION TO DRINKING OF INEXPERIENCED TRAVELLERS. VICTIMS TO GOOD FELLOWSHIP. THE DIFFICULTY OF SHAKING OFF CONFIRMED HABITS OF USING STIMULANTS.

One Result of too Free Beer-Drinking.

I HAVE spoken of the habit of beer-drinking common to myself in my early youth, and which we cannot fail to notice, has become very general with numerous young men of the present day, which though, perhaps, in the least objectionable form that an alcoholic beverage may be taken, often paves the way, as said before, to more dangerous ones. Thus, having been accustomed to the free use of malt liquor for many years, I used to crave for it at mid-day. I could dispense with the glass of beer between breakfast and dinner, which used to be very common with young men employed in warehouses and offices, of which I was one at the period of which I am speaking, if I had it at dinner-time, which was in the middle of the day.

At that hour, so that I had my beer, I did not care at all for wine or spirits, though upon a cold winter's night, with friends, I would often drink a few glasses of grog,

and used to consider myself, by contrast with some others, quite a moderate man. Beer, decidedly, has not that deadly effect upon the constitution that the free use of spirits invariably produces, through taken in considerable quantity, without doubt, it clogs, and often enlarges the liver, and invariably, when this is the case, produces low spirits, to relieve which, resource is sometimes made to brandy, whisky, &c. Now to be quite independent of such needs will be found very delightful. I suffered from a slow liver for years, which used to bring on fits of despondency, which I did not know then, but know well enough now was caused by the large quantities of beer I was in the habit of drinking. At these times I used to go occasionally to a young doctor with whom I was intimate, and who did the same as I did, used to smoke his pipe with me of an evening, who gave me a box of pills, from which I used to find relief. He left London to practice in the country, and as he was going, I said to him, "I shall miss your pills when you are gone, for I found great relief from them."

He laughed and said, "You can get the same easily enough. They are composed of blue pill and colycinth. Get them made up at Corbyn's in the Poultry or Holborn. They are celebrated for their colycinth, and you are sure to get them good."

Accordingly, I adhered to their use for many years, but the use even of a good medicine, like everything else, may be abused, but I believe that it is owing to the great quantity that I took of these drugs, that all my teeth became loose in my head, so that eventually I pulled them nearly

all out, one by one, with a bit of twine between my fingers. They were all perfectly sound—for I do not remember ever having a decayed tooth, and as the three which I have left, two in the lower and one in the upper jaw, are quite firm, I attribute to beer-drinking, the necessity of resort to a remedy which ended in the loss of my teeth.

The Temptation to Drinking of Inexperienced Travellers.— At that time, when living in a wholesale warehouse in the City, it used to be customary at times to send young men out as travellers from particular departments. That is to say, they were not the regular representatives of the firm, the commercial traveller who carried the whole range of samples of goods in which the house dealt, but were sent out to some of the chief provincial towns with a view of attracting customers to some special division or other, the large buyers in which they were more intimately acquainted with than the ordinary traveller, and to whom they might perhaps offer special advantages in the shape of terms, &c. Perhaps it might be at the “turn,” or opening of a season, when a large stock of certain goods had been purchased by the buyer, or manager of the department which it was desirable to force, or make anticipatory sales of.

Good salesmen and experienced men were generally sent on these errands, who could efficiently represent or sell the goods to the best advantage *in the warehouse*, where they would handle customers right well. But, I have known such men sent out with twenty pounds in their

pockets—the first instalment of travelling expenses,—who left London with a view of taking certain towns in succession, and work their way up northwards, as Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Sheffield, Leeds, York, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and so on, send up an order sheet for the first day or two, and then be no more heard of for many days, till the principals getting alarmed, some confidential person would be despatched to look after the missing one, who would begin his research at the inn whence the absentee last directed from, where he would be found perhaps, laid up with an attack akin to *delerium tremens*, or in a helpless state in some low den or other, found out by the “boots,” having spent or lost all his cash, and unable to get away, and be brought back to London in a pitiable state. The temptations of a traveller’s life, who can eat and drink what he likes, and when he likes, and the absence of all restraint was too much for such men, who, indulging too freely, and taking wine in the middle of the day to which they were unaccustomed at the commercial dinner, lost their poise, and got sunk so low, as to be unable to manage themselves and to get over it.

I can call to mind the instance of a capital first salesman in a department, who was steady enough in the warehouse—a married man—and knew his business and the customers better than the manager or buyer over him, who lived in the same house with me for years, who did this more than once, but was forgiven on promises of amendment, and abstinence, no doubt sincerely meant, at the time; but he would break out again, and this fatal blot in his character prevented him from getting on. He could be

steady only when all the money he had earned was consumed in the household expenses of his wife and family and the purchase of their own and his clothing.

How could a firm trust such a man to *buy* for them, when, perhaps, treated liberally by manufacturers, he might, when under the influence of drink, make unfavourable contracts or injudicious purchases? Yet, when he had not the temptation put in his way, and was engaged in the warehouse all day, he was right enough, and a most useful, and valuable assistant.

I sometimes meet a few of this class wandering about the City. Poor fellows! They are but mere shreds—wrecks of their former selves. Some with the small furnace that used to be at their nose's end burnt entirely out for want of fuel, the said noses being of a faint, dullish, purple colour—the ashes of a spent volcano—while their shrunken limbs and appearance altogether proclaims the spirit drinker. Some, that I used to know intimately in former years under happier and better circumstances, I have relieved with small sums of money gratefully received. How I have mourned to see such cases. Good natured hearty fellows many of them were in their day; far too good to come to such a mournful end, and examples like these ought to cause a man that is likely too readily to fall under temptation to excess, to say “I will never touch the accursed thing again!”

Victims to Good Fellowship.—Nor is it in all cases that a man's natural inclination solely causes him at times to

become intemperate. Many frequently take a far larger quantity of stimulants than they ought, knowing, it is true, that the practice is bad and wrong, yet under the mistaken idea they can stand it, while the springs of life are being steadily undermined. These are sometimes victims to the custom of drinking on the score of good fellowship, which I feel assured was the case with a brother of mine—a surgeon. Good-hearted, kind, and considerate, and very skilful in his profession, his death, at a comparative early age, left a great void in a populous district; for he used to reside in South Wales in an iron-manufacturing district, and besides his private practice he was doctor to some extensive iron works, which appointment brought him in some six hundred pounds a year or so.

Sick or well, twopence in the £ was deducted every week for the doctor from every man and woman's earnings (for women used to empty the trams laden with the refuse from the furnaces and were hence called "tip-girls") and as injuries to limbs were very common, before an amputation was performed, there was always a consultation between two or more of the surgeons of the district.

"This man's leg must come off—" one of them might say to my brother.

"No," he would at times answer, touched by the patient's appealing, and sorrowful look, "I will save it."

"You will never do it," perhaps would rejoin another.

"I am certain I can, and will try," would be the answer, when he felt he could make such trial, and by care and long attention, the arm or leg of many a poor artificer has been saved, the importance and value of which to a working man cannot well be over-rated.

His character as a thoughtful, skilful, and humane surgeon, was thus well known, and he was often praised by the workmen, to the disparagement of some of the other surgeons, one of whom was called by them "the butcher," from his too ready recourse to the knife, and his death was generally considered a loss to the district, and this occurred suddenly after he had caught a cold (riding amongst the Welsh mountains and getting wet) to which he succumbed, his constitution having become enfeebled by too free living, and was thus unable to throw it off, which a more vigorous one might have done.

He would mount his nag at about ten o'clock in the morning to see his patients, and I would ride my sister's horse to keep him company when I was on a visit to him. He would finish his round about two o'clock usually, when we returned to early dinner, having perhaps taken a glass or two on the road, for which the keen mountain air would dispose one, at the house of some well-to-do acquaintance upon whom we might call, when refreshments were invariably produced, or perhaps at an inn.

Dinner being over, the spirit bottles were always put upon the table, but little wine being drunk. He used to love cheerful conversation, during which a couple of glasses of grog would be consumed—two glasses being his usual after dinner—allowance when no one was there but members of the family.

Most frequently, however, we were not left alone, but a mineral agent would drop in who would also take a couple of glasses, glasses being filled all round, *pari passu*, for good fellowship sake. Then perhaps another genial spirit

would drop in later, and another couple of glasses were filled all round again, as a matter of course, so that very frequently both him and I would take half a dozen glasses of grog apiece, after dinner ; but however much he took, he never appeared the worse for it, I must say, though it was different with me.

In the course of years this sort of life must tell upon a man, and so predispose his constitution to fall before an attack of illness which a more vigorous body would have resisted.

As far as I was personally concerned, the damage done to me at that time, beyond getting accustomed occasionally to take more than was good for me, was not very serious, so far as I understood it. I used to feel a little thick and confused in the head when I got up on the following morning, but after breakfast, which I had but little appetite for, a glass or two of beer would set me up, coupled with the horse exercise, and by dinner-time I was all right again ; so easily does an unimpaired constitution recover from even abuse when it is healthy and vigorous.

Half a dozen glasses of grog, later on in life, taken at one time, would have made me unwell for a week, with a perpetual craving for more stimulant after the effects of succeeding doses, taken as restoratives, had passed off.

Poor fellow, he could easily have excused himself, for he might have pleaded the practice of his profession, and his liability to be called upon at any moment by a patient, as an excuse for not taking more than he choosed, but being fond of a chat, and rather argumentative, it was dry work

talking, and of an hospitable turn, he kept pace with the rest always, and as he had one, and sometimes two, highly qualified assistants, he could always fall back upon them, and send them to see cases.

He kept this kind of method of living on for many years, till his constitution was in all probability fatally sapped, and an otherwise useful man was lost to his district, many hundreds of people following his remains to the grave. Genial, tender-hearted, yet manly fellow, my senior by some years, what would I not give to grasp his dear hand again, and this would have been possible, I feel convinced, but for the unfortunate excess he used to indulge in, and which that special district, with but little educated society, and few amusements, had a tendency to encourage.

The Difficulty of Shaking off Confirmed Habits of using Stimulants.—The difficulty of shaking off a confirmed habit of using stimulants, even when absolute abstention has been resorted to, and followed for no inconsiderable period, has been exemplified in my own experience, and in a much worse degree in that of a man I am intimately acquainted with—in fact, he was once my partner in business—a good many years ago—and I am his wife's trustee under her marriage settlement, which will sufficiently account for the close intimacy that subsists between us, and which causes me to be sent for upon the occasions of distress and trouble I am about to narrate.

This gentleman in his young days was by no means an inveterate drinker, for I have been acquainted with him

from his boyhood, but habits of intemperance *grew* upon him.

Soon after the dissolution of our partnership, he experienced a heavy money loss, and took it greatly to heart, and then began to have recourse to more stimulants than was good for him, in the vain hope of drowning his cares. At first the effect upon him was to make him good-naturedly stupid and careless, the chief harm then being that he used to neglect his affairs, and this kind of thing lasted for a considerable time. Being blessed with a strong constitution he drank to a considerable extent for months together, and got regularly intoxicated every night, the quantity of beer he used to consume being something enormous, till at length awakening to a sense of his degradation, and the necessity of discontinuing the pernicious habit, he broke it off altogether, and would not touch a drop of anything. He adhered to his resolution for about six months, and then broke out again worse than ever, and these courses of entire abstention, and gross indulgence, succeeded each other at irregular intervals varying in duration from six to twelve months for many years, with this difference, that the older he got, the more he suffered during these periods of intoxication, being sometimes dangerously violent.

At these times I used to be sent for, as likely to be able to exercise more influence over him than anybody else, on account of my close intimacy and a full knowledge of all his affairs, and upon these occasions the scenes I have witnessed have been something appalling.

When he would wake up on the following morning,

after being up nearly all the night, and sleeping heavily, and fitfully, for an hour or two, he would awake dreadfully depressed and bodily ill, sensible enough of his wicked conduct, and of the grief and misery he had inflicted upon his family, yet so weak and prostrate that he would beg piteously for stimulant that would now be withheld from him, saying that otherwise he felt he must die.

The understood practice with many medical men appears to be to allow this class of inebriates who have drunk to excess a little weak stimulant, otherwise there is danger of their relapsing with *delirium tremens*, and he would protest earnestly that he would take no more than was good for him, but have it he must; and if it was denied to him, he would put on some clothes, and without washing himself, crawl out to the nearest public-house where he was known, and remain there and get hopelessly drunk.

For an hour or two he would take a little weak brandy and water at intervals, given to him in the form of *medicine*, but as he recovered a little, before the day was out, he would get into the same bad way again, and be, perhaps, half frantic at night.

I have seen him take a dish off the table and fling it under the grate at supper-time, for some trivial cause of vexation, and try to wrench down the gas chandelier. Sweep costly ornaments off the mantle-piece on to the floor which he highly valued as works of art, his wife and children sobbing and crying in terror, while he would reproach his wife and call her all the most opprobrious names he could lay his tongue to, and include myself, aposthropising me after some such fashion as the follow-

ing:—"And you, you rascal, what do you want here? You have done your best to injure me, but I don't care for the whole lot of you. You may go to (Hades) the whole lot of you."

His best, dearest, and closest friends (including his wife) at these times he would evince the most decided aversion to, and regard as his enemies, this being always a decided phase with him, while, when he went out, he would fraternise with any fellow he happened to meet, who scraped up an acquaintance with him, and squander his money in the most reckless manner, throwing 30 or 40 sovereigns about at a time, for he would sometimes draw cheques upon his bankers which were often returned, written upon them "signature illegible," and of course, at these times, he greatly wasted his substance.

To expostulation and earnest reasoning—to appeals to him as to what his conduct must appear in the eyes of God, I have heard him curse the Almighty, in such a diabolical manner that my blood has run cold, and I have thought, "Surely this must be demoniacal possession? Surely this must be a case of being possessed by an evil spirit, which must be the form of such visitations in modern times?"

Horror-struck, my first natural impulse was to rush out of the house and leave him to his fate, but how could I desert his wife and children under such dreadful circumstances? My next would be to tie him down by main force, and confine him as one would a violent madman. Upon one occasion he threatened to cut his throat, and in taking the razor from him the loose blade fell on the back

of my fore-finger, severing the flesh to the bone, so that I shall carry a stiff fore-finger with me to the grave.

Worn out myself in mind and body, and his wife and children the same, he at last would succumb into a kind of stupor himself, and in the morning following, perhaps, go out, when I would have gone home, to return at night drunk, sometimes in a cab with his hat smashed, and his clothes covered with dirt, the cabman glad to be rid of him, and saying what a dreadful job he had experienced in getting him home, and at others, would be found groveling on his knees at the front door, being just able to make some sort of noise, either with the knocker or otherwise, so as to cause him to get admission.

And yet this man was a professing Christian at one time, and was the chief means of a church being erected in a suburban neighbourhood to which he largely contributed, and was quite sensible of the duties, and obligations that were imposed upon him. I cannot bear to judge another, but in his case, it appears to me, in the Scriptural point of view, like crucifying our Lord afresh, against which we are warned, when these blasphemous bouts are indulged in, for no reasoning has the slightest effect upon him, and he is as conscious of the evils effects that result to himself and family, as anybody else can point out to him, and yet he cannot shake himself free from the dreadful scourge that oppresses him, being quite aware after his voluntarily imposed terms of teetotalism comes to an end, that when he lifts the first glass to his lips, a period of continued intoxication must inevitably follow, and yet he is unable to refrain!

Unfortunately, his medical attendant was very injudicious in telling him that he was subject to a constitutional ailment, which resembled a "spark," that must burn itself out in his case, and he seems to regard this as being unalterable, and gives himself up to his fate, though now advanced in years and much shaken in constitution, and how it must all end, can only be mournfully surmised.

CHAPTER IV.

MY WIFE'S INFLUENCE. ALCOHOL STIMULATES THE IMAGINATION, BUT DEPRESSES THE JUDGMENT. RESOLVE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE. AIDS TO TEMPERANCE. RESULTS OF SELF-INDULGENCE. ADVANTAGE OF ENTIRE ABSTINENCE IN INTERCOURSE WITH HABITUAL DRINKERS. DR. JOHNSON'S EXPERIENCE. BARCLAY AND PERKIN'S BREWERY.

IT may not be strange to those who have had experience in the matter, for me to say that, notwithstanding the many shocking instances I have witnessed in my own experience of the evils of intemperance, I was not deterred from drinking, for probably most men who indulge (unless in very bad and pronounced cases), are under the impression they can take care of themselves pretty well, and do not need to apply the warnings that are commonly to be seen, in every direction to their own individual cases.

We all know that accident and death are on every side, and our friends and acquaintances are continually dropping around us, yet we most of us live as if our turn were not to come for a very long time, while it might be to-morrow. This being the rule rather than the exception, blind mortal as we are. It is, therefore, to my wife's influence that I

most attribute my resolve to become an entire abstainer.

My Wife's Influence.—She told me, one day, when we were discussing this unwelcome subject, which was one that was invariably avoided, that, whenever I went upon a journey and travelled, she was always uncomfortable, and never felt a moment's ease of mind, fearing that I should take too much, and upon my return, her anxious gaze would always fix itself upon my notice, and she would come up and kiss me.

Sincerely attached to each other, this had always been her invariable custom, and there was, therefore, nothing new, or unusual in it, but my guilty conscience told me that the poor creature wanted to find out how the land lay, and I used at times to feel that, it was a Judas-like kiss to discover whether I had been drinking, by the smell of my breath, so that she might know what to expect.

My pride was very much hurt at this, at first, and doubtless, at times, produced a cold and constrained manner, different to the usual warmth of greeting, I should have displayed after an absence; and this would at once give colour to her complaint of changed behaviour. But, upon reflection, at last I could not but confess to myself, that a wife's anxiety was but natural, and proceeded from her loving solicitude, which it was cruel to trifle with.

I used to expostulate at times, when this topic was delicately hinted at by her, and say—"Why, almost every man takes a glass now and then, and sometimes, from his bodily condition—an empty stomach or what not—a little may affect me more than another, and I may be liable to be sooner upset than most men."

“I can tell,” she would reply “when you have had but perhaps the very smallest quantity. You don’t know it yourself, but you seemed changed altogether. You are not so *nice*. You say things you would not say if you were your proper self, fly into tempers, and make me so uneasy and nervous, that I am perfectly wretched.”

Now this I felt was hard. It was hard for her to be put in an anxious and unhappy state by me, and hard to me, I used to think, that her too sensitive feelings, and exaggerated apprehensions, claimed from me the relinquishment of that which I thought to be necessary for my comfort and solace, and I have replied with a somewhat jealous feeling that the same dislike was not extended by her to others.

“Why, you tolerate it elsewhere,” I would say. “There is so and so, upon such an occasion. You were quite at ease and at home with him when he had taken a great deal more than was good for himself. Why he imbibes about four times as much as I do. Begins with beer in the morning, when the sun is in the “foreyard arm” as he calls it, goes on all day with wine, or whatever others may be taking (for nothing comes amiss to him), and finishes up at night with soda and brandy, and if the sitting is protracted, and the talk of an exciting, or amusing description a glass of brandy and water after his last “peg,” as he calls it.”

“Yes,” she would reply, “this is true, but then he is entirely different to you. He is quiet and good natured with it all. Never is anything but excessively gentlemanly, and although foolish, and will say the same thing over and

over again at times, and make himself a little ridiculous, there is nothing very formidable about it. While with you, you get so excited, and are ready to fly off at the slightest thing, and are so obstinate and unmanageable, that I am perfectly upset always, and don't know what may come, or what I may expect next."

The poor fellow to whom I have referred, was a naval officer, who had scarcely reached middle age, and led an idle club life, being a man of some little fortune, and at last got into such confirmed habits of constant drinking, that he undoubtedly killed himself.

And yet I can aver that in my worst time, I did not take stimulants for the love of them, as this poor fellow did. In seasons of ill-luck, and loss of money, struggling with difficulties, I used to get dreadfully nervous and apprehensive. I would picture myself a broken man, and my children desolate, and I powerless to help them, wandering about perhaps with scarcely shoes to their feet!

Alcohol stimulates the Imagination but depresses the Judgment.—The fact really is that, alcohol stimulates the imagination, whether it be in the form of anticipated danger, or disaster, which will always wear an exaggerated form when its use is freely indulged in, or in a more agreeable direction, heightening the fancy while it depresses the judgment, and thus is the frequent occasion of mulifying those prudent steps which might be often taken to mitigate misfortune, or even guilt, of which latter it is never too late to repent.

Undoubtedly, in many instances, excessive despondency

leads to suicide. It is a commonly known philological fact, that the profuse use of alcohol affects the liver, and produces low spirits, and it is under the thralldom of their influence that the self-murderer often does his baneful work.

An Experiment.—Feeling the necessity of greater moderation, at length, than I habitually practised, I tried teetotalism for a short period upon one occasion, and found that I missed my malt liquor very much, to which I had been accustomed for so many years, always feeling at the same dead level as regarded animal spirits, that has been alluded to elsewhere ; the fact being, that I had not tried abstention long enough. I fancied, too, that my food did not digest so well, and that the digestive juices of my body were benefitted by the use of alcohol in the form of beer.

I told my wife this, and she suggested to me, that as I always felt a craving for beer at mid-day, I should strictly confine myself to one pint at dinner, for it was then my habit mostly to dine at mid-day in the city. I carried this out for a whole twelvemonth, the period I had determined to try the experiment, and found it a very pleasant and agreeable year. I used to count upon my beer at dinner, and procured for my use upon those days I dined at home, a handsome pint flagon, which was regularly filled for me, with the understanding that that was my *allowance*, and if it was not filled to the brim, I used to grumble, and have it replenished. I got a first rate article for home use, the best Burton pale ale I could procure, which I obtained

from an extensive brewer's agent, who used to send me a kilderkin when I needed it, of the best brewings.

But after the year had expired, during which I resolutely adhered to my determination, I thought I had cured myself of the habit of taking too much at times, and gradually increased my quantity, at first without any unfavourable results, but eventually I became not only as bad, but worse than before the year's probation.

My wife in speaking of it afterwards frequently said to me "that year was the most composed, and happiest of our married life, for your temper was regular and equal, and you were never betrayed with those fits of impatience, anger, &c., the same as you have occasionally been at other times."

Resolve of Total Abstinence.—I was therefore obliged at last to come reluctantly to the conclusion that, it was unwise for me to trust in my own strength, discretion, or moderate appetite as to the quantity I should take in the way of alcoholic beverages, and that it would be far better, under any aspect, to refrain altogether from taking stimulants, for I saw plenty of men around me doing well enough without them, whose lives were regular and equal, and who suffered from none of the ills common to free livers, so that at last I came to the determination to abstain altogether.

I can say for myself that, since I have been a total abstainer I feel a greater trust in Providence, and more resignation to the divine will than I formerly felt. Sustaining heavy pecuniary losses, and the disappointment of many hopes,

I have honestly come to the conclusion, that even if it may be necessary for my well being that I should become poor, that I ought to bear my lot cheerfully, for I might possibly make a bad use of wealth did I possess it, and be too much attached to the perishing things of the world, which might imperil my eternal salvation. And thus, while striving to do my best, I am content to leave the issue in God's hands.

I do not pretend to be a teacher of theology, yet, since I have discontinued the practice of taking stimulants, I have begun to feel a greater composure and placidity of mind, that I am travelling a better road than formerly, and that what used to be to me at one time almost incomprehensible mysteries, are now made tolerably plain, and to understand the meaning of the doctrine that the kingdom of God is within one, that we may become temples of the Holy Ghost when so far purified by earnest endeavours after perfectness, that although from the weakness of our corrupt nature, and against our better judgment, the proneness to sin remains ; yet, we are enabled to take fast hold of the Christian's hope, which made the Apostle to the Gentiles cry out :—

“ Oh ! miserable man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death ? I thank God through Jesus Christ my Lord.”

Aids to Temperance.—It is not in the course of nature, however, I suppose, for a man to accommodate himself all at once to an entire change in his method of living, without feeling considerable inconvenience. And such was my case. At mid-day the craving I have spoken of for

malt liquor would always return to me, and will to nearly all others, no doubt, under the same circumstances, the real secret of which, perhaps, is that the stomach demands something to feed upon, and being creatures of habit, if we deprive ourselves of one thing which has an injurious tendency, not to allow a void to be created, but supply ourselves with another substitute that is harmless. And thus I found that, I could best get over this craving for something to *drink*, by taking something to *eat*, when the desire would be overcome.

I would then recommend all who make the endeavour to cure themselves of the vice of intemperance, when this craving comes on (as it inevitably will), to make a point of eating something, and if it is too early for luncheon, or the mid-day dinner, to take a little fruit, or a trifle from a confectioner's shop, or where there are no shops, to carry a sandwich, a hard boiled egg, or a piece of cake in one's pocket, and this will stop the desire for stimulants in a very great degree. A bunch of raisins carried in the pocket will be found an excellent thing to resort to for this purpose, and the fruit is stimulating.

There is, however, often a little inconsistency shown by men, who become teetotalers, in refraining to spend money upon fruit, or trifles which they regard as *waste*, when they would squander much larger sums, readily enough, upon drink that does them harm, and use a false self-denial. For, the man who would spend, as a matter of course, sixpence upon a glass of grog, or a bottle of ale, and do this perhaps several times in the day, would begrudge giving threepence for a luscious pear, or other

fruit, which he would regard as a piece of extravagance ! Thus, when men are exhorted to use self-denial, they ought to be told at the same time, I think, the best means to have recourse to, to attain the habit, and the men who have been accustomed to resort to the use of wine, beer, or other alcoholic beverages should be encouraged to study themselves a little, so as not to endanger the continuity of a good resolution.

I am a smoker, and in my own case have found that an occasional cigarette (which I make myself of the tobacco I prefer), affords me a considerable amount of consolation when craving for some little stimulant, but too great an indulgence of this habit is apt to be injurious, as it produces dryness of the mouth, which creates a desire for drinking, that is best avoided, but it not unfrequently happens that a man who has cured himself of drinking, and has turned teetotaler, has become in the end an inveterate smoker.

Too much self-indulgence under any form is of course to be deplored, but undoubtedly of two evils, it is certainly best to choose the least, and it is better to be an inveterate smoker than an inveterate drinker, though excess of any kind is unworthy of any rational creature.

As for myself, I never drink anything at all during dinner, not even a glass of water, finding the moisture contained in the vegetables I consume—of which I eat freely—to be sufficient, and a cigarette and a small cup of coffee afterwards makes, to me, an agreeable finish. I always enjoy my tea exceedingly, of which I generally take three good sized cups, and afterwards I am as fresh and lively as

possible, however hard my day's work may have been, my head and all my faculties are as clear as a bell, while I take coffee at supper time, which is objectionable to some people, as they say it prevents them from sleeping, but it has not this effect upon me, for though I sleep lightly and am easily awakened by a slight noise, yet I rest continuously and am seldom disturbed by dreams, and altogether am enabled to enjoy a more equable, and rational life than I used to lead, when I commonly resorted to the use of stimulants.

I do not presume to lay down the law for others, I merely narrate my own experience, in the hope that it may be of some use as an example to those who suffered from the same inconvenience as I have done.

Results of Self-indulgence.—Self-indulgence, if not always attended by those sad consequences, which afflict many habitual drinkers (for I have known several cases of men who have not gone to bed sober for years, who kept themselves tolerably straight in the day time, but always took too much at night), inevitably leads to a prostration of energy.

Many men of habitually sober habits have begun to take stimulants for the purpose of being stimulated, as one would use a drug—medicinally as it were—but after awhile the habit grows upon a man, and he exceeds the quantity that is needed for a fillip, with which intention he might first have innocently began the practice, till at length instead of its acting as a stimulant, it does the work of a *sedative*, and a desire for rest and ease, in contra-distinction

to an increased working power, in capability, succeeds, and he wants rather to be diverted and amused, which not unfrequently is the occasion of duty being shirked.

There may be, and doubtless are, many constitutions to which certain fermented liquors may for a time be useful, arising from poorness of blood, in which cases medical men often prescribe port wine and stout, as in ænemic cases, who under such conditions are peculiarly liable to temptation, for has not alcohol been medicinally prescribed? But these ought to be very careful, and it is a wise plan for those who think that stimulants are necessary to them, to adhere to a certain quantity, and on no account ever be tempted to go beyond it. In my own case I have found (though some thought otherwise) they are not necessary, but then my habit of body inclines rather to fulness, and I certainly would not measure another by my own standard.

The advantage of entire abstinence in intercourse with habitual drinkers.—I found it much easier, too, in general intercourse with the world, one man with another, and particularly upon the occasion of little friendly meetings, to be an abstainer altogether, rather than a moderate drinker.

If one of the latter says:—"I have had enough, I cannot take any more, he may be twitted for his want of good fellowship, and is invariably pressed to take more than he wants at times. But when a man says:—"I never take anything. I am an abstainer, or teetotaler, or whatever he chooses to call himself, no one ever dreams of asking

him to drink, for he has given a sufficient reason for not drinking, that is, that he either cannot, his physical constitution not allowing him to do so, or that he has pledged himself not to drink, and therefore it would be a breach of good manners, or idle, to press him; and therefore there is nothing more to be said, and acquiescence only left, except, perhaps, a question or two may be asked through curiosity, as: "And do you *never* take anything under any circumstances, even if you are ill. A little brandy medicinally?" Or, "Do you find total abstinence agree with you?"

Questions of this sort are often put to the abstainer by people, who, recognising the great advantages of total abstinence, are half disposed to try it themselves, which take some such form as:—"Don't you ever feel flat, and long for a glass to set you up?" And if one expatiates upon the advantages of being always at an uniform level, and not standing in any need of "setting up," a half-sighing response may be made, as previously suggested, "I am afraid that it must be an uniform flat, a dead level." But under no circumstances would an abstainer be expected to drink, and even in somewhat hilarious assemblies, he is not debarred from taking part if he chooses, and be left in unenvied possession of his cup of coffee and cigar, with this advantage in the case of their use, that with many, upon the following morning, while they will rise with aching heads, and confused brains, the abstainer will be perfectly well, with all his faculties clear about him, prepared to go through his day's occupation with undisturbed calm and serenity.

In the foregoing I have endeavoured to show that, a man naturally temperate may at times be incautious, and relapse into a habit of occasional intemperance, and finally contract that of drunkenness ; for it is not only the abandoned, but some of the best persons who are likely to be overtaken by self-indulgence, even the fatigue of a walk sometimes causing one to take more refreshment than is absolutely necessary, though, doubtless, those who are in the habit of taking abundant out-door exercise are less likely to be affected by the use of alcoholic drinks than those who are of more sedentary habits. But the strongest are liable to fall, even those who have a horror of drunkenness, and the objurgation, "When thou think thou art strong, take heed lest thou fall," is applicable to all, and to those who are disposed to examine themselves with strictness and impartiality, as to their common use of alcoholic drinks, I would commend Jeremy Taylor's exhortations and definitions, while I would remind those who hesitate in their choice between moderate drinking and total abstinence, of the case of Dr. Johnson, who said he found it to be easier to be abstemious than temperate, the many good things he was tempted to eat and drink at Thrale, the brewer's hospitable mansion, doubtless causing him to come to this conclusion.

Barclay and Perkin's Brewery.—If may be interesting to notice *en passant*, that David Barclay, who subsequently became the purchaser of Mr. Thrale's brewery, was one of seven sons of the celebrated apologist for the Quakers, all of whom were living fifty years after the death of

their father. David was the last of them. He was a wealthy merchant in Cheapside, and entertained successively the three sovereigns, George I., George II., and George III., on their respective visits to the City on Lord Mayor's Day, and by this purchase became the founder of that famous brewery, Barclay, Perkins and Company.

CHAPTER V.

JEREMY TAYLOR'S DEFINITION OF DRUNKENNESS. EVIL CONSEQUENCES OF DRUNKENNESS. SIGNS OF DRUNKENNESS. RULES FOR OBTAINING TEMPERANCE. SIGNS AND EFFECTS OF TEMPERANCE. THE HIGHEST DEGREE OF SOBRIETY. EVIL CONSEQUENCES OF SENSUALITY (IN WHICH MUST BE INCLUDED IMMODERATE DRINKING).

Jeremy Taylor's Definition of Drunkenness.

DRUNKENNESS is an immoderate affection and use of drink. That I call immoderate is besides, or beyond, that order of good things for which God hath given us the use of drink. The ends are digestion of our meat, cheerfulness and refreshment of our spirits, or any end of health; besides which, if we go, or at any time *beyond* it, it is inordinate and criminal, it is the vice of drunkenness.

It is forbidden by our blessed Saviour in these words:—“Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness.” *Surfeiting*, that is the evil effects—the sottishness and remaining stupidity of habitual, or of the last night's drunkenness. For, Christ forbids both the actual and habitual intemperance; not only the effect of it, for in both there is sin.

He that drinks but little, if that little make him drunk, and if he know beforehand of his own infirmity, is guilty of surfeiting, not of drunkenness. But, he that drinks much and is strong to bear it, and is not deprived of his reason violently, is guilty of the sin of drunkenness.

It is a sin not to prevent such uncharitable effects upon the body and understanding. And, therefore, a man that loves not the drink is guilty of surfeiting, if he doth not watch to prevent the evil effect; and it is a sin, and the greater of the two, inordinately to love or to use the drink, though the surfeiting or violence do not follow. Good therefore is the counsel of the son of Sirach, "show not thy valiantness in wine, for wine hath destroyed many."

Evil Consequences of Drunkenness.—The evils and sad consequences of drunkenness (the consideration of which are so many arguments to avoid the sin) are to this sense reckoned by writers of Holy Scripture, and other wise personages of the world.

1.—It causeth woes and mischief, wounds and sorrow, sin and shame; it maketh bitterness of spirit, brawling and quarrelling, it increaseth rage and lesseneth strength, it maketh red eyes and a loose and babbling tongue.

2.—It particularly ministers to lust, and yet disables the body; so that, in effect, it makes man wanton as a satyr, and impotent as age; and Solomon, in enumerating the evils of this vice, adds this to the account:—"Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thy heart shall utter perverse things;" as if the drunkard were only desire, and then

impatient, muttering and enjoying like an eunuch embracing a woman.

3.—It besots and hinders the actions of the understanding, making a man brutish in his passions, and a fool in his reason ; and differs nothing from madness but that it is voluntary, and so is an equal evil in nature and a worse in manners.

4.—It takes off all the guards and lets loose the reins of all those evils to which a man is, by his nature, or by his evil customs, inclined, and from which he is restrained by reason and severe principles.

Drunkenness calls off the watchmen from their towers, and then all the evils enter in that can proceed from a loose heart, and an untied tongue, and a dissolute spirit, and an unguarded unlimited will ; all that we may put upon the accounts of drunkenness.

5.—It extinguisheth and quenches the Spirit of God, for no man can be filled with the Spirit of God and with wine at the same time. And, therefore, St. Paul makes them exclusive of each other :—“ *Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit.*” And, since Joseph’s cup was put with Benjamin’s sack, no man had a divining goblet.

6.—It opens all the sanctuaries of nature and discovers the nakedness of the soul, all its weaknesses and follies ; it multiplies sins and discovers them ; it makes a man incapable of being a private friend or a public counsellor.

7.—It taketh a man’s soul with slavery and imprisonment more than any vice whatsoever, because it disarms a man of all his reason and his wisdom, whereby he might

be cured ; and, therefore, it commonly grows upon him with age ; a drunkard being still more a fool and less a man. I need not add any sad examples, since all stories and all ages have too many of them. Amnon was slain by his brother Absalom, when he was warm and high with wine. Simon, the High Priest, and two of his sons were slain by their brother at a drunken feast. Holofernes was drunk when Judith slew him ; and all the great things that Daniel spake of Alexander were drowned with a surfeit of one night's intemperance ; and the drunkenness of Noah and Lot are upon record to eternal ages, that in these early instances and righteous persons, and less criminal drunkenness than is that of Christians in this period of the world, God might show that very great evils are prepared to punish this vice, no less than shame and slavery and incest, the first upon Noah, the second upon one of his sons, and the third in the person of Lot.

Signs of Drunkenness.—But, if it be enquired, concerning the periods and distinct significations of this crime, and when a man is said to be drunk. To this I answer that drunkenness is in the same manner to be judged as sickness. As every illness or violence done to health in every part of its continuance is a part or degree of sickness, so is every going off from our natural and common temper and our usual severity of behaviour, a degree of drunkenness. He is not only drunk that can drink no more, for few are so ; but he hath sinned in a degree of drunkenness, who hath done anything towards it beyond his proper measure. But its parts and periods are usually

thus reckoned. 1, apish gestures ; 2, much talking ; 3, immoderate laughing ; 4, dullness of sense ; 5, scurrility, that is wanton, or jeering, or abusive language ; 6, an useless understanding ; 7, stupid sleep ; 8, epilepsies, or fallings and reelings, and beastly vomitings. The least of these, even when the tongue begins to be untied, is a degree of drunkenness.

Rules for obtaining Temperance.—Be severe in your judgment concerning your proportions and let no occasion make you enlarge far beyond your ordinary. For a man is surprised by parts, and while he thinks one glass more will not make him drunk, that one glass has disabled him from well discerning his present condition and neighbour, danger. “*While men think themselves wise, they become fools ;*” they think they shall taste the aconite and not die, or crown their heads with juice of poppy and not be drowsy ; and, if they drink off the whole vintage, still they think they can swallow another goblet. But, remember this, whenever you begin to consider whether you may safely take one draught more, it is then high time to give over. Let that be accounted a sign late enough to break off, for every reason to doubt is a sufficient reason to part the company.

Never urge any man to eat or drink beyond his own limits and his own desires. He that does otherwise is drunk with his brother’s surfeit, and reels and falls with his intemperance ; that is, the sin of drunkenness is upon both their scores, they both lie wallowing in the guilt.

Use St. Paul’s instruments of sobriety :—“*Let us who are*

of the day be sober, putting on the breast-plate of faith and love, and, for an helmet, the hope of salvation." Faith, Hope, and Charity are the best weapons in the world to fight against intemperance. The faith of the Mahomedans forbids them to drink wine, and they abstain religiously as the sons of Rechab; and the faith of Christ forbids drunkenness to us, and, therefore, is infinitely more powerful to suppress this vice when we remember that we are Christians, and to abstain from drunkenness and gluttony is part of the faith and discipline of Jesus, and that with these vices neither our love to God, nor our hopes of Heaven can possibly consist and, therefore, when these enter the heart, the others go out at the mouth; for this is the devil that is cast out by fasting and prayer, which are the proper actions of these graces.

Let your drink so serve your meat as your meat doth your health; that it be apt to convey and digest it, and refresh the spirits; but, let it never go beyond such a refreshment as may a little lighten the present load of a sad or troubled spirit; never to inconvenience, lightness, sottishness, vanity or intemperance; and know that the loosing the bands of the tongue, and the very first dissolution of its duty is one degree of the intemperance.

In all cases be careful that you be not brought under the power of such things which otherwise are lawful enough in the use. "*All things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the power of anything,*" said St. Paul. And, to be perpetually longing and impatiently desirous of anything, so that a man cannot abstain from it, is to lose a man's liberty, and to become a servant to meat and drink,

or smoke ; and I wish this last instance were more considered by persons who little suspect themselves guilty of intemperance, though their desires are strong and impatient, and the use of it perpetual and unreasonable to all purposes, but that they have made it habitual and necessary, as intemperance itself is made to some men.

Signs and Effects of Temperance.—We shall know that we have the grace of temperance by the following signs, which are so many arguments to engage us also upon its study and practice.

1.—A temperate man is modest ; greediness is unmannerly and rude ; and this is instructed in the advice of the son of Sirach :—“ *When thou sittest amongst many, reach not thine hand out first of all ; leave off first for manners sake, and be not insatiable, lest thou offend.*”

2.—Temperance is accompanied by gravity of deportment ; greediness is garrulous, and rejoices loudly at the sight of dainties.

3.—Sound, but moderate, sleep is its sign and its effect. “ *Sound sleep cometh of moderate eating, he riseth early and his wits are with him.*”

4.—A spiritual joy and a devout prayer.

5.—A suppressed and seldom anger.

6.—A command of our thoughts and passions.

7.—A seldom returning, and a never-prevailing, temptation.

8.—To which add, that a temperate person is not curious of fancies and deliciousness. He thinks not much, and speaks not often of meat and drink ; hath a healthful body

and long life unless it be hindered by some other accident.

The Highest Degree of Sobriety.—Spiritual pleasure is the highest degree of sobriety,—and, in the same degree in which we relish and are in love with spiritual delights, the *hidden manna*, with the sweetness of devotion, with the joys of thanksgiving, with rejoicings in the Lord, with the comforts of hope, with the deliciousness of charity and alms deeds, with the sweetness of a good conscience, with the peace of meekness and the felicities of a contented spirit ; in the same degree we disrelish and loathe the husks of swinish lusts, and the parings of the apples of Sodom ; and the taste of sinful pleasures is unsavoury as the drunkard's vomit.

Evil Consequences of Sensuality (in which must be included Immoderate Drinking).—1.—A longing after sensual pleasures is a dissolution of the spirit of a man, and makes it loose, soft, and wandering unapt for noble, wise, or spiritual employments ; because the principles upon which pleasure is chosen and pursued are sottish, weak and unlearned, such as prefer the body before the soul, the appetite before reason, sense before the spirit, the pleasures of a short abode before the pleasures of eternity.

2.—The nature of sensual pleasure is vain, empty, and unsatisfying, biggest always in expectation, and a mere vanity in the enjoying, and leaves a sting and thorn behind it when it goes off. Our laughing, if it be loud and high, commonly ends in a deep sigh, and all the instances of

pleasure have a sting in the tail, though they carry beauty in the face and sweetness on the lip.

3.—Sensual pleasure is a great abuse to the spirit of a man, being a kind of fascination or witchcraft blinding the understanding and enslaving the will; and, he that knows he is freeborn or redeemed with the blood of the Son of God, will not easily suffer the freedom of his soul to be entangled and rifled.

4.—It is most contrary to the state of a Christian, whose life is a perpetual exercise, a wrestling and warfare, to which sensual pleasure disables him by yielding to that enemy with whom he must strive if ever he will be crowned, and this argument the Apostle intimated, “*He that striveth for mastery is temperate in all things; now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we are incorruptible.*”

CHAPTER VI.

HABITUAL DRUNKARDS' ACT OF 1879.

THE evils of intemperance are so enormous from a national point of view, that Parliament has been urged upon frequent occasions to step in with legislative enactments, a significant fact being that, the greatest part of the national revenue is derived from the sale of intoxicating drinks.

Habitual Drunkards' Act of 1879.—Thus an effort was made by Government to ameliorate the condition, and effect the cure of habitual drunkards in the passing of the Habitual Drunkards' Act of 1879, which was mainly due to the efforts of Dr. Dalrymple and a few other gentlemen; which provides for the detention of individuals who voluntarily agree to allow themselves to be subjected to methodical control, with a view of relieving themselves of the vice, or malady (which ever it may be termed, for cases are different) with which they are afflicted, who in the first place sign an agreement to surrender their personal liberty of action for a certain period.

The Act took date on January 1st, 1880, and is to be

in force for ten years, and those to whom it chiefly owed its origin entertained sanguine views as to the advantages that were likely to accrue from its operation. The amount of social benefit that has been derived from it appears, however, to have been extremely small, the method of its working being to license certain houses, or "retreats" in which inebriates voluntarily place themselves, the local authorities having jurisdiction under the Act, being the Justices of the Peace for boroughs, cities and counties in England; Justices of the Peace for counties, and provosts and magistrates of burghs in Scotland; and the Justices of the Peace for counties, and Recorders of Boroughs in Ireland.

As the provisions of the Act appear to be generally but little known, perhaps its salient points will be found interesting, the Act itself being of considerable length and divided into thirty-six sections.

An "habitual drunkard" is defined as a person who, not being amenable to any jurisdiction in lunacy, is, notwithstanding by reason of habitual intemperate drinking at times dangerous to himself and others, or incapable of managing his affairs.

A "retreat" is defined as a house licensed by the proper licensing authorities named in the Act for the reception, control, cure, and curative treatment of habitual drunkards.

The local authorities may grant a licence to any person, or two or more persons jointly, subject to such conditions as may be deemed fit, to keep a retreat for any period not exceeding thirteen months, and may from time to time

revoke or renew such license. One, at least, of the persons to whom a license is granted must reside in the retreat, and be responsible for its management. A duly qualified medical man must be employed as medical attendant of the retreat, unless the name of the licensee is in the "Medical Register," in which case he may himself act as the medical attendant.

But a person who is licensed to keep a house for the reception of lunatics may not become the licensee of a retreat under this Act.

Local authorities are empowered to transfer the license of any retreat to some fit and proper person in the event of the original licensee dying, or becoming incapable of continuing its management from sickness, bankruptcy, or any other reason.

If any retreat becomes unfit for habitation, or otherwise unsuitable, the local authority or the inspector of retreats may order the removal of the persons detained therein.

The liberty of the subject is always well safeguarded by English law, and proper precautions are taken under this Act to guard against malpractices; sections 10 and 11 stipulating that the necessary precautions are taken for the proper overseeing of inebriate persons, and that its operation may not be abused.

Section 10 provides that any habitual drunkard desirous of being admitted into a retreat, may make application in writing to the licensee of a retreat for admission in the following form:—"I, the undersigned, hereby request you to receive me as a patient in your retreat at —, in accordance with the Habitual Drunkards' Act,

1879, and I undertake to remain therein for—at least, unless sooner duly discharged, and to conform to the regulations for the time being in force in the retreat.” This application must be accompanied by a statutory declaration of two persons to the effect that the applicant is an habitual drunkard under the Act, and be signed by the applicant in the presence of two Justices of the Peace, duly assembled, and such justices shall not attest the signature unless they have satisfied themselves that the applicant is an habitual drunkard within the meaning of this Act, and have explained to him the effect of his application for admission into a retreat and his reception therein.

“Such applicant after his admission and reception into such retreat, unless discharged or authorised by license as hereafter provided, shall not be entitled to leave such retreat till the expiration of the term mentioned in his application, and such applicant may be detained therein till the expiration of such term; provided that such term shall not exceed the period of twelve months.”

The 11th section provides that every licensee of a retreat under this Act must, within two clear days after the reception of any persons received therein under this Act, send a copy of such person’s application, with the attestation of the justices by whom such admission was authorised, to the Secretary of State.

Section 12 provides that “any person admitted into any retreat under this Act may, at any time thereafter be discharged by the order of a justice upon the request in writing of the licensee of the retreat, if it shall appear to such justice reasonable and proper.”

Provision is made for the appointment of an Inspector, and an Assistant-Inspector of retreats, for the inspection at least twice in each year, of every retreat, by one or other of these officials, and for an annual return to be made to the Secretary of State by the Inspector of retreats "setting forth the situation of each retreat, the names of the licensees, and the number of habitual drunkards who have been admitted and discharged, or who have died during the past year, with such observations as he shall think fit as to the results of treatment and the condition of the retreats." This report, together with the rules which section 17 empowers the Secretary of State to make, must be laid before Parliament.

Power is given to a Judge of the High Court Justice, or to a County Court Judge in whose district a retreat is situated, to make orders for visiting and examining any person detained under the Act, and to report concerning such person. The judge on receiving such report, may, if he shall think fit, order the discharge from the retreat of any person so detained.

Permission may be given by a Justice of the Peace at the request of the licensee of a retreat, for any person detained in the retreat to reside out of the establishment with any trustworthy respectable person. Such permission may not be in force for more than two months, but may be renewed for a similar period from time to time, until the period of detention originally fixed has expired.

The time during which permission to reside away from the retreat is granted, is to be reckoned as part of the period of detention ; but, where this privilege is forfeited

or revoked, the time during which such habitual drunkard was absent from the retreat shall be excluded in computing the time during which he may be detained at the retreat under the original order.

Any habitual drunkard absent from the retreat under the aforesaid permission, who escapes from the person in whose charge he has been placed, or who refuses to be restrained from drinking intoxicating liquors, shall be considered to have forfeited the privilege, and may be taken back to the retreat.

Certain sections have reference to offences by licensees in wilfully failing to comply with the provisions of the Act, in permitting any habitual drunkard placed in their retreats to be neglected, and to offences by officers and servants of retreats, and other persons who may illtreat or wilfully neglect any inmate, or assist such inmate in his escape, or bring into any retreat without the authority of the medical officer, any intoxicating liquor or sedative, narcotic, or stimulant, drug or preparation.

Any of the aforesaid persons are liable, upon summary conviction for an offence against the Act of the nature referred to, to a penalty not exceeding £20, or at the discretion of the court, to be imprisoned for any term not exceeding three months, with or without hard labour.

Section 25 provides that if an habitual drunkard while detained in a retreat wilfully neglects or refuses to conform to the rules, he shall be deemed guilty of an offence against the Act, and is liable upon summary conviction to a penalty not exceeding £5, or, at the discretion of the court, to be imprisoned for a period not exceeding seven

days, and at the expiration of such imprisonment, is to be brought back to the retreat, the term of such imprisonment not being computed as part of the period during which he may be legally detained at the retreat.

Section 26 provides that if an habitual drunkard escapes from a retreat, a warrant may be issued for his apprehension, and that after his apprehension the magistrate may order him to be taken back to the retreat from which he escaped.

Section 27 enacts that, in the event of the death of any person detained in a retreat, a statement of the cause of his death, with the name of any person present at his death, shall be drawn up by the medical attendant and copies duly certified by the licensee shall be transmitted to the coroner and the registrar of deaths ; to the clerk of the local authority ; to the person by whom the last payment was made for the deceased ; and to one, at least, of the two persons who signed the statutory declaration referred to in section 10.

In the opinion of some persons who have given the subject of intemperance a large amount of consideration, the Act has been pronounced to be of too permissive a character ever to be of any great practical value, yet, as will be seen from the foregoing there are fines and imprisonment held *in terrorism* over those who are guilty of offences against the Act, the primary obstacle, without doubt being the necessity of the "unfortunate" having to go before two Justices of the Peace and declare himself an habitual drunkard, which would deter nine men out of every ten who stood in need of supervision ; few drunkards recog-

nising this necessity except in some interval of low spirits and depression.

Speaking in the broad sense of the term, according to the vulgar saying that exists, that it is impossible to make man sober by Acts of Parliament, the cause of sobriety must be mainly left to individual effort for its furtherance, and nothing will do this so effectually as the force of example, and in conclusion I must earnestly endeavour to awaken the sense of responsibility that rests upon everyone and all of us, to do all that lies in our power to discourage the growth of this gigantic evil, which lies like an incubus upon the welfare and morality of the country alike, the greater part of the crime committed in England (as our police courts amply testify) being due to the vice of intemperance.

CHAPTER VII.

“ A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.”

SCENE.—*The corner of two principal streets. The TOWN PUMP talking through its nose.*

NOON, by the north Clock ! noon, by the east ! High noon too, by these hot sun-beams which fall scarcely aslope upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose.

Truly we public characters have a tough time of it ! And among all the town officers, chosen at March meetings, where is he that sustains for a single year, the burdens of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump ? The title of “ Town Treasurer ” is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of Town Clerk, by promulgating public notices

when they are posted on my front. I speak within bounds, I am the chief person in the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright and downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or Winter, nobody seeks me in vain ; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike, and at night I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noontide I am cup-bearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall at muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry in my plainest accents, and at the top of my voice—“Here it is gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff. Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price ; here it is by the hogshead in the simple glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!”

It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupful, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is in your cow-hide shoes. I see that you have trudged half-a-score of miles to-day ; and like a wise man have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brook and well-curbs.

Otherwise, betwixt heat without and a fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who, seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir ! You and I have been great strangers hitherto ; nor, to express the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you man ! the water absolutely hisses down your red hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam, in the miniature tophet which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar tavern, or any dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious ? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavour of cold water. Good-bye : and whenever you are thirsty remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand. Who next ? Oh ! my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other school-boy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now ! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the stones, that I suspect that he is afraid of breaking them. What ! he hops by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine cellars.

Well, well, sir—no harm done, I hope ! go, draw the cork, tip the decanter ; but when your great toe shall set you a roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not spurn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again ! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout ?

Are you all satisfied ? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends ; and while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious as liquid diamonds. The Indian Segamores drank of it from time immemorial, till the fearful deluge of fire-water burst upon the red man, and swept their old race away from the cold fountains. Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet then was of birch bark. Govenor Winthorpe, after a journey a foot from Boston, drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering place, and, as it were, the wash bowl of the vicinity,—whither the decent folks resorted, to purify their visages, and gaze at them afterwards—at least the pretty maidens did—in the mirror

which it made. On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptised, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion table of the humble meeting-house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart loads of gravel flung down upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud puddle at the corner of two streets. In the hot months when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birth place of the waters, now their grave. But, in the course of time, a town pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place, and then another, and still another—till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed! The water is pure and cold as that which slacked the thirst of the red Segamore beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as the wasted and long lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your father's days, be recognised by all.

Your pardon, good people: I must interrupt my stream of eloquence and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of

oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look ! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon a-piece, and they can afford time to breath it in, with signs of calm enjoyment. How they roll their great eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking vessel. An ox is your true toper.

But I perceive, my dear auditors that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women will you find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing days ; though, on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me also to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces which you would present without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the Town Pump, and found me always at my post, firm amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current on your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma, as the physician whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore which has found men sick, or left them so since the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on man-

kind. No; these are trifles compared with the merits which wise men concede to me—if not in my simple self, yet as the representative of a class—of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water! The *Town Pump* and the *Cow*! Such is the glorious co-partnership that shall tear down the distilleries and brew-houses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider presses, and finally monopolise the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched, where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then disease, for lack of other victims shall gnaw its own heart, and die. Then, sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the frenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled, in every generation, by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war—the drunkenness of nations—perhaps will cease. At least there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy—a calm bliss of temperate affections—shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their

spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

Ahem! dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpracticed orator. I never conceived till now, how much toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire in honor of the Town Pump. And when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon the spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen; for something very important is to come next.

There are two or three honest friends of mine—and true friends I know they are—who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honourable cause of the Town Pump, in the style of a toper fighting for his brandy bottle? Or can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified than by plunging, slap dash, into hot water, and woefully scalding yourself and other people? Trust me, they

may. In the moral warfare which you are to wage—and indeed in the whole conduct of your lives—you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust and sultry atmosphere, the turbulent and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever, or cleanse its stains. One o'clock! nay, then, if the dinner bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing the water, as Rachael did of old. Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink—“ success to the Town Pump!”

