

# THE JUVENILE FROLIC;

OR,

## THE TEETOTAL CHAIRMAN IN A FIX.

BY THOMAS FEATHERSTONE.

---

### CHARACTERS.

THE CHAIRMAN (an Adult),  
DANIEL DARKAGE,  
JOSEPH HARDHIT,  
PETER MARPEACE,  
JOHN SHORTSIGHT,  
WILLIAM GOODPROOF,  
THOMAS GOODLESS,  
RICHARD NAYLOR,  
SAMUEL SQUALLER,

ABRAHAM SUREFUL,  
PETER PARLEY,  
FRANCIS FERVENT,  
PAT BLARNEY,  
MICHAEL MALONY,  
TIMOTHY TWADDLE,  
THOMAS STRAIGHTVIEW,  
JOHN WACKEM,  
MR. SOPRANO.

MATTHEW MILKBODY, in smock frock, &c.

---

*After singing in the usual way, the Chairman says:—*

Ladies and Gentlemen, and also my very dear Juvenile Friends,

I feel peculiarly anxious that what I shall say this evening may be of an interesting and instructive character, and at the same time somewhat amusing. Every thing now-a-days is done in as pleasing and easy a manner as possible, and wherever art and science can be applied in the manufacture or doing of any thing, they are applied. We must even obtain a light with a lucifer, manufactured upon chemical principles; nay, even a donkey was seen the other day driven by the aid of a scientific throwing cracker, thus superseding the old-fashioned and vulgar whip; therefore, I think that the temperance principles ought to be inculcated that we may manufacture teetotalers, as far as possible, on the same pleasant and enlightened plan, and so avoid making the valuable instruction a bore instead of a source of pleasure; thus studying variety, and blending amusement with instruction, we may produce a relish for information in numbers of persons who would otherwise ever remain ignorant of temperance truths.

I think it is now pretty generally admitted, by even the greatest advocates for the little drop, that teetotalism would be a good thing for the rising generation and the old toppers. Now this appears equal to a plain admission that it is possible to do without intoxicating drinks as well as with them, for surely these little drop folks would not have either our youths or our sots to die, or even to suffer serious inconvenience for want of them; and certainly if these could do without all may: nay, nearly everybody says that the sot ought to abstain entirely—then indeed everybody else ought, for if any body can need intoxicating drink, it must be the man who has been inured to it to excess for a goodly number of years, and who has made it a part of his very nature almost, and drinking it an essential part of the business of his life. Yet I quite agree with

these people in thinking that the sot ought to be an abstainer, for there can be no uncertainty about his falling into the miseries of intemperance; he has fallen into them and therefore ought to get out with all possible speed. Oh yes! whatever motive should induce the little drop man to flee from the threatening danger, the poor unfortunate drunkard is doubly called upon to flee, because he is already in the gulf, in which before long he will be overwhelmed in eternal ruin and despair. Oh, drunkard, think of this! and after thinking resolve wisely and act well.

I am happy to say that thousands of old toppers, who had drunk themselves to the very brink of the grave, have become abstainers, and have thereby become healthier, wealthier, more virtuous, and therefore happier men, and find that teetotalism agrees admirably with everything belonging to them, although they had once inured their bodies to drink, until they thought it would be impossible for them to get along without it. It is quite true too, that our youths ought to become abstainers, that they may avoid the evils into which our toppers have fallen: but do all the people who say so take care never to tempt our youths to drink? I am afraid they do not, but that they make a many mere children love strong drink, long before they are able to reason upon its nature and consequences, and thereby prevent many from ever becoming able and willing to do so. When you try to persuade your child to drink, and tell it of the good you *suppose* the drink will do it, tell it also of some of the evils you know it has done others, that it may estimate your prudence; tell it where drink has lamed, killed, pauperized, and brutalized an uncle here and a cousin there. Moderate drinker, if one youth should become a drunkard and be lost, temporally and eternally, through thy example, how can thou possibly compensate for this? Regret will not repair the damage, therefore take heed. Now, if youths who have to begin the world, and have to perform all the duties of life, may do without intoxicating drink, certainly the little drop folks might now perform those duties without it, or why be so cruel as to require others to do so. Thus, ladies and gentlemen, we may make the words of their own mouths condemn them, for error is always at war with itself, as it is with God and mankind. Now, surely if persons are once convinced that they may do as well without this drink as with it, and who know anything of the many enormous evils it produces, they ought at once to feel constrained to abandon it, and aid us in putting a stop to its use for ever. But I must stop, as I see a number of advocates in the room who are better able to instruct and interest you than I am. I must now call on one of them to address the meeting.

*Daniel Darkage.*—Mr. Chairman, if it would not be thought too presumptuous for a youth like me to interrupt this meeting, I should like to ask you a few questions. I shall only ask for the sake of gaining information, and that is what you profess to give. As you teetotalers often say you wish the moderation men would either come out and oppose or come in and help you, I hope you will permit a word or two from a moderation youth, of course if I approve of your answers I shall very likely join you; at present, permit me to assure you that there are many things in your system that I and several of my friends cannot see through. I wish to know what occasion there is for a man who never takes above a pint of beer a day, or above four or five pints a week, to become a teetotaler.

*Chairman.*—Well, my lad, I think you had better learn a little more about the nature and effects of intoxicating drink, and about the constitution of man, before you presume to interrupt a temperance meeting



with such often answered questions. If you have attended our meetings at all, you must have heard that question answered very often. However, I'll try to answer it again, by giving you Dr. Grindrod's opinion on this point:—He says, "That the use of alcoholic beverages, in the ordinary condition of man, in all their quantities and in all their forms, is more or less prejudicial to health, and productive of either functional disturbance or organic disease, while they contribute nothing to the strength of the body, nor are in any way subservient to the healthy functions of the animal economy. That the general health of the human family would be greatly improved by the total disuse of all inebriating liquors. They contain alcohol, which is in its nature and effects on the animal economy a poison, differing only in degree and not in kind of action, when administered in different doses, and like all other poisons, more or less destructive of health in proportion to the extent of indulgence." Now these are Dr. Grindrod's reasons why he thinks your pint of beer a day men, and your four or five pints a week men, aye, and your gill at night women too, should abstain entirely; they are also my reasons for thinking so, and I could give you a thousand more but will only give you this at the present. I am better without the drink, and better without its consequences, and I assure you I can make a far better use of the money it would cost.

*D. Darkage.*—Well, Mr. Chairman, this is only the opinion of Dr. Grindrod, a teetotal doctor, and yourself, a teetotal spouter; now *my* opinion, and also the opinion of millions of persons as able to judge as either of you, that all constitutions cannot endure total abstinence.

*Joseph Hardhit.*—Mr. Chairman, will you be kind enough to just allow me to put a spoke into this wheel? it seems to fit my taste.

*Chairman.*—I think we had much better drop this discussion and proceed with the meeting in our usual way.

*Peter Marpeace.*—What, are you valiant cold stream guards afraid to discuss the question with a boy like this after all your swagger? You are fine fellows to challenge discussion I see, when you are tested!

*Chairman.*—I'll tell you what it is, ladies and gentlemen, I feel myself to be in a pretty considerable fix. I think it hardly right that such a meeting as this should be interrupted by a mere stripling like that, and yet I feel that it will not become a temperance advocate to shirk discussion, and treat even him with silent contempt, for it is our business to reason and instruct, rather than silence by authority. I hardly—

*J. Hardhit.*—Mr. Chairman, do just allow me a spin with that bit. Daniel Darkage there, says teetotalism will not suit all constitutions, but does not tell us what sort of constitutions it will not suit, nor why it will not suit them. Will he be kind enough to tell us what kind of constitutions it will not suit? Are they fine or coarse constitutions, high or low constitutions, thin or thick constitutions, short or long constitutions, wet or dry constitutions? For if there be so much difference in constitutions, I suppose that difference must consist in some of these relations or states, or perhaps he will tell us what it is.

*D. Darkage.*—Mr. Chairman, if I were disposed to follow up our young friend's vein of humour, I might say wet constitutions require drink, but I seriously contend that there are constitutions that require a stimulant frequently, and I allude to these.

*J. Hardhit.*—Well, friends, I think some persons require a many stimulants to induce them to abstain from the drinks, but require very few to induce them to take the drinks. I could call numbers of persons in this room, who once had constitutions as wet as fishes, to prove that

teetotalism suits them admirably both in mind and body, and I think for any one to state that God has made some persons with such constitutions that they must be frequently taking what they please to call "moderate" doses of poison, is little less than blasphemy; at any rate, such folks must be in a state of disease, and had better get cured at once, than be taking something all their lives merely to alleviate. I suppose some of your friends have taken this medicine for twenty or thirty years, now I think it has had a fair trial, and as it has not performed a cure, they should change both the medicine and the doctor. Friends, this nonsense is about equal to saying that God has so much bungled over making some persons, that they are obliged to poison themselves by degrees to keep themselves alive at all, while the un-get-overable fact is staring every body in the face, that men, women, and children of all constitutions and colours, of all lengths and all breadths, all temperaments, professions, and callings, with all the grades of ignorance and intelligence, are really doing without the drink, with considerable advantage to themselves, the community at large, and those with whom they are immediately connected. Now, it will not be sufficient for you to say (as you little drop folks generally do in discussions of this sort), that you have not been answered; you must *prove* that you have not. Deal in something better than that, or keep your shop shut.

*John Shortsight.*—Oh yes, Mr. Hardhit, I know it is quite common for you teetotalers to call a sup of good drink poison, but we want proof from higher authority than yourselves.

*William Goodproof.*—Here it is then, Mr. Shortsight. The learned Dr. Darwin, Fellow of the Royal Society, includes wine, beer, and cider, (because they contain alcohol) in his list of poisons. Dr. Gordon, Physician to the London Hospital, says, "that it would be difficult to find a more destructive poison than ardent spirit." Drs. Cheyne, Farre, Green, Sir Astley Cooper, and W. Harty, with many scores more of the highest rank in the profession, have all given testimony to the same effect; indeed, no list of poisons would be considered complete without alcohol, which is the intoxicating principle in all intoxicating drinks, and is just the thing folks drink them for.

*J. Shortsight.*—As Mr. Goodproof is so clever at giving other people's mere opinions, perhaps he can inform the meeting *how* it is that intoxicating drinks act poisonously on the human system. We have had plenty of mere opinions, but they wont do now-a-days, we must dissect and sift them—give the chaff to the winds, but treasure the seeds of truth in our heart's core.

*Chairman.*—I really think I had much better stop this cavil, I must not allow it to go on.

*W. Goodproof.*—Talk about stopping this discussion, Mr. Chairman, why it is the best fun we have had for months, and I'll be bound we'll make it tell for temperance too. I think Jack is as good as his master yet, at any rate! You wish to know *how* alcohol is a poison? I'll tell you then, as you seem to be a chap of an enquiring mind. The body contains two kinds of blood; one in the veins, which having done its work, is poisonous, and on its way to the lungs, there to come in contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, by which it is to be purified and sent back to the heart, and from thence into the arteries, which contain the very bricks and mortar of life, to replace what is constantly wasting and decaying in these houses of clay of ours, and again become poisonous, and again be conveyed away along the veins to the lungs as I have described. Now alcohol, and all liquors containing it, as far as



they are taken, make the healthy arterial life-giving blood into dark poisonous venous blood after it has passed the lungs, and cannot be purified thereby, and therefore if there be sufficient of this poison acting on the blood at one time to kill, apoplexy or "death by excessive drinking" as the coroners have it, or some such catastrophe is the consequence, but if there is not, why then the body is only injured as far as the poison will go. It also supplies carbon to attract the oxygen, instead of letting the venous blood have the benefit of it. As all parts of the body receive their supplies from the blood, every organ upon which it acts must be injured in proportion to the injury the blood sustains; besides this, alcohol injures every organ it touches by being a local irritant; and from being a diffusible stimulant, it contrives to touch every organ in the body. It also hardens the food in the stomach, turning "mutton into beef, and beef into shoe leather" as one physician said, besides robbing the gastric juice of its healthy properties and committing sundry other sorts of havoc, "too numerous to mention."

*P. Marpeace.*—Stop, stop, Mr. Goodproof, for goodness sake, you seem to be wound up, and there is no knowing whenever you will be run down, if we let you alone. I mean to say that when I get a glass of good ale I feel that it does me good. How does any body know what you are saying is true?

*Chairman.*—Mr. Marpeace you must keep to order if you please, if you will discuss; Mr. Goodproof has not done yet I believe.

*W. Goodproof.*—Never mind them, Mr. Chairman, I shall only go at them with all the more vigour for having had a little breathing-time. Drs. Peters, Goldsmith, and Mussey, of the United States, who examined conjointly nearly seventy bodies, to examine the pathology of intemperance, thus report on the liver:—"The liver of moderate drinkers was found a little larger than natural, and somewhat softer, and its external surface spotted with patches of fatty infiltration." Dr. Bedoes speaking of liver complaints, says: "By persons in any degree debauched, and indeed by the drinkers of fermented liquors in general, the faintest standing signs of indigestion may serve to indicate that there is something amiss with the liver; organs so intimately connected as the stomach and liver, must be expected to sustain damage in common; the liver has sometimes been found harder after death without any symptom but that of indigestion." This ought to show that we must not trust to our feelings. Our friend asks how we know these things, I answer by actual experiments on the living stomach in the case of St. Martin and others; by experiments by Dr. Scultz, upon the blood; and by our own and other people's every day experience. Dr. Gordon told the Parliamentary Committee that he had had occasion to open a great many bodies of persons who had died of various diseases, and the remarkable fact was, that in all these cases there was more or less some affection of the liver; and, said he, "I account for it by the fact, that these moral and religious people were in the habit of drinking a small quantity of spirits every day, say one or two glasses. They were not in any shape or form intemperate, and would have been shocked at the imputation." The Dr. says, he further confirmed this observation in India. The Surgeon of the Cameronian Regiment reported that in 1838 the cases of liver complaint were only fifty, whereas for a number of years previous, the average had been one hundred and twenty-eight. This change occurred through one-third of the regiment having become teetotalers. Dr. Sewall, of America, says, "The kidneys and other organs immediately connected with them are seldom found in a healthy state after death, in the inebriate; and the use of alcoholic drinks, even

in a temperate or moderate degree, leads to some of the most harassing and fatal affections to be found in the whole catalogue of diseases."

A gentleman having two healthy children, gave to one a small glass of wine, and to the other an orange, every day after dinner for a month. At the end of the month the child who had had the orange was fat and well as at the beginning, the other had become thin, dark under the eyes, pale and sickly in appearance, and deficient in appetite. The experiment was now reversed, and the health and sickness changed from one child to the other accordingly. Dr. Adams says, that "In Cholera the blood undergoes extensive alterations, it is black as treacle; and the difficulty medical men experience is to get it to undergo those changes in the lungs which render it of a bright red colour. What then," continues he, "must be the infatuation of those who resort to the use of spirits at a time when cholera prevails," and I will add at any time else, for I apprehend the blood is never too healthy. Dr. Balbernie says, "Mankind made a bad exchange in abandoning water for the stimulating but deadly beverage fermented liquors." Now is Mr. Shortsight satisfied with evidence from higher authority than ours, or shall I proceed in this way for half an hour or an hour longer? for it will be quite easy to do so. You perceive alcohol produces the same kind of effect on the blood as cholera does, in turning the arterial blood black and poisonous. Why Doctors give alcohol under any circumstances, I cannot perceive, unless it is because they are too lazy to think, and obtain another stimulant, or as Dr. Balbernie says, "They are keenly alive to their own interests in keeping up the use of strong drinks." Now, Sir, will this evidence do?

*J. Shortsight.*—Well, yes, I think we have had quite enough of this sort of punishment.

*W. Goodproof.*—I think I had better give you just another dose of higher authority too, with regard to digestion, and so here it is. Dr. Bell, says, "Physicians have much to answer for when they recommend or allow their patients to make use of spirituous liquors or wine, either with a view of accelerating their recovery after acute disease, or of giving strength and tone to the stomach in those of a more lingering character." Dr. Baxter says, "Ardent spirits are often productive of both indigestion and chronic debility," and Dr. Wilson Philip says, "If alcohol simply diluted with water produces these effects (alluding to an animal that was poisoned), we may also look for them from its combination in wine, beer, and cider." So much for your Timothys and their stomach complaints, and other "often infirmities."

*Chairman.*—Are you now disposed to drop this debate, and allow the meeting to go on in the regular way? However, I shall now call upon Friend—. [*Takes up a list of names.*]

*Thomas Goodless.*—Will you, Mr. Chairman? I hope not; just hold your whip still a bit longer, please. I have sat very quietly so far, and I confess I have been very much pleased with some things I have heard but I cannot swallow teetotal yet. I have often heard both my grandmother and my mother say that if they were not to get a gill of ale at bed time, they would not get a wink of sleep all the night; and as for suckling without a gill or a cup-full of ale, they say the thing is impossible. They've brought up a good many children, and should know something about the matter. What do you wisecracs think on these points?

*Richard Naylor.*—Friend Goodless, your father and brothers drink their drops, don't they? What do they drink them for?

*T. Goodless.*—Why, to enable them to go through their labour to be sure!



*R. Naylor.*—It seems drink possesses strange opposite qualities—it sends some to sleep, and makes others more alive and wakeful to go through their labour. I suppose your father and brothers sometimes take it to assist them to sleep too?

*T. Goodless.*—Why yes, I dare say they do.

*R. Naylor.*—Then how can it possibly produce these opposite effects, and upon the same persons too. Now, you do not really believe this nonsense, do you?

*T. Goodless.*—I always have believed it, but it seems rather stunning when put together that way, and one comes to think about it.

*R. Naylor.*—Aye it does, man, when one *thinks* about it. It is the thinking only that is needed to destroy the delusion of your rotten drinking system. Think about it in an enlightened manner, without consulting your old habits, the whims of fashion, or “what will your friends say,” and every point of the question will be settled in your mind as easily as this. Talk about suckling, why there are thousands of mothers doing without, who all say they can manage better without than they did with their cup-full of ale; and there are thousands in villages who do not get half a pint from month end to month end, and laugh when told that mothers in towns cannot suckle without ale. I suppose a cup-full every other night would serve to suckle a lad a year old with; now of what importance can it be, supposing it all turned to milk, surely the child is not to that, or there must be a screw loose about either the child or the mother. Tell them to try, try, try! The fact is, the silly drinking custom stands in the way of the world’s social, moral, and intellectual progress, and there never was a good system or practice that stood in the way of this, since the world stood, and there never will. Only think of a system that is ruining more souls than the ministers of the gospel are instrumental in converting; throwing nearly half the Sabbath scholars into the vortex of intemperance, instead of their becoming pious members of the churches; robbing day schools of their scholars, tradesmen of their customers, fathers of their children, wives of their husbands, husbands of their wives, and heaven of its ransomed ones. Oh! lads and lasses, wash your hands of it! wash your hands of it, and you will ever have cause to rejoice that you helped to play a Juvenile Frolic, and put a Teetotal Chairman in a Fix.

*Samuel Squaller.*—Now, friends, I could do with teetotalism very well for my own part, if it did not make people so unsocial, dull, miserable, and lifeless. I like to go where I can hear a song, a recitation, or a good joke now and then, and not to sit munchancing as if we were all a hundred years old, and had just buried our mothers.

*Abraham Tuneful.*—Alas! we have sufficient cause to be miserable on account of the mischief your drinking system is producing around us, and the stupidity with which people still adhere to it, after all they see and hear. As you are fond of a recitation I will give you one in illustration of this assertion. [*Here recite the “Story of Millicent Gray,” from “Recreative Pleadings,” or any appropriate narrative of ruin through strong drink.*] Friend Squaller, you are really under a mistake though, after all, for we teetotalers are always as merry as crickets; we can be merry on our own hearthstones too—merry from getting up in the morning to going to bed at night, whereas you tipplers are only a bit lively just while you are drawing a little exhilaration from a dirty barrel or a fuzzing bottle, and then it only lasts for an hour or two, and then how merry you are when you are knocking each other’s eyes up for friendship’s sake. Pray, man, never open your mouth again to

prate about your merriment. We are always as merry as you are in your merriest moments, and we'll have a ditty now on the strength of it, if not two. Mr. Soprano will give us one I know, without having to wait till he is a little bit drunker, as some of you merry fellows do; and then think how merry you are next morning, about as merry as a corpse, but not quite so handsome.

*George Soprano.*—Mr. Chairman, I have no objection to singing a song or two, or yet cracking a joke, but if I should crack a joke, it will certainly be at the expense of some of our drinking friends, or their dearly beloved drink. I recollect a drunken fellow fell from a barge into the canal some time since, and after he was fished out again, he began to quarrel with the captain for not having a rail round his vessel. "Rail," said the captain, "you should have had a rail round your mouth." You recollect the tale about the fellow who went home drunk one night, and fell asleep while his wife got his supper ready, and as there was none for her she felt tempted to taste, she tasted till she eat it all, she then greased his mouth with a little fat, and when he awoke she persuaded him that he eat his supper before he fell asleep, and referred to his greasy mouth for proof. I am afraid I shall not be able to establish our character for cheerfulness, for I shall not sing what Mr. Squaller will fancy perhaps. I shall not sing, "We wont go home till morning;" because I believe we teetotalers all intend to go home at a proper time this evening. I believe we intend to go to bed too when we get there, and not sleep on the floor as numbers of these merry gentlemen frequently do; besides this, I know we shall all sleep like tops when we get to bed, without a sleeping draught from the "Red Lion," the "Blue Bear," the "Pig and Whistle," or any other devil's dispensary. I shall not like to sing "Willy brew'd a peck of maut," for however much you drinkers might be amused, it would arouse unpleasant reflections in my mind, on the lamentable fact that the genius of Burns was perverted to such a vile purpose. To me it sounds more like the death knell of a great man, than the cause of merriment, for certainly drink brought him to a premature, and in a great measure a dishonoured grave; but he was the victim of the ignorance and folly of his time, and had an excuse which drinkers of the present day have not. I shall not sing "The Rose of Allandale," "The Lass of Richmond Hill," "Bonny Ellerslie," "Alice Gray," or any of those pretty little love ditties so much in favour at the public houses, and so expressive of fervent and pure love for God's last best gift to man, charming woman, for I seldom hear drunkards sing any of these songs without feeling how severely the sentiments they contain contrast with the actual conduct of the singers towards their own wives and children. True it is some of their wives are not quite so charming as they were before they were married, but what has made the change? Why the infernal drink you little drop folks are defending. Just look at the prettiest and most neatly dressed young woman in this room, and then think of some drunkard's wife you know, and then remember it was useless, expensive, and poisonous drink that made that woman, who was once a Hebe like this, into the poor forlorn being she is; and her home, which was once a sweet home, into a pandemonium, and then vow never to sing or say anything in favour of such a curse again. Well, now I'll tell you what I will sing, I'll sing [*Give any appropriate song with a good chorus*], and I know you will all join in chorus that can sing at all, for in that all our teetotal feelings and voices can unite harmoniously; we shall not be singing of love while we really mean blows, we shall not be singing of happiness while we are creating misery, nor be singing



about our "Sweet Home" while we are doing our best to make it a destitute pigstye, and have succeeded pretty well in our endeavours too. Nor shall we be trying to deprive ourselves of our houses, such as they are, as many of you drinkers are doing, that you may be driven into the streets by the bailiffs before long, houseless, penniless, friendless, and despised; poor beings, you have something to be merry about, you have! Here goes for the song. [*Sings the song.*]

I'll tell you what it is, friends, we'll have another; of course the chairman ought to be the master of the meeting, but I think we have taken the law into our own hands to-night, and are all masters like the harrow teeth. Well, we'll now sing about "Self Deception," [*If possible let a few trained voices assist Soprano to sing the following and the concluding song,*] and then let him call upon an adult speaker, and proceed in the regular way, for I think we have had plenty of sharp shooting. Now I hope we shall have music of voices as well as harmony of soul, for I know we can, and we'll let these fellows, who draw their music from bung holes and bottle necks, see that we can be merry by our own unaided animal spirits, from a consciousness of being on the right side of the public-house, and know how to be "merry and wise."

## C. M.

The foe to souls with crafty wile  
Employs men's vain conceit,  
In sophistries and efforts vile,  
To keep them at his feet.

And often when they think they see,  
The just conclusion strong,  
They follow their own vanity  
To strengthen mighty wrong.

But thou, O God! canst fill their minds  
With justice, love, and light,  
By tearing down the veil that blinds  
Their mental eye to right.

Great God, we thank thee that thou hast  
A many times done this,  
And hereby saved those who were fast  
Approaching hell's abyss.

We thank thee, God, that thou didst call  
Poor men, who once were pests,  
To rescue men from error's thrall,  
And work out thy behests.

Great Father, give us more success  
In this thy work of love,  
That we may make this wilderness  
More like thy world above.

Now, Mr. Chairman, I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken—call upon a proper speaker, and proceed in the regular way.

*Chairman.*—It is just what I ought to have done "long, long ago," but my authority has been entirely set aside to-night. Now, however, I trust we *shall* be able to go on in a proper manner. I shall call upon friend—friend—what do you call him; bless me I forget his name, now—friend—friend—

*Peter Parley.*—Which of the what do you call hims, Mr. Chairman? there are so many of them. Of course I know you do not mean me, but as other people have been answered, perhaps you will be so kind as to answer me. I want to know what is to be done with the barley, if we all turn teetotalers!

*Chairman.*—Well, I suppose I must answer you this knotty question.

*Matthew Milkbody.*—Mester Chairman, let me hev a spin with that chap. Ah can tell him summat abate that lot ah think, withate much ather logic or grammar. I wonder if he's read natteral history or unnatteral history ather, soa as to know ther's such animals as pigs, and caws, and cocks, and hens. If he's gotten onny spare barley that he dossent know how to use, withate makkin malt-poison on it, if he'll bring it up to ar farm it morning, and give it to these fellows, they'll show him what to do with it, withate onny quibbling, just be t'use at common sense theyn gotten, for they seem to hev gotten more upon this point at leastn than these drinking fellows. They don't need onny costly cooks to turn their good food into a poisonous drink, get it fear-

fully taxed, and then ask what mun be done with it if we don't destroy it that haw. But they don't go to t'public-houses for their wisdom. I think I had as lief eat barley mysen it shape of beef and pig's flesh as it shape of brown swillings at the rate of two bob for a pennoth. I know it makes rare beef and bacon, and such like stuff, aye, and more on it too, than even malt makes; so I should think t'broth would be sadly behind-hand.

You know they tried two bullocks be t'order at government a bit sin, one on malt and t'other on barley, and t'barley bullock beat t'other eighteen pounds and a hauf t'first try, t'next try he beat him eleven pounds, and t'next try he beat him thirty-four pounds, indeed aude malty stopped feeding altogether; but aude barley ribs fed on till he beat him fifty-three pounds. Aye mun, and he'd a beat him e this way even if t'duty hed been took of t'malt. What mun we do we t'barley tha thowt! why we mun let t'animals manufacture it into beef stakes and bacon collops, eggs and fowls, for they are just as good to take as your home brewed strike-um-stiff, and produce a rare deal better effects upat body, to say nout abate t'soul. Beside, did ta ever hear tell on us hevvin too much wheat, nay ah think tha nivver did; then let em grow more wheat instead of barley, that we may hev more tommy to us cheese, to line our ribs with, and if it shud mak it a bit cheaper, I don't know that autther thee or me wud grumble abate that. There's plenty of ways to spend t'money. If we an plenty of cloase and furniture, there's a mony books to sell, and I fancy we've none on us too much wisdom, and there's Savings' Banks to tak care of our spare tin till a rainy day overtaks us. You can hardly tell what a comfort a fellow feels when he knows he's a few pounds to fall back upon if trouble shud overtak him,—yo just try it lads. What's to be done with t'barley tha thowt! Can tha tell us what's to be done wi all t'aude drunkards and all their wives and children, and with all t'sober men, women, and children that will become drunkards, if we continue to use t'barley e this way? Ah reckon tha thinks t'farmers el all goa tot pot if we all turn teetotalers. I'll show thee that bit. In t'parish of Bensel there's two farmers, one a teetotaler and t'other a drinker, both employ ten men that follow their mesters' example; the drinkers spend a shilling a week a piece e drink, which comes to £26 a year, that el buy eleven barrels of swill at twopence a pint, and that would require five and a half coombs of barley, so it al stand e this hah:—

	£.	s.	d.
Five and a half coombs of barley, at 15s. a coomb.....	4	2	6
Maltster, brewer, publican, and government .....	21	17	6
	26	0	0

The teetotalers bought a shilling's worth of meit a week, or seventy-four stone at seven shillings a stone it year, and that meit al require twenty-five coombs of barley to mak it; nah which is t'best customers tot farmer? See yo, it stands e this hah:—

	£.	s.	d.
Farmer gets through t'teetotalers .....	26	0	0
Through t'ale sops.....	4	2	6

Nah then, put that e thee pipe, for a reckon tha smooks to be all on a piece. Does tha want to know what's to be done wi t'bacco if we don't smoke it. Al tell tha, throw it into t'sea and pickle it till there's a better use for it."

*Pat Blarney.*—Arrah now, don't be after bothering the mating, and cramming the barley, the farmers, and the 'bacco down our throats all



the night, and bad luck to ye! Shure youre better fed than taught, chose what yez eats. Does any one here mane to tell us that its possible to rape the harvest, and carry the hod without a drop of the crater in the stomach now and thin. Why none of yez ever did a hard day's work in all your unlucky lives, no more ye did. What does the like of you know about hard work, and bad sess to you.

*Michael Malony.*—Ah Pat, you blathering scate of a fellow, what's the like of you, opening your face to talk about working. Don't be after wasting the gintleman's time wid your blarney, or I'll tell them all about how your father got kilt and murdered to pieces, and your mother and two brothers got transported, and your sister was thrown on the town through drink, but I'll not say anything about them at all at all, no more I will. You spalpeen, you should be the last fellow in the world to spake for the drink. Ye knows that my father and seven other teetotaler's bate your father and seven other drinkers three acres in a fortnight's rapeing, besides saving all the drink money to the fore. Nay, by the powers of the holy poker, the whole lot compared wid your lot, for after you had got your money, yez spent nearly all of it before yez left the village, so that yez could not raise even prates and butter milk when our party could live like fighting cocks or the lord lieutenant, bad luck to him, and had a bit to spare for you after the landlords had cleared you out. Is it working you would be preaching about? We are not the boys to work for the landlords if you are; but we can work for ourselves, and have a bit to spare for the likes of you, who are so clever at working and starving. Yez didn't know I was here, or yed a kept your trap shut, I'll go bail, you bog-trotting spalpeen.

*P. Blarney.*—Do yez think I care about yez being here. You knows that your land hadn't half the crop on it that ours had, and that's the reason you beat us and so it is. And if we'd spent all the money, what's that to the likes of you I'd like to know.

*M. Malony.*—Only this, that over spending it one of yez got kilt and murdered to pieces, and my father had to help to keep him till he could work again; for you drinkers could not help him or yourselves either anny how, for all you had so much good drink, and are such clever workers. Bad luck to the breath of yez, for yez deserves hitting over the countenance.

*Timothy Twaddle.*—Come, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, we must not have an Irish row here, if you please. I think we have far better reasons for opposing teetotalism than these you are debating. "It seems that because drunkenness is for the most part inseparably connected with crime and misery, you make a leap to the conclusion that there must be no drinking, because Bill Brute, the robber in Newgate, and Mr. Brallagan, of Kellaloo, resident down the next court, make wild beasts of themselves under the influence of strong liquor, therefore Jones, the decent and industrious mechanic, going to Hampden Court on a summer's day with his wife and family, is not to have his pint of beer and his glass of gin and water; this is a proposition which I make bold to say is simply ridiculous."

*Thomas Straightview.*—Yes, ridiculous enough if alcohol be a necessary of life, but what is it if alcohol be injurious to the human body when taken in small quantities? What if thousands are converted into Brallagans by it? What if Jones and his family are gradually sinking under its influence to the degraded level of Mr. Brallagan, of Kellaloo? What if on investigation it may be proved that nineteen-twentieths of the beings who live in the same court with Mr. Brallagan, or in similar

abodes of wretchedness, were brought to that condition by multiplying pints of beer and increasing glasses of gin through their previous respectable dabbling? What if the wise, the moral, and virtuous are entrapped and fall by its bewitching influence? What if eminent writers, editors, and even eminent ministers of the gospel sink from being occasionally "after dinnerish," or a little fuddled, to become in their turn Brutes and Brallagans? What then? What then? Why it would be as well to give the drink up; especially when it is proved that the use of poison as food or beverage is a crying abuse, both of the good creatures of God and the common sense of man.

*T. Twaddle.*—Now, gentlemen, I pity the drunkards as much as you do, but yet I do not see that it is my duty to bind myself for their sake, although I believe I could induce half-a-dozen to sign the pledge if I were to sign it, yet I am very sorry whenever a reformed drunkard breaks his pledge. He ought to have more manliness about him than to do that. As some may wish to reply, I'll stop a moment.

*T. Straightview.*—Yes, I am rather anxious to reply, Mr. Twaddle, for you have mooted several points of the temperance question already. In the first place you don't see why you should bind yourself for the sake of the drunkards. Now supposing you were to sign the pledge to set the drunkards an example, you would not be signing *merely* for their sake, you would be signing for your own sake too, and for the sake of the sixty thousands of men, women, and children, your moderate drinking system is making into drunkards, every year, in Britain. You would be signing for the sake of the drunkard's wives and children, and husbands too in some cases, who are overwhelmed in sorrow and wretchedness through the drinking system. You would be signing too on behalf of the thirty thousands of professing Christians who are turned from the churches, through drink every year. You would be signing on behalf of the twenty thousands of persons who are said to be prevented from entering the church yearly through drink. You would be signing for the sake of God, of your country, and the whole world, and for the good of every great and noble principle and institution it contains. But you would not bind yourself. Oh dear, are you not bound already and to a far worse master, and for a far worse purpose? Call him appetite, fashion, pride, or what you like! Signing our pledge does not bind, it is only an outward and visible sign of an inward conviction, which inward conviction is, or ought to be, far more binding in the sight of God, than all the pledges in the world are in the sight of man; and if a person believes that abstinence is possible, and that his abstinence would keep a weaker or fallen brother sober, or save a brother from falling, then it is his solemn duty to abstain, and to declare it openly, by signing the pledge. But our friend would not sign, if by doing so, he could induce half a dozen sots to sign too, and thus prevent the misery, crime, and immorality they produce. Well, I think such a mind as this is scarcely within the pale of reason, and does not deserve the benefits of civilized society, which is so constituted, that we shall all live and act for the benefit of each other. He ought to be made a second Robinson Crusoe, but without the conveniences of a man Friday.

*T. Twaddle.*—Well, yes, I will sign the pledge if any half dozen drunkards will sign with me.

*T. Straightview.*—Oh! Mr. Twaddle is coming towards us a little, I find, but what a fine liberal hearted fellow he is, even now, wanting his wages before he has commenced work. He wants his example to be



blessed before he sets it, what pretty presumptuous palaver this is. Begin at the right end of your work man; sign the pledge first yourself, and live and work it out properly, and there cannot be a doubt but you will do good in proportion to the efforts and the sacrifice you make. Do this, and I defy you to prevent yourself from doing good. You are sorry when an old toper breaks his pledge; what solemn tomfoolery this is, and yet what a great amount we have of it. You must know that your little drop drinking tempts him to do so; your sorrow is either too little or of the wrong sort. Doubtless the Priest and Levite were sorry at seeing a wounded man laid half dead by the way, but theirs was a fruitless sorrow, for it left the injured man to die, and hardened their own souls. Your sorrow is like theirs, it is not sufficient to induce you to make a little sacrifice of appetite, time, and money for the sake of others, you leave this to the Samaritans. Well, thank God, there are some Samaritans who will make the sacrifice of these things, but no thanks to you and such like sorrowing Priests and Levites. What are your other objections Mr. Robinson Crusoe?

*T. Twaddle.*—I shall only observe that you teetotalers attribute to drink what should be set down to the depravity and sinfulness of man's heart, and, unless the drunkard gets the grace of God, he will not stand a sober man, and if he obtains that he will be able to stand without teetotalism.

*John Wackem.*—Mr. Chairman and friends, just allow me the privilege of answering these observations. I have not had a chance to put a spoke in the wheel yet, and I should very much like to lend a hand at this thrashing. Oh! so it is depravity that makes men drunk and not alcohol. According to that, we teetotalers are not such a depraved set as you drinkers have often said we are, for with all our depravity and sinfulness we never get drunk. Was Noah, who was the best man in all the world in his time, sinful in heart? he got drunk. Do you get drunk ever, Mr. Twaddle, or are you too pure for that? Oh what a piece of perfection you are, far more perfect doubtless than Noah was, though he was selected from the whole world, as the most perfect and suitable to perpetuate the human race. So drunkards are to get the grace of God rather than sign the pledge. I wonder if Noah possessed the grace of God, one would suppose he did from his conduct before the deluge. Well, I do not know that we prevent the drunkards from getting the grace of God, or the grace of any body else. The grace of God, I take to be the undeserved favour of God. Now I think the drunkard is favoured by God, when he is brought within the sound of teetotal arguments and facts, and induced to sign the pledge. I think this a very great favour. If society is to stand and look idly upon all the evils of intemperance till all the people get the grace of God to reclaim them from drunkenness, and save the sober from becoming drunkards, it will be doing just what has been tried these last 1800 years and has failed. I thought that experiment had been tried long enough to convince every body that it will not reclaim and convert the drunkards, for, alas! it has not been sufficient to prevent those who were really converted and were well educated persons, and who really possessed the grace of God too, from falling into drunkenness. "This grace simply places the oars in a man's hand to row against the stream, but he must use the oars, he must pull, or depend upon it he will fall lower down the stream instead of rising, and if he imbibe such notions as those of friend Twaddle, he will not be likely either to pull successfully, or trim his sails so as to catch the favouring breezes of God's

grace." But to the proof. The Rev. Mr. Dickinson, says, "That ninety out of every hundred cases calling for church discipline, are through drinking strong drink." The Rev. B. Parsons says, "Let our church books be examined, and we shall find that nineteen out of every twenty acts of backsliding apostacy may be traced directly or indirectly to drinking." And the Pastor of an Independent Church in Northampton, has publicly stated, that "every case of exclusion from that church during the last fifteen years has been traced, by reference to the books, to intemperance." Nay, we have evidence of numbers of ministers who have fallen through drink—and surely they had grace—yes, and doubtless would have kept it too, but for the moderate drops of strong drink they took. The Rev. W. Jay, of Bath, states, "That in one month not less than seven dissenting ministers who came under his notice, were suspended through intoxicating liquors." Three clergymen were brought before a London magistrate, within a short period of each other some time ago, for being drunk and disorderly in the streets; one had been picked out of a gutter, another had broken the head of a policeman with his cane, the other had a sermon in his pocket, and invited the magistrate to hear him preach it. To conclude this evidence, the Rev. B. Parsons, says, "I have in my eye this moment three highly popular and zealous dissenting ministers who are now dead while they live. Strong drink has slain them! These sons of sin were purer than snow—they were whiter than milk—they were more ruddy in body than rubies—their polishing was of sapphire, but now they are not known in the streets." The Rev. L. Beecher, D.D., says, "To the Watchmen on Zion's walls I would say, our sincerity and our influence demand immediate and entire abstinence." And so say I Mr. Chairman, for I think I have said enough to show that the drunkard is not very likely to obtain the grace of God, to the salvation of his soul without teetotalism, and that if by any miracle he should get it, he may very soon lose it again, unless he adheres to total abstinence from the drunkard-making drink; therefore the only safe plan for all, either with or without grace, is to adopt and adhere to teetotalism. Now for the next twaddling observation if Mr. Twaddle has one left.

*Francis Fervent.*—Mr. Chairman and friends, here is no more time left for twaddle now; the time is nearly gone. I should like to say a few words, and we shall want another song before we part. "Man is gifted with that reason which makes him almost equal with the angels in heaven, and enables him to hold communion with the Deity himself, and I think it only requires a right application of that reason, to see the beauty and utility of teetotalism. I am one of those who believe that making, selling, and drinking strong drink is altogether wrong, and that teetotalism is altogether right. If it can be proved that drinking the drunkard's drink, never did, never will, and never can do any good; and that teetotalism never did, never will, and never can do any harm, but a vast amount of good; then I hope you will agree that I am in the right. Now I sincerely believe that these positions have been proved to-night more than once, and have been proved thousands of times elsewhere, to say nothing of the persons who drink themselves to the brink of the grave, and then by abstinence are restored to health and vigour. The ancient prophets, priests, and kings, mentioned in the Old Testament, have spoken of barley, as also did the apostles, and Christ himself fed the multitude with barley loaves and fishes, but none of them ever converted it into a poisonous drink, or even recommended it to be so. We are told there is no such word as



teetotalism in the Scripture. I answer there is no such word as Method-ist in Scripture, nor Independent, nor Church of England, nor Friends, nor Roman Catholics, nor any such like sect, and yet these names are right for ought I know. Another will say, I may follow the example of Christ, and he drunk wine. Perhaps he who says this, and stickles about following Christ in this particular, has little reverence for the Saviour's authority in other matters. We are told he did not establish teetotalism, no more did he establish Sunday schools, tract, or bible societies, yet I apprehend they are right, and supply a peculiar want of the time, so does teetotalism, for it suits everybody who will give it a fair trial, while the drinking system does not really suit any body, let them try it however they may. Last year above eight million quarters of corn were used to make strong drink. That corn was worth about sixteen millions of pounds, and would have fed about eight millions of people a year with bread, but when the maltsters, brewers, distillers, and the government had done with it, it was supposed to be worth upwards of thirty millions sterling; and how many would it have fed then? Why not one, not even a little boy, nay indeed, not even a donkey. Now what good did the drinking of this drink produce? Why none; it only produced poverty, disease, crime, and death, robbed our churches, our Sabbath schools, and every other good institution of some of their brightest ornaments, and brought a curse and blight in its train wherever it came. I should very much like to hear some of our opponents shew us some good thing strong drink has done as a set off against all the bad things we charge it with. I never hear any one attempt this task, and yet a many have a great deal to say against teetotalism, especially when there is no thorough going intelligent teetotaler near them. While we are endeavouring to stay the torrent of intemperance by the only rational and practical mode we know of, we are told we go too far. I say we only just go far enough, we go to the house of the drunkard, we see his child in rags, his wife in wretchedness, and himself in both: we tell him that we have done without strong drink for ten, twelve, fourteen, or sixteen years, and are better without it, that we are sure he would be better without it too, at the same time manifesting an earnestness to do him good. We thereby infuse a little hope into his dreary soul, we induce him to think, manage to reform him, and to make him and his family comfortable and respectable; make him a valuable member of society, attending a place of worship instead of the dram shop on the Lord's day, perhaps lead him to become a teacher in a Sabbath school, and a member of the church of Christ, and then up comes some moderate drinking Christian, who perhaps never did any one a good turn in his life, and pulling a very long face, exclaims 'you teetotalers go too far.' We think his impudence goes too far when telling us this nonsense. We think we do not go too far for any body to go. Nay, we think everybody ought to just go so far instead of moving in the opposite track; we think too that professing Christians, above all others, ought to lead the way there, whether any body else follows or not. Yes, and we think they ought to do it at once, that is just now, for if we can do much good, and you admit we can, and your drinking system only does harm, and you admit it does harm, and never shows us any good it does; nay, it only renders our efforts needful: then surely you ought to cease your practices that we may have less to do, and depend upon it we shall be glad to give over going too far, to cure the mischief you go so far to produce. Look on this picture and on this. 'I speak as unto wise men.' 'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.'

Now friends if you really possess but one spark  
Of benevolence, reason, and love,  
I hope you will balance each well meant remark,  
And see you have stood far too long in the dark,  
And determine to try and to prove.

We toil but to better our dear native land,  
To sooth every sorrow and care;  
We toil that our countrymen may understand  
That error enthralles them soul, limb, heart and hand,  
And oft crushes them down in despair.

Oh! help us to banish this error afar,  
Then will wisdom with happiness grow;  
No longer let fashion and right be at war;  
Diffuse ye the light of the temperance star,  
And let truth reign predominant now.

Then man will have courage to do what is right,  
He will hurl off his chains and be free;—  
Ye husbands, and wives, and ye children to-night,  
Come join us, and put on our armour, and fight,  
And establish the soul's liberty.

Now for another song to conclude with, and then I'll be bound we shall all depart satisfied with the "evening's entertainment," for I am sure it will "bear the morning's reflections." Aye, even if we should be upon our death-beds, much better than it would if we had been at the public-house—whatever sort of entertainment we might have had over our drink. Now, Mr. Soprano, for your song.

*Soprano.*—Here goes then.

### I LOVE THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

Tune.—"A Life on the Ocean Wave."

I love the temperance cause,  
And think the whole world should;  
The pleasures it bestows  
Are lasting, cheap, and good.  
It teaches nature's laws,  
And always aims at this,—  
To lessen human woes,  
And heighten human bliss.

CHORUS,—

The abstinence cause for me,  
Its scheme is divinely pure;  
It sets the drunkards free,  
And keeps our youths secure.

I toil throughout the day,  
And, when my toil is done,  
I merrily trip away  
To see our cause urged on.  
And if I may not aid  
To work each meeting through,  
I hear what's sung and said,  
And cheer up those who do.  
The abstinence cause, &c.

I do not feel the wants  
The drinking customs breed,

The mountain brooklet grants  
Me all the drinks I need.  
I love the temperance room,  
There's that improving sport,  
Which strips my soul of gloom,  
And makes life's ills seem short.  
The abstinence cause, &c.

We see men steeped in crime,  
And crushed by want and woe;  
Wives die before their time,  
With many a heartfelt blow.  
Men sink in rags and debt,  
And wrongs of every shape;  
Through drinks we do not get,  
And therefore we escape.  
The abstinence cause, &c.

I love the temperance song,  
The temperance speech and piece;  
They guard our hearts from wrong,  
More than treadmills and police.  
They teach our youths to think  
Rich thoughts they'll ne'er forget,  
About old murderous drink:  
They'll mend this old world yet.  
The abstinence cause, &c.

*Price 1d. ; 12, Post Free, 11d. ; 100, Post Free, 6s. 6d.*

John Kershaw and Son, Printers, Trinity-st., and 14, South Market, Leeds.