

THE NEW  
TEMPERANCE  
PRIMER.

A VERY INSTRUCTIVE BOOK FOR PARENTS, CHILDREN, &C.



LONDON :

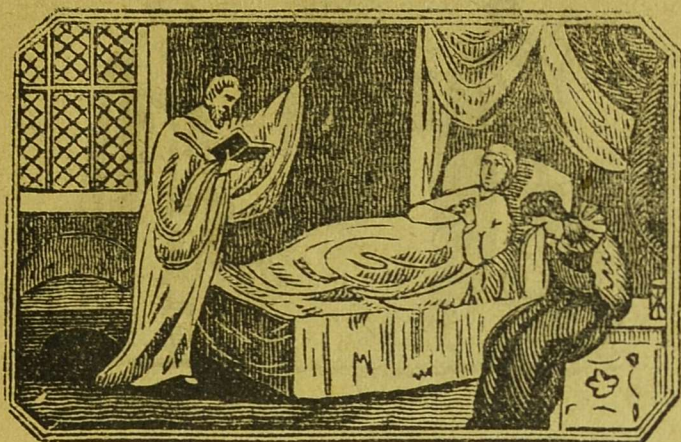
Printed and Published at W. S. FORTEY'S Juvenile Book Warehouse,  
4, Great St. Andrew Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

NOTE—COPYRIGHT RESERVED.









COPYRIGHT]

THE

[RESERVED.

# NEW TEMPERANCE

## PRIMER.

### A

Stands for Alcohol, a demon-like name,  
Invented by devils, men's minds to inflame;  
Like the mark set on Cain its name is a curse,  
It steals health and reason and beggars your purse

### B

Stands for Beer, with its white frothy head,  
Bids you drink deep till your health it has fled,  
Then like the treacherous foam of the deep,  
It leaves you in sorrow and anguish to weep.

### C

Stands for Crimes, and too many are done  
By the father, the mother, daughter and son,  
The cause of most crimes, oh! dreadful to think  
If you read the reports, are caused by strong drink

### D

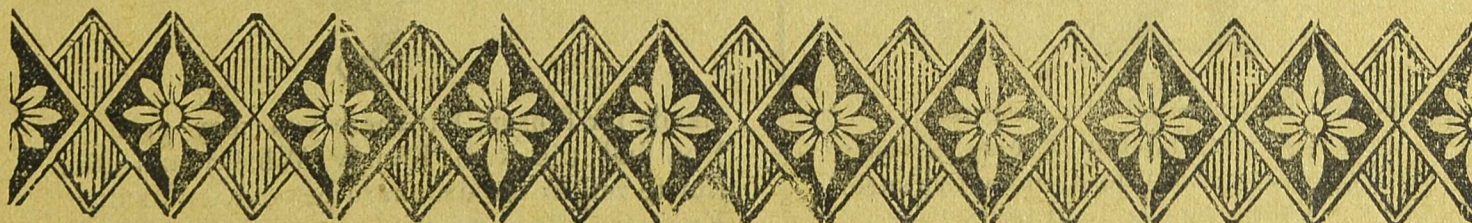
Stands for Drunkard, a sober man's pest,  
A fool to himself and other folks jest,  
The publican may think him a man of renown,  
But all decent people must think him a clown

### E

Stands for Energy, the drunkard has none,  
That is good since his career of drinking begun,  
In the web of intemperance fast he is caught,  
For a pint or a glass he is easily bought.

### F

Stands for Father, and too many there are,  
Who waste time and coin at the public house bar  
While the children are left half naked to roam,  
And the wife sits in sorrow weeping at home.







## THE NEW TEMPERANCE PRIMER.

**G**

Stands for Gin, it likewise stands for Goal,  
Where many a drunkard in grief does bewail,  
For thousands in England would be without sin,  
If they never had tested the demon's drink gin.

**H**

Stands for Home, a most happy spot,  
I don't mean the home of a miserable sot;  
No comfort or joy will you find there,  
But all you will find is grief and despair.

**I**

Stands for Idleness, the sober man's pest,  
But the drunkard and sot it suits the best;  
All honest employment the drunkard will shirk,  
He would sooner be flogged than ever do work.

**J**

Stands for Justice, the drunkard knows none,  
Justice to none on this earth has he done;  
Should he his life-time live over again,  
He'd never know justice, I must maintain.

**K**

Stands for Kindred who effect a surprise,  
That Tom, their relation, should be so unwise;  
But their purses soon they close, and with a sneer,  
They say it's a pity, he's so fond of his beer.

**L**

Stands for Landlords, so chatty and gay,  
Who'll laugh and chaff while for drink you can pay,  
But when your clean'd out, and can't pay for more,  
They very kindly will show you the door.

**M**

Stands for Misery, the drunkard have lots,  
Though they all seem cheerful if with other sots;  
When their money is spent, nought can they borrow  
'Tis then that the drunkard has anguish and sorrow.

**N**

Stands for Naked, and many you'll meet,  
Of the drunkard's children you'll see in the street;  
Shivering and shirtless the drunkard he goes,  
No coat to his back, no boots and no hose.

**O**

Stands for Orders, the publican's best friend,  
Which at last in an order for the Workhouse will end;  
When in the Workhouse how sad in the end,  
Not one will assist you, or you befriend.

**P**

Stands for Poison, but there you may grin,  
You find it in Rum, Brandy, Whisky and Gin,  
But to tell so the drunkard never would suit,  
From the effects of drink, he's worse than a brute.





## THE NEW TEMPERANCE PRIMER.

**Q**

Stands for the Question common sense will decide,  
That a drunkard's curse cannot be denied;  
To prove it you see is so easy a task,  
Then who would be a drunkard I kindly ask.

**R**

Stands for Rags, which the drunkard is in,  
When he finds he's no money for Brandy or Gin;  
He's just like a madman without self control,  
He is bought by the Devil, body and soul.

**S**

Stands for Signs, of the Crown or the Rose,  
The drunkard he carries a sign on his nose;  
And the drunkard's poor children a sign they've got,  
For dresses they've none, and boots they have not.

**T**

Stands for Temperance Lecturers, true,  
Who strive every day to reclaim one or two,  
And by their sound arguments try to entice,  
The drunkard away from his squalor and vice.

**U**

Stands for Unity, but can it be found  
In men who as drunkards and sots are renowned.  
'Tis true they'll unite, sober men to defame,  
And make of all honest folks vile sport and game.

**V**

Stands for Vultures the great worthy host,  
Who praise the man who can spend the most;  
Should his wife starve does not care a pin,  
So long as he plies them with whisky or gin.

**W**

Stands for Workhouse, where in anguish and strife,  
Dwell the poor wretched sot and heart-broken wife;  
And those he's supported will not try to save  
The poor dying wretch from a damp pauper's grave.

**X**

Stands for Publicans' Marks that they use,  
If you pay you can drink XXX if you choose,  
When you've drunk deep and feel like a dunce,  
He'll advise you to make your eXit at once.

**Y**

Stands for the Yoke the drunkard must wear,  
That a sensible man to have does not care,  
So take my advice be sober and free,  
And a true happy life yours is certain to be.

**Z**

Stands for Zany, far worse than a fool,  
I've thought of the name since I was at school;  
They must be worse than Zanies I think,  
Who sell body and soul for poisonous drink.





(Picture)

Dare to be honest, good and sincere,  
Dare to be upright, and you never need  
fear.

Dare to be brave in the cause of the right,  
Dare with the drink ever to fight.

Dare to abstain and be patient each day,  
Dare speak the truth, whatever you say.

Dare to be gentle and orderly too,

Dare shun the evil, whatever you do.

Dare to be cheerful, forgiving and mild,

Dare shun the people whom drink has  
defiled.

Dare to speak kindly, and ever be true,

Dare to do right, and you'll find your way  
through.

Good Drinks for  
Good Children

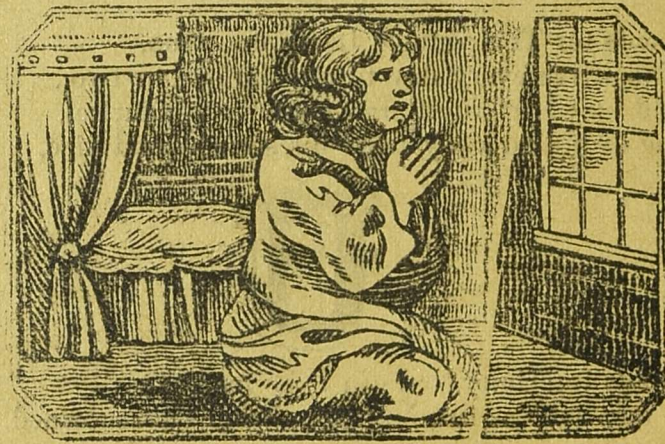
Coffee  
Tea  
Cocoa  
Chocolate  
Milk  
Ginger Beer  
Lemonade

Farewell landlords, farewell jerries,  
Farewell brandy, wine and sherry,  
Farewell horrors and blue devils,  
Farewell dens of midnight revels.

Farewell fires that have no coals on,  
Farewell shoes that have no soles on  
Farewell children with wry faces,  
Farewell to the pop-shop races.

Farewell wash and all wash vendors  
Farewell duns and all dun senders,  
Farewell landlords and your spouses,  
Farewell spiders and your houses.

Farewell to your noise and babble,  
Farewell to your foolish gabble,  
Farewell pockets that are empty,  
Farewell landlords, you've had plenty.







## THE LIFE OF A DRUNKARD.

YOU drunkards all, on you I call, wherever you may be,  
Come join, I say, without delay, our good society,  
'Twill shield you from the misery, which drunkards do endure,  
Drive in the wedge and sign the pledge, although you be but poor.

It will give you peace and happiness, your joys it will increase,  
You'll have to call to the town hall, to be taken by the police;  
If you'll only take advice, and join the temperance band,  
You'll have both health and happiness, while dwelling on our land.

I used to be as drunk a sot as any in the town,  
The boys would cry as I passed by, there's drunken Billy Brown;  
For days and weeks together, my work neglected lay,  
While I with sots just like myself, to a public-house did stray.

The landlord and the landlady, with words as sweet as honey,  
Would find me plenty for to drink, as long as I had money;  
But when I'd finished all my brass, how very soon they say,  
You have been here quite long enough, you'd better go away.

I have often filled the landlord's pot with plenty of good meat,  
While my own dear wife and family had scarce a bit to eat;  
I've gone without clothes, stockings, shoes, or hat upon my head,  
And often gave the landlord, that which should have bought us bread.

When all was gone, I've stagger'd home, and often beat my wife,  
And many a time I've threatened for to take away her life;  
I smashed the table and the pots, and in my drunken airs,  
I slept all night upon the floor, or else upon the chairs.

I have often slept upon the ground, when in my drunken spree,  
And the blue devils in my sleep I often times did see;  
Just like a band of music in my ears they seem'd to play,  
And some navigators wheeling my inside away.

Such dreadful things come in my mind, and so disturb my brain,  
And in the morning when I woke, I could not rise from pain;  
The horrors so tormented me, I could not rest, alas!  
'Till I had contrived a plan to get another glass.

To raise the wind I've often sold the coat from off my back,  
My waistcoat and my trousers too, have also gone to rack;  
I sold the tables and the chairs, and dishes one by one,  
To the pawn-shop my children's clothes have often gone.

I have sold the bedding and the bed, the bedstead and the cords,  
Then in one corner of the house, we slept upon the boards;  
Yes, many a time half mad with drink, I've beat my child and wife  
There's nought but woe and misery attends a drunkard's life.

But now, thank God, I am reformed—I lead a sober life,  
And all the wages I receive, I take unto my wife;  
Instead of feeding jerry-lords, as once I used to do,  
My wife and I on Saturday to market now can go.

Preparing for the Sabbath day, both pudding, pie, and meat,  
The scene is changed from what it was when they had none to eat  
My children's bellies are well filled, they never cry for bread,  
Nor I never have the horrors now, for to torment my head.

So drunkards, you had best reform, and join the temperance train,  
'Twill give you peace and happiness, and banish grief and pain;  
You'll find yourself a better man, your children and your wife,  
Will bless the day that you resolved to lead a sober life.

## The Drunkard's Dream.

WHY, Dermot, you look healthy now, your  
dress is neat and clean.

I never see you drunk about, oh! tell me  
where you've been:

Your wife and family all are well, you once  
did use them strange.

Oh, are you kinder to them grown, how  
came this happy change?

"It was a dream—a warning voice, which  
Heaven sent to me.

To snatch me from the Drunkard's curse,  
grim want and misery;

My wages all were spent in drink, oh, what  
a wretched view,

I almost broke my Mary's heart, and  
starved my children too.

"What was my home or wife to me? I  
heeded not her sigh,

Her patient smile has welcomed me, when  
tears bedimm'd her eye:

My children, too, have oft awoke, 'oh!  
father, dear,' they've said,

'Poor mother has been weeping so, because  
we've had no bread.

"My Mary's form did waste away, I saw  
her sunken eye,

On straw my babes in sickness laid, I heard  
their wailing cry:

I laugh'd and sung in drunken joy, while  
Mary's tears did stream.

Then like a beast I fell asleep, and had  
this warning dream:—

"I thought once more I stagger'd home,  
there seem'd a solemn gloom,

I miss'd my wife, where can she be? and  
strangers in the room;

I heard them say, 'Poor thing, she's dead,  
she led a wretched life,

Grief and want has broke her heart, who'd  
be a drunkard's wife.'

"I saw my children weeping round, I  
scarcely drew my breath.

They call'd and kiss'd her lifeless form, for  
ever still'd in death;

"Oh! father, come, and wake her up, the  
people say she's dead,

Oh! make her smile and speak once more,  
we'll never cry for bread."

"She is not dead," I frantic cried, and  
rush'd to where she lay,

And madly kiss'd her once warm lips, for  
ever cold as clay;

"Oh! Mary speak one word to me, no  
more I'll cause you pain,

No more I'll grieve your loving heart, nor  
ever drink again."

"Dear Mary, speak, 'tis Dermot calls,"  
"why, so I do," she cried;

I 'woke, and true, my Mary dear, was  
kneeling by my side:

I press'd her to my throbbing heart, while  
joyous tears did stream,

And ever since I've heaven blessed for  
sending me that dream.



# THE DRUNKARD'S CATECHISM.

Q. What is your name?

A. Drunken sot.

Q. Who gave you that name?

A. As drink is my idol, landlords and their wives get all my money; they gave me that name in my drunken sprees, wherein I was made a member of strife, a child of want, and an inheritor of a bundle of rags.

Q. What did your landlords and landladies promise you?

A. They did promise and vow three things in my name; first, that I should renounce the comfort of my own fireside; secondly, starve my wife and hunger my children; thirdly, walk in rags and tatters, with my shoe soles going flip flap all the days of my life.

Q. Rehearse the articles of thy belief.

A. I believe in the existence of one Mr Alcohol, the great head and chief of all manner of vice, the source of nine-tenths of all diseases; and I not only believe, but am sure, that when my money is gone and spent, the landlord will stop the tap and turn me out.

Q. How many commandments have ye sots to keep?

A. Ten.

Q. Which be they.

A. The same which the landlord and landlady spake in the bar, saying, we are thy master and thy mistress, who brought thee out of the paths of virtue, placed thee in the ways of vice, and set thy feet on the road which leads to Dartmoor.

I. Thou shalt not use any other house but mine.

II. Thou shalt not make to thyself any substitute for intoxicating drinks, such as tea, coffee, ginger-pop,

and lemonade, for I am a jealous man, wearing the coat that should be on thy back, eating thy children's bread, and pocketing the money that should make thee and thy wife happy, all the days of thy life.

III. Thou shalt not use my house in vain.

IV. Remember that thou eat but one meal on the Sabbath day. Six days shalt thou drink, and spend all thy money, but the seventh day is the Sabbath, wherein I wash my floors, make my fires, and make ready for the company the remaining part of the day.

V. Thou shalt honour the landlords and landladies and the gin-shops with thy presence, that thy days may be few and miserable, in the land wherein thou livest.

VI. Thou shalt commit murder, by starving, hungering and beating thy wife and family.

VII. Thou shalt commit self-destruction.

VIII. Thou shalt sell thy wife's and children's bread, and rob thyself of all thy comforts.

IX. Thou shalt bear false witness when thou speakest of the horrors, saying thou art in good health, when labouring under the barrel fever.

X. Thou shalt covet all thy neighbour is possessed of; thou shalt covet his house, his land, his purse, his health, his wealth and all that he has got, that thou mayest indulge in drunkenness, help the brewer to buy a new coach, a pair of fine horses, a new dray, and a fine building, that he may live in idleness all his days; likewise to enable the landlord to purchase a new sign to place over his door, with "Licensed to be drunk on the Premises," written thereon.

I once did fear, as you shall hear,  
Each bobby dressed in blue,  
In many a gaol, I did bewail,  
That made me sadly rue;  
With kicks and blows, and drunker  
foes,  
I once had many a do,  
With cards, and dice, and every vice.  
Of games I've had a few.

I reformed my life, and gained a wife,  
Of children I've got two,  
To cards and dice, and all such vice.  
For ever I've bid adieu.  
You drunkards that have heard me  
sing,  
You'll find my song is true,  
My cot is small, but my garden wall,  
Just keeps the sun in view.

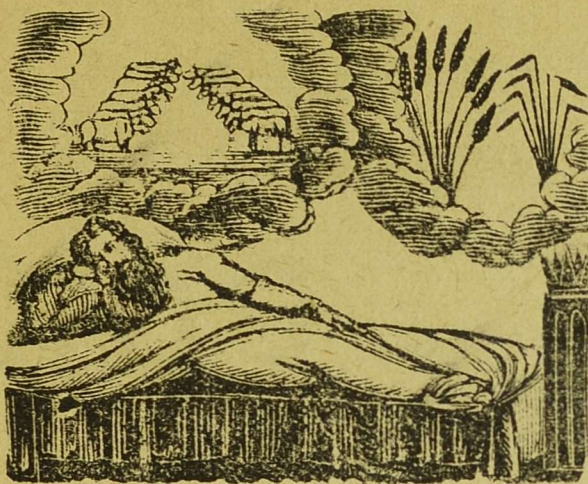
I've drunk away my precious time,  
Since the year of 'sixty two,  
And since that time, in many a clime,  
Of sprees I've had a few;  
With pot companions once my boys,  
We formed a jolly crew,  
And from that mob, so-help-my-bob,  
I've lately bid adieu.

Chorus.

Then love your children as yourself,  
To your wife be kind and true,  
And never sit down with a landlord's  
frown,  
For he is no friend to you.

I had no wife to comfort my life,  
My beard was like a Jew,  
In rags and dirt, with an old black shirt  
Of friends I had but few.  
I once did wear, I do declare,  
One stocking, a clog, and a shoe,





## THE NEW TEMPERANCE PRIMER.

### DRUNKARD'S LOOKING GLASS.

What will a drunkard do for aie?  
Shall I unfold my dreadful tale?  
Yes, I'll unfold it if I can,  
To benefit a drunken man.

What will a drunkard do for aie?  
It will make a sober man turn pale,  
Sell his hat and pawn his coat,  
To satisfy his greedy throat.

Sell his stockings and his shirt,  
Strut about in rags and dirt;  
Sell his shoes from off his feet,  
And barefoot go about the street.

What will he do to gain his end?  
He will deceive his dearest friend,  
His crafty plans he will devise,  
And tell the most atrocious lies.

What will a drunkard do for aie?  
Dare and dismal grows my tale;  
Sell his bedstead and his bed,  
Nor have a place to lay his head.

Sell his blankets and his sheets,  
Lie in barns or walk the streets;  
His thirsty soul will cry for more;  
He's starved and miserably poor.

He'll beg for half-pence where he can,  
And say he is a dying man;  
But if three-half-pence he has got,  
He'll go and find another sot.

As mean and shabby as himself  
A dirty, ragged, drunken elf,  
In some alehouse corner seated,  
Waiting, longiag to be treated.

They freely enter into chat,  
If they can but catch a fiat;  
With every one they will be friends,  
If they can but gain their ends.

Then with his bosom full of strife,  
Each man goes home to beat his wife  
The children beat and sent to bed,  
Because the wretches have no bread.

No meat, no butter have they got.  
Such is the dwelling of a sot;  
The wife in tears, and ragged too,  
Say, drunkard, is my statement true?



### THE TREE OF DISSIPATION.

THE  
sin of  
drunkenness  
expels reason,  
drowns memory,  
diminishes strength,  
distempers the body  
defaces beauty, corrupts  
the blood, inflames the liver,  
weakens the brain, turns men  
into walking hospitals, causes  
external, internal, and incurable  
wounds; it is a witch to the senses,  
a thief to the pocket, and a devil to the  
soul; the beggar's companion; the wife's  
woe, and children's sorrow; makes  
man become a beast and a self-  
murderer, who drinks to other  
men's health, and robs himself  
of his own. When we think  
of the evils of this tree in  
this world and the next,  
we must say  
the root of  
all evil is

THE USE OF ALCOHOLIC DRINKS.



# CLOSE THE ALEHOUSE DOOR.



We may be happy yet I think, and if you ask me when?  
'Twill be when we forsake strong drink, and all turn sober men;  
When man shall with his fellow man unite, both rich and poor,  
And each will do the best he can to close the Alehouse door.

Drink thro' the land flows like a sea bearing its victims on,  
To one dark, drear eternity, where they of hope find none.  
Oh! let us try to save their souls, that they in peace may soar,  
And win them from their filthy bowls, and close the Alehouse door.

There's nought but grief and wretchedness, but poverty and strife.

There's not a single joy to bless the wretched drunkard's life,  
And they who takes a little drink should for his sake give o'er,  
Nor with indifference watch him sink, but close the Alehouse door.

If you would hear a mournful tale, of crime, disease, and sin,  
Go to the treadmill, hulks, and jail, and ask of those therein,  
Call at the madhouse on your way, hark! to its dismal roar,  
Where poor expiring wretches say, go close the Alehouse door.

Ask of the erring prostitutes, whose lips their lives condemn,  
Ask of the nearest pothouse brutes, what drink has done for them?

And lest your child like them should fall, to grieve your days full sore,

Oh! teach it not to drink at all, and close the Alehouse door.

Eternal truth men duly preach with fervency and zeal,  
But thousands heed not what men teach, nor care for their appeal.  
For drink is to the heart a bane, it petrifies its core,  
Then if you would not preach in vain, pray close the Alehouse door.

You send the Bible far and wide, the savage breast to tame,  
And rum and gin go by its side to mar its holy aim,  
But when you more consistent prove you would send strong drink  
no more.

And with alacrity and love you'll close the Alehouse door.

There seemeth something strange and odd, that vice so much appears.

For men have preached the word of God for eighteen hundred years.

All efforts made to vanquish sin, aided by Gospel lore,  
All prove in vain till we begin to close the Alehouse door.

Religion hath no human aid greater than temperance,  
Then who on earth should be afraid to see its cause advance.  
The pride with selfishness combined, which ignorance hath bore,  
That make men feel so disinclined to close the Alehouse door.

I want to see men selling bread where public houses stand,  
And find booksellers shops instead of dram shops on each hand.  
I want to hear the printing press work on the malt-kiln floor,  
Then we should see some earnestness to close the Alehouse door.

I want to see more schools abound to keep our youth from sin,  
And find a chapel on the ground where now stands some large inn.

Corn mills and factories would stand where brewers stood before,  
If each would lend a helping hand to close the Alehouse door.

Demands for labour would increase in every branch you like,  
And all would work in love and peace, without "turnouts" or "strikes."

For learning would make error fly like chaff the wind before,  
If working men would raise the cry of, close the workhouse door.

The ragged children in the street, which no one seems to own,  
Who wander with bare heads and feet in every market town,  
Would all be sent to school well clad nor own the rags they wore,  
If mankind courage only had to close the Alehouse door.

I dare no longer touch strong drink, if I were so inclined,  
In no chain dare I forge a link that would enslave mankind,  
If Cain knew not where Abel lay tho' reeking with his gore,  
I must for my brother sake say go close the Alehouse door.

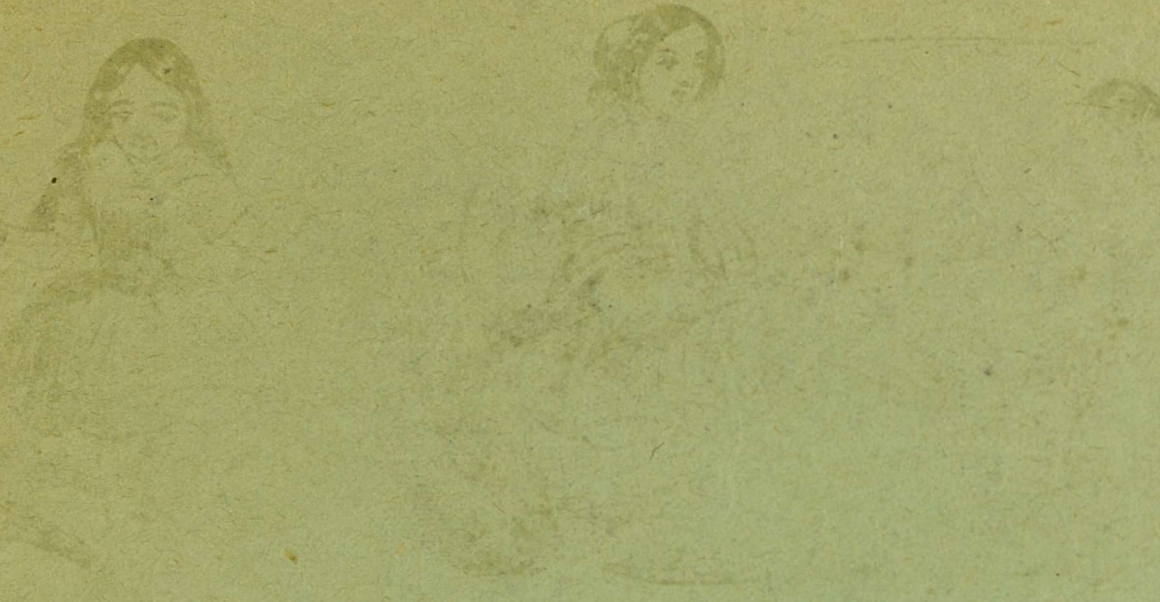
If publicans were never taught to delve, nor dig, nor spin  
We'd better keep them to do nought instead of selling gin,  
Aye give them pensions, with their wives, out of the common store.

That we may lead more happy lives, and close the Alehouse door.

If God and man ye truly love inspired writ doth say  
Each stumbling block ye will remove out of your brother's way,  
And we shall show that we love man and that we God adore  
If each will do the best he can to close the Alehouse door.

London: Printed at the "Oatnach Press," by W. S. FORTEY, Monmouth Court, Bloomsbury. The  
Largest and Cheapest House in the World for Ballads (4,000 sorts,) Children's Books, Song Books, &c.





# THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION  
500 FIFTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK, N. Y.





## AN INTERESTING PICTURE OF DRUNKENNESS.

What a cry in this country about the Free Trade.  
In all those great houses where drunkards are made;  
For machinery is bad, and beginning to break,  
For they spoil all the goods that ever they make.

There are thousands caught in the trap they call malt,  
And thousands are wounded and beginning to halt;  
Churches and chapels are places for prayer,  
But the Devil's head agent attends to them there.

Do professors and ministers act up to their prayers  
By sowing the seed and setting the snares;  
Let them sow love to God, and their neighbours as well,  
By abstaining from that which sends thousands to hell.

Custom and fashions are both very dear,  
Yet some will have ale if they've no rags to wear;  
Do, butchers or bakers ever offer for sale  
Any goods so destructive as that nasty ale?

Let drinkers and drunkards no longer complain  
Of being oppressed, if they do not abstain;  
When thousands are paid for the suppression of crimes,  
That are brought on by drinking in the worst of times.

Who can tell all the murders that ever were done,  
Thro' the power of strong drink since the world first  
began?

There are many widows, who weep and complain,  
And say 'twas by strong drink their husbands were  
slain.

Now there are thousands of children seen to rejoice,  
At the sound of their fathers' teetotal voice;  
When does the drunkard any comfort enjoy,  
When he's spent all his money and out of employ?

Are the landlords so kind, so generous and free,  
To invite a poor drunkard to dinner or tea?  
Then will you buy their swill (and pine),  
To get the fat landlords good beef and wine.

Will you send their children well dressed to the play,  
And your own be neglected and starved each day,  
And when all your money is foolishly spent,  
Will they clothe your ragged children or pay your rent?

And when you are starving, and ready to fall,  
Will they give you any of their meat at all?  
Then working men of your money take care,  
And for a rainy day in time wisely prepare.

No longer buy their dirty swill,  
But get a pig to feed and kill,  
And have the barley in the grain,  
Without a blemish or a stain.

Then you will have the fruit to put in a pie,  
Instead of their spirits to make you dry;  
The men who manufacture this dirty swill,  
Call themselves landlords, let them say what they will.

If they are the lords, there are many kinds,  
For over their doors there are various signs;  
There's the sign of the King and likewise the Crown,  
And beggars are made in every town.

There's the sign of the Queen and also her head,  
And many a fear to the gallows are led!  
There's the sign of the Angel and likewise the Deer,  
Destroying health in every sphere.

There's the sign of the Lamb also the Fleece,  
But the truth is bad throughout the piece;  
There's the White Hart and the Cross Keys,  
And many they've sent far over the seas.

There's the Bull and also the Bull's Head,  
His horns are so strong, they will gore you till dead;  
There's the Hare and the Hounds that never did run,  
And many have been hung for the deeds they have done.

There's the two Fighting Cocks that never did crow,  
Where men often meet, to break God's holy vow,  
There's the New Inn and the Rodney, they say,  
Which send men to gaol, their debts for to pay.

The Hope and the Anchor, the Turk and his Head,  
Hundreds have caused to wander for bread,  
There's the White Horse also the Woolpack,  
Take the shoes off your feet and the clothes off your  
back.

The Duke and the Saddle, the Jockey and Horse,  
Some they have made idle and some they have made  
worse.  
The George and the Dragon and Nelson the brave,  
Many lives they have shortened and sent to the grave.

The Fox and the Goose and the guns put across,  
But all their craft is to get hold of your brass,  
The Bird in the Cage, and the sign of the Thrush,  
But one in the hand is worth two in the bush.

W. S. FORTEY, Printer & Publisher, Great St. Andrew Street, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.