

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Drunken Bill and Tea-Total Jack.

BILL.—Good morning, Jack, I hear you have join'd this new fangled system of Tea-Total. Do you get any benefit by it?

JACK.—Benefit, Bill, why the Tea-total system is all profit. But what benefit do you get out of your week's wages on a Sunday, after you have spent your wages on Saturday night? tell me that Bill.

BILL.—Why, I don't get much Jack; but moderation you know is better than Tea-total.

JACK.—Moderation, Bill, is the proper use of all things; and it has been proved many times, that intoxicating liquors are both poisonous and destructive. Now Bill, should you like a moderate dose of poison.

BILL.—Well Jack, you may say what you will but I like a little sup.

JACK.—A little sup Bill, a little sup of liquid fire Bill, why it has burnt all the clothes off your back till they are naught but rags, it has set your inside on fire, so that wants a little sup more to quench it. It has melted every penny in your pocket, it has melted the loaf out of your cupboard, while your wife is broken-hearted because she has no bread for her crying children. It has dried up the pot of broth and the pudding which you should have for Sunday's dinner. It has burnt the shoes and stockings off your wife's and children's feet. It has consumed your wife's affections, your children's love and respect for you. It has consumed your domestic comfort, and turned your home into an intolerable hell. It has consumed your strength, disfigured your beauty, destroyed your manly pride and honest

independence. Your neighbours despise you, and call you the little-sup-swill-tub, your own wife and children fear and hate you when in a state of intoxication. The children in the street mock you, and yet Bill you still cling to the cursed little sup, which has destroyed you and your family. Enslaves the nation, and all to keep a set of drones in luxury and idleness.

BILL.—Well Jack, you have given me a bit of a lesson, for what you say no man can deny. I have experienced it often, and often it has brought me to the greatest distress and poverty; but I often took a little drop to drown sorrow. But how long have you been a Tea-totaler?

JACK.—Why six months ago I signed the Tea-Total Pledge, I was a drunken sot like you before; but I went to a Temperance meeting, and saw them analyze a little sup, which burnt on a plate like brimstone, so no wonder the more we drink the dryer we are, and many a time I have left the Publicans and Jerry-lords my hard earned week's wages on a Saturday night, and Sunday my wife and family without one mouthful of bread to put in their heads, while I have paid ten or twelve shillings for a very severe headache.

BILL.—Well, Jack, I'll take thy advice and be a Tea-totaler, and be a man again, for I know drunkenness is mother of crimes, and moderation is the mother of Drunkenness, so I'll sign the Tea-total pledge to-night.

JACK.—Give me your hand Bill, come along lad, and I'll sing you a Tea-total song, called never touch lads again.

The Song.

Ye thirsty souls, lay down your bowls,
And listen to my lays,
To you I'll spout, of "Fuddling bouts,"
And *glorious* drunken sprints,
From the Spirit keg and Jerry-wag,
I never could refrain,
Till I became a never-touch-lad,
Then I never got drunk again.

On Saturday night when work was done
I to the Ale-house went,
My family did starve at home,
While I my wages spent,
I put a thief into my mouth,
To steal away my brain,
But now I am a never-touch-lad,
So I'll never get drunk again.

'Twas past midnight when the landlord
He turn'd me in the street,
I strove to crawl towards my home
But I could not keep my feet,

In vain I reeled and staggered,
In torrents fell the rain,
Till dawn of day in the gutter I lay
But I'll never get drunk again.

Next morn when I awoke being almost
Dead with wet and cold,
To raise another pint the shirt
From off my back I sold,
I swallowed that, my coat and hat,
Then tried the mace in vain,
The landlord kick'd me out of doors,
So I never went in again.

Then I went home unto my wife
Oh, John, she meekly said,
What have you done? your children
Are crying out for bread,
These gentle words like two edg'd
swords

Did cut my heart in twain,
So I made a vow which I kept till now
For I never got drunk again.

So now farewell to the landlord,
Farewell to his Jerry-wag.
Farewell black eyes and bloody nose,
Blue devils, dirt, and rags,
Farewell head-ache with hands that
shake,
Night sprints and morning pain,
I've peace and health, with stores of
wealth,
So I'll never get drunk again.

When the landlord did get my wage,
My children wanted bread,
But since Tea-total I engaged,
They are well clothed and fed.
My wife and children bless the day
I joined the Temperance train.
I then became a never-touch lad,
So I'll never get drunk again.

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