

THE
 WONDERFUL ADVANTAGES
 OF
 DRUNKENNESS;

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
Protest against Whisky.



PAISLEY:
 PRINTED BY G. CALDWELL, HIGH STREET.

1828.

WONDERFUL ADVANTAGES
OF
DRUNKENNESS,

STATED IN MAXIMS WORTH REMEMBERING.

If you wish to be always thirsty, be a Drunkard; for the oftener and more you drink, the oftener and more thirsty you will be.

If you seek to prevent your friends raising you in the world be a Drunkard; for that will defeat all their efforts.

If you would effectually counteract your own attempt to do well, be a Drunkard; and you will not be disappointed.

If you wish to repel the endeavours of the whole human race to raise you to character, credit, and prosperity, be a Drunkard and you will most assuredly triumph.

If you are determined to be poor, be a Drunkard; and you will soon be ragged and penniless.

If you would wish to starve your family, be a Drunkard for that will consume the means of their support.

If you would be imposed on by knaves, be a Drunkard for that will make their task easy.

If you would wish to be robbed, be a Drunkard; which will enable the thief to do it with more safety.

If you would wish to blunt your senses be a Drunkard; and you will soon be more stupid than an ass.

If you would become a fool, be a Drunkard; and you will soon lose your understanding.

If you wish to unfit yourself for rational intercourse, be a Drunkard; for that will render you quite unfit for it.

If you are resolved to kill yourself, be a Drunkard; that being a sure mode of destruction.

If you would expose both your folly and secrets, be a Drunkard; and they will soon run out as the liquor runs in.

If you think you are too strong, be a Drunkard; and you will soon be subdued by so powerful an enemy.

If you would get rid of your money without knowing how, be a Drunkard; and it will vanish insensibly.

If you would have no resource when past labour, but a workhouse, be a Drunkard; and you will be unable to provide any.

If you are determined to expel all comfort from your house, be a Drunkard; and you will soon do it effectually.

If you would be always under strong suspicion, be a Drunkard; for, little as you think it, all agree that those who steal from themselves and families will rob others.

If you would be reduced to the necessity of skimming your creditors, be a Drunkard; and you will soon have reason to prefer the by-paths to the public streets.

If you would be a dead weight on the community, & "cumber the ground," be a Drunkard; for that will render you useless, helpless, burdensome, and expensive.

If you would be a nuisance, be a Drunkard; for the approach of a Drunkard is like that of a Dunghill.

If you would be hated by your family and friends, be a Drunkard; and you will soon be more than disagreeable.

If you would be a pest to society, be a Drunkard: & you will be avoided as infectious.

If you do not wish to have your faults reformed, continue to be a Drunkard; and you will not care for good advice.

If you would smash windows, break the peace, get your bones broken, tumble under carts and horses, and be locked up in watch-houses, be a Drunkard; and it will be strange if you do not succeed.

If you wish all your prospects in life to be clouded, be a Drunkard; and they will soon be dark enough.

If you would destroy your body, be a Drunkard; as

drunkenness is the mother of disease.

If you mean to ruin your soul, be a Drunkard; that you may be excluded from heaven.

Finally, if you are determined to be utterly destroyed in estate, body, and soul, be a Drunkard; and you will soon know that it is impossible to adopt a more effectual means to accomplish your—END.

Comparisons of Drunkenness.

As drunk as an Owl—as drunk as a Sow—as drunk as a Beggar—as drunk as the Devil—as drunk as a Lord. The explanation of which is as follows: A man is as drunk as an Owl, when he cannot see. He is as drunk as a Sow, when he tumbles in the dirt. He is as drunk as a Beggar, when he is very impudent. He is as drunk as the Devil, when he is inclined to mischief; and, as drunk as a Lord, when he is every thing that is bad.

Drunkenness expels reason—drowns the memory—defaces beauty—diminishes strength—inflames the blood—causes internal, external, and incurable wounds—is a witch to the senses, a devil to the soul, a thief to the purse—the beggar's companion, the wife's woe, and children's sorrow—makes a strong man weak, and a wise man a fool. He is worse than a beast, and is a self-murderer, who drinks to others' good health, and robs himself of his own. He is worse than a beast, for no animal will designedly intoxicate itself; but a Drunkard swallows his liquor well knowing the condition to which it will reduce him, and that these draughts will deprive him of the use of his reason, and render him worse than a beast. By the effects of liquor, his evil passions and tempers are freed from restraint; and while in a state of intoxication he commits actions which when sober he would have shuddered only to have thought of. Many an evil deed has been done, many a MURDER has been

committed when those who did these things were intoxicated; scarcely an assize passes without some unhappy prisoner, attempting to excuse his guilt by the plea that he was under the influence of liquor. This excuse the laws allows not, and most justly; for if men voluntarily deprive themselves of their reason, surely they cannot be innocent of whatever evils they commit while in that state. Tremble then, O Drunkard, reflect before you put the cup to your lips: remember that you are about to make yourself ready to commit every crime to which an evil nature no longer checked can incite you, and that you may awake from this state, guilty of offences against the laws of your country, sufficient to draw down just vengeance upon your head; and while suffering the punishment of your evil deeds, or reflecting on the harm done perhaps to your best friend, what consolation can the remembrance of your worse than beastly enjoyment give you?

“All the crimes on the earth do not destroy so many of the HUMAN RACE, nor alienate so much PROPERTY as DRUNKENNESS.”
LORD BACON.

Surely these are reasons sufficient and more than sufficient to induce you to dash the poisoned cup to the ground, and shudder at the danger.

THE PROTEST AGAINST WHISKY.

I protest that no more I'll get drunk;
 'Tis the curse and the plague of my life;
 It ruins my credit, my health, and my purse,
 My peace and my comfort; and, what is still worse,
 It vexes and angers my wife.

I protest that no more I'll get drunk;
 It torments and embitters my life;
 To ruin 'twould hurry its votary headlong,

And reason declares that I'm quite in the wrong ;
 And so do the fears of my wife.

I protest that no more I'll get drunk ;
 Nor lead such a wretched vile life ;
 Its attendants are poverty, shame, and disgrace,
 Disease and despair stare me bar'd in the face ;
 And so does my heart-broken wife.

I protest that no more I'll get drunk ;
 'Tis the spring of all evil in life ;
 'Tis the curse of all curses, of mischief the worst ;
 'Tis the plague of all plagues, 'tis a demon acurst ;
 No wonder loud chides my poor wife.

I protest that no more I'll get drunk ;
 For I find it the bane of my life ;
 Henceforth I'll be watchful that nought shall destroy
 That comfort and peace which I ought to enjoy
 In my child, my home, and my wife.

—◆◆◆—
 Ah, how silly is the drinker,
 Swallowing more than he can need :
 To the eye of every thinker,
 He must seem a fool indeed.

So he hurts his constitution,
 Adding drunkenness to thirst ;
 All for want of resolution,
 Not to yield to drink at first.

Was he used to work and labour,
 Honest industry his pride ?

Idle now, a wretched neighbour,
Hurts himself and all beside.

Has he wife, of love and beauty,
Yielding him a plenteous share?
Soon he fails in every duty,
Nor for dearest ties will care.

Has he children, young and tender,
Sweetly prattling at his knee?
Nought but curses does he render
To his trembling family.

Business must decay and fail him;
None a DRUNKARD will employ:
No disease that e'er could ail him,
Could so sure and soon destroy.

See Religion mourns and warns him,
Virtue, goodness, flee away:
Does God love the wretch?—he leaves him;
For a DRUNKARD does not pray.

Oh! what shame to see a creature,
Found in shape so much divine,
Ruin and debase such feature,
Swoln and bloated like the swine.

How debas'd that noble reason,
Which to wor-ship God was given,
Foul the Drunkard's sin, 'tis treason,
And will cast him out of heaven.

How deformed his best affections,
Warp'd from heaven to dying earth
Can he bear his own reflections,
On his base, his sordid mirth?

To drink he truly sacrifices
 Health, and wealth, and self and friends,
 This the only God he prizes:
 Here how slavishly he bends.

But can this his idol save him,
 When he's on a dying bed:
 When the devils wait to have him,
 Watching round his guilty head?

What new plea, what strong petition,
 Can he urge to stop his doom?
 Vain his cries, and vain his wishing,
 When to judgment he shall come.

Stop then, drinker, dash the liquor,
 Dash it from thee on the ground;
 Not a serpent stings thee quicker,
 None with viler poison's found.

Stop there,—turn thine eyes to heaven,
 Seek the loving, dying Lord;
 Pray to have thy sins forgiven,
 And thy sin-lost soul restor'd.

Grace can heal thy sin-sick nature;
 Give the power thy lusts to quell,
 Make the quite another creature;
 Make thee whole, and keep thee well.

Hear the words the gospel sends thee,
 Laden sinner, come to me;
 If the Saviour does befriend thee,
 Sav'd for ever thou shalt be.

FINIS.