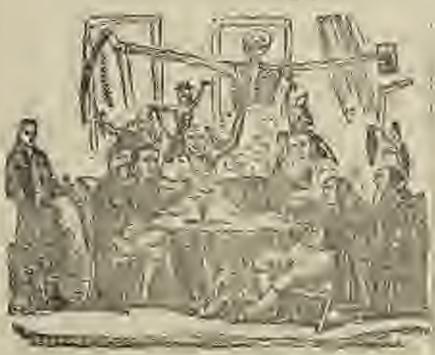
## lard's Cateentsm.

ENDER CONTRACTOR OF THE SECOND OF THE SECOND



Question - Wha is your name?

Anamor - Drunken wet.

3g .- Who gave you that name?

A .- As drink is my idol, and landlores and land adies got my money, they gave me that name in my drunken sprees, wherein I was made a member of swife, a child of war, and an inneritor of a bunels of rugs.

Q .- What did your landlords and landladies then

for you?

A .- They did promise and vow three things in my name. First, that I should renounce the comforts of my own fire side; secondly, starve my wife and hunger my children; thirdly, walk in rags and tetters, with my shoe-soles going hip flap, all the ters of my life.

3 .- Rehearse the articles of thy belief?

A .- I believe in the existence of Mr. Alcohol, the great head and chief of all manner of vice, the source of nine-tenths of all disease. And, lastly, I not only believe, but am sure, that when my money all adent, the landlord will stop the tap, and kick es into the street.

Q .- How many commandments have you, sot, & keep?

A .- Ten.

Q .- What are they?

A .- The same that the landlord & landlady spake the bar, saving, "We are thy master and thy mastress whe brought thee out of the path of virtue, placed thee in the way of vice, and set thy feet on the road that leads to New South Wales."

1st .- Thou shalt use no other house but mine. 2nd - Thou shalt not make to thyself any subatute for intoxicating drink, such as-eold water, sea coffee, lemonade or ginger pop, for I am a jest ous man, wearing the coat that should be on thy back, eating thy children's bread, and pocketing he money that abouid make the wife of thy bosom be drunk up the premisor." written there-

ard .- Thou shalt not use our house in vam; thou shalt not emer unless to spend, for we will not thank thee for using our house in vain.

4th .- Remember thou est one meal on the Sabbath day, six days shalt thou drink and spend all thy gains, but the seventh, is the Sahbah, wherein I am forced to shut up for two hours, to wash my floors, mend my fires, replenish with sawdust my spitoous, and make ready for the company during the remainder of the day.

5th .- Honor the landlords and landladies with thy presence, that thy days may be few and miserable in the land wherein thou livest.

6th .- Thou shalt commit murder, by hungering, starving, and beating thy wife and family.

7th .- Thou shalt commit self-destruction 8th .- Thou shalt steal thy wife and children's bread, and rob thyself of every com-

9th.-Thou shalt bear false witness when thou speak of the horrors, and say then art in good health when labouring wader the barrel fever.

10th .- Thou shalt covet all that thy neighbour's possessed of; thou shalt covet his house, his land, his ex, his ass, his purse, his health, his wealth, his clothes, that thou mayest indulge in all thy luxu ries; and to help to buy the brewer's coach his dray horse, his fine buildings, and thus enarle bim to live in idleness; and also, a help the landlerd to buy a beautiful sign to ; lace over his door, with. " License to

Drunkard's Looking Glass

What will a drunkerd do for ale? Shall I unfold the dreadful tale? You! I'll unfold it, if I can, To benefit the drunken man. What will a Drunkard do for Ale? Twill make a sober man turn pale He'h sell his hat and pawn his con To satisfy his greedy throat. He'll sell his stockings and his sha And strut about in rags and durt, He'll sell his shoes from off his feet And barefoot go along the street. What will he do to gain his ends, He will deceive his dearest friends, ilis crafty plans he will devise, And tell the most structure lies. What will a drunkard do for Ale? Dark and dismal grows by tale. He'll sell his bedsteads and his bed, Nor leave a place to lay his head. He'll sell his blankers and his sheets And lie in barns or walk in streets, His thirsty throat will ery for more, He's starved and miserably poor. He'll beg for halfpence where he can And tell you he's a dving man, And when 3 halfpence he has got He'll go and find another sot. As mean and shabby as limself. A dirty ragged drunken elf, Then in some alchouse corner There lounging waiting to be They'll freely enter into chat.

If so they can but earth a flat, With every man they'll be friends If they can only gain their ends, Then with their bosoms full of sirife. Each man goes home and beats his wife The children are beat and sout to bed Because the creatures have no bread. Nor meat nor butter have they got. Such is the dwelling of the sot, His wife in tears and ragged too. Say, drunkard, is this statement truck What do you own my statement rig Then give up drinking from to nigh Away with Ale, Liquors and Wine And with Tectotaller's go and joing

The Farewell to Folly

Farewell landlords, farewell jerry; Farewell brandy, wine, and sherry Farewell horrors, and blue devils, Forewell dens of midnight revels; Farewell shoes that have no soles Farewell fres that have no coals Farewell sets, and sor feeders; Farewell regues, & all thief breeden Farewell cuphoards with ne meat in Farewell chairs that have no seats for Farewell children with wry faces; Farewell to these pop-shop races. Farewell landlords and your sponses Farewell spiders and vaur houses. Farowell awash and all swash const Farewell bums and all bum senders Farawell packets that are empty, Farourd landlords you're had plent

