

T. WHITAKER'S

Farewell to Drunkenness.

Farewell Landlords, farewell Jerry,
 Farewell brandy, wine, and sherry,
 Farewell horrors and blue devils,
 Farewell dens of midnight revels!
 Farewell shoes that have no soles on;
 Farewell fires that have no coals on;
 Farewell sots and all sot feeders,
 Farewell rogues and all thief-breeders.
 Farewell cupboards that no meat's in,
 Farewell chairs that have no seats in,

Farewell children with wry faces,
 Farewell to these pawn shop races;
 Farewell Landlords and your spouses,
 Farewell spiders and your houses;
 Farewell to your noise and rabble,
 Farewell all such foolish gabble.
 Farewell swash and all swash vendors,
 Farewell bums and all bum senders,
 Farewell pockets that are empty,
 Farewell landlords, you've had plenty.

The Drunkard's Catechism.

Question.—What is your name? Answer.—Sot.

Q.—Who gave you that name?

A.—As Drinking is my God, and Jerry Lords and Jerry Ladies are my godfathers and godmothers, they gave me that name in my drunken srees, wherein I was made a member of strife, a child of war, and an inheritor of a bundle of rags.

Q.—What did your godfathers and godmothers then do for you?

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

Rehearse the Articles of thy belief.

I believe in Mr. Alcohol, the great head and chief of all manner of vice—the source of nine-tenths of all disease. I believe in the existence of a set of vendors and manufacturers of this liquid fire—and lastly, I not only believe, but I am sure, that when my money is all spent, the Landlord will stop the tap.

Q.—How many commandments have you 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 in 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 substitute for intoxicating drink, such as cold water, tea, coffee, lemonade, or ginger pop, for I am a jealous man, wear-

ing the coat that should be on thy back—eating thy children's bread—and pocketing the money that should make the wife of thy bosom happy.

3rd.—Thou shalt not use our house in vain—thou shalt not enter unless thou spends, for we will not thank thee for using our house in vain.

4th.—Remember thou eats one meal on the Sabbath day. Six days shalt thou drink and spend all thy gains, but the seventh is the Sabbath, whereon I am forced to shut up for two hours, wherein I wash my floors, mend my fires, replenish my spittoons with sawdust, and make ready for the worship of Bacchus during the remainder of the day.

5th.—Honour the Jerry Lords and Jerry Ladies 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 suicide with poisoning thyself with alcohol.

8th.—Thou shalt steal thy wife and children's bread, and rob thyself of all comfort.

9th.—Thou shalt bear false witness when thou speaks of the horrors, and say that thou art in good health, when thou art labouring under the barrel fever.

10th.—Thou shalt covet all thy neighbour is possessed of, thou shalt covet his house, his land, his ox, his ass, his purse, his health, his wealth, his clothes, that thou may indulge in all thy luxuries, and help thee to buy the brewer's coach, his dray horses, his fine buildings, and thus enable him to live in idleness; and also to enable the Lanlord to buy a beautiful sign to place over his door, with "Licensed to be Drunk on the Premises."

Written by T. M.

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