

dily strength furnished by the beer could only be in proportion to the solid part of the barley dissolved in the water, of which the beer was composed; that there was a larger portion of flour in a penny loaf, and that consequently if he ate this loaf, and drank a pint of water with it, he would derive more strength from it than from a pint of beer. This reasoning, however, did not prevent him drinking his accustomed quantity of beer, and paying every Saturday night a score of more than four or five shillings a week for this cursed beverage, an expense from which I alone was exempt. Thus do these poor devils continue all their lives in a state of voluntary wretchedness and poverty.

After this, I lived in the utmost harmony with my fellow-workmen, and soon acquired considerable influence among them. I proposed some alterations in the laws of the Chapel, which I carried without opposition. My example prevailed with several of them to renounce their abominable practice of bread and cheese and beer, and they procured, like me, from a neighbouring house, a good bason of warm gruel, in which was a small slice of butter, with toasted bread and nutmeg. This was a much better breakfast, which did not cost more than a pint of beer, namely, three half-pence, and at the same time preserved the head clearer. Those who continued to gorge themselves with beer, often lost their credit with the publican, from neglecting to pay their score. They had recourse to me to become their security for them, their light, as they used to call it, being out. I attended at the pay table every Saturday evening, to take up the little sums which I had made myself answerable for, and which sometimes amounted to nearly thirty shillings a week.

This circumstance, added to my reputation of being a tolerably good *gabber*, or, in other words, skilful in the art of burlesque, kept up my importance in the chapel.

I had besides recommended myself to the esteem of my master by my assiduous application to business, never observing *Saint Monday*. My extraordinary quickness in composing always procured me such work as was most urgent, and which is commonly best paid; and thus my time passed away in a very pleasant manner.

What is the Use of Whiskey?

From the Hibernian Temperance Journal.

We naturally think there must be some use in an article, for the manufacturing of which great buildings are erected, and curious machinery invented, and which tens of thousands of dealers are licensed by the Government to sell. Children take a great deal of trouble to produce effects, which

grown-up people see not the use of, except as exercise for their limbs and faculties; but when men take the pains to rear an immense building, and to procure artificers from different quarters, at great expense, in order to manufacture a certain commodity, surely we must expect a great benefit to arise from all this labour, ingenuity, and expense, especially when we are informed that an immense quantity of wheat, oats, and barley are consumed for the purpose—For what purpose? We shall not all at once say that it is for the purpose of making our fellow creatures sick and wicked, wretched and mad. We shall simply say, that all this great and mighty business, which engages every degree of mercantile and working men, is to produce Whiskey.

And what is the use of Whiskey?

The working man says he requires it to enable him to endure fatigue, and heat, and cold. The gentleman and lady say a moderate quantity is necessary to assist digestion. The man of the world says, it enlivens conversation, and cements friendship. Nurse-tenders must have it to beguile their weary nights, and the strength of their patients must be kept with the same. Little children must be washed with Whiskey as soon as they are born; Whiskey must expel the wind from their little stomachs, and whiskey must help them to cut their teeth. If a man acquires money, he must express his joy by spending some of it on whiskey, and if he be not a churl, he must call his friends about him to partake. If he loses his money, he must drown his disappointment in whiskey. He must drink at his wedding, and at the birth of his children; he must drink at the funerals of either wife or children. There are advocates for all these important necessities—plenty of advocates—grave and sober advocates, who would say these are the uses of Whiskey, and legitimate uses too. Let us then suppose that whiskey, or any kind of ardent spirit, is really a bond of society, a support to labour, a specific in sickness and weakness. Let us conceive that it was worth while for these purposes to erect distilleries, and to destroy corn; still we must not shut our eyes to the whole effect of this potent, and almost omnipresent drug. We must be allowed to put the above named benefits in one scale, and the injuries in the other, that is, if any scale on earth can contain the latter.

Let us only walk through one street in Dublin—suppose Thomas-street—we cannot walk many steps without observing the loathsome effect of whiskey upon both men and women. The haggard countenance, the red eyes, the filthy tattered garments, from the wretched greasy hat or bonnet, down to the abominable stockings or slipshod shoes,

dragged along from one public-house to another. But what are these sad, solitary, staggering objects, compared to the horrible discord, the oaths, the fighting, and the blasphemy of these wretched victims of whiskey, when congregated together, when the passions are kindled and opposed to each other? Oh! what hellish scenes! What are the uses of whiskey amongst the sober—what are the uses of this terrific article, sufficient to render it respectable in society, or by any means safe in the hands of frail humanity? And when we recollect that there is a certain quality in ardent spirits, which so fascinates even the moderate drinker, as always to render the habit of using it dangerous, oh how the scale of evil will preponderate!

Again, it may be said, that because a certain useful article *may be abused*, it would be very unreasonable to debar rational, sober people from using it *properly*. We now come to enquire, is whiskey ever used properly for the common purposes of life? It has been proved that a working man's strength is not increased by it—a momentary excitement is succeeded by exhaustion; we leave out of the question the grievous exhaustion of his little earnings, and consequent starvation and nakedness of himself and his family. If the gentleman and lady were moderate and simple in their eating, digestion would probably go on very well of itself, except in cases of illness, which we leave to the skill of the physician, just stopping to observe, that almost all the medical men in the United Kingdom have signed a declaration of their opinion, that Ardent Spirits are not necessary, but injurious to health. As to conversation, silence is much better than either the brawling of drunkenness, or the merriment produced by what is called moderate drinking; and friendship! what a miserable friendship is cemented by partaking of the fountain of discord! Nurses are well known to render themselves worse than useless by this dangerous companion of their nights. Let any one feel the pulse of an infant, and decide whether a stimulus be needful; and oh! how many mothers of drunken sons might wish that they had died in their infant innocence. If it can be proved, as we think it has been ably done, that spirituous liquors are not only useless but injurious in all these cases, and in every other case of health which may be imagined, we may go back again to the first query. *What are the uses of Whiskey? Why do we see it in every street, in every town, and again and again in the same street? Why is it advertised as an article of the utmost importance, "PURE MALT WHISKEY."—"REAL SCOTCH AND IRISH WHISKEY."—"GENUINE OLD WHISKEY."* A stranger, who knew not