MERRY-GO-DOWN

A GALLERY OF GORGEOUS DRUNKARDS THROUGH THE AGES

COLLECTED FOR THE USE INTEREST ILLUMINATION AND DELECTATION OF SERIOUS TOPERS

by RAB NOOLAS

AND DECORATED BY HAL COLLINS

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HIS book of topers was made by topers for topers to read. Not since that incomparable Encomium of Ebriety was launched, two centuries ago, upon an England more worthy than ours to receive it, has toping been treated as an objective and inescapable fact, without any moral implications whatever. We are entirely unconcerned with morality. This book is for the delight of the converted: to the unconverted it is as likely to prove an Awful Warning as an Incitement to Carouse. Our object being to amuse, we could wish, with the immortal Mr. Keith, that "the English still possessed a shred of the old sense of humour which Puritanism, and dyspepsia, and newspaper-reading, and tea-drinking have nearly extinguished. It ought to be revived afresh. Nothing like a good drunkard for that purpose. As a laughter-provoking device it is cheaper and more effective than any pantomime yet invented; and none the worse, surely, for being a little old-fashioned?"

Alas, that such a fashion should ever grow old! But in spite of all the efforts of our rulers to make us realise that "the old days of the right of every man to do as he likes with his own are a relic of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and will not work in the twentieth," there are still certain stalwarts (as has been most abundantly proved by some of our acquaintance) who temulently emulate the feats of valiance described in these pages, which we fling, symbolically, with the worst will in the world, full in the face of every advocate of Prohibition.

RAB NOOLAS
AND Noah began to be an husbandman, and he planted a vineyard: and he drank of the wine, and was drunken; and he was uncovered within his tent. And Ham, the father of Canaan, saw the nakedness of his father, and told his two brethren without. And Shem and Japheth took a garment, and laid it upon both their shoulders, and went backward, and covered the nakedness of their father; and their faces were backward, and they saw not their father's nakedness. And Noah awoke from his wine, and knew what his younger son had done unto him. And he said, Cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren.

[Genesis ix., 20.]

AND LOT WENT UP

AND Lot went up out of Zoar, and dwelt in the mountain, and his two daughters with him; for he feared to dwell in Zoar: and he dwelt in a cave, he and his two daughters. And the first born said unto the younger, Our father is old, and there is not a man in the earth to come in unto us after the manner of all the earth: Come, let us make our father drink wine, and we will lie with him, that we may preserve the seed of our father. And they made their father drink wine that night: and the firstborn went in, and lay with her father; and he perceived not when she lay down, nor when she arose. And it came to pass on the morrow that the firstborn said unto the younger, Behold, I lay yesterday with my father: let us make him drink wine this night also; and go thou in, and lie with him, that we may preserve seed of our father. And they made their father drink wine that night also: and the younger arose, and lay with him; and he perceived not when she lay down, nor when she arose. Thus were both the daughters of Lot with child by their father.

[Genesis xix., 30.]
AN OBSERVATION ON BEER-DRINKERS

ARISTOTLE says, in his book on Drunkenness, they who have drunk beer, which they call πίων fall on their backs. For he says, “there is a peculiarity in the effects of the drink made from barley, which they call πίων, for they who get drunk on other intoxicating liquors fall on all parts of their body; they fall on the left side, on the right side, on their faces, and on their backs. But it is only those who get drunk on beer who fall on their backs, and lie with their faces upwards.”

[ARISTOTLE. Fragment quoted by Athenaeus.]
HOLY HEATE

It is supposed that Solon and Arcesilaus were good drinkers: and Cato was taxed for drunkennes: but whosoever reprocheth him in this sort, shall rather prowe that this crime of drunkennesse is an honest thing, then that Cato behaued himselfe dishonestlie. But neither is it to be done often, lest the mind should contract some euell custome, although at sometimes a man ought to giue him liberty, and present some meanes of delight, and lay aside for a while the ouer seuere and sober maner of life. For if we giue credite to the Greeke Poet:


*Its sometimes pleasure to be mad and foolish.*

Or Plato: He that is in his right wits, looseth his labour to goe and knocke at the gate of the Muses, or Aristotle: There was neuer any great wit that had not some spice of folly; if the minde bee not stirred, and as it were mounted above it selfe, hee can speake nothing highly, nor aboue others. After hee hath contemned vulgar and ordinary things, and that a holy heate hath raised him aboue ordinary, then beginneth he to sing with a mortall mouth, I know not what that is more then humane. As long as hee is in himselfe, hee can attaine to nothing that is hie and difficult. Hee must desist from his usuall custome, and rowse himselfe, and bite the bridle betwixt his teeth, and beare away him that gouerneth him, and carry him thither whether of himselfe hee was affraide to ascend.

[Seneca. *De tranquillitate animi.*
*Trans.* Thomas Lodge, 1614.]
SUDDENLY they heard a loud knocking at the door of the vestibule, and a clamour as of revellers, attended by a flute-player.

"Go, boy," said Agathon, "and see who is there: if they are any of our friends, call them in; if not, say that we have already done drinking."

A minute afterwards, they heard the voice of Alcibiades in the vestibule excessively drunk and roaring out: "Where is Agathon? Lead me to Agathon!"

The flute-player, and some of his companions then led him in, and placed him against the door-post, crowned with a thick crown of ivy and violets, and having a quantity of fillets on his head.

"My friends," he cried out, "hail! I am excessively drunk already, but I'll drink with you, if you will. If not, we will go away after having crowned Agathon, for which purpose I came. I assure you that I could not come yesterday, but I am now here with these fillets round my temples, that from my own head I may crown him who, with your leave, is the most beautiful and wisest of men. Are you laughing at me because I am drunk? Ay, I know what I say is true, whether you laugh or not. But tell me at once whether I shall come in, or no. Will you drink with me?"

Agathon and the whole party desired him to come in, and recline among them; so he came in, led by his companions. He then unbound his fillets that he might crown Agathon, and though Socrates was just before his eyes, he did not see him, but sat down by Agathon, between Socrates and him, for Socrates moved out of the way to make room for him. When he sat down, he embraced Agathon and crowned him, and Agathon desired the slaves to untie his sandals, that he might make a third, and recline on the same couch.

"By all means," said Alcibiades, "but what third companion have we here?" And at the same time turning round and seeing Socrates, he leaped up and cried out:—
“O Hercules! what have we here? You, Socrates, lying in ambush for me wherever I go! and meeting me just as you always do when I least expected to see you!...” Saying this, he took the fillets, and having bound the head of Socrates, and again having reclined, said: “Come, my friends, you seem to be sober enough. You must not flinch, but drink, for that was your agreement with me before I came in. I choose as president, until you have drunk enough—myself. Come, Agathon, if you have got a great goblet, fetch it out. But no matter, the wine-cooler will do; bring it, boy!”

[PLATO: Symposium. Translated by Shelley.]
ALEXANDER DIES DRUNK

PROTEAS the Macedonian was a very great drinker, as Ephippus tells us in his treatise on the Funeral of Alexander and Hephaestion: and he had an admirable constitution, and he had practised drinking to a great degree. Accordingly, Alexander, having once asked for a cup containing two choes, and having drank from it, pledged Proteas; and he, having taken it, and having sung the praises of the king a great deal, drank it in such a manner as to be applauded by every one. And presently Proteas asked for the same cup again, and again he drank and pledged the king. And Alexander, having taken the cup, drank it off in a princely manner, but he could not stand it, but leaned back on the pillow, letting the cup fall from his hands; and after this he fell sick and died, Bacchus, as it is said, being angry with him because he had besieged his native city of Thebes.

[ATHENAEUS, X. 44. Yonge’s translation, 1848.]

THE GOAL OF DRINKING

NACHARSIS the Scythian, when a prize for drinking was proposed at the table of Periander, demanded the prize, because he was the first man to be drunk of all the guests who were present; as if to get to the end were the goal to be aimed at, and the victory to be achieved in drinking as in running a race.

[ATHENAEUS, X. 50.]
OW Antiochus the king, who was surnamed Epiphanes, was also a good drinker,—the one, I mean, who had been a hostage among the Romans, whom Ptolemy Euergetes mentions in the third book of his Commentaries, and also in the fifth; saying that he turned to Indian revellings and drunkenness, and spent a vast quantity of money in those practices; and for the rest of the money which he had at hand, he spent a part of it in his daily revels, and the rest he would scatter about, standing in the public streets, and saying, "Let whoever chance gives it to, take it;" and then, throwing the money about, he would depart. And very often, having a plaited garland of roses on his head, and wearing a golden embroidered robe, he would walk about alone, having stones under his arm, which he would throw at those of his friends who were following him. And he used to bathe also in the public baths, anointed all over with perfumes; and, on one occasion, some private individual, seeing him, said: "You are a happy man, O king, you smell in a most costly manner:" and he, being much pleased, said, "I will give you as much as you can desire of this perfume." And so he ordered an ewer containing more than two choes of thick perfumed unguent to be poured over his head; so that the multitude of the poorer people who were about all collected to gather up what was spilt; and, as the place was made very slippery by it, Antiochus himself slipped and fell, laughing a great deal, and most of the bathers did the same.

[ATHENAEUS, X. 52.]
Drunkennesse reigneth

Of all nations, the Parthians would have the glory for this goodly vertue of wine-bibbing: and among the Greekes, Alcibiades indeed deserved the best name for this worthy feat. But here with us at Rome Novellius Torquatus a Millanois, wan the name from all Romans and Italians both. This Lombard had gone through all honourable degrees of dignitie in Rome; he had been Pretor, and attained to the place of a Proconsull. In all these offices of state he woon no great name: but for drinking in the presence of Tiberius, three gallons of wine at one draught and before he tooke his breath againe, he was dubbed knight by the surname of Tricongius, as one would say, The three gallon knight: not The thrice gallant knight: and the Emperour, sterne, severe, and cruel otherwise though he was, now in his old age (for in his youthfull daies hee was given overmuch to drinking of wine whereupon he was called Biberius Mero, for Tiberius Nero) would delight to behold this renowned and worthie knight, with great wonder and admiration. For the like rare gift and commendable qualitie, men thinke verily that C. Piso first rise: and afterwards was advanced to the Provostship of the citie of Rome, by the said Tiberius: and namely, for that in his court being now Emperor, he sat two daies and two nights drinking continually, and never stirred foot from the bord. And verily Drusus Caesar (by report) in nothing more resembled his father Tiberius, than in taking his drinke. But to return again to noble Torquatus, herein consisted his excellencie, That he did it according to art [for this you must take withall, there is an art of Drinking, grounded upon certaine rules and precepts.] Torquatus (I say) drank he never so much, was not known at any time to falter in his tongue, never eased himselfe by vomiting, never let it go the other way under bord: how late soever he sat up at the wine overnight, he would be sure to relieve the morning watch and sentinell. He drunke most of any man at one entire draught before
the pot went from his head; and for smaller draughts besides, he went beyond all other in number; his wind he never tooke while the cup was at his mouth, but justly observed the rule of drinking with one breath; he was not known to spit for all this: and to conclude, he would not leave a drop behind in the cup, not so much as would dash against the pavement, and make the least sound to be heard: a speciall point and precise law to prevent the deceit of those that drinke for a wager. A singular glorie no doubt in him, and a rare felicitie. Tergilla challenged M. Cicero the younger, sonne to that M. Cicero the famous Oratour, and reproched him to his face, that ordinarily he drunke two gallons at ones: and that one time above the rest when he was drunke, he flung a pot at M. Agrippa his head. And truly this is one of the fruits and feats of drunkennesse. But blame not young Cicero, if in this point yet hee desired to surmount him that slew his father, M. Antonius I meane; for he before that time strained himselfe, and strove to win the best game in this feat, making profession thereof, as may appeare by a booke that he compiled and set forth with this title, Of his owne drunkennesse: wherein he was not ashamed to avow and justifie his excesse and enormities that way: and thereby approved (as I take it) under pretence and colour of his drunkennesse, all those outrages of his, all those miseries and calamities
that hee brought upon the whole world. This treatise he vomited and spued out a little before the battle of Actium, wherein he was defeated: whereby it may appeare very plainely, that as hee was drunken before with the bloud of citizens, so still hee was the more bloud-thirstie. For this is a propertie that necessarily followeth this vice, that the more a man drinketh, the more he may, and is alwaies drie. And herein spake to good purpose a certaine Embassadour of the Scythians, saying, That the Parthians the more they drunke, the thirstier they were.

As touching the nations in the West part of the world, they have their drinkes also by themselves made of corne steeped in water, i.e. malt whereof they will drinke to the utterance, and be drunke: and namely in Spaine and Fraunce, where the manner of making the same is all one, howsoever they have divers names. And in Spain they have devised means that these drinks (Ale or Beere) will abide age, and continue stale. In Ægypt likewise they have invented such kind of drinks made of corne: so that no part or corner of the world there is, but drunkennesse reigneth.

[PLINY. *Natural History, XIV.*, 22. *Trans. Dr. Philemon Holland, 1601.*]
BACCHIC TREES

In the end we arose up, and divided our selves: thirtie we left to guard our ship: my selfe, and twentie more, went to discover the Island, and had not gone above three furlongs from the sea thorough a wood, but we saw a brasen pillar erected, whereupon Greeke letters were engraven, though now much worne and hard to be discernd, importing, Thus farre travelled Hercules and Bacchus: there were also neare unto the place, two portraiture cut out in a rock. The one of the quantitie of an acre of ground, the other lesse: which made mee imagine the lesser to be Bacchus, and the other Hercules: and giving them due adorations, we proceeded on our journey: and farre wee had not gone, but we came to a river, the streame whereof seemed to runne with as rich wine, as any is made in Chios, and of a great breadth, in some places able to beare a ship, which made mee to give the more credit to the inscription upon the pillar, when I saw such apparant signs of Bacchus peregrination: we then resolved to travel up the streame, to finde whence the river had his originall: and when we were come to the head, no spring at all appeared, but mightie great vine trees of infinite number, which from their roots destilled pure wine which made the river run so abundantly: the streame was also well stored with fish, of which we tooke a few, in taste and colour much resembling wine, but as many as eate of them, fell drunke upon it: for when they were opened and cut up, we found themm to be full of lees: afterwards wee mixed some fresh-water fish with them, which aleyed the strong taste of the wine.
We then crost the streame where we found it passable, and came among a world of vines of incredible number, which towards the earth had firme stocks and of a good growth, but the tops of them were women, from the hips upwards, having all their proportion perfect and compleat: as painters picture out Daphne, who was turned into a tree when she was overtaken by Apollo: at their fingers ends sprung out branches full of grapes, and the haire of their heads was nothing else but winding wires and leaves, and clusters of grapes: when we were come to them they saluted us, and joyned hands with us, and spake unto us some in the Lydian and some in the Indian language, but most of them in Greeke: they also kist us with their mouthes, but hee that was so kist fell drunke, and was not his owne man a good while after: they could not abide to have any fruit pulled from them, but would roare and crie out pitifully, if any man offered it: some of them desired to have carnall mixture with us, and two of our company were so bold as to entertaine their offer, and could never afterwards be loosed from them, but were knit fast together at their nether parts, from whence they grew together, and their fingers began to spring out with branches, and crooked wiers, as if they were ready to bring out fruit: whereupon wee forsooke them and fled to our shippes.

[LUCIAN. The True History. Trans. Francis Hickes, 1634.]
TRIMALCHIO DRUNK

WORD in your ears: if you own a penny, you’re worth a penny. A man’s as good as his income. Have a long look in my direction, fables come true, a frog yesterday, a fairy prince today, and now I think of it, Stichus, get out the shroud I’m going to be carried out in; and some of the ointment too, while you’re about it, and just a moistening of that vintage they’ll be washing my corpse down with."

Stichus hurried off and came back into the dining-room laden with the white winding-sheet and the gown of office for the funeral. Trimalchio bade us feel them and see the class of wool they were woven of. Then with a grim laugh, "Take good care, Stichus," he said, "that no mice or moths riddle them, or I’ll roast you alive, you know. I mean to be carried out in state so that all the crowd will cheer and say a blessing."

And he uncorked the flask of the ointment and anointed us all with it, saying, "I hope you’ll find the stuff as fragrant when I’m dead as I do now."

And not content with that, he had a bowl filled with the wine, and said, "Now you must imagine to yourselves you’re guests at my wake."

The whole affair was growing intolerable. Trimalchio, who by this time was rolling drunk, belched out a summons for yet another turn, a set of trumpeters. When they arrived, he propped himself up on a mound of cushions and stretched his body out rigidly on its death-bed. "Pretend I’m dead," he said, "go on, say what a fine fellow I was."

The trumpeters blared out into a funeral march. One of the troupe, a slave of the undertaker who was the most respectable member of the party, blurted out such a terrific bray that the whole neighbourhood was aroused, and the patrol of the local watch thought Trimalchio’s house must have caught fire. They rushed up, broke in the front door, and started to do their duty of causing a turmoil with axes and buckets of water. The opportunity was too good to miss; we said good-bye to Agamemnon, and went off helter-skelter as though we were really escaping from a burning house.

[PETRONIUS: Satyricon, trans. Jack Lindsay.]
A GORGEOUS GALLERY

brietatis Enconium OR, THE PRAISE OF DRUNKENNESS. WHEREIN is authentically, and most evidently proved, the Necessity of frequently getting Drunk; and, That the Practice of getting Drunk is most Antient, Primitive, and Catholic. CONFIRMED By the Example of Heathens, Turks, Infidels, Primitive Christians, Saints, Popes, Bishops, Doctors, Philosophers, Poets, FreeMasons, and other Men of Learning in all Ages. BY BONIFACE OINOPHILUS, de Monte Fiascone, A.B.C. . . . LONDON: Printed for E. CURLL, over against Catherine Street, in the Strand. 1723. Price 2s. 6d.

THAT THE PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANS GOT DRUNK

HERE is no one that has ever so little dipped into Ecclesiastical History, but knows very well, that in the Primitive Church it was a Custom to appoint solemn Feasts on the Festivals of Martyrs. This appears by the Harangue of Constantine, and from the Works of St. Gregory Nazianzen, and St. Chrysostom. People generally got drunk at these Feasts; and this Excess was looked upon as a Thing that might be permitted. This evidently appears by the pathetic Complaint of St. Augustin and St. Cyprian: The former of these Holy Fathers expresses himself after this manner.—“Drunken Debauches pass as permitted amongst us, so that People turn them into solemn Feasts, to honour the Memory of the Martyrs; and that, not only on those Days which are particularly consecrated to them (which would be a deplorable Abuse to those, who look at these things with other Eyes than those of the Flesh) but in every Day of the Year.”

St. Cyprian, in a Treatise attributed to him, says much the same thing. “Drunkenness, says he, is so common with us in Africa that it scarce passes for a Crime. And do we not see Christians forcing one another to get Drunk, to celebrate the Memory of the Martyrs!”
But it was not only at these Repasts that the Christians got Drunk, they did the same on several Occasions; and 'twas on this Account that St. *Augustin* wrote to his dear *Alipius* in these Terms. "However the Corruption of Manners, and the Unhappiness of the Times, have induced us to wish, I do not say that People should get drunk in particular Houses, but that they should not get drunk any where else."

Cardinal *du Perron* tells us, "That the *Manichæans* said, that the Catholicks were People much given to Wine, but that They never drank any."

Against this Charge St. *Augustin* no otherwise defends them, than by Recrimination. He answers, "That it was true, but that They (the *Manichaens*) drank the Juice of Apples, which was more delicious than all the Wines and Liquors in the World. And so does *Tertullian*, which Liquor pressed from Apples, he says, was most strong and vinous. His Words are, *Succum ex pomis vinosissimum*. Here one may observe also, That the Use of Cyder was very primitive and antient, but as strong and delicious as it was, the Catholicks stuck close to the Juice of the Grape, as what was intirely orthodox and no wise conversant with the Hereticks of those Days."
OF POPES, SAINTS, AND BISHOPS, THAT USED TO GET DRUNK

AFTER HAVING spoken of the Drunkenness of Church-Men in general, it will not, perhaps, be a Thing altogether needless, to put the whole in the clearest Light, to confirm what has been said, by the Example of Popes, Saints, and Bishops, who have practised that laudable Custom of getting Drunk.

A little Song, mentioned by H. Stephens in his Apology for Herodotus, affords Matter of Speculation in relation to the Sobriety of Sovereign Pontiffs.

"Le Pape qui est à Rome
Boit du Vin comme un autre Homme
Et de l'Hypocras aussi.

"The Pope at Rome, his Holiness
Of Wine drinks many a hearty Glass,
And pleasant Hypocras also,
As any other Man I trow."

If one reads over the Popes Lives, we shall be fully convinced, that these Holy Fathers were no Enemies to Wine. Alexander the fifth was a great Drinker, and that too of strong Wines, says his own Historian, Theodoric de Neim. If one may give any Credit to the Letters of the King of Spain's Ambassador to his Master, Sixtus Quintus was a terrible Drunkard.

And Pope Boniface instituted Indulgences for those who should drink a Cup of Grace (called since St. Boniface's Cup.) A plain Argument, that his Sanctity did not hate Wine.

This puts me in mind of what I have formerly read, tho' the Author's Name is now slipped out of my Memory, that when Cardinal Pignatelli, afterwards Innocent the 12th, was advanced to the Papacy, his Name signifying little Pots or Mugs, three of which he bore for his Arms; and whose Mother was of the House of Caraffa, which signifies a Jug, a French Man made these Lines.
"Nous devons tous boire en repos
Sous le regne de ce saint père
Son nom ses armes sont des pots
Une Caraffe étoit sa mere
Célèbrons donc avec éclat
Cet auguste Pontificat

"Under this Holy Father's Reign
Hang Sorrow, let us ne'er complain;
    I think all of us should turn Sots,
And fuddle with one another,
    His Name, and so his Arms, are Pots,
And a Gallon Pot was his Mother;
    Then let us brightly celebrate
This most august Pontificate."

In the main, this is nothing but a little punning or playing with Words, but it is one of those agreeable Trifles that may now and then be worth our thinking on.

One may add to the Number of such Popes as loved Fuddling, all those who sat at Avignon; for if we believe Petrarch, the long Residence that the Court of Rome made at Avignon was only to taste the good French Wines; and that it was merely on that Account they stayed so long in Provence, and removed with so much Reluctance.

Let us now pass on to Saints and Bishops. I shall only instance one of each, because I hate Prolinity. The first Saint that presents himself to me is the renowned St. Augustin, who himself owns, that he used to get drunk sometimes. Crapula autem nonnunquam surrepit servo tuo misereberis ut longe fiat a me. Thy Servant has been sometimes Crop-sick thro' Excess of Wine, Have Mercy on me, that it may be ever far from me. It is true M. Cousin maintains against my Author, M. Petit, the Journal des Scavans, of the Year 1689, 27 June, that St. Augustin, however, never got drunk. The Arguments on both Sides you may find in Bayle's Dictionary, under the Article Augustin. But yet there are somewhere in St. Augustin these Words, viz. My Soul certainly being a Spirit cannot dwell in a dry Place. Anima mea certe quia Spiritus est, in sicco habitare non potest.
I shall make no Comment upon these Words, only insert one already made, which I take from M. Duchat in his Remarks on Rabelais. On these Words of Saint Augustin, says he, mentioned in the second Part of the Decretals, caus. 32.q.2.c.9. the Commentator says, "And this is an Argument for the Normans, English, and Poles, that they may drink largely, that the Soul may not live in the Dry." To which Peter Chatelain, a Flemish Physician, made this pleasant Addition, "It is very probable that the Commentator was an entire Stranger to the Nature of the Flemings."

And, perhaps, this Argument from St. Augustine’s Words, is as just, as One of a merry Fellow I know, who would prove, from St. Paul’s going to the Three Taverns, That he loved a hearty Bottle.

A CATALOGUE OF SOME ILLUSTRIOS TOPERS

AMBYES was also very much given to Wine, as may be judged by what I am going to say. This Prince having been told by one of his Courtiers, That the People took notice to get drunk too often, taking some Time after his Bow and Arrow, shot the Son of that Courtier through the Heart, saying no more than this to the Father. Is this the Act of a Drunkard?

Darius, the first King of Persia, had these words put upon his Tomb.

I could drink much Wine and bear it well.

King Antigonus may come in here. Aelian reports of this Prince, That one Day when he was much in drink meeting Zeno the Philosopher, whom he had a great Kindness for, he kissed him, and promised to give him whatever he would desire. Zeno only answered very mildly, Go and ease your Stomach by vomiting, that’s all I ask of you at present.

Philip, King of Macedon, got drunk sometimes; witness what a Woman, whom he had not done Justice to, said to him, viz. I appeal from Philip drunk, to Philip when sober.

But I should never have done, if I endeavoured to give a List of all the Kings that got drunk.
OF FREE MASONS, AND OTHER LEARNED MEN THAT USED TO GET DRUNK

ARTHUIS may also be reckoned amongst those learned Topers, if what Coloniez says be true. "I knew," says he, "some learned Men in Holland, who spoke of Scriverius as of a Man extremely Amorous. M. Vossius, amongst others, related to me one Day, That Barthius being come from Germany to Har- laem to see Scriverius, had in his Company a Lady perfectly beautiful, whom Scriverius had no sooner seen, but he found means to make Barthius drunk, that he might entertain the Lady with greater Liberty, which he accomplished. It was not, however, so well managed, but Barthius coming to himself, had some reason to suspect what had past, which grew so much upon him, that he took the Lady along with him in a Rage, and drowned her in the Rhine."

THE GREAT BUCHANAN

HE great Buchanan, so famous for his fine Writings, was a terrible Drinker, if we may give any Credit to Father Garasse. What follows is taken out of his Doctrine Curieuse, p. 748. "I shall," says he, "recount to our new Atheists, the miserable End of a Man of their Belief and Humour, as to eating and drinking. The libertine having passed his debauched Youth in Paris and Bordeaux, more diligent in finding out Tavern Bushes than the Laurel of Parnassus; and being towards the latter End of his Life, recalled into Scotland to instruct the young Prince James VIth, continuing his Intemperance, he grew at last so dropsical by drinking, that by way of Jeer he said he was in Labour. Vino intercute, not aqua intercute. As ill as he was, he would, however, not abstain from drinking Bumpers, and them too all of pure Wine, as he used to do at Bourdeaux. The Physicians who had care of his Health, by order of the King, seeing the extravagant Excesses of their Patient, told him roundly, and in a kind of Heat, That he did all he could to kill himself, and that, if he continued this Course of Life, he could
not live above a Fortnight, or Three Weeks, longer. He desired them then to hold a Consultation amongst themselves, and let him know, how long he might live if he abstained from Wine. They did so, and told him, He might, on that Condition, live five or six Years longer. Upon which he gave them an Answer worthy his Humour. Go, says he, with your Regimens and Prescriptions, and know, that I had rather live three Weeks, and get drunk every Day, than six Years without drinking Wine. And as soon as he had thus dismissed the Physicians, he caused a Barrel of Wine of Grave to be placed at his Bed's Head, resolving to see the Bottom of it before he died, and carried himself so valiantly in this Encounter, that he drank it up to the Lees, fulfilling literally the Contents of this quaint Epigram of Epigonus upon a Frog, who falling into a Pipe of Wine, cried out,

Φεβ τίνες θόριν
πόνου μανήν σώφρονα μαίνομενοι

Having Death and the Glass between his Teeth, the Ministers visited him to bring him to himself, that he might take Resolution to die with some Thought and Reflection, one of them especially exhorted him to recite the Lord's Prayer, upon which, opening his Eyes, he looked very ghastly upon the Ministers; And what is that, says he, that you call the Lord's Prayer? The Standers by answer'd, It was the Our Father; and that, if he could not pronounce that Prayer, they desired him that at least he would recite some Christian Prayer, that he might die like a good Man. For my part, replied he, I never knew any other Prayer than this,

"Cynthia prima suis miserum me cepit ocellis,
Contractum nullis ante cupidinibus.

"Cynthia's fine Eyes, me wretched, first could move,
Before that Time I knew not what was Love.

And scarce had he repeated Ten or Twelve Verses of that Elegy of Propertius, but he expired, surrounded with Cups and Glasses, and of him one may really say, that he vomited his Purple Soul out, Purpuræam vomit ille Animam."
ARMENIANS

THE ARMENIANS never drink till at the End of their Meals. After they have said Grace the Dishes are remov'd, in order to bring in the Desert, and then they prepare themselves to drink to excess. He that treats thinks he has handsomely acquitted himself of his Entertainment, if his Guests cannot find the Door when they have a mind to go home, which would very often happen, without the Assistance of their Servants, who lead them, and yet have not Power enough sometimes to keep them from falling down in the Room, or in the Street, which is a great Satisfaction to the Host; for if he finds any of them Master of so much Judgment as to guide himself, tho' he reels never so much, he laments very much, as having the Misfortune of spending his Money to no purpose.

IN GOOD COMPANY

ONE must not get drunk but in good Company. That is to say, with good Friends, People of Wit, Honour, and good Humour, and where there is good Wine. For example, a Man in former Times would have done very ill to get drunk with Helio-gabalus, whose Historian reports that after having made his Friends drunk, he used to shut them up in an Apartment, and at Night let loose upon them Lions, Leopards and Tygers, which always tore to pieces some of them. On the other Hand, the best Wine in the World will taste very bad in bad Company. 'Tis therefore that Martial reproaches one, that he spoiled his good Wine with his silly Babbling.
CONFESSIO GULE

OW by-gynneth Gloton for to go to shryfte, 
And kayres hym to-kirke-ward hus coupe to 
shewe.

Fasting on a Fryday forth gan he wende 
By Betone hous the brewestere that bad him good morwe, 
And whederwarde he wolde the brew-wif hym asked.

"To holy churche," quath he "for to hure masse, 
And sitteth sitte and be yshriuen and synwe namore."

"Ich haue good ale, godsyb Gloton, wolt thow
assaye?"

"What hauest thow," quath he "eny hote spices?"

"Ich haue piper and pionys and a pound of garlik, 
A ferthing-worth of fynkelsede for fastinge-daiies."

Then goth Gloton yn and grete othes after.

Sesse the sywwestere sat on the benche, 
Watte the warynere and hus wif dronke, 
Thomme the tynkere and tweye of hus knaues, 
Hicke the hakeneyman and Houwe the neldere, 
Claryce of Cockeslane the clerk of the churche, 
Syre Peeres of Prydie and Purnel of Flaundres, 
An haywarde and an heremyte, the hangeman of Tynorne, 
Dauwe the dykere with a dosen harlotes, 
Of portours and of pykeporses and pylede toth-drawers, 
A rybibour and a ratoner, a rakere and hus knaue, 
A ropere and a redyngkynge, and Rose the dishere, 
Godefray the garleke-mongere and Griffyn the Walish; 
And of vp-holders an hep eryl by the morwe
Geuen Gloton with glad chere good ale to hansele.

Clemment the cobelere cast of hus cloke, 
And to the newe fayre nempned hit to selle. 
Hicke the hakeneyman hitte hus hod after, 
And bad Bette the bouchere to be on hus syde. 
Ther were chapmen y-chose the chaffure to preise; 
That he that hadde the hod shoeld not habbe the cloke; 
The betere thung, by arbytours shoeld bote the worse. 
Two rysen rapliche and rounede to-geders,
And preyed the penyworthes apart by hem-selue,
And ther were othes an hepe for other sholde haue the wers,
Thei couthe nouht by here conscience a-corde for treuthe,
Tyl Robyn the ropere aryse thei bysouhte,
And nempned him a nompeyr that no debate were.

Hicke the hakeneyman hadde the cloke,
In covenant that Clemment sholdhe the coppe fylle,
And haue the hakeneymannes hod and hold hym y-serued ;
And who repentyde rathest shold aryse after,
And grete syre Gloton with a galon of ale.

Ther was lauhyng and lakeryng and "let go the
cope!"
Bargeynes and beuereges by-gunne to aryse,
And setyn so til euesong rang and songe vmbwhyle,
Til Gloton hadde yglobbed a gallon and a gylle.
Hus guttes gonne godely as two gredy sowes ;
He pissede a potell in a pater-noster-while,
And blew hus rounde rewet atte rygbones ende,
That alle that herde that horne hulde here nose after,
And wuschd hit hadde be wexed with a wips of breres.

He myghte nother stappe ne stonde tyl he a staf
hadde.
Thanne gan he go lyke a gleumannes bycche,
Som tyme asyde and som tyme a-rere,
As ho so laith lynes for to lacche foules.

And whenne he drow to the dore, thanne dymmed
hus eyen ;
He thrumbled at the theshefold and threw to the erthe.
Tho Clemment the cobelere cuhte hym by the mydel,
For to lyfte hym on loft he leyde hym on hus knees ;
Ac Gloton was a gret cherl and gronyd in the liftynge,
And couhed vp a caudel in Clementis lappe ;
Ys non so honrly hounde in Hertforde-shire,
That thorst lape of that leuynge so vnloueliche hit smauhte.

With al the wo of the worlde hus wif and hus wenche
Bere hym to hus bedde and brouhte hym ther-ynne ;
And after al this excesse he hadde an accidie,
He slep Saterday and Sunday tyl sonne yede to reste.
Thenne awakyde he wel wan and wolde haue ydronke ;
The ferset word that he spak was "ho halt the bolle?"

[William Langland: Piers the Plowman.]
MUNCEY, TUMPHA AND MYFMAFFEMOSE

MUNCEY, TUMPHA, myfmaffemose. There were three good women who went over for refreshment and tried among themselves which of them could best keep herself from tipsiness. They stayed there till night, and when they came out of the inn door, seeing the moon shining bright, one said Muncy. She meant to say The moon shynye. The second said Tumpha. She meant to say Thy tongue sayleth. The third said Myfmaffe mose. She meant to say Ye bethe dronke bothe. Which was the best of them?

[From an early xv century ms.]
DRONKESCHIPE

RONKESCHIPE,
Which berth the cuppe felaschipe.
Ful many a wonder doth this vice,
He can make of a wisman nyce,
And of a fool, that him schal seme
That he can al the lawe deme,
And yiven every juggement
Which longeth to the firmament
Bothe of the sterre and of the mone;
And thus he makth a gret clerk sone
Of him that is a lewed man.
Ther is nothing which he ne can,
Whil he hath Dronkeschipe on honde,
He knowth the See, he knowth the stronde,
He is a noble man of armes,
And yit no strengthe is in his armes:
Ther he was strong ynoth tofore,
With Dronkeschipe it is forlore,
And al is changed his astat,
And went anon so fieble and mat,
That he mai nouther go ne come,
Bot al togedre him is benome
The pouer bothe of hond and fot,
So that algate abide he mot.
And alle hise wittes he foryet,
The which is to him such a let,
That he wot nevere what he doth,
Ne which is fals, ne which is sooth,
Ne which is dai, ne which is nyht,
And for the time he knowth no wyht,
That he ne wot so moche as this,
What maner thing himselven is,
Or he be man, or he be beste.
That holde I riht a sori feste,
When he that reson understod
So soudeinliche is woxe wod,
Or elles lich the dede man,
Which nouther go ne speke can.
Thus ofte he is to bedde broght,
Bot where he lith yit wot he noght,
Till he arise upon the morwe;
And thanne he seith “O what a sorwe
It is a man be drinkeles!”
So that halfdunke in such a res
With dreie mouth he sterte him uppe,
And seith, “Nou baillex ça the cuppe.”
That made him lese his wit at eve
Is than a morwe at his beleve;
The cup is al that evere him pleseth,
And also that him most deseseth;
It is the cuppe whom he serveth,
Which alle cares fro hom kerveth
And alle bales to him bringeth:
In joie he wepeth, in sorwe he singeth,
For Dronkeschipe is so divers,
It may no whyle stonde in vers.
He drinkth the wyn, bot ate laste
The wyn drynkth him and bint him faste.

[John Gower: Confessio Amantis.]
WITH DOLL

Doll thy ale, doll thy ale, doll!
Ale make many a man to have a doty poll.

Aile make many a man to stik at a brere;
Ale make many a man to ly in the miere;
And ale make many a man to slepe by the fiere.
With doll!

Ale make many a man to stombel at a stone;
Ale make many a man to go dronken home;
And ale make many a man to breke his tone.
With doll!

Ale make many a man to draw his knife;
Ale make many a man to make grete strife;
And ale make many a man to bete his wife.
With doll!

Ale make many a man to wet his chekes;
Ale make many a man to ly in the stretes;
And ale make many a man to wet his shetes.
With doll!

Ale make many a man to stombell at the blokkes;
Ale make many a man to make his hed have knokkes;
And ale make many a man to sit in the stokkes.
With doll!

Ale make many a man to rine over the falows;
Ale make many a man to swere by God and Allhalows;
And ale make many a man to hang upon the galows.
With doll!

[From a late xv century ms.]
ELL you I chyll
If that ye wyll
A whyle be styll
Of a comely gyll
That dwelt on a hyll
But she is not gryll
For she is somwhat sage
And well wore in age
For her vysage
It woldt aswage
A mannes courage.

Her lothely lere
Is nothing clere,
But ugly of chere
Droupy and drowsy
Scuruy and lowsy
Her face all bowsy
Comely crynklyd
Woundersly wrynklyd
Lyke a rost pygges eare
Brystled with here.
Her lewde lyppes twayne
They slauer men sayne
Lyke a ropy rayne
A gummy glayre
She is vgly fayre
Her nose somdele hoked
And camously croked
Neuer stoppyng
But euer droppynge
Her skynne lose and slacke
Greuynd lyke a sacke
With a croked backe.

Her eyen gowndy
Are full vnsowndy
For they are blered
And she gray hered
Jawed lyke a Jetty
A man wolde haue pytty
To se howe she is gumbed
Fyngered and thumbed
Gently Joyned
Greseted and anoynted
Up to the knockles
The bones her huckels
Lyke as they were with buckels
Togyder made fast
Her youth is farre past
Foted lyke a plane
Legges lyke a crane
And yet she wyll iet
Lyke a Joylyfet
In her furred flocket
And graye russet rocket
With symper the cocket
Her huke of Lyncole grene
It had ben hers I wene
More then fourty yere
And so doth it apere
For the grene bare thredes
Loke lyke sire wedes
Wyddered lyke hay
The woll worn away
And yet I dare saye
She thynketh her selfe gaye
Upon the holy daye
Whan she doth her aray
And gyrdeth in her gytes
Stytched & pranked with pletes
Her kyrtell Brystowe red
With clothes vpon her hed
That wey a sowe of led
Wrythen in wonder wyse
After the sarasyns gyse
With a whym wham
Kn yt with a trym tram
Upon her brayne pan
Lyke an Egypcyan
Lapped about
Whan she goeth out
Her selfe for to shewe
She dryueth downe the dewe
With a payre of heles
As brode as two wheles
She hobles as she gose
With her blanket hose
Ouer the falowe
Her shone smered wyth talowe
Gresed vpon dyrt
That baudeth her skyr t.

And this comely dame
I vnderstande her name
Is Elynour Rummynge
At home in her wonnynge
And as men say
She dwelt in Sothray
In a certayne stede
Bysyde Lederhede
She is a tonnysh gyb
The deuyll and she be syb.

But to make vp my tale
She breweth nopyy ale
And maketh thereof port sale
To trauellyrs to tynkers
To sweters to swynkers
And all good ale drynkers
That wyll nothyngye spare
But drynke tyll they stare
And brynge them selfe bare
With now away the mare
And let vs sley care
As wyse as an hare.

Come who so wyll
To Elynoure on the hyll
With fyll the cup fyll
And syt there by styll
Erly and late
Thyther cometh Kate
Cysly and Sare
With theyr legges bare
And also theyr fete
Hardely full vnswete
With theyr heles dagged
Theyr kyrtelles all to iagged
Theyr smockes all to ragged
With tytters and tatters
Brynge dyshes and platters
With all theyr myght runnynge
To Elynour Rummynge
To haue of her tunnynge
She leneth them of the same
And thus begynneth the game

Some wenches come vnlased
Some huswynes come unbrased
With theyr naked pappes
That flyppes and flappes
It wygges and it wagges
Lyke tawny saffron bagges
A sorte of foule drabbes
All scruuy with scabbes
Some be flybytten
Some skewed as a kytten
Some with a sho cloute
Bynde their heddes about
Some haue no herelace
Theyr lockes aboute theyr face
Theyr tresses vntrust
All full of vnlust
Some loke strawry
Some cawry mawry
Full untydy tegges
Lyke rotten egges
Such a lewde sorte
To Elynour resorte
From tyde to tyde
A byde a byde
And to you shall be tolde
Howe hyr ale is solde
To mawte and to molde

Some haue no mony
That thyder commy
For theyr ale to pay
That is a shreud aray
Elynour swered nay
Ye shall not bere awaye
Myne ale for nought
By hym that me bought.

With hey dogge hay
Haue these hoggges away
With get me a staffe
The swyne eate my drafte
Stryke the hoggges with a clubbe
They haue dronke up my swylling tubbe
For be there neuer so moche prese
These swyne go to the hye dese
The sowe with her pygges
The bore his tayle wrygges
His rumpe also he frygges
Agaynst the hye benche
With fo ther is a stenche
Gather vp thou wenche
Seest thou not what is fall
Take vp dyrt and all
And bere out of the hal
God gyne it yll preuynge
Clenly as yuell cheuynge.

But let vs turne playne
There we lefte agayne
For as yll a patch as that.
The hennes ron in the mashfat
For they go to roust
Streyght ouer the ale Joust
And donge whan it commes
In the ale tunnes
Than Elynour taketh
The mashe bolle and shaketh
The hennes donge awaye
And skommeth it into a tray
Where as the yeest is
With her mauny fystis
And somtyme she blennes
The donge of her hennes
And the ale togyder
And sayth gossyp come hyder
This ale shalbe thycker
And floure the more quycker
For I may tell you
I lerned it of a Jewe
When I began to brewe
And I haue found it trew
Drinke now whyle it is new
And ye may it broke
It shall make you loke
Yonger than ye be
Yeres two or thre
For ye may proue it by me
Behold she sayd and se
How bright I am of ble
Ich am not cast away
That can my husband say
When we kys and play
In lust and in lykyng
He calleth me his whityng
His mullyng and his nytynge
His nobbes and his conny
His swetyng and his honny
With bas my pretty bonny
Thou art worth good and monny
This make I my falyre fonny
Tyll that he dreme and dronny
For after all oure sport
Than wyll he rout and snort
Than sweately togher we ly
As two pygges in a sty.

In stede of coyne and monny
Some brynge her a conny
And some a pot with honny
Some a salt and some a spone
Some their hose some theyr shone
Some go streygth thyder
Be it slaty or slyder
They holde the hye waye
They care not what men saye
Be that as be maye
Some lothe to be espyde
Some start in at the backesyde
Ouer the hedge and pale
And all for the good ale
Some bryngeth her husbandis hood
By cause the ale is good
Another brought her his cap
To offer to the ale tap
With flaxe and with towne
And some brought sowre downe
With hey and with howe
Sit we downe a rowe
And drynke tylle we blowe
And pype tyrly tyrlowe.

Lo here is an olde typpet
And ye wyll gyue me a syppet
Of your stale ale
God sende you good sale
And as she was drynkynge
She fyll in a wynkynge
Wyth a barly hood
She pysst where she stood
Than began she to wepe
And forth with fell on slepe
Elynour toke her vp
And blessed her wyth a cup
Of newe ale in cornes
Ales founde therin no thornes
But supped it up at ones
She founde therein no bones.

Nowe in cometh another rabell
First one with a ladell
Another with a cradell
And with a syde sadell
And there began a fabell
A clatterynge and a babell
Of foles sylly
That had a fole with wyly
With iast you and gup gylly
She coulde not lye styllly
Then came in a genet
And sware by saynt Bennet
I dranke not this sennet
A draught to my pay
Elynour I the pray
Of thyne ale let vs assaye.
And haue here a pylche of graye
I were skynnes of conny
That causeth I loke so donny
Another than dyd hyche her
And brought a pottell pycher
A tonnell and a bottell
But she had lost the stoppell
She cut of her sho sole
And stopped there with the hole.

Amonge all the blommer
Another brought a skommer
A fryenge pan and a slyce
Elynour made the pryce
For god ale eche whyt.
Than sterte in made kyt
That had lytell wyt
She semed somdele seke
And brought a peny cheke
To dame Elynour
For a draught of lycour.

Than Margery mylkke ducke
Her kyrtell she dyd vptuckle
An ynche aboue her kne
Her legges that ye myght se
But they were sturdy and stubbed
Myghty pestels and clubbed
As fayre and as whyte
As the fote of a kyte
She was somwhat foule
Croke necked lyke an oule
And yet she brought her fees
A cantell of Essex chese
Was well a fote thycke
Full of maggottes quycke
It was huge and greate
And myghty stronge meate
For the deuyll to eate
It was tart and punythe
Another sorte of sluttis
Some brought walnuttes
Some apples some peres
Some brought theyr clypyng sheres
Some brought this and that
Some brought I wote nere what
Some brought theyr husbands hat
Some podynges and lynkes
Some trypes that stynkes.

But of all this thronge
One came them amonge
She semed halfe a leche
And began to preche
Of the tewsdai in the weke
Whan the mare doth keke
Of the vertue of an vnset leke
Of her husbandes breke
With the feders of a quale
She could to burde on sayle
And with good ale barme
She could make a charme
To helpe with all a stytych
She semed to be a wytch
Another brought two goslynges
That were noughty froslynges
Some brought them in a wallet
She was a cumly callet
The goslenges were vntyde
Elynor began to chyde
They be wretchoches thou hast brought
They are shyre shakyng nought.

Maude Ruggy thyther skypped
She was vgly hypped
And vgly thycke lypped
Lyke an onyon sydred
Lyke tan lededer hydred
She had her so guyded
Bettene the cup and the wall
That she was there with all
In to a palsey fall
With that her hed shaked
And her handes quaked
Ones hed wold haue aked
To se her naked
She dranke so of the dragges
The dropsy was in her legges
Her face glystrynge lyke glas
All foggy fat she was
She had also the gout
In all her ioyntes about
Her breth was soure and stale
And smelled all of ale
Such a bedfellaw
Wold make one cast his craw
But yet for all that
She dranke on the mash fat
There came an old rybybe
She halted of a kybe
And had broken her shyn
At the threshold comyng in
And fell so wyde open
That one myght se her token
The deuyll there on be wroken
What nede all this be spoken
She yelled lyke a calfe
Ryse vp on god’s halfe
Sayd Elynour Rummyng
I be shrew the for thy cummyng
And as she at her dyd pluck
Quake quake sayde the duck
In that lampatrams lap
With fy, couer the shap
With sum flyp flap
God gyue it yll hap
Sayd Elynour for shame
Lyke an honest dame
Up she stert, halfe lame
And skantly could go
For payne and for wo.

In came another dant
With a gose and gant
She had a wyde wesant
She was nothynge plesant
Necked lyke an Olyfant
It was a bullyfant
A gredy cormerant
Another brought her garlyke heddes
Another brought her bedes
Of Jet or of cole
To offer to the ale pole
Some brought a wymble
Some brought a thymble
Some brought a sykle lace
Some brought a pyncase
Some her husbandes gowne
Some a pyllowe of downe
Some of the napery
And all this shyfte they make
For the good ale sake

A strawe said Bele stande vtte
For we haue egges and butter
And of pygeons a payre

Than sterte forth a fysgygge
And she brought a bore pygge
The flesshe there of was ranke
And her brethe strongly stanke
Yet or she wente she dranke
And gat her great thanke
Of Elynour for her ware
That she thyder bare
To paye for her share
Nowe truly to my thynkyng
This is a solempe drynyng
   Soft quod one hyght Sybbyll
And let me with you bybyll
She sate downe in the place
With a sory face
Whey wormed about
Garnysshed was her snout
With here and there a puscull
Lyke a scabbyd muscull
This ale sayd she is nopsy
Let vs syppe and sopsy
And not spyll a droppy
For so mote I hoppy
It coleth well my cropppy.

Dame Elynour sayde she
Haue here is for me
A clout of London pynnes
And with that she begynnes
The pot to her plucke
And dranke a good lucke
She swyanged vp a quarte
At ones for her parte
Her paunche was so puffed
And so with ale stuffed
Had she not hyed a pace
She had defoyled the place.

Than began the sporte
Amonge that dronken sorte
Dame Elynour sayde they
Lende here a cocke of hey
To make all thynge cleane
Ye wote well what we meane.

But syr amonge all
That sate in that hall
There was a pryke me denty
Sat lyke a seynty
And began to paynty
As though she wolde faynty
She made it as koye
As a lege moy
She was not halfe so wyse
As she was peuyshe nyse
She sayde neuer a worde
But rose from the borde
And called for our dame
Elynour by name
We supposed I wys
That she rose to pys
But the very grounde
Was for to compound
With Elynour in the spence
To paye for her expence
I haue no penny nor grote
To paye sayde she god wote
For washyng of my throte
But my bedes of amber
Bere them to your chamber.

Than Elynour dyd them hyde
Within her beddes syde
But some than sate ryght sad
That nothynge had
There of their awne
Neyther gelt nor pawne
Suche were there menny
That had not a penny
But whan they shulde walke
Were fayne with a chalke
To score on the balke
Or score on the tayle
God gyue it yll hayle
For my fyngers ytche
I haue written so mytche
Of this mad mummyge
Of Elynour Rummynge
Thus endeth the gest
Of this worthy fest

QUOT SKELTON LAUREAT
HOW SKELTON HANDLED THE FRYER

As skelton ryd into ye countre, there was a frere that happened in at an alehouse wheras Skelton was lodged, and there the frere dyd desire to have lodgyng. The alewife sayd, Sir, I haue but one bed, whereat master Skelton doth lye. Syr, sayd the frere, I pray you that I maye lye with you. Skelton said, Master freere, I doo vse to haue no man to lye with me. Sir, sayd the frere, I haue lyne with as good men as you, and for my money I doo looke to haue lodgynge as well as you. Well, sayde Skelton, I dooe see than that you wyl lye with me. Yea, syr, sayd the frere. Skelton did fill all the cuppes in the house, and whitled the frere, that at the last, the frere was in myne eames peason. Then sayde Skelton, Mayster freere, get you to bed, and I wyl come to bed within a while. The frere went, and dyd lye vpright, and snorted lyke a sowe. Skelton wente to the chaumber and dyd see that the freere dyd lye soe; sayd to the wyfe, Geue me a washyng betle. Skelton then caste down the clothes, and the freere dyd lye starke naked: then Skelton dyd shite vpon the freeres nauil and bellye; and then he did take the washyng betle, and did strike an hard stroke vpon the nauill & the bellye of the freere, and dyd put out the candell, and went out of the chaumber. The freere felt hys bellye, & smelt a foule sauour, had thought hee had ben gored, and cried out and sayde, Helpe, helpe, helpe, I am kyllad! They of the house with Skelton wente into the chaumber, and asked what the freere dyd ayle. The freere sayde, I am kyllad, one hathe thrust me in the bellye. Fo, sayde Skelton, thou dronken soule, thou doost lye; thou haste behytten thyselfe. Fo, sayde Skelton, let vs goe out of the chaumber, for the knaue dooth the styne. The freere was ashamed, and cryed for water. Out with the whoreson, sayd Skelton, and wrap the sheettes togyther, and putte the freere in the hogge stye, or in the barren. The freere said, geue me some water into the barren: and there the freere dyd washe himselfe, and dydde lye there all the nyght longe. The chaumber and the bedde was dressed, and the sheetes shyfted; and then Skelton went to bed.

[Merie Tales of Skelton.]
RUTTEKIN

Hoyda, hoyda, Joly Ruttekin!
Hoyda, hoyda, lyke a Ruttekin!
Hoyda!

RUTTEKIN is com unto oure towne
In a clooke withoute cote or gowne
Save a raggid hode to kouer his crowne,
Like a Ruttekin.

Ruttekin can speke no Englisshe,
His tonge rennyth all on buttyrd fyssh
Besmerde with grece a bowte his dishe,
Like a Ruttekin.

Ruttekin shall bryng you all good luk,
A stoup of bere up at a pluk,
Till his brayne be as wise as a duk,
Like a Ruttekin.

When Ruttekin from borde will ryse
He will pis a galon pot full at twise,
And the ouerplus under the table of the new gyse,
Like a Ruttekin, hoyda!

[From an early xvi century ms. song-book.]
A MERRY BALLAD OF VINTNERS

By dint of dart, by push of sharpened spear,
By sweep of scythe or thump of spike-set mace,
By poleaxe, steel-tipped arrow-head or shear
Of double-handed sword or well-ground ace,
    By dig of dirk or tuck with double face,
Let them be done to death; or let them light
On some ill stead, where brigands lurk by night,
    That they the hearts from out the breasts may tear,
Cut off their heads, then drag them by the hair
And cast them on the dunghill to the swine,
    That sows and porkers on their flesh may fare,
The vintners that put water in our wine.

Let Turkish quarrels run them through the rear;
    And rapiers keen their guts and vitals lace;
Singe their perukes with Greek fire, ay, and sear
    Their brains with levins; string them brace by brace
Up to the gibbet; or for greater grace,
Let gout and dropsy slay the knaves outright;
Or else let drive into each felon wight
    Irons red-headed in the furnace-flare.
Let half a score of hangmen flay them bare;
And on the morrow, seethed in oil or brine,
    Let four great horses rend them then and there,
The vintners that put water in our wine.

Let some great gunshot blow their heads off sheer;
    Let thunders catch them in the market-place;
Let rend their limbs and cast them far and near,
    For dogs to batten on their bodies base;
Or let the lightning-stroke their sight efface.  
Frost, hail and snow let still upon them bite:  
Strip off their clothes and leave them naked quite,  
For rain to drench them in the open air;  
Lard them with knives and poniards, and then bear  
Their carrion forth and soak it in the Rhine;  
Break all their bones with mauls, and do not spare  
*The vintners that put water in our wine.*

**ENVOI**

Prince, may God curse their vitals! is my prayer;  
And may they burst with venom all, in fine,  
These traitorous thieves, accursèd and unfair,  
*The vintners that put water in our wine.*

[FRANÇOIS VILLON: *trans.* JOHN PAYNE.]
BALLAD AND ORISON

OAH, THAT first the vine plantèd;
Lot, too, that in the grot drank high,
By token that Love (the trickster!) led
Your daughters lewdly to draw you nigh,
(I say't not to flout you withal, not I)
Architriclinus, learn'd in the bowl,—
I pray you all three to set in the sky
Good Master Cotard, honest soul.

He was of your lineage born and bred;
He drank of the best and dearest; ay,
Though he'd never a stiver to stand him in stead,
The best of all topers he was: for why,
Never good liquor found him shy;
None could the pot from his grasp cajole.
Fair Lords, do not suffer in hell to sigh
Good Master Cotard, honest soul.

I've seen him oft, when he went to bed,
Totter for tipple as like to die;
And once he gat him a bump on the head
'Gainst a butcher's stall, as he staggered by.
Brief, one might journey far and nigh
For a better fellow to toss off a bowl.
Let him in, if you hear him the wicket try:
Good Master Cotard, honest soul.

ENVOI

He scarce could spit, he was always so dry;
And ever "My throat's like a red-hot coal!"
Parched up with thirst, he was wont to cry:
Good Master Cotard, honest soul.

[François Villon: trans. John Payne.]
CHYMIST v. VINTNER

WHEN the Wines doe rope or beginne to faile or faint in themselves, either in substaunce or in colour, either by age, by the fault of Caske, soyle, salt water, or other accident, then manie tymes thes Vintener is druien to his hard shiftes, and then hee helpeth himselfe with Allome, with Turnsole, Starch, and with manie other Drugges, and aromaticall ware which hee fetcheth from the Apothecarie, the particulars whereof I couldde set downe and applie even as they have beeene a long time (till within these fewe yeeres) practized in one of the most autentique Tauernes of my time. But my purpose is onely to put some in minde of their grosse night-woorkes which discover themselves by Candlelight at their Celler Windowes, wishing them to leaue all vnwholesome practizes for mans bodie.

[Sir Hugh Platt: 1593.]
AWAY TO TWIVER

And did you not hear of a mirth that befel,
The morrow after a wedding day,
At carrying a Bride at home to dwell,
And away to Twiver, away, away, away!

The Quintain was set, and the Garlands were made,
’Tis pity old Custom should ever decay:
And woe be to him that was horst on a Jade,
For he carried no credit away, away, away!

We met a Consort of Fiddle-dedees,
We set them a Cock-horse and made them to play
The winning of Bullen and Upsyfrees;
And away to Twiver, away, away, away!

There was ne’er a Lad in all the Parish
That would go to the Plow that day
But on his fore-horse his Wench he carries:
And away to Twiver, away, away, away!

The Butler was quick, and the Ale he did tap,
The Maidens did make the Chamber full gay:
The Serving-men gave me a Fudling-cap,
And I did carry it away, away, away!

The Smith of the Town his Liquor so took,
That he was persuaded the ground look’d blue;
And I dare boldly to swear on a book
Such Smiths as he there be but a few.

A Posset was made, and the women did sip,
And simpering said they could eat no more;
Full many a Maid was laid on the lip:
I’ll say no more, but so give o’er.

[ANON: XVI century.]
THE TAPSTER

His tapster's hat was all in blew,
Beseeching well his nut-browne hew:
His nose was ruddy, as I weene,
And bending as the faucons beene.
His thin-set heire along did sit,
Which represents a woodcock's wit;
Yet bald withall was Tysay found,
With eares side-hanging like a hound.
His eyes mere fiery on each side,
His mouth was open, gaping wide;
His lippes great as a cable-rope,
His teeth white, as washt in sope.
A bristled beard did flower his cheekes,
His breath was sweete, as unrest leakes:
Upon his chinne a wart did grow;
Bacchus thereby might well him know:
About his neck he wore a ruffe,
A quarter long, which was enuffe.
His jacket grey, well fac'd with furre,
His voyce was like a barking curre.
His shoulders did like horsesloves stand,
As pillers to uphold his band:
His back was ridged like a boare,
His belly like a tunne before.
There hangs a tap betweene his legs,
From whence he turneth forth his dregs.
On either hand was placed a cuffe,
And bravely was he breechted in buffe.
His leggs they were so crooked seene,
A yoked hog might run betweene.
One foot was of the largest sice,
The other clubbed crabtree wise.

[Bacchus' Bountie: Describing the debonaire Deitie of his bountifull Godhead, in the Royall Observance of his great Feast of Penticost. Necessarie to be read and marked of all, for the Eschuing of like Enormities. By Philip Foulface of Ale-foord, Student in good Fellowship. 1593.]
A REVEREND ROUT

Bacchus was thus most busie among his friends, behold a reverend route resorted towardst his court with a trumpet before them; sounding most melodiously in token of great joy, for that they were so near the pleasant paradise of god Bacchus. Who they were, from whence they came, and in what manner they appeared in presence, followeth as thus:

First of all, came David Drie-throat, from Lesbona in Portugale; in his hand he held a peece well fild with wine of Canary, which with cap and knee he presented to god Bacchus, and gave place to the rest.

Secondly, came Alexander Addlehead, from Dun Baur, a Scot, who offered to his god a dozen of red herrings, to season his mouth, before he sate downe to taste his liquor.

Thirdly, there skipt in a Spaniard, of the city of Logronio, named Blayner Bloblip, who gratifying his god with two limons, and an orange pill, with a most lowly legge he lept aside.

Fourthly, came wallowing in a Germane, borne in Mentz, his name was Gotfrey Grouthead; with him he brought a wallet full of woodcocks' heads; the braines thereof, tempered with other sauce, is a passing preservative against the ale-passion, or paine in the pate.

Fifthly, came posting in one Peers Spendall from Brundusium, an Italian frier, with a pot full of holy water, sprinkling to and fro, and round about him, to drive away the divell, least hee should chaunce to come invisible and deceave them of their drinke.

The sixth was one Frauncis Franckfellow, a Corinthian, in the coasts of Achaia; with him he brought a box of oyle, that Bacchus therewith might baste his belly, when it was ready to crack, with licking up over lavishishly the small crumbs that tumbled out of his tunne.

The seventh was one Simon Swil-kan; he came from Colops, a citie in Africa; and presented to Bacchus a but-
tack of bacon; which, broyled on the coals, and so eaten, will set a man on longing for his liquor before sunneshine, bee the morning never so moysty.

The eighth was of Capsa, a toune well known in Numidia; his name was Geffery Goos-cap, and with him hee brought a nightcap for god Bacchus’ great godhead; least, through his hot comptations in the day, his head should crow with cold consumptions in the night.

The ninth was a jolly gentlewoman, named Mistris Merigodown; she came from Archelais, a citie of Cappadocia, with a fanne of fethers in one hand, and a looking-glasse in the other, which both she gave to Bacchus: the one to gather winde, least his breath shoulde faile him when he blew a long blast in a wine pot; the other to see his nose, least, continuing overlong in a fierie colour, it shoulde chance to be changed into a carbuncle.

The tenth was one Philip Filpot, brought up in Varica, a citie of Iberia, and one of the sect of Saint Sinckator. [Cinque-Quatre: a back-gammon player.] This Philip was a phisition, and brought to his god Bacchus a certaine potion, marveilous in operation; of which, whoever hee were that did drinke, after hee had been well whitled, by vertue thereof, if he once were asleepe, shoulde never awake till hee were wiser.

The eleventh was a Jewe, borne in Joppa; he had to name Christopher Crabface, a man famous in astrologie; he brought in his hand a prognostication newly composed, which hee bestowed on god Bacchus: in which booke hee had largely set down divers detriments accidentall to this yeare. Especially this I noted, that many drunkards, whiles they looked upwards on high towards the man in the moone, shall breake their necks downwards below in the bottome of a ditch.

The twelfth was Gilbert Goodfellow, from Arbila, an Assyrian; this Gilbert was a butcher, and brought with him an hog’s head, a sheepe’s tongue, and a calves’ chauldron; the hog’s head for harnesse against entreatie; the sheepe’s tongue to temper his owne the better in telling of a true tale; and a calves’ chauldron to wrap up his noddle, least in the ende of a banquet his inward heathe should fume out with a farewell to all good felloship.

The thirteenth came from Choka, a citie in Arabia,
named Nicholas Neverthrive; he brought with him a pudding-pie, prettie powdered with such hot spices as his countrie plentifully dooth afforde; which, being once tasted, dooth marvellously encrease a moystie appetite, which Bacchus receaved very thankfully.

The fourteenth was called Hodge Heaviebrech; he came from Miserga, a citie in the confines of Persia. Hodge by his occupation was a cardmaker, who, for the zeale he had to god Bacchus and all good fellows, offered up to him that renowned ruffer, the Knave of Clubs, with a box of trim-trillilles, commonly called, the Dice; the one to aide him in a needeles combat; the other, after his losse, to serve him instead of recreation.

The fifteenth was one Maudlen Moonface, a mery gentlewoman of Dublin, a citie in Ireland; with her she brought a glasse ful, nose high, of aquavitæ, the operation whereof is no less monstrous than marveilous; for, being drunk in a morning, it so warmeth the heart, as if the body were in a bath; whose inward heats, when they begin to bud forth, transform themselves into goosberry-grapes to be seen most plainely as under a vizard of glistening glasse.

The sixteenth was a pleasant Parthian of the stately citie Catompylon, called Loblurchall; this youth was a feate fellow, and a fine faulkner; with him he carried a water-wagtaile, readie to flie at the fairest goose in Winchester; which present god Bacchus accepted very gratefully.

The seventeenth was borne in India, at a fair citie called Tyndis; this forsooth, was a coy dame, called Cate Crashpot; she came clincking a quart-pot for sweet musick, instead of the tabret, to which maner of melodie, god Bacchus listened exceedingly.

The eighteenth was one Baudwin Barrelbelly, from Ormusa, a place sufficiently knoune in the ile of Cypruse; with him he brought a firkin full of wine of Basterdes, assuring god Bacchus on his fidelitie, that so many as he made thereof partakers with him, as long as they applied themselves to the harty carouse, should never be haunted by death, and faile footing.

The nineteenth came from Garma in Æthiopia, called Goody Goodale; she (in token of pure devotion) delivered to Bacchus a sack full of groate, and a sack full of hops,
standing stoutly in this opinion, that the barley-broath, above all other, did beare away the bell, and that neither grape nor berry might in any respect be compared to the majestie of the mault.

The twentieth was a worthie yeoman, one Tom Tosspot; he came from Friburgum, an Helvetian; he, as willing to please himselfe, as to honour his god, presented to Bacchus, a dainty devised compound of sundry simples pastiewise, as the trimming of tripes, the fat of chitterlings, and the marrow of sweet-souse, lapt up altogether within the crusty walls of paste-royal, in so much, that a world of belly-cheere was contained therein; which god Bacchus received with so greate thankes, that he promised to honour the eating thereof, with the best increments of his overflowing tunne.

[PHILIP FOULFACE.]
HEm did they fall upon the chat of victuals and some belly furniture to be snatched at in the very same place, which purpose was no sooner mentioned, but forthwith began flaggons to go, gammons to trot, goblets to fly, great bowles to ting, glasses to ring, draw, reach, fill, mixe, give it me without water, so my friend, so whip me off this glasse neatly, bring me hither some claret, a full weeping glasse till it run over, a cessation and truce with thirst. Ha, thou false Fever, wilt thou not be gone? by my figgins, godmother, I cannot as yet enter in the humour of being merry, nor drink so currantly as I would. You have catch'd a cold, gamer, yea forsooth, Sir; by the belly of Sanct Buf, let us talk of our drink, I never drink but at my hours, like the Pope's Mule, and I never drink but in my breviary, like a faire father Gardien. Which was first, thirst or drinking? Thirst, for who in the time of innocence would have drunk without being athirst? nay, Sir, it was drinking; for privatio praesupponit habitum. I am learned, you see: Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum? we poor innocents drink but too much without thirst: not I truly, who am a sinner, for I never drink without thirst, either present or future, to prevent it, as you know, I drink for the thirst to come; I drink eternally, this is to me an eternity of drinking, and drinking of eternity; let us sing, let us drink, and tune up our round-lays; where is my funnel? What, it seems I do not drink but by an Attourney? do you wet your selves to dry, or do you dry to wet you? pish, I understand not the rhetorick (Theorick, I should say) but I help my self somewhat by the practice. Baste, enough, I sup, I wet, I humect, I moisten my gullet, I drink, and all for fear of dying; drink always and you shall never die: if I drink not, I am a ground dry, gravelled and spent, I am stark dead without drink, and my soul ready to flie into some marish amongst Frogs; the soul never dwells in a dry place, drouth kills it. O you butlers, creators of new formes, make me of no drinker a drinker, a
perennity and everlastingnesse of sprinkling, and bedewing me through these my parched and sinnewy bowels; he drinks in vaine, that feels not the pleasure of it; this entereth into my veines, the pissing tooles and urinal vessels shall have nothing of it. I would willingly wash the tripes of the calf, which I apparelled this morning. I have pretty well now balasted my stomack, and stuff my paunch: if the papers of my bonds and bills could drink as well as I do, my creditors would not want for wine when they come to see me, or when they are to make any formal exhibition of their rights to what of me they can demand. This hand of yours spoyles your nose. O how many other such will enter here before this go out; what, drink so shallow, it is enough to break both girds and petrel; this is called a cup of dissimulation, or flaggonal hypocrisie.

What difference is there between a bottle and a flaggon? great difference, for the bottle is stopped and shut up with a stoppel, but the flaggon with a vice, bravely and well plaid upon the words. Our fathers drank lustily, and emptied their cans; well cack'd, well sung; come, let us drink: will you send nothing to the river, here is one going to wash the tripes: I drink no more then a spunge, I drink like a Templar Knight: and I, tanquam sponsus, and I, sicut terra sine aqua; give me a synonymon for a gammon of bacon? it is the compulsory of drinkers: it is a pully; by a pully-robe wine is let down into a cellar, and by a gammon into the stomach; hei! now boyes hither, some drink, some drink, there is no trouble in it, respice personam, pone pro duos, bus non est in usu. If I could get up as well as I can swallow down, I had been long ere now very high in the aire.

Thus became Tom Tosse-pot rich, thus went in the Taylors stitch; thus did Bacchus conquer th' Inde, thus Philosophy Melinde: a little raine allayes a great deal of winde: long tipling breaks the thunder. But if there came such liquor from my ballock, would you not willingly thereafter suck the udder whence it issued; here, page, fill; I prethee, forget me not when it comes to my turne, and I will enter the election I have made of thee into the very register of my heart; sup, Guillot, and spare not, there is yet somewhat in the pot. I appeale from thirst, and disclaim its jurisdiction. Page, sue out my appeale in forme,
this remnant in the bottome of the glasse must follow its Leader. I was wont heretofore to drink out all, but now I leave nothing. Let us not make too much haste, it is requisite we carry all along with us; hey day, here are tripes fit for our sport, and in earnest excellent Godebillios of the dun Oxe (you know) with the black streak. O for God's sake let us lash them soundly, yet thriftily. Drink, or I will. No, no, drink I beseech you; sparrows will not eate unlesse you bob them on the tai[e], nor can I drink if I be not fairly spoke to. The concavities of my body are like another Hell for their capacity. Lagonaedatera, there is not a corner, nor cunniborow in all my body where this wine doth not ferret out my thirst. Ho, this will bang it soundly, but this shall banish it utterly. Let us winde our hornes by the sound of flaggons and bottles, and cry aloud, that whoever
hath lost his thirst, come not hither to seek it. Long
dysters of drinking are to be voided without doors: the
great God made the Planets, and we make the platters neat.
I have the word of the Gospel in my mouth, Sitio. The
stone called Asbestos, is not more unquenchable, then the
thirst of my paternite. Appetite comes with eating saies
Angeston, but the thirst goes away with drinking. I have
a remedy against thirst, quite contrary to that which is
good against the biting of a mad dog. Keep running
after a Dog, and he will never bite you, drink alwayes
before the thirst, and it will never come upon you. There
I catch you, I awake you. Argus had a hundred eyes for his
sight, a butler should have (like Briareus) a hundred hands
wherewith to fill us wine indefatigably. Hey now lads, let us
moisten our selves, it will be time to dry hereafter. White
wine here, wine boyes, poure out all in the name of Lucifer,
fill here you, fill and fill (pescods on you) till it be full.
My tongue peels. Lanstrinque, to thee, Countryeman, I
drink to thee good fellow, camarade to thee, lustie, lively,
Ha, la, la, that was drunk to some purpose, and bravely
gulped over. O lachryma Christi, it is of the best grape;
'faith, pure Greek, Greek, O the fine white wine, upon my
conscience it is a kinde of taffatas wine, hin, hin, it is of one
eare, well wrought, and of good wooll; courage, camrade,
up thy heart billy, we will not be beasted at this bout, for I
have got one trick, ex hoc in hoc, there is no inchantment, nor
charme there, every one of you hath seene it, my prentiship
is out, I am a free man at this trade. I am prester mast,
(Prish)-Brum I should say master past. O the drinkers,
those that are a dry, O poore thirsty souls, good Page my
friend, fill me here some, and crowne the wine, I pray thee,
like a Cardinal, Natura abhorret vacuum. Would you say
that a flie could drink in this, this is after the fashion of
Swisserland, clear off, neat, supernaculum, come, therefor
blades to this divine liquor, and celestial juyce, swill it
over heartily, and spare not, it is a decoction of Nectar and
Ambrosia.

[RABELAIS. Gargantua and Pantagruel.]
HEREFORE we hold not that Laughing, but that Drinking is the distinguishing Character of Man. I don't say Drinking, taking that word singly and absolutely in the strictest Sense; No, Beasts then might put in for a share; I mean drinking cool delicious Wine. For you must know, my Beloved, that by Wine we become Divine; neither can there be a surer Argument, or a less deceitful Divination. Your Academics assert the same when they make the Etymologie of Wine, which the Greeks call ὁ ἄμωνο, to be from Vis, Strength, Vertue and Power; for 'tis in its power to fill the Soul with all Truth, Learning and Philosophy.

[RABELAIS.]
THE EIGHT KINDS OF DRUNKENNESS

OR haue we one or two kinde of drunkards onely, but eight kindes. The first is Ape drunke, and he leapes, and sings, and hollowes, and daunceth for the heauens: the second is Lion drunke, and he flings the pots about the house, calls his Hostesse whore, breaks the glasse windowes with his dagger, and is apt to quarrell with any man that speaks to him: the third is Swine drunke, heavy, lumpish, and sleepeie, and cries for a little more drinke, and a fewe more cloathes: the fourth is Sheepe drunke, wise in his owne concept, when he cannot bring foorth a right word, the fifth is Mawdien drunke, when a fellow will weep for kindnes in the midst of his Ale, and kisse you, saying; By God Captaine I loue thee, goe thy waies thou dost not thinke so often of me as I do of thee, I would (if it pleased God) could I not loue thee
so well as I doo, and then he puts his finger in his eie, and cries: the sixt is Martin drunke, when a man is drunke and drinkes himselfe sober ere he stirre: the seuenth is Goate drunke, when in his drunkennes he hath no minde but on Lechery: the eighth is Foxe drunke, when he is craftie drunke, as many of the Dutch men bee, will neuer bargaine but when they are drunke. All these species and more I haue seene practised in one Company at one sitting, when I haue beene permitted to remaine sober amongst them, onely to note their seuerall humors. Hee that plies any one of them harde, it will make him to write admirable verses, to haue a deepe casting head, though hee were neuer so verie a Dunce before.

Gentlemen, all you that will not haue your braines twise sodden, your flesh rotten with the Dropsie, that loue not to goe in greasie doublets, stockings out at the heeles, and weare alehouse daggers at your backes, forswear this slauering brauery, that will make you haue stinking breathes, and your bodies smell like Brewers aprons: rather keepe a snuffe in the bottome of the glasse to light you to bed withall, than leaue neuer an eye in your head to lead you ouer the threshould. It will bring you in your olde age to be companions with none but Porters and Car-men, to talke out of a Cage, railing as drunken men are wont, a hundred boies wondering about them; and to die sodainly as *Fol Long* the Fencer did, drinking *Aqua vitae*. From which (as all the rest) good Lord deliuer *Pierce Penilesse*.

[THOMAS NASHE. Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Divell.]
Swine Drunke
FALSTAFF IN PRAISE OF SACK

WOULD you had but the wit: 'twere better then your Dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded Boy doth not loue me, nor a man cannot make him laugh: but that's no maruaile, hee drinkes no Wine. There's neuer any of these demure Boyes come to any profe: for thinne Drinke doth so ouer-coole their blood, and making many Fish-Meales, that they fall into a kinde of Male Green-sicknesse: and then, when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally Fooles, and Cowards; which some of vs should be too, but for inflamation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it ascends me into the Braine, dryes me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddie Vapours, which enuiron it: makes it apprehensiue, quicke, forgetiue, full of nimble, fierie, and delectable shapes; which deliuer'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second propertie of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood: which before (cold, and setled) left the Liuer white, and pale; which is the Badge of Pusillanimitie, and Cowardize; but the Sherris warmes it, and makes it course from the inwards, to the parts extremes: it illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon) giues warning to all the rest of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme: and then the Vitall Commoners and in-land pettie Spirits, muster me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and pufft vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack (for that sets it a-worke:) and Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Devill, till Sack commences it, and sets it in act, and vse. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like leane, stirrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and tyll'd, with excellent endeauour of drinking good, and good store of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand Sonnes, the first Principle I would teach them, should be to forswear thinne Potations, and to addict themselves to Sack.

[William Shakespeare: Henry IV, part II.]
Noah was Drunken
SERVANT:

HAT wine pleaseth it you to drinke sir? Will you drinke Gascon wine?

NICH: Whence comes this so bloodie and blacke wine?

JOHN: Tis Orleans wine. I would rather drinke of this small wine of Rochell.

NICH: Thers verie good claret: which turnes the wind mill neare it.

STEVEN: What wine drinke ye cousin?

GENUESA: A sack of Spaine: which wets well, and washeth the braine.

STEVEN: I had rather drinke a cup of Rhenish wine: for it make a man speake Latin fine.

NICH: Thers nothing more greeuuous then to die for thirst in a banquet.

JOHN: Some wine here ho! When I was at Rome, I dranke of most excellent wines in the Cardinall Caraffaes Celler. I dranke Romanesco, Greco, lachryma Christi! sweete wine, sharpe, milde, and greene, for I was verie familiuer with his yeoman of Celler.

NICH: Muscadine liketh me verie well.
STEVEN: So doth it our English dames also.
WILL: This wine begins to wane, to be sower, and waxe mustie.
JOHN: The wine of Spaine and Italie beare well their water, and will keepe well beside.
GEN: Pour me my glasse halfe full of water.
STEVEN: You christen your wine, and make it a good Christian.
IANE: Thats not done amisse.
JOHN: You marre the wine, putting too much water in: I will not drinke with you. I loue it when it is simple, pure, and neat, not brewed, as they do in many parts of the world, to make of one tun two.
WILL: That is a small matter.
JOHN: Worse do the vintners of London, who put in lime, brimstone, honie, allume, and other more beastly things to be spoken, and nothing is more hurtfull to mens bodies, whome men ought to chastise publike as theeues and murtherers: for thence proceed infinit maladies, and specially the goutes. Maisters ye eat nothing, I pray you drinke and pledge me a carouse.
NICH: Lets drink ho: truly tis to day a faire weather to drinke in, so is it evey day.
JOHN: Drinke we, I drinke to you with all my heart, and be yee the very well welcome. Feare not least wine and victuals faile here: for when the heauen should be of brasse, and earth yron, yet wine should not want vs, were it for seuven, yea, for eight yeares, A longer time then the famine lasted in Egypt ywis.
IANE: Let vs drinke then together by good accord in charitie.
STEVEN: I am yours. You are mine.
GEN: I drinke to you, you shall pledge me, if you please.
WILL: Hem, ha-hem.
NICH: It is good and very fresh, as you would say, in the beginning of the second degree: to euery one tis not allowed to drinke so good.
JOHN: To euery one tis not granted to dwell at Corinthum.
STEVEN: In wine is truth, that is to say, In wine in truth.
JOHN: Harke my friend, I will tell thee a thing in thine
eare, tell no body if thou loue me, it shall rest secret bet-
tweene vs two : it is, that I find the wine better and more
pleasant to my tast than I was woont : more then I was wont
I feare the meeting of a bad cup of wine, and to tell you
the plaine truth, the odour of wine how much more it is
delicious, smirking and surpassing, by so much more celest-
tiall and delicate is it then oile.

steuen : That is spoken like a man of learning.

iohn : I will tell other stories. Tarry a little that I
deduce a dram out of this bottell : Lo here my very and sole
Helicon. See here my Fountaine Caballine. This is mine
onlyely Enthusiasmos.

nich : Here drinking, I deliberate, I discourse, I resolue
and conclude. After the conclusion, I laugh, I write, I
compose, I drinke.

iohn : Ennius, the father of Latine Poets, drinking did
drake, write did drinke.

nich : Aeschylus (if you giue credit to Plutarchus in his
bankets) did drinke composing, did compose drinking.

steuen : Homer never wrot fasting.

nich : Cato neuer tooke pen in hand, but after drinking.
To the end that you say not that I liue without example
of men laudable and best accounted of.

iohn : Is there any one that will dispute with me of these
intricat problems of thirst and drinking : I haue no lesse
studied Magicke, Negromancie, Alchimie, the Caballis-
ticke science and Geomancie, then the Philosophie of
Hermes Trismegistus.

iane : These are high matters, and profound sciences.

iohn : By our holy Lady, we must be merrie : Draw,
bring boy, fill wine, ho diuell, poure, I will drinke for my
part more then fiue and twentie or thirtie three tuns, before
that I die.

nich : Is there no more wine? We are then aground,
and in the deserte of Arabia.

iohn : Tis whot. O how drie I am : As a land without
water.

iane : I beleeeue that none of you drinkers doubt of it.

steuen : Is there good store of wines in Gascony this
yeare?

iohn : I hope then that we Englishmen shall find in-
fallible remedies against all alteratations and thirsts.
Nich: I drinke to ye all. You seeme to me true Christians: for I drinke not to these dogs the Turkes, Mahometains, I denie and renounce them for villains.

Iane: The reason why?

Nich: I will tell you how these diuell Turks are accursed to drinke no drop of wine. If no other mischiefe were in the Alcoran of Mahound, yet would I neuer be of his law.

Iohn: Worthie of eternall memorie and everlasting praise was the holy man Noe (to whom we are bounden and greatly beholding for that he planted the vine, whence floweth this Angelicall, delicious, celestiall, ioious, deifying liquor. The poore man was deceiued in drinking it, for hee knew not the vertue and power thereof). Haue you unterstood me all this while?

Nich: Drinke then a good draught without water, for if ye beleue it not, here is a fig for my God-son.

Iohn: Where are these diuell Greekes, who in Alexanders daies were renowned drinkers? O the poore goblins are dead.

Nich: We read that these fine Italian daemons haue drunke well heretofore: and especially in Iulius Caesars time, when they made their horses, mules, and mares drinke carousse.

Iohn: I am, beleue me a good fellow and a boon companion.

Nich: I loue to drinke neat, and I eat willingly salt meat, and moreouer I loue to drinke of the best, so doth euerie honest man ywis.

Steuen: Neuer noble man hateth the good wine.

Iohn: Drinke we, drinke we then, as do the camels and dromedaries in the Carauana, drinking for the thirst past, for the thirst present, and for the thirst to come.

Steuen: So dranke Hercules.

Nich: Truce of thirst, league of hunger.

Iohn: I am no more angrie I thanke God and you. I am gay as a Papingeay, perke as a sparhaweke, merrie as a butterfle.

Nich: Truly it is written by your goodly Euripides, and Silenus the famous carowser speakes it.

Mad is the man, and starke out of his wit:
Who drinks carrouse, and laugheth not a whit.
iohn: Considering that it is a great while since I was a scholler in Apollos schoole, and drank my fill of fount Caballine, among the merrie muses, since that time I find this nectar divine. this wine precious, this muscadel delicate.

iane: Gossip faire and softly, you rage in your quicke swallowing.

iohn: The dill take me, thou hast not found thy little sippers of London, who drinke but out of one pipe.

iane: You haue a good throat to swallow downe.

nich: O fellow mine, if I could mount up as well as I can poure downe, I should already be aboue the sphere of the Moone with Empedocles.

iohn: But I know not what the diuell this means. This wine is so good and pleasant. The more I drinke, the more thirst I haue. I beleeue the shadow of these cups, doth engender drie mouthes, as the moone doth merrigalds.

iane: This Liuerots head is good for those that haue the gout.

steuen: We shall eate few greene geese this yeare.

nich: I had broke my fast well: but therefore will I eat neuer the lesse. For I haue a stomache paued and hollow as saint Benets boote.

iane: Ha my friend, giue me some pigge.

nich: Diabolo, theres no more liquors, I renounce my life, I die for thirst.

iohn: Draw, giue here, turne, broile, poure to me without water: so my friends, firke me this glasse finely. Ha false feuer wilt thou not packe hence?

iane: By me fe Gossip I cannot enter into the bets.

iohn: You are acold, my loue. I marry, lets speake of drinking. I drinke not but at my hours, as doth the Popes mule. I haue great thirst.

nich: Which was first, thirst or drinking?

iohn: Drinking. For *Privatio presupponit habitum*. I am a clereke, I tell you. *Foecundi calices quem non fecere disertum*.

nich: Lets sing, lets drinke, lets poure it in. Where is my tonnell?


nich: Wet you to drie, or drie you to wet?

steuen: By my fay I understand not the Rhetoricke. With the practique I helpe myselfe a little.
JOHN: Courage, I vvet, I moisten, I drinke, and all for feare to die.

NICH: Drinke alwayes, you shall neuer die.

JOHN: If I drinke not, I am dead.

STEUEN: For conclusion of mine oration, I will say vnto you, that as for me, I thinke I am descended of some rich king or prince in old time. For you neuer saw man, who had a greater desire to be a king, and rich, then my selfe, to the end to make good cheare, to take no pains at all, to care for nothing, and to enrich my friends and all honest and learned men.

[John Eliot: The Parlement of Pratlers.]
MASTER MERRY-THOUGHT

OLD MER:

WHO can sing a merrier noate
Than he that cannot change a groat?
Not a Denier left, and yet my heart leapes, I do
wonder yet, as old as I am, that any man will
follow a Trade, or serve, that may sing and laugh, and walke
the streets, my wife and both my sonnes are I know not
where, I have nothing left, nor know I how to come by meate
to supper, yet am I merry still; for I know I shall finde it
upon the Table at sixe a Clock, therefore hang Thought.
I would not be a Servingman to carry the cloke-bag still,
Nor would I be a Fawlconer the greedie Hawkes to fill.
But I would be in a good house, and have a good Master
too.
But I would eat & drink of the best, & no work would I do.

This is it that keeps life and soule together, mirth, this is
the Philosophers stone that they write so much on, that
keeps a man ever young.

Enter a Boy

BOY: Sir, they say they know all your mony is gone,
and they will trust you for no more drinke.

OLD MER: Will they not? let 'em choose, the best is, I
have mirth at home, and need not send abroad for that;
let them keepe their drinke to themselves.

For Jillian of Berry, she dwels on a Hill,
And she hath good Beere and Ale to sell,
And of good fellows she thinkes no ill,
And thither will wee go now, now, now, and thither
Will we go now.
And when you have made a little stay,
You need not aske what is to pay,
But kiss your Hostesse and go your way. And
thither, &c.
Enter another Boy

2. Boy: Sir, I can get no bread for supper.

Old Mer: Hang bread and supper, let's preserve our mirth, and we shall never feel hunger, I'le warrant you, let's have a Catch, boy follow me, come sing this Catch.

Ho, ho, no body at home, meate nor drinke, nor money ha we none, fill the pot Eedy, never more need I.

[Beaumont and Fletcher: The Knight of the Burning Pestle.]

DRUNKARDS IN EL DORADO

Those Guianians and also the borderers, and all others in that tract which I haue seen are marvellous great drunkardes, in which vice I think no nation can compare with them and at the times of their solemn feasts when the Emperor carowseth with his Captayns, tributors, & governors, the manner is thus. All those that pledge him are first stripped naked, & their bodies annoynted all ouer with a kinde of white Balsamum: (by them called Curcai) of which there is plenty and yet very deare amongst them, and it is of all other the most preitious whereof we haue had good experience: when they are annoynted all ouer, certaine seruants of the Emperor hauing prepared gold made into fine powder blow it thorow hollow canes vpon their naked bodies, untill they be al shining from the foote to the heade, & in this sort they sit drinking by twentys and hundreds & continue in drunkennes sometimes sixe or seuen daies together.

[Sir W. Raleigh: The Discoverie of the large, rich and bewayful Empyre of Guiana 1596.]
CAME here a day or two before the Danish King came, and from the day he did come untill this hour I have been well nigh overwhelmed with carosal and sports of all kinds.

The sports began each day in such manner and such sorte, as well nigh persuaded me of Mahamets paradise. We had women, and indeed wine took, of such plenty, as would have astonished each sober beholder. Our feasts were magnificent, and the two royal guests did most lovingly embrace each other at table. I think the Dane hath strangely wrought on our good English nobles; for those, whom I could never get to taste good liquor, now follow the fashion, and wallow in beastly delights. The ladies abandon their sobriety, and are seen to roll about in intoxication. In good sooth, the Parliament did kindly to provide his Majestie so seasonably with money, for there hath been no lack of good livinge; shows, sights, and banquetings from morn to eve. One day a great feast was held, and, after dinner, the representation of Solomon his Temple and the coming of the Queen of Sheba was made, or (as I may better say) was meant to have been made, before their Majesties, by device of the Earl of Salisbury and others. But alass! as all earthly things do fail to poor mortals in enjoyment, so did prove our presentment hereof. The Lady who did play the Queens part, did carry most precious gifts to both their Majesties; but, forgetting the steppes arising to the canopy, overset her caskets into his Danish Majesties lap, and fell at his feet, tho I rather think it was in his face. Much was the hurry and confusion: cloths and napkins were at hand, to make all clean. His Majesty then got up and would dance with the Queen of Sheba; but he fell down and humbled himself before her, and was carried to an inner chamber and laid on a bed of state; which was not a little defiled with the presents of the Queen which had been bestowed on his garments; such as wine, cream, jelly, neverage, cakes, spices, and other good matters. The
entertainment and show went forward, and most of the presenters were backward, or fell down; wine did so occupy their upper chambers. Now did appear, in rich dress, Hope, Faith and Charity: Hope did assay to speak, but wine rendered her endeavours so feeble that she withdrew, and hoped the King would excuse her brevity. Faith was then all alone, for I am certain she was not joyned with good works; and left the Court in a staggering condition. Charity came to the King's feet, and seemed to cover the multitude of sins her sisters had committed: in some sorte she made obeysance and brought gifts, but said she would return home again, as there was no gift which Heaven had not already given to his Majesty; she then returned to Hope and Faith, who were both sick and spewing in the lower hall. Next came Victory in bright armour, and presented a rich sword to the King, who did not accept it, but put it by with his hand; and by a strange medley of versification, did endeavour to make suit to the King; but Victory did not triumph long, for, after much lamentable utterance, she was led away like a silly captive, and laid to sleep in the outer steps of the anti-chamber. Now did Peace made entry, and strive to get foremoste to the King; but I grieve to tell how great wrath she did discover unto those of her attendants, and, much contrary to her semblance, most rudely made war with her olive branch, and laid on the pates of those who did oppose her coming. I have much marvalled at these strange pageantries, and they do bring to my remembrance what passed of this sort in our Queens days; of which I was sometime an humble presenter and assistant; but I never did see such lack of good order, discretion, and sobriety, as I have now done. I have passed much time in seeing the royal sports of hunting and hawking, where the manners were such as made me devise the beasts were pursuing the sober creation, and not more in quest of exercise or food. I will now, in good sooth, declare to you, who will not blab, that the gunpowder fright is got out of all our heads, and we are going on, hereabouts, as if the devil was contriving every man should blow up himself, by wild riot, excess, and devastation of time and temperance. The great Ladies do go well-masked, and indeed it be the only show of their modesty, to conceal their countenance; but, alack, they meet with such countenance to uphold their strange doings, that
I marvel not at ought that happens. I do often say (but not aloud) that the Danes have again conquered the Britains, for I see no man, or woman either, that now can command himself or herself. I wish I was at home:—O rus, quando te aspiciam?

[SIR JOHN HARINGTON. *Letter.*]

OF HYM THAT BROUGHT A BOTELL TO A PRESTE

CERTAYNE vycars of Poules, disposed to be mery on a Sunday at hye masse tyme, sente another madde felowe of theyrs acquaintance unto a folysshe dronken preest to gyue hym a bottell, whiche man met with the preest upon the toppe of the stayres by the chauncell dore, and spake to him and sayd thus: syr, my mayster hath sente you a bottell to put your drynke in, because he can kepe none in your braynes. This preest, therwith beyng very angry, all sodenly toke the bottell, and with his fote flange it downe into the body of the churche upon the gentlemans hede.

[A Hundred Mery Talys.]
WHAT'S YOUR ALE

Musicke. Enter young Lovelesse and Widdow, going to be Married: with them his Comrades

WIDDOw:

RAY sir cast off these fellowes, as unfitting for your bare knowledge, and farre more your company: ist fit such Ragamuffins as these are should beare the name of friends? and furnish out a civill house? y'are to bee married now, and men that love you must expect a course far from your old carrier: If you will keepe um, turn um to th'stable, and there make um grooms: and yet now I consider it, such beggars once set a horse backe, you have heard will ride, how farre you had best to looke to.

CAP. : Heare you, you that must be Lady, pray content your selfe and thinke upon your carriage soone at night, what dressing will best take your Knight, what wastcote, what cordiall will doe well i' th morning for him, what tryers have you?

WI. : What doe you meane Sir?

CAP. : Those that must switch him up: if he start well, feare not but cry Saint George, and beare him hard: when you perceive his wind growes hot and wanting, let him a little downe, 'is fleet nere doubt him, and stands sound.

WI. : Sir, you heere these fellowes?

VO. LO. : Merry companions, wench, merry companions.

WI. : To one another let um bee companions, but good Sir not to you: you shall be civill and slip off these base trappings.

CAP. : He shall not need, my most sweet Lady grocer, if hee bee civill, not your powdered Sugar, not your Reasens shal perswade the Captaine to live a Coxcome with him: let him be civill and eate i' th' Arches, and see what will come on't.

PO. : Let him bee civill, doe: undoe him: I, thats
the next way. I will not take (if hee be civill once) two hundred pounds a yeare to live with him: bee civill? theres a trimme perswasion.

CAP. : If thou beest civill Knight, as love defends it, get thee another nose, that will be puld off by the angry boyes, for thy conversion: The Children thou shalt get on this Civilian cannot inherit by the law, th' are Ethnicks, and all thy sport meere Morall lechery: when they are growne having but little in um, they may proove Haberdashers, or grosse Grosers, like their deare damme there: prethe be civill Knight, in time thou maist read to thy houshold and bee drunke once a yeare: this would shew finely.

YO. IO. : I wonder sweet hart you will offer this, you do not understand these Gentle men: I will be short and pithy: I had rather cast you of by the way of charge: these are Creatures, that nothing goes to the maintenance of but Corne and Water. I will keepe these fellowes iust in the Competency of two Hennes.

WI. : If you can cast it so Sir, you have my liking, if they eate lesse, I should not be offended: But how these, Sir, can live upon so little as Corne and Water, I am unbelieving.

YO. IO. : Why prethee sweet hart what's your Ale? is not that Corne and Water my sweet Widdow?

WI. : I but sweete Knight, where's the meat to this, and cloathes that they must looke for?

YO. IO. : In this short sentence Ale, is all included: Meate, Drinke, and cloth: these are no ravening foot-men, no fellows that at Ordinaries dare eate their eigtheene pence thrice out before they rise, and yet goe hungry to play and crack more nuts then would suffice a dozen Squirrels; besides the din, which is damnable: I had rather raile, and bee confin'd to a Boatmaker, then live among such rascalles; these are people of such a cleane discretion in their diet, of such a moderate sustenance, they they sweat if they but smell hot meate. Porridge is poysen, they hate a Kitchen, as they hate a Counter, and show em but a Fetherbed they swound. Ale is their eating, and their drinking surely, which keepes their bodies cleere, and soluble. Bread is a binder, and for that abolisht even in their Ale, whose lost roome fills an apple, which is more ayre, and of subtiller Nature. The rest they take, is little, and that little, as little easie: For like strict men of order, they doe correct their
bodies with a bench, or a poore stubborn table; if a chimney offer it selfe with some few broken rushes, they are in downe: when they are sicke, that's drunke, they may have fresh straw, else they doe despise these worldly pamperings. For their poore apparrrell, tis wore out to the diet; new they seeke none, and if a man should offer, they are angry: scarce to be reconcil'd againe with him: you shall not heare em aske one a cast doublet, once in a yeere, which is a modesty befitting my poore friends: you see their Ward-rope, though slender, competent: For shirts I take it, they are things wore out of their remembrance. Lowsie they will bee, when they list, and Mangie, which showes a fine varietie: and then to cure em, a Tanners limepit, which is little charge, two dogs, and these; these two may bee cur'd for three pence.

wi. : You have halfe perswaded me, pray use your pleasure: and my good friends since I doe know your diet, Ile take an order, meat shall not offend you, you shall have Ale.

cap. : We aske no more, let it be mighty, Lady: and if we perish, then our owne sinnes on us.

yo. lo. : Come forward Gentlemen, to Church my boyes, when we have done, Ile give you cheere in boules.

[Exeunt.

[BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. The scornful ladie.]
I quis desidiosus est, si quis a labore abhorreens, si quis in oculo luxuriari volens; ad sacerdotium convolat: quo aepocto, statim se cæteris sacerdotibus voluptatum sectatoribus adjungit, qui magis secundum Epicurum, quam secundum Christum viventes, et cauponulas seduli frequentates, potando, commessando, transitando, convivando, cum tesseris et pilo ludendo, tempora tota comsumunt: crapulati vero et inebriati pugnant, clamant, tumultuantur, nomen Dei et sanctorum suorum pollutissimis labiis execrantur; sicque tandem compositum, ex meretricum suarum complexibis ad divinum altare veniunt; saith Clemangis, speaking of your worthies: "If there be any lazy fellow, any that cannot away with work, any that would wallow in pleasures, he is hasty to be priested: and, when he is made one, and hath gotten a benefice, he consorts with his neighbour priests, who are altogether given to pleasures: and then both he, and they, live, not like Christians, but like Epicures; drinking, eating, feasting and revelling, till the cow come home, as the saying is; playing at tables, and at stool-ball; and when they are well crammed and tipped, then they fall by the ears together, whooping, and yelling, and swearing damnably, by God and all the saints in heaven: and, after all matters be somewhat pacified, then, arising out of their whores' laps, they go to the mass."

[Alexander Cooke. Pope Joan.]
THE COMMON SINGING-MEN IN CATHEDRALL CHURCHES

ARE a bad Society, and yet a Company of good Fellowes, that roare deep in the Quire deeper in the Tauerne. They are the eighth part of speech, which goe to the Syntasis of Service, and are distinguish't by their noyses much like Bells, for they make not a Consort but a Peale. Their pastime or recreation is prayers, their exercise drinking, yet herein so religiously addicted that they serue God oftest when they are drunke. Their humanity is a legge to the Residencer, their learning a Chapter, for they learne it commonly before they read it, yet the old Hebrew names are little beholding to them, for they mis-call them worse then one another. Though they neuer expound the Scripture, they handle it much, and pollute the Gospell with two things, their Conuersation, and their thumbes. Vpon Worky-dayes they behaue themselues at Prayers as at their Pots, for they swallow them downe in an instant. Their Gownes are lac'd commonly with streamings of Ale, the superfluites of cups or throat aboue measure. Their skill in melody makes them the better companions abroad, and their Anthemes abler to sing Catches. Long-liu'd for the most part they are not, especially the base, they ouer flow their banke so oft to drowne the Organs. Briefly, if they escape arresting, they dye constantly in Gods Service; and to eake (take) their death with more patience, they haue Wine and Cakes at their Funerall: and now they keepe the Church a great deale better, and helpe to fill it with their bones as before with their noise.

[JOHN EARLE. Micro-Cosmographie.]
DRINK AND WELCOME

Ale is rightly called Nappy, for it will set a nap upon a man's threed bare eye when he is sleepy. It is called Merry-goe-downe, for it slides downe merrily; It is fragrant to the sent; It is most pleasing to the taste; The flowring and mantling of it (like Chequer worke) with the Verdant smiling of it, is delightfull to the sight, it is Touching or Feeling to the Braine and Heart; and (to please the senses all) it provokes men to singing and mirth, which is contenting to the Hearing. The speedy taking of it doth comfort a heavy and troubled minde; it will make a weeping widow laugh and forget sorrow for her deceased husband; It is truly termed the spirit of the Buttry (for it puts spirit into all it enters,) It makes the footmans Head and heeles so light, that he seems to flie as he runnes; It is the warmest lining of a naked mans Coat (that's a Bull) It satiates and asswageth hunger and cold; with a Toaste it is the poore mans comfort, the Shepheard, Mower, Plowman, Labourer and Blacksmiths most esteemed purchase; It is the Tinkers treasure, the Pedlers Jewell, the Beggers Joy, and the Prisoners loving Nurse; it will whet the wit so sharp, that it will make a Carter talke of matters beyond his reach; It will set a Bashfull suiter a woing; It heates the chill blood of the Aged; It will cause a man to speake past his owne or any other mans capacity, or understanding; It sets an edge upon Logick and Rhetorick; It is a friend to the Muses; It inspires the poore Poet, that cannot compass the price of Canarie or Gascoigne; It mounts the Musitian above Eela; It makes the Balladmaker Rime beyond Reason, It is a Repairer of a decayed Colour in the face; It puts Eloquence into the Oratour; It will make the Philosopher talke profoundly, the Scholler learnedly, and the Lawyer Acute and feelingly. Ale at Whitsonstide, or a Whitson Church Ale, is a Repairer of decayed Countrey Churches; It is a great friend to Truth, for they that drinke of it (to the purpose) will reveale all they know, be it never
so secret to be kept; It is an Embleme of Justice, for it allowes and yeelds measure; It will put courage into a Coward, and make him swagger and fight; It is a scale to many a good Bargaine. The Physitian will commend it; the Lawyer will defend it, It neither hurts, or kils, any but those that abuse it unmeasurably and beyond bearing; It doth good to as many as take it rightly; It is as good as a paire of Spectacles to cleare the eyesight of an old parish Clarke; and in Conclusion, it is such a nourisher of Mankinde, that if my mouth were as bigge as Bishopsgate, my Pen as long as a Maypole, and my Inke a flowing spring, or a standing fishpond, yet I could not with Mouth, Pen, or Inke, speake or write the true worth and worthinesse of Ale.

[Johntaylor. *Drinke and Welcome*. 1637.]
BARNABIES SUMMONS: OR PAIE YOUR GROAT IN THE MORNING

INTENDED for all Malaga men, called Vintners, Sack-drawers, white wine, Claret, Rhenish, Bastard Sherry, or Canary Blades, and Birds, together with all Ale-Brewers, Beer-brewers, (alias) Hogshead-fillers, Barrellers, Tapsters, or Firkinners: As also for all Drawers, Tub-Taysters, Quaffers, Huffers, Puffers, Snuffers, Rufflers, Scufflers, and Shufflers, with Wine-bibbers, Sack-suckers and Toast-makers; not forgetting other depending Officers of a lower Rank, of our stumbling Fraternity, viz. Benchwhistlers, Lick-wimbles, Suck-spigots, Hawkers, Spew-terers, Maudliners, Fox-catchers, including in the said Warrant as a Reserve, our true and trusty Friends for the speedier effecting our designe and purpose, All Vulcans, Crispins, Tinkers, Pedlars, and of late our endeared friends, the Society of Upstart Printers, and Newes-mongers; and excluding by speciall command, all Three peny Ordinary Sharks, as Bakers, Weavers, Tailors, Usurers, Snip- card Scriverers, Presbyters, either English, Scotch, or Dutch, (but stay there a little) for though the last of these be good for nothing else, yet they are stout Drinkers and Drunkards; and therefore if they please to vyale as formerly they have done, and must doe now, they shall have the benefit of this our Warrant, provided they neither drink all, nor too much: our Warrant for the generall content of all BONOS SOCIOS is set out in maner and forme following, that all whom it concerne, (as it does too many) may, if they can stand, understand it.

The Warrant

Know all men by these presents, that we Sir Resolute Rednose, of the Town of Taplow, in the County of Cumberland, with our dear and trusty Cosins, Sir Ferdinando Fiery-face, Lord Sigismund Ruby-nose, together with our associates and fellow Commissioners, Sir William Swillboule, Sir Gregory Toff-pot, Sir Thomas Spend-all, Sir
Alexander Dry-lips, Sir Lewis Licke-spiggot, Edward Bar-ley, Thomas Malster, Richard Brewer, and Geoffrey Tapster, Esquires, &c. By vertue of a Mandamus, or a fieri facias, issued unto Jeronymo Tap-lash, do Enact, appoint, and ordaine, that any and every person, male or female, of what Country soever, being taken so drunk, that they are without wit, sence or reason, shall forthwith pay to the under Officers herein named, viz. to John Bottle-Ale, William Suck-all, Gerard Turn-tub, and Jenkin up Morgan of Ale-ton, or to their Deputy, or Deputies, the full and just sum of 4d. without any resistance or delay upon the next Morning; but in case any of the Delinquents in the Premises shall bee so ingenuous as to confesse their fault without distraining, that then this Penalty shall not extend to above 2d. But in case the Parties are resolved to ride the old ridden Jade called Cut, or a Dog of the same Haire next morning, without any remorse, and will presume to hunt the Fox againe, that then our said Bayliffs, and Deputies are forthwith either to joyne with them, or else to suspend the execution of this our said Warrant, till he or they may be sober, which is much feared will not quickly be effected; and therefore for the better and surer progresse herein, that Justice may be the sooner executed, we enjoyn all Constables of Burroughs and Parishes as well high and Petty to be assisting to this our merry Warrant, and do desire them if they or any of their substitute Officers can find leasure from sleep, or their nodding benches, to examine the Premises and persons, to shew due respects unto them, considering well that the case and cause not only hath been their own, but suddenly and shortly will be again, as soon as they can either meet with merry Company or good moneys. Hereof they or any of them are not to faile at their utmost perils. To all Constables, Headboroughs, and other petty Officers, and stout Drinkers, whom this specially concernes.

Given at our Mannoar of Flushing, in the Full Moone Tavern, at Sun rising,
Anno 155432
Upon the last day of the first of March,
Ut Supra.
WINE AND WENCHES

OME, all you deare delights,
More short than are the Nights
Consum’d in Bacchus’ drenches.
Ther’s nought in this life sweete,
Yf men weare wise to see ’t,
But only wine and wenches.

Welcome, circled Armes & rowllinge Eyes,
A laugh that peirceth to the skyes,
A looke that scorws to see the ground,
A tongue that yeilds a wininge sound.
Midnight Bells and partinge bowls
Are the things that glad our soulls.

Then stretch your selues uppon the Taverne Benches:
There’s nothinge dainty sweete but wine & wenches.

[From a seventeenth-century song-book.]

LOVERS OF MUSICK

EING much admired by all lovers of musick, his company was therefore desired; and company, especially musicall company, delighting in drinking, made him drink more than ordinary, which brought him to his grave.

[Anthony a Wood on Thomas Baltzar
sometime Master of the King’s Musick.]
A PETITION

To the Right Reverend Father in God Lancelot Lord Bishop of Winton, and Deane of his Majesties Chappell.

The Peticion of the Subdeane and Gentlemen of his sayd Matre Chappell.

HUMBLIE shewinge unto your Honor, that, whereas Henry Eveseed, one of the Yeomen of the Vestry, was heeretofore at the speciall instance of the Subdeane and Gentlemen preferred to an extraordinarie place in the vestrye, to succede in ordinary uppon the next avoydance, and then, uppon the misbehaviour of Aldred, at the request of your suppliants aforesayd was admitted into ordinarie, where he hath continued now nine yeares and upward, at acceptance of which othe (by order of the Reverend our late Deane) and under his owne hand, as appeareth in our Register, he yealded himselfe to be deprived of his place if any way he misbehaved himselfe in his sayd place, since which tyme he hath misbehaved himselfe continually, either in disgrace of the whole society in generall or to sondrie of them in particular, in such sort that it is not tollerable that he shoulde remaine longer to be indulged. As first some fower yeares since he beinge infected with a fowle disease in his groine, to the great offence of all, but chiefly of those that were constrained by meanes of their service to lye neere him, uppon which the late Lord Deane thought him unfitt to serve his Majestie in his progresse into Scotland. Also since that tyme he hath very much abused himselfe through drunkennesse; for the last winter at Whithall he was drounke many daies together so that he was alwaies fightinge with his fellowes or the servaunte, to the great disquiett of the Officers of the Greencloth. At midnight, and in his mad drunkennesse, he rose out of his bed naked, and would needes run at a glasse window,
where he tare his fleshe with the broken glasse (so) that he was not hole in a good while after; in which his sayd drounkennes one night he came and vomited in a dishe of pottage which Mr. Harrison and others were eatinge of. Also at his Majesties last beinge at Greenwich, he soe still contynuinge his drounkennes that the porters complained of his continuall late cominge in drounke, at which tymes he takes occasion to quarell and beate the servauntes. Againe uppon St. Peter's day last, beinge the day of our feast, unto which were invited many Officers of the House and other our good friendes, the sayd Evesead did violently and sodenly without cause runne uppon Mr. Gibbons, took him up and threw him doune uppon a standard wherby he receaved such hurt that he is not yett recovered of the same, and withall he tare his band from his neck to his prejudice and disgrace. Then he proceeding from Mr. Gibbons mett our fellow Mr. Cooke in the chappell, wher he gave him three blowes in the face, and after that he abused our fellowe Mr. Crosse and Richard Patten, and was not satisfied with those abusinges but challenged the field of some of them, which abuse did tend to our great discredit, contemning the Subdeane or any other thing he could say or doe therein. He reported unto the sergeant that the Subdeane sate in his Chapter as the knave of clubbs, and the rest of the company as knaves about him. And now on Monday last the 25th of this Sept. 1620, after many admonisions given in privat and publickly in chapter, and hopinge of his amendment did still forbeare to complain unto your Lordship, but growing still incorrigible in the sight and hearing of many of the gentlemen and all his fellowes of the vestry, and that causelesse he fell into unseemly termes with Mr. Subdeane, contemning his office, affirming it to be poore, yet himselfe to be proud therof as the divill, telling him withall that he was a base fellow intruding him selfe into their office havinge nothing to doe therin, no not the Deane nor Subdeane had any thing to doe with them in their office, and threat- ning our fellow Cooke to tear the flesh of(f) his face, with many other reproachfull speeches to(o) longe heere to be spoken of. And lastly the sayd Evesead hath bin reproved by the Subdeane and officers of the vestry to be the most negligent officer in his place that he hath knowne in his tyme, and that he is become a blasfemer and a filthy speaker
in all places, that his company is rejected wheresoever he cometh. What is heere complayned of wilbe approved unto your Lordp, by the gentlemen in generall, or by some of them in particuluer. In testimony whereof seventeen gentlemen have heerunto subscribed our names.

CONCEITS & FLASHERS & WHIMZIES

WO BEING in a taverne, the one swore the other should pledge him. Why then, quoth the other, I will; who went presently doune the staires, and left him as a pledge for the reckoning.

Certaine Gallants being at a taverne, where they spar'd no liquor, insomuch that all were well entred; but one whose head was somewhat weaker, and therefore lighter, did nothing but spew, and calling for a reckoning, Why, says one of his friends, cannot you tell, that have so often cast up, what you have drunke?

A drunken fellow, returning home towards evening, found his wife hard at her spinning; she reprooving him for his ill husbandry, and commending herself for her good huswifery, he told her that she had no great cause to chide: for, as she had been spinning, he came home all the way reeling.

Tapsters, said one, should bee men of esteem, because they are men not only of a high calling, but also of great reckoning.

[1639.]
JOAN'S ALE

HERE was a jovial Tinker,
Which was a good Ale drinker,
He never was a Shrinker,
Believe me this is true;
And he came from the wild of Kent,
When all his Mony was gone and spent,
Which made him look like a Jack-a-Lent,
And Joan's Ale is new,
And Joan's Ale is new, Boys,
And Joan's Ale is new.

The Tinker he did settle
Most like a Man of Mettle,
And vow'd to pawn his Kettle,
Now mark what did ensue:
His neighbours they flock in apace,
To see Tom Tinker's comely Face,
Where they drank soundly for a space,
Whilst Joan's Ale, &c.

The Cobler and the Broom, Man,
Came next into the Room, Man,
And said they would drink for boon man,
Let each one take his due:
But when good Liquor they had found,
They cast their Caps upon the Ground,
And so the Tinker he drank round,
Whilst Joan's Ale, &c.

The Rag-man being weary,
With the Burden he did carry,
He swore he would be merry,
And spend a Shilling or two:
And he told his Hostess to her Face,
The Chimney-corner was his Place,
And he began to drink apace.
And Joan's Ale, &c.
The Pedler he drew nigher,
For it was his Desire,
To throw the Rags i' th' Fire,
   And burn the bundle Blew,
So whilst they drank whole Flashes,
And threw about the Glasses,
The Rags were burnt to Ashes,
   And Joan's Ale, &c.

And then came in a Hatter,
To see what was the matter,
He scorn'd to drink cold Water,
   Amongst that Jovial Crew;
And like a Man of Courage stout,
He took the Quart-Pot by the Snout,
And never left till all was out,
   O Joan's Ale, &c.

The Tailor being nimble,
With Bodkin, Shears and Thimble,
He did no whit dissemble,
   I think his name was True:
He said that he was like to choak,
And he call'd so fast for Lap and Smoak,
Untill he had pawn'd the Vinegar Cloak,
   For Joan's Ale, &c.

Then came a pitiful Porter,
Which often did resort there,
Quoth he, I'll shew some sport here,
   Amongst this jovial Crew:
The Porter he had very bad luck,
Before that it was ten a Clock,
The Fool got Drunk and lost his Frock,
   For Joan's Ale, &c.

The bonny brave Shoo-maker,
A brave Tobacco-taker,
He scorn'd to be a Quaker,
   I think his Name was Hugh:
He call'd for Liquor in so fast,
Till he forgot his Awl and Last,
And up the Reckoning he did cast,

_Whilst Joan's Ale, &c._

And then came in the Weaver,
You never saw a braver,
With a Silk Man and a Glover,

_Tom Tinker_ for to view:
And so to welcome him to Town,
They every Man spent half a Crown,
And so the Drink went merrily down,

_For Joan's Ale, &c._

Then came a drunken Dutch-Man,
And he would have a touch, Man,
But he soon took too much, Man,

Which made them after rue:

He drank so long as I suppose,
'Till greasy Drops fell from his Nose,
And like a Beast befoul'd his Hose,

_Whilst Joan's Ale, &c._

A Welch-Man he came next, Sir,
With Joy and Sorrow mixt, Sir,
Who being partly vex'd, Sir,

He out his Dagger drew;
Cuts-plutter-a-nails, quoth Taffie then,
A Welch-man is a Shentleman,
Come, Hostess, fill's the other Can,

_For Joan's Ale, &c._

Thus like to Men of Courage stout,
Couragiously they drank about,
Till such time all the Ale was out,

As I may tell to you;
And when the Business was done,
They every Man departed home,
And promis'd Joan again to come,

_When she had Brew'd anew._

_[Pills to Purge Melancholy.]_
A LIGG OF GOOD NOSES

A Ligg of good Noses set forth in a Jest,
Most fitly compared to whom you think best.

THE LARGEST

My nose is the largest of all in this place,
Mark how it becometh the midst of my face,
By measure I take it from the end to the Brow,
Four inches by compass, the same doth allow.

Likewise it is forged of passing good metal,
All of right Copper the best in the Kettle,
For redness and goodness the virtue is such,
That all other Metal it serveth to touch.

Old smug, nor the Tinker that made us so merry,
With their brave Noses more red than a Cherry.
None here to my challenge can make a denial,
When my Nose cometh thus bravely to Tryal.

All Sing
Room for good Noses the best in our Town,
Come fill the Pot Hostis, your Ale it is brown,
For his Nose, and thy Nose, and mine shall not quarrel,
So long as one Gallon remains in the Barrel.

THE LONGEST

My nose is the Longest no man can deny,
For 'tis a just handful right, mark from mine eye,
Most seemly down hanging full low to my Chin,
As into my Belly it feign would look in.
It serves for a Weapon my mouth to defend,
My teeth it preserveth still like a good friend,
Where if so I happen to fall on the Ground,
My Nose takes the burthen and keeps my face sound.

It likewise delighteth to peep in the Cup,
Searching there deeply till all be drank up,
Then let my Nose challenge of Noses the best,
The longest with Ladies are still in request.

_All Sing_
Room for, &c.

**THE THICKEST**

My nose, it is Thickest and Roundest of all,
Inrichèd with Rubies the great with the small,
No Gold-smith of Jewels can make the like show,
See how they are planted here all on a row.

How like a round Bottle it also doth hang,
Well stuffèd with liquor will make it cry twang,
With all, it is sweating in the midst of the Cold,
More worth to the Honour than ransoms of Gold.

You see it is gilded with Claret and Sack,
A food and fit cloathing for belly and back,
Then let my Nose challenge of all that be here,
To sit at their Table as chiefest in cheer.

_All Sing_
Room for, &c.

_We have the best Noses that be in our Town,
If any bring better, come let him sit down._

_[Pills to Purge Melancholy.]_
DRUNKARDS RECONCILED

WITH SIR H. Cholmly to Westminster; who by the way told me how merry the King and Duke of York and Court were the other day, when they were abroad a-hunting. They come to Sr. G. Carteret's house at Cranbourne, and there were entertained, and all made drunk; and all being drunk, Armerer did come to the King, and swore to him "By God, Sir," says he, "you are not so kind to the Duke of York of late as you used to be." "Not I?" says the King. "Why so?" "Why," says he, "if you are, let us drink his health." "Why let us," says the King. Then he fell on his knees, and drank it; and having done, the King began to drink it. "Nay, Sir," says Armerer, "by God, you must do it on your knees!" So he did, and then all the company; and having done it, all fell a-crying for joy, being all maudlin and kissing one another, the King the Duke of York, and the Duke of York the King: and in such a maudlin pickle as never people were: and so passed the day.

[SAMUEL PEPYS.]
A DITHYRAMBICK

The Drunkard's Speech in a Mask.
Written in Aug., 1677.

Yes, you are mighty wise, I warrant, mighty wise!
With all your godly Tricks, and Artifice,
Who think to chouse me of my dear and pleasant Vice.

Hence holy Sham! in vain's your fruitless Toil:
Go, and some unexperienc'd Fop beguile,
To some raw ent'ring Sinner cant, and whine,
Who never knew the worth of Drunkenness and Wine.

I've try'd, and prov'd, and found it all Divine:
It is resolv'd, I will drink on, and die,
I'll not one minute lose, not I,
To hear your troublesome Divinity:

Fill me a top full Glass, I'll drink it on the Knee,
Confusion to the next that spoils good Company.

That Gulp was worth a Soul, like it, it went,
And thorowout new Life, and Vigor sent:
I feel it warm at once my Head, and Heart,
I feel it all in all, and all in every part.

Let the vile Slaves of Bus'ness toil, and strive,
Who want the Leisure, or the Wit to live;
While we Life's tedious journey shorter make,
And reap those Joys which they lack sence to take.

Thus live the Gods (if ought above ourselves there be)
They live so happy, unconcerned, and free:
Like us they sit, and with a careless Brow
Laugh at the petty Jars of Human kind below:

Like us they spend their Age in gentle Ease,
Like us they drink; for what were all their Heav'n, alas!
If sober, and compell'd to want that Happiness?
Assist almighty Wine, for thou alone hast Power,
   And other I'll invoke no more,
Assist, whilst with just Praise I thee adore;
Aided by thee, I dare thy worth rehearse,
In Fights above the common pitch of groveling Verse.
   Thou art the Worlds great Soul, that heav'ny Fire,
Which dost our dull half-kindled mass inspire.
We nothing gallant, and above our selves produce
Till thou do'st finish Man, and Reinfuse.
Thou art the only source of all, the World calls great,
Thou didst the Poets first, and they the Gods create:
   To thee their Rage, their Heat, their Flame they owe,
Thou must half share with Art, and Nature too.
They owe their Glory, and Renown to thee;
   Thou giv'st their Verse, and them Eternity.
Great Alexander, that big'st Word of Fame,
That fills her Throat, and almost renders the same,
Whose Valour found the World too strait a Stage
For his wide Victories, and boundless Rage,
Got not Repute by War alone, but thee,
He knew, he ne'er could conquer by Sobriety,
And drunk as well as fought for universal Monarchy.

Pox o' that lazy Claret! how it stays?
   Were it again to pass the Seas,
'Twould sooner be in Cargo here,
'Tis now a long East India Voyage, half a year.
'Sdeath! here's a minute lost, an Age, I mean
Slipped by, and ne'er to be retriev'd again.
For pity suffer not the precious Juice to die;
Let us prevent our own, and its Mortality:
Like it, our Life with standing and Sobriety is pall'd,
And like it too, when dead, can never be recall'd.
   Push on the Glass, let it measure out each hour,
For every Sand an Health let's pour:
Swift as the rolling Orbs above,
And let it too as regularly move:
Swift as Heav'n's drunken red-faced Traveller, the Sun,
And never rest, till his last Race be done,
Till time it self be all run out, and we
Have drunk our selves into Eternity.
Six in a hand begin! we'll drink it twice apace,
   A Health to all that love, and honour Vice.
Six more as oft to the great Founder of the Vine.
   (A God he was, I'm sure, or should have been)
The second Father of Mankind I meant,
   He, when the angry Pow'rs a Deluge sent,
When for their Crimes our sinfull Race was drown'd,
   The only bold and vent'rous man was found,
Who durst be drunk agen, and with new Vice the World replant.
   The mighty Patriarch 'twas of blessed Memory,
Who scap'd in the great Wreck of all Mortality,
And stock'd the Globe afresh with a brave drinking Progeny.
In vain would spightful Nature us reclaim,
   Who to small Drink our Isle thought fit to damn,
   And set us out o' th' reach of Wine,
In hope strait Bounds could our vast Thirst confine:
   He taught us first with Ships the Seas to roam,
   Taught us from foreign Lands to fetch supply.
Rare Art! that makes all the wide World our Home,
Makes every Realm pay Tribute to our Luxury.

   Adieu poor tottering Reason! tumble down!
This Glass shall all thy proud usurping Powers drown,
And wit on thy cast Ruins shall erect her Throne:
   Adieu thou fond Disturber of our Life;
That check'st our Joys, with all our Pleasure art at strife:
   I've something brisker now to govern me,
   A more exalted noble Faculty,
Above thy Logick, and vain boasted Pedantry.
Inform me, if you can, ye reading Sots, what 'tis,
   That guides th' unerring Deities:
They no base Reason to their Actions bring,
But move by some more high more heavenly thing,
And are without Deleration wise:
   Ev'n such is this, at least 'tis much the same,
For which dull Schoolmen never yet could find a name,
   Call ye this madness? damn that sober Fool,
('Twas sure some dull Philosopher, some reasoning Tool)
Who the reproachful Term did first devise,
And brought a scandal on the best of Vice.
Go, ask me, what's the rage young Prophets feel,  
When they with holy Frenzy reel:  
Drunk with the Spirits of infus'd Divinity,  
They rave, and stagger, and are mad, like me.

Oh, what an Ebb of Drink have we?  
Bring, bring a Deluge, fill us up the Sea,  
Let the vast Ocean be our mighty Cup;  
We'll drink't, and all its Fishes too like Loaches up.  
Bid the Canary Fleet land here: we'll pay  
The Freight, and Custom too defray:  
Set every man a Ship, and when the Store  
Is emptied; let them strait dispatch, and Sail for more:  
'Tis gone: and now have at the Rhine,  
With all its petty Rivulets of Wine:  
The Empire's Forces with the Spanish we'll combine,  
We'll make their Drink too in confederacy joyn.  
'Ware France the next: this round Bordeaux shall swallow,  
Champagn, Langon, and Burgundy shall follow.  
Quick let's forestal Lorain;  
We'll starve his Army, all their Quarters drain,  
And without Treaty put an end to the Campaign.  
Go, set the Universe a tilt, turn the Globe up,  
Squeeze out the last, the slow unwilling Drop:  
A pox of empty Nature! since the World's drawn dry,  
'Tis time we quit mortality,  
'Tis time we now give out, and die,  
Lest we are plagu'd with Dulness and Sobriety.  
Beset with Link-boys, we'll in triumph go,  
A Troop of stagg'ring Ghosts down to the Shades below:  
Drunk we'll march off, and reel into the Tomb,  
Natures convenient dark Retiring-Room;  
And there, from Noise remov'd, and all tumultuous strife,  
Sleep out the dull Fatigue, and long Debauch of Life.  
[Tries to go off, but tumbles down, and falls asleep.  

[John Oldham: Works.]
A BEASTLY PRANK

THE WORLD

A BEASTLY PRANK of my Lord Rochester and my Lord Lovelace and ten other men, which they committed on that Sabbath day when they were at Estington, which was their running along Woodstock Park naked.

[ROBERT HARLEY in a letter to his father.]

THE CURIOUS FRIEND

DESIRE to know the truth from yourselfe, who alone doe speake true concerning yourselfe, all the rest of the world not being only apt to believe but very ready lyes concerning you, and if your friends were like them, there has been such a story made concerning your last adventure as would persuade us grave men that you had stripped yourself of all your prudence as well as your breeches.

[HENRY SAVILE in a letter to Rochester.]

THE TRUTH

OR THE hideous Deportment, which you have heard of, concerning running naked, so much is true, that we went unto the River somewhat late in the Year, and had a frisk for forty yards in the Meadow, to dry ourselves. I will appeal to the King and the D. if they had not done as much; nay, my Lord-Chancellor, and the Archbishops both, when they were School-boys; and, at those years, I have heard the one declaim'd like Cicero, the other preach'd like St. Austin: Prudenter Persons, I conclude, they were, ev'n in hanging-sleeves, than any of the flashy Fry (of which I must own myself the most unsolid) can hope to appear, ev'n in their ripest Manhood. And now, (Mr. Savile) since you are pleas'd to quote yourself for a grave Man of the number of the Scandaliz'd, be pleas'd to call to mind the Year 1676, when two large fat Nudities
led the Coranto round Rosamond's fair Fountain, while the poor violated Nymph wept to behold the strange decay of Manly Parts, since the Days of her dear Harry the Second: Pr—ck (tis confess'd) you shew'd but little of, but for A—and B—ks, (a filthier Ostentation! God wot) you expos'd more of, that nastiness in your two Folio Volumes, than we all together in our six Quarto's. Pluck therefore the Beam out of thine own Eye. &c.

[John Wilmot Earl of Rochester in a letter to Henry Savile.]

TO THE HONOURABLE MR. HENRY SAVILE

MR. SAVILE,

...O a Charity becoming one of your pious Principles, in preserving your humble Servant Rochester, from the imminent Peril of Sobriety; which, for want of good Wine more than Company, (for I can drink like a Hermit betwixt God and my own Conscience) is very like to befall me: Remember what Pains I have formerly taken to wean you from your pernicious Resolutions of Discretion and Wisdom! And, if you have a grateful Heart, (which is a Miracle amongst you Statesmen) shew it, by directing the Bearer to the best Wine in Town; and pray let not this highest Point of sacred Friendship be perform'd slightly, but go about it with all due deliberation and care, as holy Priests to sacrifice, or as discreet Thieves to the wary performance of Burglary and Shop-lifting. Let your well-discerning Pallat (the best judge about you) travel from Cellar to Cellar, and then from Piece to Piece, till it has lighted on Wine fit for its noble Choice and my Approbation. To engage you the more in this matter, know, I have laid a Plot may very probably betray you to the Drinking of it. My Lord — will inform you at large.

Dear Savile! as ever thou dost hope to out-do MACHIAVEL, or equal ME, send some good Wine! So you thy wearied Soul at last find Rest, no longer hov'ring 'twixt th' unequal Choice of Politicks and Lewdness! Maist thou be admir'd and lov'd for thy domestick Wit; belov'd and cherish'd for thy foreign Interest and Intelligence.

ROCHESTER.
TO THE SAME

WHETHER Love, Wine or Wisdom, (which rule you by turns) have the present ascendant, I cannot pretend to determine at this distance; but good Nature, which waits about you with more diligence than Godfrey himself, is my security that you are [not] unmindful of your absent Friends: To be from you, and forgotten by you at once, is a Misfortune I never was criminal enough to merit, since to the Black and Fair Countess, I villainously betray'd the daily Address of your divided Heart: You forgave that upon the first Bottle, and upon the second, on my Conscience, you'd have renounc'd them and the whole sex; Oh! That second Bottle (Harry!) is the Sincerest, Wisest, and most Impartial Downright Friend we have; tells us truth, of our selves, and forces us to speak Truths of others; banishes Flattery from our Tongues, and distrust from our Hearts, sets us above the mean Policy of Court-Prudence; which makes us lie to one another all Day, for fear of being betray'd by each other at Night. And (before God) I believe, the errantest Villain breathing, is honest as long as that Bottle lives, and few of that Tribe dare venture upon him, at least, among the Courtiers and Statesmen. I have seriously consider'd one thing, That [of] the three Businesses of this Age, Women, Politics and Drinking, the last is the only exercise at which you and I have not prov'd our selves errant Fumblers: If you have the Vanity to think otherwise; when we meet, let us appeal to Friends of both Sexes, and as they shall determine, live and die their Drunkards, or entire Lovers. For as we mince the Matter, it is hard to say which is the most tiresome Creature, loving Drunkard, or the drunken Lover.

If you ventur'd your fat Buttock a Gallop to Portsmouth, I doubt not but thro' extream Gallling, you now lie Bedrid of the Piles, or Fistula in Ano, and have the leisure to write your Countrey-Acquaintance, which if you omit I shall take the Liberty to conclude you very Proud. Such a Letter shou'd be directed to me at Adderbury, near Banbury, where I intend to be within these three Days.

Bath, the 22nd of June, from

Your obedient humble Servant

ROCHESTER.
A BISHOP & A DOCTOR

BISHOP RICHARD CORBET

His chaplain, Dr. Lushington, was a very learned and ingeniose man, and they loved one another. The bishop sometimes would take the key of the wine-cellar, and he and his chaplaine would goe and lock themselves in and be merry. Then first he layes doune his episcopall hat,—"There lyes the Dr."
Then he putts of his goune,—"There lyes the Bishop." Then 'twas,—"Here's to thee, Corbet," and "Here's to thee, Lushington"

DOCTOR WILLIAM BUTLER

He kept an old mayd whose name was Nell. Dr. Butler would many times goe to the taverne, but drinke by himselfe. About 9 or 10 at night old Nell comes for him with a candle and lantern, and sayes, "Come you home, you drunken beast." By and by Nell would stumble; then her master calls her "drunken beast"; and so they did drunken beast one another all the way till they came home.

[John Aubrey: Brief Lives.]
A DRUNKEN CLUB

'Twas my hap Spectator once to be,
As I unseen, in secret Angle, sate,
   Of that unmanly Crowd,
Who, with Wits low, and Voices loud,
Were met to Celebrate,
   In Evening late,
The Bacchanalian Solemnity.
   If what I then
Or heard, or saw, I here relate agen,
Accuse me not of Incivility,
   In blabbing privacy;
Since all men know, that in those Mysteries,
(Quite different from other Deities)
No man obliged is to secrecie.
   Yea, If I should Conceal,
'Twould be in vain:
   That pervious Tribe would their own Acts reveal,
Since Wine (transparent thing !) no secret can retain.

II

The Actors in this Scene were not of one
Age, Humour, Figure, or Condition.
See One with hollow Cheeks, meagre, and lean,
By Sipping-Hectick, e'en consumed quite,
   As he a Skeleton had been,
Enough to put Deaths self into a fright:
Only in this he seem'd to differ from the Dead,
He lifted oft his Hand up to his Head,
Another swoln up with Hydropick fat,
Out-strutting Eyes, and Paunch that so o're grows,
He might vie Bellies with the very Butt,
   From whence the precious Liquor flows.
   One comes with Crimson face,
More red that Erysipelas;
Another pale, through Vital heat struck dead,
By greater heat of Wine, extinguished.
Yet is the Case of both, much what the same,
Nature, in One, is on a flame,
And, in the Other, all in Ashes laid.
One young as Hebe, smooth as Ganimede,
Another old Silenus seems to be,
With trembling-Hand, and palsie-Head,
And lame on Feet, with Gowty Malady;
One Grave, and Saturnine,
Another jolly, brisk, and fine
He seemed not much unlike the lusty God of Wine.

III
One Noble was, yclep'd a Lord, I wis,
Another did a meaner Title take,
A Tinker hight: but all's one, that, or this,
Lyean-Laws no difference do make.
Cups reconcile Degrees, and Nature too;
He Noblest is, who can in Drink out-do.
No boast of Blood will here allowed be,
But what from tender Grape is prest.
No need of Heralds, or their Blazonry;
He bears best Coat, who bears his Liquor best.
(Such Passive Valour is in most Request)
No talk of Race, or Pedigree;
For Honour here is a meer sudden thing:
The Garland hops from Brow to Brow,
As more, or less, the moist Achievements grow,
Who yesterday was Puny, now is Crown'd a King.

IV
But see! the Battel comes.
Sound Trumpets, now, and Drums!
Two Armies rank'd, and facing, I esp'y'd;
Whom nothing, but one long Plain, did divide,
The Table call'd. Well chosen ground, for both,
So plain, and smooth,
It gave no vantage unto either Side.
Signal once giv'n, the Bullets fly
From side to side, so furiously,
That, in short time, none scap’d without a Wound,
Yea bloody Wound: only, ’twixt this,
And common Wounds, some difference is,
That those do let blood out, but these infund.
One thing indeed I mus’d to see,
Each Souldier, to his own mouth, lift his paw,
Before he aim’d at face of Enemy.
What? sure, quoth I, these do their Bullets chaw,
Before they Fight. Or is it Dutch-man’s Law,
Who, ’ere his Valour in Sea-Fight appear,
First takes a Dose of his own Gunpowder?
And now the Battel’s hot. Each Champion grows
(Like chafed Lion) more enrag’d by blows.
For Wounds do Valour but augment.
Wounds broach their Fury, and give Rage a Vent.
Nothing will now their keen Revenge content,
Until they see their Foes
Lie prostrate at their Feet, senseless, and dead:
And hence their Blows
Are level’d all against the Soul’s chief Seat, the Head.

And by this time, me-thought I saw
Dame Reason trembling stand upon
The tops of the Conarion,
Dreading a Deluge, from the Floods below.
As Mortals in Ducation’s Flood, on cliff
Of Caucasus, or Tenariff,
On Aiery Alps or Appenine,
Prolong’d that Fate, which they could not decline.
But what she fear’d is come.
See! the Waves rise and Billows foam;
And washing first her Foot, and Shin,
Then Wast, and Shoulders, Neck and Chin,
At last quite stopt here mouth, surround her piercing Eye,
Yea swallow Head and Brain,
Till nought of her doth visible remain,
No not the very Hair,
Which stands upright,
Through dismal fright,
But all by swelling Surge, surmounted are.
VI
And now a new Scene comes. The Censor's gone,
All things in medly, and confusion run.
Words now, like Thieves in Interregnums, break
Their Prisons. All men hear, and all men speak:
Yet none another understands, nor yet
Himself a whit.
And, could some nimble-handed Scribe have writ
All that was said; Babel had been retriev'd,
And all her Tongues Reviv'd.
Yea more confus'd these Tongues, than Babel's, were:
They talkt of Towers on Earth, but these in Air.

VII
One is all Manhood; talks of nothing else,
But Swords, and Guns, and Forts, and Cittadels;
Sieges and Fights by Sea and Land,
And with a Gravity Censorian,
'Twixt generous scorn, and pity; doth condemn
What the World calls Exploit, or Stratagem.
Alas! your Dutch-Fights, or Blakes Tunis Knacks,
What were they all, but Squibs and Cracks?
Throw Eighty Eight in,
'Twas but a meer Bear-baiting.
Cales Fight was but a Flutter,
And great Lepanto, fam'd of yore,
To a true Sea-Fight, was no more,
(Although Historique Coxcombs make a Splutter)
Than shooting Ducks in Pond, or stabbing of an Otter.

x
Another, he is all State-Policy;
Esteeming then Himself most wise
In Mysteries
Of Government, when he
Has lost the Hegemonique Faculty.
As if his wine-soakt Brains
Like Rivers were
Which ever deepest are,
In times of greatest Floods, and Rains.
Or, as on watry Brook,
In Moon-shine Night, we look,
And see the Stars, how in their orbs they move:
So, while with Wine
His liquid brains do shine,
He sees the motions of the Powers above.
*Europ*, quoth he,
Is meerly lost, I see,
For lack of good Intelligence.
And understanding of Intrigues,
The Crafts of Treaties, and of Leagues,
This Spoils all States, and ruins Governments.
But, were I once in Secretaries Place,
I'd quickly bring things to a better pass.
Alas! *Colbert's* an Asse,
I'd Fox him with his own *French Wine*;
Then gage his Brains and so the bottome find,
Extent, and Compass of the French Design.
The Jesuits themselves I'd undermine;
Out-do th' *Ignation* Creples in their Play,
I'd halt e're I was Lame, as well, and better far, than they.

**XII**

Another's all Art, and Philosophy.
*Encyclopædia*, with it's mighty sound,
What is't, quoth he, but when the Brain turns round?
Of which versatile Ingeny
No man, I'm sure, is Master, more than I.
Tongues are my Element. I declare,
I'd talk with any man on Earth,
And yet a dearth
Of words will never fear.
The fertile Cups best *Dictionnaries* are.
And as for *Rhétorick*, that two-handed Art,
Which Play's both Plaintiff's, and Defendants part;
To me 'tis Natural: for, ev'n now, what e're,
Me-thinks, I look on, double doth appear.
*Logick's* a Toy. Alas!
I'll prove by Syllogisms, a man's an Asse,
Yet never stir out of this Room,
(Most Reverend Friends) to find, a *Medium*. 
Arithmetick, and Algebraick arts,
What are they to a man of parts?
A member, he
Unworthy sure must be,
Of such a Learned Club as this,
Who understands not, what a Reckoning is.
Astronomy's a Science which I know
So thoroughly, that my Head ev'n now,
I feel, is in the Clouds; and with each Star
I'm so familiar
Without a Jacobs-Staff, I know not how to go.

XIII

Philosophy both new, and old, I know.
The seven wise Men, of whom the Grecians tell us,
Were but a Club of honest Fellows,
That sate, and drank, and talkt, as we do now,
Until the Reckoning was come,
Then every man threw in his Symbolum.
Yea Sects of old had their Origination
But from the Liquor's various Operation.
Some, when inspired by the Barrel,
Grew Sceptical, or apt to quarrel:
Others, enclin'd to the Dogmatique way,
Are wondrous Positive in all they say.
'Twas the same Sherry,
That made Democritus so merry,
And weeping Heraclite so sorry;
For he (as most suppose)
Was Maudlin, when he snivel'd so at Nose.
Some would be so dead drunk, that, pinch them n'ere
So hard, they never felt: these Stoicks were.
Others were sensible a little
And this was call'd the Peripatetique Whittle,
Others, of Epicurus mad-cap strain,
No pleasure knew like Drunk, and drunk again.
Yes ev'n grave Plato's Academick Tribe
No scruple made to bibb,
Until Idea's crawled in their Brain.
As for Mechanick Virtuoso's skill,
That founds all Knowledge in Experiments,
(Although indeed I know what 'tis, full well,
To make mans Reason truckle to his sense)
Yet I have found a more Compendious way,
    For whilst, in quest of Nature, they
By tedious searches clear the Object ; I
Do all, by strengthening the Faculty.
With brisk Falernum, clear the dim-eyed Soul ;
This was, I'm sure, the old Philosophy,
They ever sought, for Truth, i' th' bottom of the Bowl.

XVII

But by this time Tongues 'gan to rest ;
The Talking Game was at the best.
A sleepy Scene beginneth to appear.
    Bright Reason's ray,
By damp of Wine, within this Hemisphere,
Was quench'd before : and now dim sense, to stay,
    Must not expect, long after Her.
So when, Nights fairest Lanthorn, Cynthia bright
Is set ; each little mist, or thin-spread Cloud
    Sufficient is to shroud
The pink-ey'd Stars, and make a pitchy Night.
    Old Morpheus comes, with Leaden Key,
His drowsie Office to perform :
    Though some there are, that do affirm,
'Twas Bacchus did it ; and that He
Had Legal Right to lock up each mans Brain :
    Since every Room
    His own Goods did contain,
And was his proper Wine-Cellar become.

XVIII

Some down into their Seats do shrink,
    As snuffs in Sockets sink ;
Some throw themselves upon the Bed,
    Some at Feet, and some at Head,
    Some Cross, some Slope-wise, as they can ;
Like Hogs in straw, or Herrings in a pan.
Some on the Floor do make their humble Bed,
    (Proper effect of Wine !)
    So over-laden Vine,
Prop failing, bowes its bunchedy Head,
To kiss the Ground, from when 'twas nourished.
One, stouter than the rest, maintain'd the Field
And seem'd to yield
A Roman Emperour, standing, vow'd to die;
And so, quoth he, will I;
Till nodding, as he stood, the Churlish Wall
Repuls'd his Head, and made him reeling fall;
So, with a jot.
Embrac'd the common lot,
The last, but yet the greatest, Trophy of them all.

xix
So slept they sound; but whilst they slept,
Nature, which all this while, had kept
Her last reserve of strength,
In Stomachs mouth, where, Helmont faith,
The Soul its chiefest Mansion hath,
Began at length
To kick, and frisk, and stoutly strove
To throw the Liquid Rider off.
For now her Case, like Mariners, was grown,
In leaky Ship, She must or pump, or drown.
Or whether that the Wine, which, till this time,
Was wont to dwell in Cellar's cooler Clime,
Now put in Stomachs boiling-Pot,
Found its new Habitation too hot?
What e're it was, the Floods gusht out
From ev'ry spout,
With such a force; they made a fulsome fray.
One, who athwart his Neighbour lay,
Did right into his Pocket disembogue;
For which the other would have called him Rogue,
But that his forestall'd mouth (brawls to prevent)
Replenish't was with the same Element,
I' th' next man's face Another spues,
Who doth, with nimble Repartee, retort
His own, and his Assailants juice,
And so returns him double for't:
One with a Horizontal mouth,
Discharges up into the Air,
Which falls again in Perpendicular:
    Much like those Clouds, in Sea, that South,
    Which, in a lump, descend, and quite
O’re-whelm the Ship, on which they chance to light:
The Floor with such a Deluge was o’erflown,
    As would infallibly have ran
Quite through, and to its native Cellar gone,
As Rivers Circulate to th’ Ocean:
Had it not been incrassee with a scum,
Which did, for Company, from Stomach come.
Nor was this all. The surly Element,
    With Orall Channels not content,
Reverberates; and downward finds a Vent.
    Which my Nice Muse to tell forbears,
And begs, for what is past, the pardon of your Ears.

xx

At length the Storm blows o’re; the Sky grows clear
    Clouds are dispel’d, and foggs, and fumes,
And Madam Dianoa now resumes
Her Throne; when nimble Drawer mounts the stair,
And guessing by this time, these Heroes were
In Reckoning-case; produceth, sans delay,
A Bill more swel’d, and more inflam’d, than they.
    Gigantick Items! yet evicted
Nothing could be, nor contradicted
    By any of the Company:
Because ’twas all beyond Man’s Memory.
Since then Objection was fruitless,
Solution must be the business.
All pockets (but ev’n now well lin’d) were swept,
    Not one Cross, for a Neast-egg, kept.
Tokens, and single pence, must go,
    Jacobusses, and Medals too;
And all too little to discharge the score,
But forc’d to sign a Bill for as much more.
And thus the Poets Fiction came to pass,
That Bacchus Conquered the golden India’s.

[Rev. Charles Darby. Bacchanalia, 1680.]
THE FOUR DRUNKEN MAIDENS

FOUR DRUNKEN maidens came from the Isle of Wight,
Drunk from Monday morning till Saturday night;
When Saturday night came, they would not go out,
And the four drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about.

In came bouncing Sally, and her cheeks like any bloom,
"Sit about, dear sister, and give me room,
I will be worthy of my room before I do go out!"
And the four drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about.

There was woodcock and pheasants, partridges and hare,
And all sorts of dainties; no scarcity was there;
There was forty quarts of Malaga; they fairly drank it out,
And the four drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about.

Down came the landlady to see what was to pay:
"This is a forty pound bill to be drawn here this day;
There is ten pounds apiece"—and they would not go out,
And the four drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about.

Sally was a-walking along the highway,
And she met with her mother who unto her did say:
"Where is the headdress you had the other day,
And where is your mantle so gallant and so gay?"
"So gallant and so gay, we had no more to do,
We left them in the ale-house; we had a randan row."

[Old Ballad.]
A TOPING SONG

I am a Jolly Toper, I am a rag'd Soph,
Known by the Pimples in my face, with taking
Bumpers off,
And a toping we will go, we'll go, we'll go.
And a toping we will go.

Come let's sit down together, and take our fill of Beer,
Away with all disputes, for we'll have no Wrangling here.
And a toping, &c.

With clouds of Tobacco we'll make our Noddles clear,
We'll be as great as Princes when our heads are full of Beer.
And a toping, &c.

With Juggs, Muggs, and Pitchers, and Bellarmines of stale,
Dash'd lightly with a little, a very little Ale.
And a toping, &c.

A Fig for the Spaniard, and for the King of France,
And Heaven preserve our Juggs, and Muggs, and Q——n
from all mischance.
And a toping, &c.

Against the Presbyterians, pray give me leave to rail,
Who ne'er had thirsted for King's Blood, had they been
 drunk with stale.
And a toping, &c.

Here's a Health to the Queen, let's Bumpers take in hand,
And may Prince G—— Roger grow stiff again and stand.
And a toping, &c.

Oh how we toss about the never failing Cann,
We drink and piss, and piss and drink, and drink to piss
again.
And a toping, &c.
O that my Belly it were a Tun of stale,
My Cock were turn'd into a Tap to run when I did call.
And a toping, &c.

Of all sorts of Topers, a Soph is far the best,
For till he can neither go nor stand by Jove he's ne'er at rest.
And a toping, &c.

We fear no Wind or Weather, when good liquor dwells within,
And since a Soph does live so well, then who would be a King?
And a toping, &c.

Then dead drunk we'll march, Boys, and reel into our Tombs,
That jollier Sophs (if such there be) may come and take our rooms.
And a toping they may go, may go, may go.
And a toping they may go.

[Pills to Purge Melancholy.]
THE PRAISE OF YORKSHIRE ALE

His Nectar was brought in, each had his Cup
But at the first they did but sipple up
This rare Ambrosia, but finding that
'Twas grateful to the Taste, and made them chat
And laugh and talk, O then when all was out,
They call'd for more, and drank full Cans about;
But in short space, such strange Effects it wrought
Amongst the Courtiers, as Bachus never thought
Or dream'd upon: his wise men it made Fools.
And made his Councillors to look like Owls.
The simple sort of Fellows it made prate,
And talk of Court Affairs, and things of State:
And those that were dull Fellows when they came
Were now turn'd numble Orators of Fame.
And such of them were thought to be no Wits,
Were Metamorphis'd into excellent Poets:
Those that were lame, and came there with a staff,
Threw't quite away, which made the Prince to laugh,
The Cripples which did Crutches thither bring,
Without them now did hop about and sing:
Some o're the Stools and Forms did skip and leap,
Some knac't their fingers, no plain word could speak
Som shak'd their legs and arms with great delight,
Some curt and swore, and others they did fight;
Some antick tricks did play like a Baboon,
Som knit their brows did shake their heads & frown
Some Maudlin drunken were, and wept full sore,
Others fell fast asleep, begun to snore:
Thousands of Lies and Stories some did tell,
Their tongues went like the Clapper of a Bell,
Others were tongue-ti'd, could not speak one word
And some did cast their reckoning up at Board.
Some sung aloud, and did deaf their fellows
Making a Noise, worse than Vulcan's Bellows:
Some were for baudy Talk, and some did shout;
Some mist the Cup, and pour'd the Liquor out;
At every word, some did their Neighbour jump,
And some did often give the Board a thump.
Some were all Kindness did their Fellows kiss,
Som all bedaub'd their clothes, & mouths did miss:
For Arguments some were and learn'd discourses,
Som talk'd of grey-hounds, som of running horses,
Som talk'd of hounds, and some of Cocks o' th' game
Som naught but hawks, and setting dogs did name:
Some talk'd of Battels, Sieges and great Warrs,
And what great Wounds & Cutts they had, & Scarrs
Some very Zealous were, full of Devotion,
But being Sober then had no such Notion,
Some there were all for drinking healths about
Others did rub the Table with their Snout:
Some piss'd i' th' fire, others threw out their snuffs,
And some were mad to be at handy Cuffs.
Some swore that they would have a Serenade,
Others did call their Hostess Whore and Jade:
And round about did throw the Cups and glasses.
The drink did fly into their Neighbours Faces:
Some were for Bargains, some for Wagers laying.
Others for Cards and Tables cry'd for playing:
Some broke the Pipes, & round about them threw,
Some smoak'd Tobacco till their nose was blew.
Some in the fire fell and sing'd their Cloaths,
And some fell from their Seat and broke their nose
Some could not stir a Foot, did sit and glore,
Some sought the house all over for a whore,
Some call'd for Musick, others were for a dance,
And some lay staring, as if in a Trance.
Some call'd for Victuals others for a Crust,
Some op'd their Buttons and were like to Burst.
Some challeng'd all the people that were there,
And some with strange invented Oaths did swear
Some told how many Women they had us'd,
Others at such discourse were sore Amus'd:
Some shirk'd their drink, did put away the Cup,
And some took all that came left not one Sup:
Some whilst they Sober were would nothing pay,
But being drunk, would all the Shot defray;
Others whilst sober, were as free as any,
But when once drunk, refuse to pay one penny.
Some were for News, and how the State of things
Did stand amongst great Potentates and Kings:
Some all their Friends & Neighbours did backbite,
And some in Jearing others, took delight;
Some of their Birth and Riches made great boast.
And none but they were fit to Rule the Roast:
Some fill'd the Room with noise yet could not speak
One word of English, Latine, French or Greek:
Or any other Language which one might
Put into sense, and understand aright:
Some Laught, until their Eyes did run on water,
And neither they, nor others knew the matter:
Some so mischievous were they without Fear,
Would give their chiepest Friend a Box on th' Ear:
Some were so holy, that they would not hear,
Words either that Prophane or Smutty were:
Some in a Melancholly posture laid,
Others did cry what is the Reckoning paid:
Some burnt their Hatts, others the Windowes broke
Some cry'd more Liquor we are like to Choake
Some piss'd their Breetches, Sirreverence your Nose,
Some not only piss'd but all be— their Hose:
Lame Gouty Men, did daunce about so sprightly,
A Boy of fifteen scarce could skip so lightly:
Old crampy Capt's. that scarce a Sword could draw,
Swore now they'd keep the King of France in Awe.
And new Commissions get to Raise more Men,
For now they swore they were grown young again:
Off went their Perriwigs, Coats and Rapers,
Out went the Candles, Noses for Tapers
Serv'd to give light, whilst they did daunce a round
Drinking full Healths with Caps upon the ground:
And still as they did daunce their round-delayas,
They all did cry this drink deserves the Bayes,
Above all Liquors we have ever tasted:
It's a pity that a drop of it were wasted.

[G. M. 1685.]
WHAT AM'ROUS YOUTH

WHAT Am'rous Youth, to Love inclin'd
Can press dear Phyllis to be kind,
In Words that will at once inspire
The blushing Nymph with like Desire,
'Till noble Wine has wash'd away
Those Fears that do their Joys delay,
And banish'd from their trembling Youth,
The native Bashfulness of both;
Then, mutually inclin'd to bless
Each other with a soft Embrace,
Their struggling Souls with Vigour meet,
And kindly taste the short and sweet.
Thus Love can only with his Darts,
Perplex and terrify our Hearts,
But gen'rous Bacchus pity takes,
And heals the Wound, that Cupid makes.

What Priest can join two Lovers Hands,
But Wine must seal the Marriage Bonds,
From Church to Tavern they repair,
To crown their solemn Nuptials there;
As if Celestial Wine was thought
Essential to the sacred Knot,
And that each Bridegroom, and his Bride,
Believ'd they were not firmly ty'd,
'Till Bacchus, with his bleeding Tun,
Had finish'd what the Priest begun;
No Love, no Contract, no Hand fasting,
No Bonds of Friendship can be lasting,
No Bargain made, or Quarrel ended,
No Int'rest mov'd, or Cause defended,
No Mirth advanc'd, no Musick sweet,
No humane Happiness compleat,
On joyful Day, unless it's crown'd
With Claret, and the Glass gone round.
Since all the frothy Joys of Life,  
Musick, a Mistress, or a Wife,  
Except we do the same imbellish  
With noble Wine, quite lose their Relish,  
Who can be happy, tho' in Health  
With Beauty, Grandure, Wit, or Wealth?  
Unless kind Bacchus crowns the Blessing,  
And makes it worthy our possessing.

[NED WARD. The Delights of the Bottle.]

WINE v. WOMAN

SHE tells me with claret she cannot agree,  
And she thinks of a hogshead whene'er she sees me;  
For I smell like a beast, and therefore must I  
Resolve to forsake her or claret deny:  
Must I leave my dear bottle that was always my friend,  
And I hope will continue so to my life's end?  
Must I leave it for her? 'tis a very hard task,—  
Let her go to the Devil, bring the other whole flask!

Had she tax'd me with gaming and bade me forbear,  
'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an ear;  
Had she found out my Chloris up three pair of stairs,  
I had baulk'd her and gone to St. James's to pray'rs;  
Had she bid me read homilies three times a day,  
She perhaps had been humour'd with little to say;  
But at night to deny me my flask of dear red,—  
Let her go to the Devil, there's no more to be said!

[Pills to Purge Melancholy.]
THE TIPPLING PHILOSOPHERS

WISE THALES, the father of all
The Greek philosophical crew,
Ere he gaz’d at the heavens, would call
For a chirruping bottle or two,
That, when he had brighten’d his eyes,
He the planets might better behold,
And make the fools think he was wise,
By the whimsical tales that he told.

Diogenes, surly and proud,
Who snarl’d at the Macedon youth,
Delighted in wine that was good,
Because in good wine there is truth;
Till growing as poor as a Job,
Unable to purchase a flask,
He chose for his mansion a tub,
And liv’d by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus would never deny
A bumper to comfort his heart,
And when he was maudlin would cry,
Because he had emptied his quart:
Though some are so foolish to think
He wept at man’s folly and vice,
’Twas only his custom to drink
Till the liquor flow’d out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tipple and cherish his soul;
And would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a full flowing bowl:
As long as his cellar was stor’d,
The liquor he’d merrily quaff;
And when he was drunk as a lord
At those that were sober he’d laugh.
Wise Solon, who carefully gave
    Good laws unto Athens of old,
And thought the rich Croesus a slave,
    Though a king to his coffers of gold;
He delighted in plentiful bowls;
    But, drinking, much talk would decline,
Because 'twas the custom of fools
    To prattle much over their wine.

Old Socrates ne'er was content,
    Till a bottle had heightened his joys,
Who in's cups to the oracle went,
    Or he ne'er had been counted so wise:
Late hours he certainly lov'd,
    Made wine the delight of his life,
Or Xantippe would never have prov'd
    Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Grave Seneca, fam'd for his parts,
    Who tutor'd the bully of Rome,
Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
    Which he drank like a miser at home:
And to show he lov'd wine that was good
    To the last, we may truly aver it,
That he tinctur'd the bath with his blood,
    So fancied he died in his claret.

Pythag'ras did silence enjoin
    On his pupils, who wisdom would seek,
Because that he tippled good wine,
    Till himself was unable to speak:
And when he was whimsical grown,
    With sipping his plentiful bowls,
By the strength of the juice in his crown,
    He conceiv'd transmigration of soule.

Copernicus, like to the rest,
    Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
And fancied a cup of the best
    Made reason the brighter to shine;
With wine he replenish'd his veins,
    And made his philosophy reel;
Then fancied the world like his brains,
    Run round like a chariot wheel.

Theophrastus, that eloquent sage,
    By Athens so greatly ador'd,
With a bottle would boldly engage,
    When mellow was brisk as a bird;
Would chat, tell a story, and jest
    Most pleasantly over a glass,
And thought a dumb guest at a feast
    But a dull philosophical ass.

Anaxarchus, more patient than Job,
    By pestles was pounded to death,
Yet scorn'd that a groan or a sob
    Should waste the remains of his breath:
But sure he was free with the glass,
    And drank to a pitch of disdain,
Or the strength of his wisdom, alas!
    I fear would have flinch'd at the pain.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
    Had been but a dunce without wine,
And what we ascribe to his parts,
    Is due to the juice of the vine:
His belly, most writers agree,
    Was as large as a watering-trough;
He therefore jump'd into the sea,
    Because he'd have liquor enough.

When Pyrrho had taken a glass,
    He saw that no object appear'd
Exactly the same as it was
    Before he had liquor'd his beard;
For things running round in his drink,
    Which sober he motionless found,
Occasion'd the sceptic to think
    There was nothing of truth to be found.
Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
    He wisely to virtue was prone;
But had it not been for good wine,
    His merits we never had known.
By wine we are generous made,
    It furnishes fancy with wings;
Without it we ne'er should have had
    Philosophers, poets, or kings.

[Wine and Wisdom. 1710.]
THE OXFORD TUTOR'S ADVICE TO HIS PUPILS

HOU chief Companion of my Cup,
Come drink the sparkling Brimmer up,
And early quaff the gen'rous Wine,
Of all the Gods make Bacchus thine:

To him thy Vows and Homage pay,
At Noon, at Night, and Break of Day:
First o'er the jovial Glass each Morn,
With graceful Stain thy Robes adorn,
Thy rugged Cheeks let Pimples grace,
And shew the Toper in thy Face;
When e'er you pledge, half Glasses shun;
And ne'er leave off till all is done;
Propose, when first my Phiz you see,
With awful Nod a Health to me;
And then the same in order do
To all your fellow Pupils too:
Fall quick to work, ne'er stand or stare,
Unless by chance you want a Chair;
And then hold to 't, 'till all are gone,
And sit, until you sit alone:
For always him I favour most,
Who briskly has his Bumpers tost;
My Maxim is, and still shall be,
Advance in Drinking, then Degree:
Let Quarts and Glasses to prepare
Be always your important Care:
Tobacco, Stoppers, Pipes and all
That we the Arms of Bacchus call:
When 'tis your Turn, pray toss it up,
And let no Reliques stain the Cup:
Let Mortals ne'er your Glass profane,
A Race obhorr'd by God and Man;
But honest Fellows Quaff the Bowl,
Design'd to cheer the gen'rous Soul.
Drink oft, and oft your Palate try,
And scruple not when you are dry;
A Curse on ev'ry coward Ass!
That has no relish for his Glass;
Who thirsts and drinks, and thirsts again,
I take to be the Gentleman.
Still will a leering Eye attend
The Motion of your Right-hand Friend,
With double Force the Game pursue,
And bid all sober Thoughts adieu:
Ne'er deign to flag, e'en here despise
Dull Sloth (the Nursery of Vice.)
Drink up with greedy Jaws you must,
For Mirth decays without a Gust;
Drunk'ness maintains a boundless sway,
And thro' all Hardships finds a Way.
It adds a lustre to the Name,
And throws us headlong into Fame.
As Fields produce no fragrant Flow'rs,
Unless refresh'd by genial Show'rs;
So without Moisture we decay;
And Reason withers quite away.
Topers are by no Laws confin'd,
For sober Wretches first design'd.
With silence take the ample Pull,
But roar it out when you are full.
Each Brimmer to the Bottom drain,
And suck, until you suck in vain.
Let no Man jog your lifted Arm,
Nor do the Glass or Liquor harm.
What I prescribe send briskly down,
And stand with Vigour to the Gown;
Drink as you please, drink slow or fast:
But drink 'till you get drunk at last.

Plunge deep in the Falernian Spring,
A Shallow is a dang'rous thing;
Let not thy Neighbours stand a dry,
But labour for a Votary,
Who drinks and serves his Fellows best,
In toping shall outstrip the rest.
A F——t for all the Cynic Race,
To well-bred Bacchus a disgrace,
No rigid Dotard can there be
So blest in his Frugality,
But would above a flowing Cann,
Be reckon’d much the happier Man.
If you’d the drinking Art profess,
And learn to tipple to excess,
Turn ancient Soakers Annals o’er,
Whom still the boozing Clubs adore;
Make Epicurus your delight,
For he’s the Drunkard’s Stagyrite.
Here the gay Cock calls in the Beaus,
To rant and revel ’till he crows:
The Anchor there invites to tope,
And with the Drink infuses Hope.
The Ship in Nectar dips her Sail,
The Dolphin floats in Floods of Ale.

Shun ev’ry sober Inclination,
Good Manners, Shame and Moderation.
Put not your Palate out of taste,
But chuse a sweet and wholesome Feast.
Think that your Mouth’s the common Gate,
By which you take your Drink and Meat.
Carouse it up in Bacchus’ Name,
And ne’er the liquid God blaspheme;
Keep safe your Glass and Bottle too,
To drink when e’er you come or go.
Shun whatsoe’er to Vertue tends,
And I and Bacchus are your Friends.

Farewel, and take your Glass.

[Eubulus Oxoniensis. 1720.]
THE LUBBER POWER

But first the fuel’d chimney blazes wide;
The tankards foam; and the strong table groans
Beneath the smoaking sirloin, stretch’d immense
From side to side; in which, with desperate knife,
They deep incision make, and talk the while
Of England’s glory, ne’er to be defac’d
While hence they borrow vigour: or amain
Into the pasty plung’d, at intervals,
If stomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating all the glories of the chase.
Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
Swell’d high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
A potent gale, delicious, as the breath
Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,
On violets diffus’d, whilst soft she hears
Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
Nor wanting in the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and now his honest front
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
Even with the vineyard’s best produce to vie.
To cheat the thirsty moments, whist a-while
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoak,
Wreathe’d, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss
Is haul’d about, in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idlenesses laid
Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in
For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,
Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
Indulg’d apart; but earnest, brimming bowls
Lave every soul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds,
To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Mean-time, with sudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart;
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul;
And, opening in a full-mouth'd Cry of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse go round;
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the music of the day again.
As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls:
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.
Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,  
As if the table even itself was drunk,  
Lie a wet broken scene; and wide, below,  
Is heap'd the social slaughter: where astride  
The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,  
Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,  
And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.  
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,  
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,  
Out-lives them all; and from his bury'd flock  
Retiring, full of rumination sad,  
Laments the weakness of these latter times.

[JAMES THOMSON. Autumn: The Seasons.]
IN MEMORY OF
THOMAS FLETCHER

A GRENADEIR OF THE NORTH REGIMENT OF HANTS MILITIA. WHO DIED OF A VIOLENT FEVER, CONTRACTED BY DRINKING SMALL BEER WHEN HOT, THE 12TH OF MAY 1769. AGED 26 YEARS

In grateful remembrance of whose universal good will towards his comrades, this stone is placed here at their expense as a small testimony of their regard & concern.

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier, Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer. Soldiers, be wise from his untimely fall, And, when ye’re hot, drink strong or none at all.

[From a tombstone near the west door of Winchester Cathedral.]
A MORAL MAN

Sunday, Feb. 8, 1754.

Never by experience find how much more conducive it is to my health, as well as pleasantness and serenity to my mind, to live in a low, moderate rate of diet, and as I know I shall never be able to comply therewith in so strict a manner as I should choose, by the unstable and over-easiness of my temper, I think it therefore fit to draw up Rules of proper Regimen, which I do in the manner and form following, which I hope I shall always have the strictest regard to follow, as I think they are not inconsistent with either religion or morality.

If I am at home, or in company abroad, I will never drink more than four glasses of strong beer: one to toast the King's health, the second to the Royal Family, the third to all friends, and the fourth to the pleasure of the company. If there is either wine or punch, never upon any terms or persuasion to drink more than eight glasses, each glass to hold no more than half a quarter of a pint.

Sunday, March 28th, 1756.—I went down to Jones, where we drank one bowl of punch and two mugs of bamboo; and I came home again in liquor. Oh! with what horrors does it fill my heart, to think I should be guilty of doing so, and on a Sunday too! Let me once more endeavour never, no never to be guilty of the same again.

Jan. 26th, 1757.—We went down to Whyly, and staid and supped there; we came home between twelve and one o'clock—I may say, quite sober, considering the house we was at, though undoubtedly the worse for drinking, having, I believe, contracted a slight impediment in my speech, occasioned by the fumes of the liquor operating too furiously on my brain.

Jan. 28.—I went down to Mrs. Porter's, and acquainted her I could not get her gown before Monday, who received
me with all the affability, courtesy, and good humour immaginable. Oh! what a pleasure would it be to serve them.

Feb. 2.—We supped at Mr. Fuller's and spent the evening with a great deal of mirth, till between one and two. Tho. Fuller brought my wife home upon his back. I cannot say I came home sober, though I was far from being bad company. I think we spent the evening with a great deal of pleasure.

_Thursday, Feb. 25._—This morning about six o'clock just as my wife was got to bed, we was awaked by Mrs. Porter, who pretended she wanted some cream of tartar; but as soon as my wife got out of bed, she vowed she should come down. She found Mr. Porter, Mr. Fuller and his wife, with a lighted candle, and part of a bottle of wine and a glass. The next thing was to have me down stairs, which being apprized of, I fastened my door. Up stairs they came, and threatened to break it open; so I ordered the boys to open it, when they poured into my room; and, as modesty forbid me to get out of bed, so I refrained; but their immodesty permitted them to draw me out of bed, as the common phrase is, topsy-turvy; but, however, at the intercession of Mr. Porter, they permitted me to put on my —, and, instead of my upper cloaths, they gave me time to put on my wife's petticoats; and in this manner they made me dance, without shoes and stockings, untill they had emptied the bottle of wine, and also a bottle of my beer. . . . About three o'clock in the afternoon, they found their way to their respective homes, beginning to be a little serious, and, in my opinion, ashamed of their stupid enterprise and drunken preambulation. Now, let any one call in reason to his assistance, and seriously reflect on what I have before recited, and they will join with me in thinking that the precepts delivered from the pulpit on Sunday, tho' delivered with the greatest ardour, must lose a great deal of their efficacy by such examples.

_Sunday, March, 3._—We had as good a sermon as I ever heard Mr. Porter preach, it being against swearing.
Friday, March 17.—Now I hope all revelling for this season is over; and may I never more be discomposed with so much drink, or by the noise of an obstreperous multitude, but that I may calm my troubled mind, and sooth my disturbed conscience.

Nov. 25, 1763.—Mr. ——, the curate of Laughton, came to the shop in the forenoon, and he having bought some things of me (and I could wish he had paid for them), dined with me, and also staid in the afternoon till he got in liquor, and being so complaisant as to keep him company, I was quite drunk. How do I detest myself for being so foolish!

[THOMAS_TURNER. Diary.]
INTERRUPTIONS

1770. July 15.

READ PRAYERS and preached at Cary Church and whilst I was preaching one Thos Speed of Galhampton came into the Church quite drunk and crazy and made a noise in the Church, called the Singers a Pack of Whoresbirds and gave me a nod or two in the pulpit. The Constable Roger Coles Sen' took him into custody and will have him before a Magistrate to-morrow.

1774. July 5.

(at a performance at Oxford of the oratorio "Hercules") Mr. Woodhouse a gent: Com: of University College was very drunk at the Theatre and cascaded in the middle of the Theatre. Mr. Highway one of the nominal Proctors for this week desired him to withdraw very civilly but he was desired by one Mr. Peddle a gent: com: of St. Mary Hall not to mind him, my seeing Mr. Highway in that distress I went to them myself and insisted upon Woodhouse going away immediately from the Theatre, and then Peddle behaved very impertinently to me, at which I insisted upon his coming to me to-morrow morning. Mr. Woodhouse after some little time retired, but Peddle remained and behaved very impertinently, I therefore intend putting him in the black Book.

NEXT MORNING

What means this fury in my veins?
This fire that hisses through my brain?
   Ah me! my head! my head!
My pulses beat; parch'd up my tongue;
Dry are my palms, my nerves unstrung;
   And every sense is fled.

Now nauseous qualms my bosom heave,
   And oh! such sad sensations give,
      Too exquisite to name!
In dizzy mists my eye-balls swim;
A languor creeps o'er every limb,
   And all unmans my frame.

What crime, or what offence of mine,
Could so provoke the powers divine,
   This punishment to send?
Poison to man I never gave;
Ne'er wish'd my father in his grave;
   Nor ever stabb'd my friend.

But patience! I deserve it all.
What name shall I my folly call?
   My folly! oh! 'twas madness.
With blooming health my bosom glow'd;
Calm and serene my spirits flow'd,
   And fill'd my heart with gladness.

Freedom, with sweet Contentment join'd,
And Fortune, too, with smiles was kind,
   To crown my happy days;
No fears my humble state annoy'd;
Life's every blessing I enjoy'd;
   And Peace smooth'd all my ways.

When, lo! a cruel spoiler came;
Disguis'd with Friendship's sacred name,
   A treacherous design:
He talk'd of Mirth, of Joy, of Jest;
His arts prevail'd; he gave a feast;
    And, oh! he gave me Wine.

Frequent and full the glass I quaff;
Louder and more no man could laugh;
    I thought not of To-morrow;
But dire misfortunes did succeed;
To-morrow brought an aching head,
    And fill'd my heart with sorrow.

Oh! fatal, and accursed hour,
And Claret's more pernicious power:
    How could a friend do this?
To cheat me with a seeming joy,
And in a moment to destroy
    Whole years of treasur'd bliss.

Restore, restore the genial day;
Restore my spirits free and gay,
    And give me back my senses;
Happy, if e'er again I find
Dear Health of Body, Peace of Mind,
    I'll smile, and pity princes.

But farewell feast, and farewell riot;
For sober ease, and decent quiet,
    The bottle I resign;
Firm to pursue this better plan,
To drink small-beer, and make the man,
    Fair Temperance, ever thine.

[The Shamrock. 1773.]
DR. JOHNSON ON DRUNKENNESS

ÆTAT 66

He asserted that the present was never a happy state to any human being; but that, as every part of life, of which we are conscious, was at some point of time a period yet to come, in which felicity was expected, there was some happiness produced by hope. Being pressed upon this subject, and asked if he really was of opinion that though, in general, happiness was very rare in human life, a man was not sometimes happy in the moment that was present, he answered, "Never, but when he is drunk."

ÆTAT 67

Here is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well, as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that every body should be easy; in the nature of things it cannot be: there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house, as if it were his own. Whereas, at a tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome: and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, Sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.
On Wednesday April 7, I dined with him at Sir Joshua Reynolds'. I have not marked what company was there. Johnson harangued upon the qualities of different liquors; and spoke with great contempt of claret, as so weak, that "a man would be drowned by it before it made him drunk." He was persuaded to drink one glass of it, that he might judge, not from recollection, which might be dim, but from immediate sensation. He shook his head, and said, "Poor stuff! No, Sir, claret is the liquor for boys; port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero (smiling) must drink brandy. In the first place, the flavour of brandy is most grateful to the palate; and then brandy will do soonest for a man what drinking can do for him. There are, indeed, few who are able to drink brandy. That is a power rather to be wished for than attained. And yet, (proceeded he) as in all pleasure hope is a considerable part, I know not but fruition comes too quick by brandy. Florence wine I think the worst; it is wine only to the eye; it is wine neither while you are drinking it, nor after you have drunk it; it neither pleases the taste, nor exhilarates the spirits." I reminded him how heartily he and I used to drink wine together, when we were first acquainted; and how I used to have a head-ache after sitting up with him. He did not like to have this recalled, or, perhaps, thinking that I boasted improperly, resolved to have a witty stroke at me: "Nay, Sir, it was not the wine that made your head ache, but the sense that I put into it." Boswell: "What, Sir! will sense make the head ache?" Johnson. "Yes, Sir, (with a smile) when it is not used to it."
ALKING of the effects of drinking, he said, "Drinking may be practised with great prudence; a man who exposes himself when he is intoxicated, has not the art of getting drunk; a sober man who happens occasionally to get drunk, readily enough goes into a new company, which a man who has been drinking should never do. Such a man will undertake any thing; he is without skill in inebriation. I used to slink home, when I had drunk too much. A man accustomed to self-examinations will be conscious when he is drunk, though an habitual drunkard will not be conscious of it. I knew a physician who for twenty years was not sober; yet in a pamphlet, which he wrote upon fevers, he appealed to Garrick and me for his vindication from a charge of drunkenness. A bookseller (naming him) who got a large fortune by trade, was so habitually and equably drunk, that his most intimate friends never perceived that he was more sober at one time than another.
At an assizes at Lancaster, we found Dr. Johnson's friend, Jemmy Boswell, lying upon the pavement,—inebriated. We subscribed at supper a guinea for him and half a crown for his clerk, and sent him, when he waked next morning, a brief with instructions to move, for what we denominated the writ of Quare adhaesit pavimento, with observations, duly calculated to induce him to think that it required great learning to explain the necessity of granting it to the judge, before whom he was to move. Boswell sent all round the town to attorneys for books, that might enable him to distinguish himself—but in vain. He moved however for the writ, making the best use he could of the observations in the brief. The judge was perfectly astonished, and the audience amazed.—The judge said, "I never heard of such a writ—what can it be that adheres pavimento?—Are any of you gentlemen at the bar able to explain this?" The Bar laughed. At last one of them said, "My Lord, Mr. Boswell last night adhaesit pavimento. There was no moving him for some time. At last he was carried to bed, and he has been dreaming about himself and the pavement."

[From the Anecdote Book of Lord Eldon, quoted in Horace Twiss, The Public and Private Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon. 1844: anno 1782.]
I LOVE IT

DO fairly acknowledge that I love Drinking; that I have a constitutional inclination to indulge in fermented liquors, and that if it were not for the restraints of reason and religion, I am afraid I should be as constant a votary of Bacchus as any man. . . . Drinking is in reality an occupation which employs a considerable portion of the time of many people; and to conduct it in the most rational and agreeable manner is one of the great arts of living.

It is in vain for those who drink liberally to say that it is only for the sake of good company. Because it is very certain that if the wine were removed the company would soon break up, and it is plain that where wine is largely drunk there is less true social intercourse than in almost any other situation. Every one is intent upon the main object. His faculties are absorbed in the growing eburnity, the progress of which becomes more rapid every round, and all are for the moment persuaded of the force of that riotous maxim which I believe has been seriously uttered, that "Conversation spoils drinking."

Were we so framed that it were possible by perpetual supplies of wine to keep ourselves for ever gay and happy, there could be no doubt that drinking would be the summum bonum, the chief good, to find out which philosophers have been so variously busied. We should then indeed produce in ourselves by the juice of the grape the effects which the seducing serpent pretended our first parents would feel by eating of the forbidden tree in the midst of the garden. We should "be as gods knowing good and evil;" and such a wild imagination of felicity must have filled the mind of Homer, when he thought of representing the gods of the Greeks as drinking in heaven, as he does in so high a strain of poetry, that one forgets the absurdity of the mythology. But we know from humiliating experience that men cannot be kept long in a state of elevated drunkenness.

[BOSWELL. The Hypochondriack.]
THE VICAR AND MOSES

The sign of the Horse old Spintext, of course,
Each night took his pipe and his pot.
O'er a Jorum of nappy quite pleasant and happy
Was plac'd this canonical Sot. Tol de rol.

The evening was dark, when in came the Clerk
With reverence due, and submission.
First strok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
And bowing preferr'd his petition.

"I'm come, Sir," says he, "to beg, look, d'ye see,
Of your reverend worship and glory
To inter a poor baby with as much speed as may be,
And I'll walk with the lanthorn before ye."

"The body we'll bury, but, pray, where's the hurry?"
"Why, lord, sir, the corpse it does stay."
"You fool, hold your peace: since miracles cease
A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

"Bring Moses some beer and bring me some d'ye hear?
I hate to be called from my liquor.
Come, Moses 'the King'! 'Tis a scandalous thing
Such a subject should be but a vicar."

Then Moses he spoke: "Sir 'tis past twelve o'clock;
Besides, there's a terrible shower."
"Why, Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck twelve,
I'm sure it can never strike more.

"Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend
Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,
That the corpse snow or rain can't endanger, that's plain,
But perhaps you or I may take cold."
Then Moses went on: "Sir, the clock has struck one.
Pray, Master, look up at the hand!"
"Why, it ne'er can strike less! 'Tis a folly to press
A man for to go that can't stand."

At length hat and cloak old Orthodox took,
But first cram'd his jaw with a quid.
Each tipt off a gill, for fear they should chill,
And then stagger'd away side by side.

When come to the grave, the clerk humm'd a stave
Whilst the surplice was wrapp'd round the priest,
Where so droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar
That the parish still talk of the jest.

"Good people let's pray—put the corpse t'other way,
Or perchance I shall over it stumble.
'Tis best to take care, though the Sages declare
A mortuum caput can't tremble.

"Woman that's born of man—that's wrong, the leaf's torn—
Oh! Man that is born of a woman
Can't continue an hour, but is cut down like a flower—
You see, Moses, Death spareth no man.

"Here, Moses, do look what a confounded book—
Sure the letters are turn'd upside down!
Such a scandalous print, sure the devil is in't,
That this Basket should print for the crown.

"Prithee, Moses, you read, for I cannot proceed,
And bury the corpse in my stead."
"A MEN, A MEN —"
"Why, Moses, you're wrong! Pray hold still your tongue;
You've taken the tail for the head!"
"Oh, where's thy sting, Death! Put the corpse in the Earth
For, believe me, 'tis terrible weather."
So the corpse was inter'd without praying a word,
And away they both stagger'd together.
Singing tol de rol, &c.

[Eighteenth-century ballad.]
MORLAND'S BUB FOR ONE DAY AT BRIGHTON (having nothing to do.)

Hollands Gin
Rum and Milk
Coffee
Hollands
Porter
Shrub
Ale
Hollands and Water
Port Wine with Ginger
Bottled Porter
Port Wine
Porter
Bottled do.
Punch
Porter
Ale
Opium and Water
Port Wine
Gin and Water
Shrub
Rum on going to bed.

[GEORGE DAWE.  The Life of George Morland].
SONG OF THE BRIDEGROOM

ON'T, now, be after being coy;
Sit still upon my lap, dear joy!
And let us, at our breakfast, toy,
For thou art Wife to me, Judy!
And I am bound, by wedlock's chain,
Thy humble servant to remain,
Sir Tooleywhagg O'Shaughnashane,
The Husband unto thee, Judy!

Each Vassal, at our Wedding-Feast,
Blind drunk, last night, as any beast,
Roar'd till the daylight streak'd the East,
Which spoil'd the sleep of thee, Judy!
Feasts in the Honey-Moon are right;
But, that once o'er, my heart's delight!
Nought shall disturb thee, all the night,
Or ever waken me, Judy!

The skins of Wolves,—by me they bled,—
Are covers to our Marriage-Bed;
Should one, in hunting, bite me dead,
A Widow thou wilt be, Judy!
Howl at my Wake! ’twill be but kind;
And, if I leave, as I've design'd,
Some little Tooleywhaggs behind,
They'll sarve to comfort thee, Judy!

[GEORGE COLMAN. From The Lady of
the Wreck, in Poetical Vagaries.]
PORTRAIT OF A NOBLEMAN

Charles Howard, Earl of Surrey (afterwards Duke of Norfolk.)

NATURE, which cast him in her coarsest mould, had not bestowed on him any of the external insignia of high descent. His person, large, muscular, and clumsy, was destitute of grace or dignity, though he possessed much activity. He might indeed have been mistaken for a grazier or a butcher, by his dress and appearance; but intelligence was marked in his features, which were likewise expressive of frankness and sincerity. . . . In his youth he led a most licentious life, having frequently passed the whole night in excesses of every kind, and even lain down, when intoxicated, occasionally to sleep in the streets, or on a block of wood. At the “Beef-steak Club,” where I have dined with him, he seemed to be in his proper element. But few individuals of that society could sustain a contest with such an antagonist, when the cloth was removed. In cleanliness he was negligent to such a degree, that he rarely made use of water for purposes of bodily refreshment and comfort. He even carried the neglect of his person so far, that his servants were accustomed to avail themselves of his fits of intoxication, for the purpose of washing him. On those occasions, being wholly insensible to all that passed about him, they stripped him as they would have done a corpse, and performed on his body the necessary ablutions. Nor did he change his linen more frequently than he washed himself. Complaining one day to Dudley North that he was a martyr to the rheumatism, and had ineffectually tried every remedy for its relief, "Pray, my lord," said he, "did you ever try a clean shirt?"

Drunkenness was in him an hereditary vice, transmitted down, probably, by his ancestors from the Plantagenet times, and inherent in his formation. His father, the Duke of Norfolk, indulged equally in it; but he did not manifest
the same capacities as the son, in resisting the effects of wine. It is a fact that Lord Surrey, after laying his father and all the guests under the table at the Thatched House tavern in St. James’s-street, has left the room, repaired to another festive party in the vicinity and there recommenced the unfinished convivial rites; realizing Thomson’s description of the parson in his “Autumn,” who, after the fox-chase, survives his company in the celebration of these orgies.

[SIR N. W. WRAXALL. Posthumous Memoirs of his own time.]
GROG

PLAUGE on these musty old lubbers,
Who tell us to fast and to think,
And with patience fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink:
A can of good stuff, had they twigg'd it,
Would have set them with pleasure agog,
In spite of the rules
Of the schools,
The old fools
Would all of them swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when last I from Guinea
Returned with abundance of wealth,
Cried, "Jack, never be such a ninny
As to drink!" Says I, "Father, your health!"
So I shew'd him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
And it set the old cadger agog,
And he swigg'd, and mother
And sister, and brother,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.
'Tother day as the chaplain was preaching,  
   Behind him I curiously slunk,  
And while he our duty was teaching,  
    As how we should never get drunk,  
I shew'd him the stuff and he twigg'd it,  
    And it soon set his reverence agog,  
    And he swigg'd and Nick swigg'd  
    And Ben swigg'd and Dick swigg'd  
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,  
And swore there was nothing like grog.

Then trust me there's nothing like drinking,  
    So pleasant on this side the grave;  
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,  
    And makes e'en more valiant the brave,  
As for me, since the moment I twigg'd it,  
    The good stuff has so set me agog,  
    Sick or well, late or early  
    Wind fouly or fairly,  
Helm a-lee or a-wether  
Four hours together,  
I've constantly swigg'd it,  
And damme, there's nothing like grog.

[Early XIX cent. broadsheet.]
A COBLER AND HIS WIFE

An account of a horrible dispute which took place between a Cobler, and his Wife the day of King Crispian's procession.

I wondered where does my old cobling, bungling, sapless, brainless noodle ramble to at this time of the night, amongst his drunken sots and companions I'll warrant you; but I'll go seek for him, and if I meet with a spark upon the way that will tip me a sixpence to graft a pair of horns upon his head, and make him a fit companion for the rest of the Ram-horned bucks of the town. When I found him, he was sitting in a tap-room of that well known Public-house, the sign of the Cat and Bagpipes, crying out, Landlord be frisky, and bring us more whisky, for we'll never be hanged for debt. When in comes his dear loving wife, with a hey-day Mr. Mend-all, Mr. Spend-all, Mr. Good-for-nothing-at-all, bad in bed and worse up, have I found you here roaring out for more guzel, whilst I and your three poor children at home have neither meat, drink nor candle light, but in a starving condition; I tell you what Margery, sit down and be good company, these are all my old friends and acquaintances, and will help me to more work; it was Rob, Tom and Harry, that brought me here to spend our three farthings a-piece; I, with a plague to you and them both; three farthings might be your challenge, but will
as many shillings pay your shot. I'll tell you what, my
dear wife, if you do not sit down and be good company,
walk home, take your supper, and go to bed, and I'll follow
you when I am ready. The poor woman never grew
angry till she heard the word go home; I believe she would
sooner have got a glass of whisky at the time, when she
began to him with you funk, you fop, you kitchen sop, you
juis of a dish-cloath, you syrop of a cinder, you hog, you
cobling dog and worse, there has not been as much meat in
our house for this week past as would feed a mous, were it
not for the honest Stitchsteck to get a bit to keep soul and
body together for farting I would tell you how I get it to,
and that would be nothing to your credit.

O you scandless jade how can you say so; where is the
half peck of coals and the sixpenny loaf that I left in the
cupboard the other day, your house is liker a cook-shop
than a poor man's house; if I hear any more of your com-
plaints I'll give you breakfast with strap leather to-mo-row
morning, that will serve you for six months or longer;
you wish to make me believe that I don't know the difference
between sheeps-head and a carrot; nor do you know
the difference yourself, you rascle, were it not for our
honest neighbour Mr. Stitch the tailor, your poor children
would long since been in the poorhouse, you in bridwell,
and your poor wife in bedlam. O madam, I understand
how the game goes, you and Mr. Stitch takes a stitch in
my absence; but I swear by my last and awl, if ever he
enters my house or stall, I'll castrate the rascle, and tell the
merry tale to the rest of my horned companions how I
spoil'd your sport.

She did not like to hear the tailor beat down in such a
manner, she flew at him like a pole-cat, fastened her claws
in the hair of his head, crying out you rascle if all your
soundering, brazering, tinkering, coopering, soot-bag society
were at your back I would let you know the difference
between sheeps-head and a carrot.—The clock struck twelve,
the landlord bundled them both out of doors, and they walked
both hastily up the street for fear of police, and got into
their own house, where they ended the battle with the strap
and pitchers.

[Miscellaneous Broadsides 1819-31.]
WOULD to heaven that I were so much clay,
   As I am blood, bone, marrow, passion, feeling—
Because at least the past were pass'd away—
   And for the future—(but I write this reeling
Having got drunk exceedingly to-day,
   So that I seem to stand upon the ceiling)
I say—the future is a serious matter—
And so—for God's sake—hock and soda-water!

BYRON.
THE LEAKY VESSEL

HIRCO, an old but am'rous blade,
Had some time kept a pretty maid,
Whom to seduce he oft had tried,
But had as often been denied:
Fair promises at first were us'd,
But these with scorn the girl refus'd;
Nor could his coin prevail upon her,
To sell her love or wound her honor.

Hirco had all his life been one
They call a boon companion;
And in his house had always liquor
To entertain the squire or vicar.
Man's greatest sin, he often said,
Was sneaking soberly to bed;
And therefore he, for conscience' sake,
A hearty dose would often take.
Then fancy brought into his arms
His maid, dress'd up in all her charms.
Her ruddy cheeks, her well-turn'd nose,
Her little mouth, her eyes like sloes.
A thousand beauties yet unseen,
That might have tempted saints to sin,
Made Hirco wish he might renew
Th' attack he once had made on Sue.
For Sue had more than once withstood
His fierce attacks, and call'd him lewd
And doting fool—nay, often swore,
She would not stay a moment more.
And by her threats, old Hirco strove
To banish his ill-fated love.

It happen'd on a certain night,
That Hirco did some friends invite.
The sparkling glass went briskly round,
And well each toper stood his ground.
At length 'twas late; the watchful cock
Had long since crow'd it twelve o'clock;
And all well knew, tho' none had grace
To own it, bed the prop'rest place.
Here one extended on the floor
In liquor swam, yet call'd for more.
Some bawl'd, and most to sleep began,
So much indeed, that there was scarce a man,
Save Hirco and a bottle friend,
Well-pois'd enough to sit on end.

With grief the master of the feast
Beheld the state of ev'ry guest.
He wish'd he could with all his heart
New vigour to them all impart.
My friends, said he, come let's cheer up,
And briskly take the other cup:
A plague, what makes you all so dull?
A han't got half my belly full:
Rouse up, for shame, my jolly boys,
Be merry, drink, and make a noise.
I've in my cellar now a tub,
Believe me, friends, of charming bub;
To keep it longer would be folly—
I'll pierce it now, and we'll be jolly,
He said, and rising on his legs,
Takes up a piercer, cuts some pegs,
A tankard seizes—thus equipp'd
Down into the cellar slipt.

Old Hirco's maid, 'twixt hope and fear,
Her master's last discourse did hear;
For tho' she kept her person chaste,
And love unlawful would not taste,
Yet the poor girl was often dry,
And lov'd good liquor by the bye;
And when old Hirco was without,
She'd to the tub, pull vent-peg out,
And with a straw, the cunning gipsy
Would sometimes suck till she was tipsy;
And as she never chose the worst,
This tub had often quench'd her thirst.
But now she found the time was come
T' acquit her, or pronounce her doom:
Her master now must miss his drink,
Or else, to-morrow, he would think
His friends had what was missing drank,
And ne'er mistrust his Sukey's prank;
Hence must the beer be poor and flat,
But she, poor soul, ne'er thought of that.

Meanwhile the busy honest drunkard
Had with it fill'd a swinging tankard;
And from the cellar making haste,
He gave it to his friends to taste.
Each made a mouth and shook his head—
The beer was vile! 'twas flat and dead!
But Hirco loudly spurn'd a tale
Which so disgrac'd his choicest ale.
But how bewilder'd did he look,
To find that truth his friends had spoke!
No doubt, said one, the beer's well brew'd;
The fault's the vessel's where it stood;
Or else the bung-hole is in fault,
By not being stopp'd up as it ought.
Cried Hirco, I'm a fool or blind,
If I don't very shortly find
The fatal cause of this disaster.—
Sukey went down to light her master;
But was indeed in such a fright,
She scarce had pow'r to hold the light.

Now Hirco by his knuckle found
The barrel gave an empty sound:
Surpris'd, he cries, I am undone!
Why, Susan, half my beer is gone!
Old Fillpot from above replied,
Search under, and on ev'ry side:
I'll stake a crown, if you'll but seek
About the tub, you'll find a leak!
While thus the crafty tippler said,
Hirco by chance look'd on his maid.
Disorder'd and confus'd she stood,
Her cheek suffus'd with shame-fac'd blood.
As from her master quick she turn'd,
He cried, Why, Sukey, I'll be burn'd
If you han't someway been the ruin
Of this my last October brewing.
She trembling on her knees did fall,
His pardon begg'd, and told him all.
Said he, This tale will make my friends
For want of liquor some amends;
I'll up, and tell them all, I swear!
For Pity's sake, said she, forbear.
Alas! can nothing then atone
For such a fault?—There is but one
That I can think of, he replied:
I've often ask'd, and you denied,
A little favor—if you'll grant it,
(And now I really think I want it.)
I'll hold my tongue:—if you refuse,
I'll up and out the story goes.

She paus'd, she blush'd, she cried, but knew
That nothing but his wish would do.
Meanwhile of kissing he'd his fill,
Nor could he keep his fingers still;
One hand upon her bosom lay,
Whilst t'other took a diff'rent way;
Then on a faggot pile he laid
The tender, yielding, charming maid.
The wench was buxom, plump, and sappy,
And fit to make her lover happy.

Whilst engag'd in am'rous play,
Old Fillpot wonder'd at their stay,
And ask'd them what they were about!
Cried Hirco, Zounds! the leak's found out
Thro' which my nectar daily flows.
Be sure, said Fillpot, stop it close.
I'll try, said he, but, 'pon my soul,
It is a monstrous swinging hole!

[Amatory Poetry, or The Banquet of Venus & Bacchus.]
EXPIATION

He had a pleasure boat on the lake, which he steered with amazing dexterity; but as he always indulged himself in the utmost possible latitude of sail, he was occasionally upset by a sudden gust, and was indebted to his skill in the art of swimming for the opportunity of tempering with a copious libation of wine the unnatural frigidity introduced into his stomach by the extraordinary intrusion of water, an element which he had religiously determined should never pass his lips, but of which, on these occasions, he was sometimes compelled to swallow no inconsiderable quantity. This circumstance alone, of the various disasters that befell him, occasioned him any permanent affliction, and he accordingly noted the day in his pocket-book as a dies nefastus, with this simple abstract, and brief chronicle of the calamity: Mem: Swallowed two or three pints of water; without any notice whatever of the concomitant circumstances. These days, of which there were several, were set apart in Headlong Hall for the purpose of anniversary expiation; and, as often as the day returned on which the Squire had swallowed water, he not only made a point of swallowing a treble allowance of wine himself, but imposed a heavy mulct on every one of his servants who should be detected in a state of sobriety after sunset: but their conduct on these occasions was so uniformly exemplary, that no instance of the infliction of the penalty appears on record.

[T. L. Peacock. Headlong Hall.]
INTELLECTUAL DISCUSSION

MR. PANSCOPE (suddenly emerging from a deep reverie):

HAVE HEARD, with the most profound attention, everything which the gentleman on the other side of the table has thought proper to advance on the subject of human deterioration; and I must take the liberty to remark, that it augurs a very considerable degree of presumption in any individual, to set himself up against the authority of so many great men, as may be marshalled in metaphysical phalanx under the opposite banners of the controversy; such as Aristotle, Plato, the scholiast on Aristophanes, St. Chrysostom, St. Jerome, St. Athanasius, Orpheus, Pindar, Simonides, Gronovius, Hemsterhusius, Longinus, Sir Isaac Newton, Thomas Paine, Doctor Paley, the King of Prussia, the King of Poland, Cicero, Monsieur Gautier, Hippocrates, Machiavelli, Milton, Colley Cibber, Bojardo, Gregory, Nazianzenus, Locke, D’Alembert, Boccaccio, Daniel Defoe, Erasmus, Doctor Smollett, Zimmermann, Solomon, Confucius, Zoroaster, and Thomas-a-Kempis.

MR. ESCOT: I presume, sir, you are one of those who value an authority more than a reason.

MR. PANSCOPE: The authority, sir, of all these great men, whose works, as well as the whole of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, the entire series of the Monthly Review, the complete set of the Variorum Classics, and the Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions, I have read through from beginning to end, deposes, with irrefragable refutation, against your ratiocinative speculations, wherein you seem desirous, by the futile process of analytical dialectics, to subvert the pyramidal structure of synthetically deduced opinions, which have withstood the secular revolutions of physiological disquisition, and which I maintain to be transcendently self-evident, categorically certain, and syllogistically demonstrable.

SQUIRE HEADLONG: Bravo! Pass the bottle. The very best speech that ever was made.

MR. ESCOT: It has only the slight disadvantage of being unintelligible.
MR. PANSCOPE: I am not obliged, sir, as Dr. Johnson observed on a similar occasion, to furnish you with an understanding.

MR. ESCOT: I fear, sir, you would have some difficulty in furnishing me with such an article from your own stock.

MR. PANSCOPE: 'Sdeath, sir, do you question my understanding?

MR. ESCOT: I only question, sir, where I expect a reply; which, from things that have no existence, I am not visionary enough to anticipate.

MR. PANSCOPE: I beg leave to observe, sir, that my language was perfectly perspicuous, and etymologically correct; and I conceive, I have demonstrated what I shall now take the liberty to say in plain terms, that all your opinions are extremely absurd.

MR. ESCOT: I should be sorry, sir, to advance any opinion that you would not think absurd.

MR. PANSCOPE: Death and fury, sir—

MR. ESCOT: Say no more, sir. That apology is quite sufficient.

MR. PANSCOPE: Apology, sir?

MR. ESCOT: Even so, sir. You have lost your temper, which I consider equivalent to a confession that you have the worst of the argument.

MR. PANSCOPE: Lightning and devils! sir—

SQUIRE HEADLONG: No civil war!—Temperance, in the name of Bacchus!—A glee! a glee! Music has charms to bend the knotted oak. Sir Patrick, you'll join?

SIR PATRICK O'PRISM: Troth, with all my heart: for, by my soul, I'm bothered completely.

SQUIRE HEADLONG: Agreed, then: you, and I, and Chromatic. Bumpers!—bumpers! Come, strike up.

Squire Headlong, Mr. Chromatic, and Sir Patrick O'Prism, each holding a bumper, immediately vociferated the following

GLEE.

A heeltap! a heeltap! I never could bear it!
So fill me a bumper, a bumper of claret!
Let the bottle pass freely, don't shirk it nor spare it,
For a heeltap! a heeltap! I never could bear it!
No skylight! no twilight! while Bacchus rules o'er us
No thinking! no shrinking! all drinking in chorus:
Let us moisten our clay, since 'tis thirsty and porous:
No thinking! no shrinking! all drinking in chorus!

GRAND CHORUS

By Squire Headlong, Mr. Chromatic, Sir Patrick O'Prism,
Mr. Panscope, Mr. Jenkinson, Mr. Gall, Mr. Treacle,
Mr. Nightshade, Mr. Mac laurel, Mr. Cranium, Mr.
Milestone, and the Reverend Doctor Gaster.

A heeltap! a heeltap! I never could bear it!
So fill me a bumper, a bumper of Claret!
Let the bottle pass freely, don't shirk it nor spare it,
For a heeltap! a heeltap! I never could bear it.

ΟΜΑΔΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΔΟΥΠΙΟΣ ΟΡΩΡΕΙ

[T. L. PEACOCK. Headlong Hall.]
THE DRUNKENNESS OF SEITHENYN

The three immortal drunkards of the isle of Britain: Ceraint of Essyllwog; Gwrtheyrn Gwrenau; and Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi.—Triads of the Isle of Britain.

The sun had sunk beneath the waves when they reached the castle of Seithenyn. The sound of the harp and the song saluted them as they approached it. As they entered the great hall, which was already blazing with torchlight, they found his highness, and his highness’s household, convincing themselves and each other, with wine and wassail, of the excellence of their system of virtual superintendence; and the following jovial chorus broke on the ears of the visitors:

THE CIRCLING OF THE MEAD HORN

Fill the blue horn, the blue buffalo horn:
Natural is mead in the buffalo horn:
As the cuckoo in spring, as the lark in the morn,
So natural is mead in the buffalo horn.

As the cup of the flower to the bee when he sips,
Is the full cup of mead to the true Briton’s lips:
From the flower-cups of summer, on field and on tree,
Our mead cups are filled by the vintager bee.

Seithenyn ap Seithyn, the generous, the bold,
Drinks the wine of the stranger from vessels of gold;
But we from the horn, the blue silver-rimmed horn,
Drink the ale and the mead in our fields that were born.

The ale-froth is white, and the mead sparkles bright;
They both smile apart, and with smiles they unite:
The mead from the flower, and the ale from the corn,
Smile, sparkle, and sing in the buffalo horn.
The horn, the blue horn, cannot stand on its tip; 
Its path is right on from the hand to the lip: 
Though the bowl and the wine-cup our tables adorn, 
More natural the draught from the buffalo horn.

But Seithenyn ap Seithyn, the generous, the bold, 
Drinks the bright-flowing wine from the far-gleaming gold: 
The wine, in the bowl by his lip that is worn, 
Shall be glorious as mead in the buffalo horn.

The horns circle fast, but their fountains will last, 
As the stream passes ever, and never is past: 
Exhausted so quickly, replenished so soon, 
They wax and they wane like the horns of the moon.

Fill high the blue horn, the blue buffalo horn; 
Fill high the long silver-rimmed buffalo horn: 
While the roof of the hall by our chorus is torn, 
Fill, fill to the brim, the deep silver-rimmed horn.

Elphin and Teithrin stood some time on the floor of 
the hall before they attracted the attention of Seithenyn, 
who, during the chorus was tossing and flourishing his golden 
goblet. The chorus had scarcely ended when he noticed 
them, and immediately roared aloud “You are welcome all 
four.”

Elphin answered “We thank you: but we are two.” 
“Two or four,” said Seithenyn; “all is one. You are 
welcome all. When a stranger enters, the custom in other 
places is to begin by washing his feet. My custom is to 
begin by washing his throat. Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi 
bids you welcome.”

Elphin, taking the wine-cup, answered, “Elphin ap 
Gwythno Garanhir thanks you.”

Seithenyn started up. He endeavoured to straighten 
himself into perpendicularity, and to stand steadily on 
his legs. He accomplished half his object by stiffening all 
his joints but those of his ankles, and from these the rest 
of his body vibrated upwards with the inflexibility of a bar. 
After thus oscillating for a time, like an inverted pendulum, 
finding that the attention requisite to preserve his rigidity 
absorbed all he could collect of his dissipated energies, and
that he required a portion of them for the management of his voice, which he felt a dizzy desire to wield with peculiar steadiness in the presence of the son of the king, he suddenly relaxed the muscles that perform the operation of sitting, and dropped into his chair like a plummet. He then, with a gracious gesticulation, invited Prince Elphin to take his seat on his right hand, and proceeded to compose himself into a dignified attitude, throwing his body back into the left corner of his chair, resting his left elbow on its arm and his left cheekbone on the middle of the back of his left hand, placing his left foot on a footstool, and stretching out his right leg as straight and as far as his position allowed. He had thus his right hand at liberty, for the ornament of his eloquence and the conduct of his liquor.

Elphin seated himself at the right hand of Seithenyn. Teithrin remained at the end of the hall: on which Seithenyn exclaimed, "Come on, man, come on. What, if you be not the son of a king, you are the guest of Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi. The most honourable place to the most honourable guest, and the next most honourable place to the next most honourable guest; the least honourable guest above the most honourable inmate; and, where there are but two guests, be the most honourable who he may, the least honourable of the two is next in honour to the most honourable of the two, because they are no more but two; and, when there are only two, there can be nothing between. Therefore sit, and drink. GWIN O EUR: wine from gold!"

Elphin motioned Teithrin to approach, and sit next to him.

Prince Seithenyn, whose liquor was "his eating and his drinking solely," seemed to measure the gastronomy of his guests by his own; but his groom of the pantry thought the strangers might be disposed to eat, and placed before them a choice of provision, on which Teithrin ap Tathral did vigorous execution.

"I pray your excuses," said Seithenyn; "my stomach is weak, and I am subject to dizziness in the head, and my memory is not so good as it was, and my faculties of attention are somewhat impaired, and I would dilate more upon the topic, whereby you should hold me excused, but I am troubled with a feverishness and parching of the mouth,
that very much injures my speech, and impedes my saying all I would say, and will say before I have done, in token of my loyalty and fealty to your highness and your highness's house. I must just moisten my lips and I will then proceed with my observations. Cupbearer, fill."

"Prince Seitheny," said Elphin, "I have visited you on a subject of deep moment. Reports have been brought to me that the embankment, which has been so long entrusted to your care, is in a state of dangerous decay."

"Decay," said Seitheny, "is one thing, and danger is another. Everything that is old must decay. That the embankment is old, I am free to confess; that it is somewhat rotten in parts, I will not altogether deny; that it is any the worse for that, I do most sturdily gainsay. It does its business well: it works well: it keeps out the water from the land, and it lets in the wine upon the High Commission of Embankment. Cupbearer, fill. Our ancestors were wiser than we: they built it in their wisdom; and if we should be so rash as to try to mend it, we should only mar it."

"The stonework," said Teithrin, "is sapped and mined; the piles are rotten, broken, and dislocated: the flood-gates and sluices are leaky and creaky."

"That is the beauty of it," said Seitheny. "Some parts of it are rotten, and some parts of it are sound."

"It is well," said Elphin, "that some parts are sound: it were better that all were so."

"So I have heard some people say before," said Seitheny; "perverse people, blind to venerable antiquity: that very unamiable sort of people who are in the habit of indulging their reason. But I say, the parts that are rotten give elasticity to those that are sound: they give them elasticity, elasticity, elasticity. If it were all sound, it would break by its own obstinate stiffness: the soundness is checked by the rottenness, and the stiffness is balanced by the elasticity. There is nothing so dangerous as innovation. See the waves in the equinoctial storms, dashing and clashing, roaring and pouring, spattering and battering, rattling and battling against it. I would not be so presumptuous as to say, I could build anything that would stand against them half-an-hour; and here this immortal old work, which God forbid the finger of modern mason should bring into jeopardy, this immortal work has stood for centuries, and will stand for
centuries more, if we let it alone. Cupbearer, fill. It was half rotten when I was born, and that is a conclusive reason why it should be three parts rotten when I die."

The whole body of the High Commission roared approbation.

"And after all," said Seithenyn, "the worst that could happen would be the overflow of a spring-tide, for that was the worst that happened before the embankment was thought of; and, if the high water should come in, as it did before, the low water would go out again, as it did before. We should be no deeper in it than our ancestors were, and we could mend as easily as they could make."

"The level of the sea," said Teithrin, "is materially altered."

"The level of the sea!" exclaimed Seithenyn. "Who ever heard of such a thing as altering the level of the sea? Alter the level of that bowl of wine before you, in which, as I sit here, I see a very ugly reflection of your very good-looking face. Alter the level of that; drink up the reflection: let me see the face without the reflection, and leave the sea to level itself."

"Not to level the embankment," said Teithrin.

"Good, very good," said Seithenyn. "I love a smart saying, though it hits at me. But, whether yours is a smart saying or no, I do not very clearly see; and, whether it hits at me or no, I do not very sensibly feel. But all is one. Cupbearer, fill."

"I think," pursued Seithenyn, looking as intently as he could at Teithrin ap Tathral, "I have seen something very like you before. There was a fellow here the other day very like you: he stayed here some time: he would not talk: he did nothing but drink: he used to drink till he could not stand, and then he went walking about the embankment. I suppose he thought it wanted mending; but he did not say anything. If he had, I should have told him to embank his own throat, to keep the liquor out of that. That would have posed him: he could not have answered that: he would not have had a word to say for himself after that."

"He must have been a miraculous person," said Teithrin, "to walk when he could not stand."

"All is one for that" said Seithenyn. "Cupbearer, fill."
"Prince Seithenyn," said Elphin, "if I were not aware that wine speaks in the silence of reason, I should be astonished at your strange vindication of your neglect of duty, which I take shame to myself for not having sooner known and remedied. The wise bard has well observed, 'Nothing is done without the eye of the king.'"

"I am very sorry," said Seithenyn, "that you see things in the wrong light: but we will not quarrel for three reasons: first, because you are the son of the king, and may do and say what you please, without any one having a right to be displeased: second, because I never quarrel with a guest, even if he grows riotous in his cups: third, because there is nothing to quarrel about; and perhaps that is the best reason of the three; or rather the first is the best, because you are the son of the king; and the third is the second, that is, the second best, because there is nothing to quarrel about; and the second is nothing to the purpose, because, though guests will grow riotous in their cups, in spite of my good orderly example, God forbid I should say, that is the case with you. And I completely agree in the truth of your remark, that reason speaks in the silence of wine."

Seithenyn accompanied his speech with a vehement swinging of his right hand; in so doing, at this point, he dropped his cup: a sudden impulse of rash volition to pick it dexterously up before he resumed his discourse, ruined all his devices for maintaining dignity; in stooping forward from his chair, he lost his balance, and fell prostrate on the floor.

The whole body of the High Commission arose in simultaneous confusion, each zealous to be the foremost in uplifting his fallen chief. In the vehemence of their uprise, they hurled the benches backward and the tables forward: the crash of cups and bowls accompanied their overthrow; and rivulets of liquor ran gurgling through the hall. The household wished to redeem the credit of their leader in the eyes of the Prince; but the only service they could render him was to participate in his discomfiture; for Seithenyn, as he was first in dignity, was also, as was fitting, hardest in skull: and that which had impaired his equilib-rium had utterly destroyed theirs. Some fell, in the first impulse, with the tables and benches; others were tripped up by the rolling bowls; and the remainder fell at
different points of progression, by jostling against each other, or stumbling over those who had fallen before them.

Not drunk is he, who from the floor
Can rise alone, and still drink more;
But drunk is he, who prostrate lies,
Without the power to drink or rise.

[T. L. Peacock. The Misfortunes of Elphin.]
YOU have heard, no doubt, of many memorable deeds performed by fire. You have read that somebody set fire to Troy, Alexander to Persepolis, Nero to Rome, a baker to London, a rascally Caliph to the treasures of Alexandria, and the brave Mutius Scaevola to his own hand and arm, to frighten the proud Porsenna into a peace; but did you ever hear of a man setting fire to his own shirt, to frighten away the hiccups? Such, however, is the climax I have alluded to; and this was the manner in which it was performed. "Damn this hiccups!" said Mytton, as he stood undressed on the floor, apparently in the act of getting into his bed; "but I'll frighten it away;" so seizing a lighted candle, he applied it to the tail of his shirt, and it being a cotton one, he was instantly enveloped in flame.

Now, how was his life saved, is the next question that might be asked. Why, by the active exertion of his London customer, and of another stout and intrepid young man that happened to be in the room, who jointly threw him down on the ground, and tore his shirt from his body piecemeal. Then here again comes John Mytton: "The hiccups is gone, by——!" said he, and reeled naked into his bed.

[NIMROD. The Life of John Mytton.]
I've drunk 'mong slain deer in a lone mountain shieling,
I've drunk till delirious,
While rain beat imperious,
And rang roof and rafter with bagpipes and reeling.
I've drunk in Red Rannock, amid its grey boulders:
     Where, fain to be kist,
     Through his thin scarf of mist,
Ben-more to the sun heaves his wet shining shoulders!
I've tumbled in hay with the fresh ruddy lasses,
I've drunk with the reapers,
I've roared with the keepers,
And scared night away with the ring of our glasses!
In sunshine, in rain, a flask shall be nigh me,
Warm heart, blood, and brain, Fine Sprite deify me!

Come, string bright songs upon a thread of wine,
And let the coming midnight pass through us,
Like a dusk prince crusted with gold and gems.

Oh, Love! oh, Wine! thou sun and moon o' our lives,
What oysters were we without love and wine!
Our host, I doubt not, vaults a mighty tun,
Wide-wombed and old, cobwebbed and dusted o'er.
Broach! and within its gloomy sides you'll find
A beating heart of wine. The world's a tun,
A gloomy tun, but he who taps the world
Will find much sweetness in't. Walter, my boy,
Against this sun of wine's most purple light
Burst into song.

[ALEXANDER SMITH: A Life Drama.]
**LORD ALCOHOL**

Who tames the lion now?  
Who smooths Jove's wrinkles now?  
Who is the reckless wight  
That in the horrid middle  
Of the deserted night  
Doth play upon man's brain,  
As on a wanton fiddle,  
The mad and magic strain,  
The reeling, tripping sound,  
To which the world goes round?  
Sing heigh! ho! diddle!  
And then say—  
Love, quotha, Love? Nay, nay!  
It is a spirit fine  
Of ale or ancient wine,  
Lord Alcohol, the drunken fay,  
Lord Alcohol alway!

Who maketh the pipe-clay man  
Think all that nature can?  
Who dares the gods to flout,  
Lay fate beneath the table,  
And maketh him stammer out  
A thousand monstrous things,  
For history a fable,  
Dish-clouts for kings?  
And sends the world along  
Singing a ribald song  
Of heigho! Babel?  
Who, I pray—  
Love, quotha, Love? Nay, nay!  
It is a spirit fine  
Of ale or ancient wine,  
Lord Alcohol, the drunken fay,  
Lord Alcohol, alway!

[THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.]
BON-BON

“Were you ever at Rome?” asked the restarateur, as he finished his second bottle of Mousseux, and drew from the closet a larger supply of Chambertin.

“But once, Monsieur Bon-Bon, but once. There was a time,” said the Devil, as if reciting some passage from a book—“there was a time when occurred an anarchy of five years, during which the republic, bereft of all its officers, had no magistracy besides the tribunes of the people, and these were not legally vested with any degree of executive power—at that time, Monsieur Bon-Bon—at that time only I was in Rome, and I have no earthly acquaintance, consequently, with any of its philosophy.”

“What do you think of—what do you think of—hiccups!
—Epicurus!”

“What do I think of whom?” said the Devil, in astonishment; “you surely do not mean to find any fault with Epicurus! What do I think of Epicurus! Do you mean me, sir?—I am Epicurus! I am the same philosopher who wrote each of the three hundred treatises commemorated by Diogenes Laertes.”

“That’s a lie!” said the metaphysician, for the wine had gotten a little into his head.

“Very well!—very well, sir! very well indeed, sir!” said his Majesty, apparently much flattered.

“That’s a lie!” repeated the restarateur, dogmatically; “that’s a—hiccups!—a lie!”

“Well, well, have it your own way!” said the Devil, pacifically, and Bon-Bon, having beaten his Majesty at an argument, thought it his duty to conclude a second bottle of Chambertin.

“As I was saying,” resumed the visitor, “as I was observing a little while ago, there are some very outré notions in that book of yours, Monsieur Bon-Bon. What,

1 Ils écrevaient sur la philosophie (Cicéron, Lucretius, Sénèque) mais c’était la philosophie grecque.—Condorcet.
for instance, do you mean by all that humbug about the soul? Pray, Sir, what is the soul?"

"The—hiccups!—soul," replied the metaphysician, referring to his MS., "is undoubtedly—"

"No, sir!"

"Indubitably—"

"No, sir!"

"Indisputably—"

"No, sir!"

"Evidently—"

"No, sir!"

"Incontrovertibly—"

"No, sir!"

"Hiccups!"

"No, sir!"

"And beyond the question, a—"

"No, sir, the soul is no such thing!" (Here the philosopher, looking daggers, took occasion to make an end, upon the spot, of his third bottle of Chambertin.)

"Then—hiccups!—pray, sir—what—what is it?"

"That is neither here nor there, Monsieur Bon-Bon," replied his Majesty musingly. "I have tasted—that is to say, I have known some very bad souls, and some too—pretty good ones." Here he smacked his lips, and having unconsciously let fall his hand upon the volume in his pocket, was seized with a violent fit of sneezing.

He continued:

"There was the soul of Cratinus—passable; Aristophanes—racy; Plato—exquisite—not your Plato, but Plato the comic poet; your Plato would have turned the stomach of Cerberus—faugh! Then let me see! There were Naevius, and Andronicus, and Plautus, and Terentius. Then there was Lucilius, and Catullus, and Naso, and Quintus Flaccus—dear Quinty! as I called him when he sang a seculare for my amusement while I toasted him, in pure good humour, on a fork. But they want flavour, these Romans. One fat Greek is worth a dozen of them, and besides will keep, which cannot be said of a Quirite. Let us taste your Sauterne."

Bon-Bon had by this time made up his mind to the nil admirari, and endeavoured to hand down the bottles in question. He was, however, conscious of a strange sound
in the room like the wagging of a tail. Of this, although extremely indecent in his Majesty, the philosopher took no notice:—simply kicking the dog, and requesting him to be quiet. The visitor continued:

"I found that Horace tasted very much like Aristotle;—you know I am fond of variety. Terentius I could not have told from Menander. Naso, to my astonishment, was Nicander in disguise. Virgilius had a strong twang of Theocritus. Martial put me much in mind of Archilochus—and Titus Livius was positively Polybius and none other."

"Hiccup!" here replied Bon-Bon, and his Majesty proceeded:

"But if I have a penchant, Monsieur Bon-Bon,—if I have a penchant, it is for a philosopher. Yet, let me tell you, sir, it is not every dev—I mean it is not every gentleman who knows how to choose a philosopher. Long ones are not good; and the best, if not carefully shelled, are apt to be a little rancid on account of the gall."

"Shelled!"

"I mean taken out of the carcass."

"What do you think of a—hiccup—physician?"

"Don't mention them!—ugh!  ugh!" (Here his Majesty retched violently.) "I never tasted but one—that rascal Hippocrates!—smelt of asafoetida—ugh!  ugh!  ugh!—caught a wretched cold washing him in the Styx—and after all he gave me the cholera-morbis."

"The—hiccup!—wretch!" ejaculated Bon-Bon, "the—hiccup!—abortion of a pill-box!"—and the philosopher dropped a tear.

"After all," continued the visitor, "after all, if a dev—if a gentleman wishes to live, he must have more talents than one or two; and with us a fat face is an evidence of diplomacy."

"How so?"

"Why, you are sometimes exceedingly pushed for provisions. You must know, in a climate so sultry as mine, it is frequently impossible to keep a spirit alive for more than two or three hours; and after death, unless pickled immediately (and a pickled spirit is not good), they—will—smell—you understand, eh? Putrefaction is always to be apprehended when the souls are consigned to us in the usual way."
"Hiccup!—hiccup——! Good God! How do you manage?"

Here the iron lamp commenced swinging with redoubled violence, and the Devil half started from his seat;—however, with a slight sigh, he recovered his composure, merely saying to our hero in a low tone: "I tell you what, Pierre Bon-Bon, we must have no more swearing."

The host swallowed another bumper by way of denoting thorough comprehension and acquiescence, and the visitor continued:

"Why, there are several ways of managing. The most of us starve: some put up with the pickle: for my part I purchase my spirits vivient corpore, in which case I find they keep very well."

"But the body!—hiccup!—the body!!"

"The body, the body—well, what of the body?—ah! ah! I perceive. Why, Sir, the body is not at all affected by the transaction. I have made innumerable purchases of the kind in my day, and the parties never experienced any inconvenience. There were Cain and Nimrod, and Nero, and Caligula, and Dionysius, and Pisistratus, and—and a thousand others, who never knew what it was to have a soul during the latter part of their lives; yet, sir, these men adorned society. Why, isn't there A——, now, whom you know as well as I? Is he not in possession of all his faculties, mental and corporeal? Who writes a keener epigram? Who reasons more wittily? Who—but, stay! I have his agreement in my pocket-book."

Thus saying, he produced a red leather wallet, and took from it a number of papers. Upon some of these Bon-Bon caught a glimpse of the letters Machi—Maza—Robesp—with the words Caligula, George, Elizabeth. His Majesty selected a narrow slip of parchment and from it read aloud the following words:

"In consideration of certain mental endowments which it is unnecessary to specify, and in further consideration of one thousand louis d'or, I being aged one year and one month, do hereby make over to the bearer of this agreement all my right, title, and appurtenance in the shadow called my soul. (Signed) A——"

(Here his Majesty repeated a name which I do not feel myself justified in indicating more unequivocally.)
"A clever fellow that," resumed he; "but, like you, Monsieur Bon-Bon, he was mistaken about the soul. The soul a shadow, truly! The soul a shadow! Ha! ha! ha!—he! he! he!—hu! hu! hu! Only think of a fricasséed shadow!"

"Only think—hiccup!—of a fricasséed shadow!" exclaimed our hero, whose faculties were becoming much illuminated by the profundity of his Majesty’s discourse. "Only think—hiccup!—fricasséed shadow!! Now, damme!—hiccup! humph! If I would have been such a—hiccup!—nincompoop! My soul, Mr.—humph!"

"Your soul, Monsieur Bon-Bon?"

"Yes, sir,—hiccup!—my soul is——"

"What, sir?"

"No shadow, damme!"

"Did you mean to say——"

"Yes, sir, my soul is—hiccup!—humph—yes, sir."
“Did you not intend to assert——”
“*My* soul is—hiccups!—peculiarly qualified for—hic-
cup!—a——”
“What, sir?”
“Stew.”
“Ha!”
“Soufflé.”
“Eh!”
“Fricassée.”
“Indeed!”

“Ragout and fricandeau—and see here, my good fellow! I’ll let you have it!—hiccups!—a bargain.” Here the philosopher slapped his Majesty upon the back.
“Couldn’t think of such a thing,” said the latter calmly, at the same time rising from his seat. The metaphysician stared.

“Am supplied at present,” said his Majesty.
“Hic—cup!—e—h?” said the philosopher.
“Have no funds on hand.”
“What?”
“Besides, very unhandsome in me——”
“Sir!”
“To take advantage of——”
“Hic—cup!”

“Your present disgusting and ungentlemanly situation.”
Here the visitor bowed and withdrew—in what manner could not precisely be ascertained—but in a well-concerted effort to discharge a bottle at “the villain,” the slender chain was severed that depended from the ceiling, and the metaphysician prostrated by the downfall of the lamp.

[EDGAR ALLAN POE. *Tales of Mystery and Imagination.*]
A SONG AGAINST THE BEER TAXES OF 1854-5

Beer! boys! beer! no more absurd restriction,
Courage, Bass, Meux, and Barclay must give way:
Half-pints and quarts have vanished like a fiction,
Why, then, submit to the brewers’ despot sway?
Brown stout of England! much as we may love thee,
(Which, by the way, I rather think we do)
Pale draught of India! shall they charge us for thee
Twice what you’re worth, for the profit of a few?
Beer! boys, beer! abundant, deep, and vasty!
Beer! boys, beer! the stunning, strong and grand!
Beer! boys, beer! the cheap, and not the nasty!
Beer! boys, beer! at a price a man can stand!

Beer! boys, beer! the present scale of prices
Leads to a style of tipple not the best;
Vile Spanish root, and quassia, which not nice is,
Bad for the bile, and oppressive for the chest.
But, let’s unite with hearty agitation,
Push for our rights, and battle might and main;
And ours shall be a large and brimming tankard
Of real wholesome stuff, brew’d out of roasted grain.
Beer! boys, beer! no more of gentian’s nausea;
Beer! boys, beer! with liquorice away;
Beer! boys, beer! no logwood chips or quassia;
Beer! boys, beer!—which is all I have to say!

[ANON.]
VICAR AND GOAT

Rees Pritchard was born at Llandovery, about the year 1575, of respectable parents. He received the rudiments of a classical education at the school of the place, and at the age of eighteen was sent to Oxford, being intended for the clerical profession. At Oxford he did not distinguish himself in an advantageous manner, being more remarkable for dissipation and riot than application in the pursuit of learning. Returning to Wales, he was admitted into the ministry, and after the lapse of a few years was appointed vicar of Llandovery. His conduct for a considerable time was not only unbecoming a clergyman, but a human being in any sphere. Drunkenness was very prevalent in the age in which he lived, but Rees Pritchard was so inordinately addicted to that vice that the very worst of his parishioners were scandalized, and said: "Bad as we may be we are not half so bad as the parson."

He was in the habit of spending the greater part of his time in the public-house, from which he was generally trundled home in a wheel-barrow in a state of utter insensibility. God, however, who is aware of what every man is capable of, had reserved Rees Pritchard for great and noble things, and brought about his conversion in a very remarkable manner.

The people of the tavern which Rees Pritchard frequented had a large he-goat, which went in and out and mingled with the guests. One day Rees in the midst of his orgies called the goat to him and offered it some ale; the creature, far from refusing it, drank greedily, and soon becoming intoxicated, fell down upon the floor, where it lay quivering, to the great delight of Rees Pritchard, who made its drunkenness a subject of jest to his boon companions, who, however, said nothing, being struck with horror at such conduct in a person who was placed among them to be a pattern and example. Before night, however, Pritchard became himself intoxicated, and was trundled to the vicarage in the usual manner. During the whole of the next day
he was very ill and kept at home, but on the following one he again repaired to the public-house, sat down and called for his pipe and tankard. The goat was now perfectly recovered, and was standing nigh. No sooner was the tankard brought than Rees taking hold of it held it to the goat's mouth. The creature, however, turned away its head in disgust, and hurried out of the room. This circumstance produced an instantaneous effect upon Rees Pritchard. "My God!" said he to himself, "is this poor dumb creature wiser than I? Yes, surely; it has been drunk, but having once experienced the wretched consequences of drunkenness, it refuses to be drunk again. How different is its conduct to mine! I, after having experienced a hundred times the filthiness and misery of drunkenness, have still persisted in debasing myself below the condition of a beast. Oh, if I persist in this conduct what have I to expect but wretchedness and contempt in this world and eternal perdition in the next? But, thank God, it is not yet too late to amend; I am still alive—I will become a new man—the goat has taught me a lesson." Smashing his pipe he left his tankard untasted on the table, went home, and became an altered man.

[BORROW. *Wild Wales.*]
A Precious Couple

After an hour's walking I overtook two people, a man and a woman, laden with baskets which hung around them on every side. The man was a young fellow of about eight-and-twenty, with a round face, fair flaxen hair, and rings in his ears; the female was a blooming buxom lass of about eighteen. After giving them the selc of the day I asked them if they were English.

"Aye, aye, master," said the man, "we are English."
"Where do you come from?" said I.
"From Wrexham," said the man.
"I thought Wrexham was in Wales," said I.
"If it be," said the man, "the people are not Welsh; a man is not a horse because he happens to be born in a stable."

"Is that young woman your wife?" said I.
"Yes," said he, "after a fashion"—and then he leered at the lass, and she leered at him.
"Do you attend any place of worship?" said I.
"A great many, master!"
"What place do you chiefly attend?" said I.
"The Chequers, master!"
"Do they preach the best sermons there?" said I.
"No, master! but they sell the best ale there."
"Do you worship ale?" said I.
"Yes, master, I worships ale."
"Anything else?" said I.
"Yes, master! I and my mort worships something besides good ale; don't we, Sue?" and then he leered at the mort, who leered at him, and both made odd motions backwards and forwards, causing the baskets which hung round them to creak and rustle, and uttering loud shouts of laughter, which roused the echoes of the neighbouring hills.

[Borrow. Wild Wales.]
THE SUNDAY BEER BILL IS REPEALED

ROUSE LADS, arouse! bid adieu to the pump,
The Beer Bill's repealed, cut away and get drunk.

Young ladies may whistle, old women may sing
And drown all their sorrow in ale, rum and gin
All the long day on Sunday, till eleven o'clock,
And if they've no money leave gown, shawl, and smock.
We can drink and be merry without any fear,
We can have ale and sherry, wine, brandy & beer
And all the landladies shall be drest up slap,
With a bunch of blue ribbons and new dandy cap.

I heard an old woman sing red, white, and blue
And she danced till she kicked out the toes of her shoes,
She met a policeman and wanted to fight,
And sung jolly good luck unto Saturday night,
And then upon Sunday she roamed like a duck,
Her flat iron she pawned, with a sheep's head and pluck;
Like a cat dress'd in breeches, lawk how she did grin,
She drank 10 pints of stout, & six glasses of gin.

The Beer Bill, the Beer Bill, the Bill is repealed
To the voice of the people it was forc'd to yield,
So now in a bumper drown sorrow and pain,
We will fight and we'll conquer again and again.

[From a Broadsheet.]
THE POPE

THE Pope he leads a happy life,
He knows no cares of marriage strife,
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine—
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.
But yet all happy's not his life,
He loves no maid, nor wedded wife;
Nor child hath he to cheer his hope—
I would not wish to be the Pope.

The Sultan better pleases me,
He lives a life of jollity,
Has wives as many as he will—
I would the Sultan's throne then fill.
But, yet he's not a happy man,
He must obey the Alcoran,
And dares not taste a drop of wine—
I would not that his fate were mine.

So here I take my lowly stand,
I'll drink my own, my native land—
I'll kiss my maiden's lip divine,
And drink the best of Rhenish wine,
And when my maiden kisses me,
I'll fancy I the Sultan be,
And when my cherry glass I tope,
I'll fancy that I am the Pope.

[Translated from a German Students' Song by CHARLES LEVER.]
WE'RE A' BLIND DRUNK

I saw the man in the moon,
    Wha's fou, wha's fou?
I saw the man in the moon,
    Wha's fou, now, my jo?
I saw the man in the moon,
    Driving tacks in his shoon;
And we're a' blind-drunk, bousing jolly fou, my jo.

I saw a sparrow draw a harrow,
    Wha's fou, wha's fou?
I saw a sparrow draw a harrow,
    Wha's fou, now, my jo?
I saw a sparrow draw a harrow,
    Up the Bow and down the Narrow,
And we're a' blind drunk, bousing jolly fou, my jo.

I saw a pyet haud the pleuch,
    Wha's fou, wha's fou?
I saw a pyet haud the pleuch,
    Wha's fou now, my jo?
I saw a pyet haud the pleuch
    And he whissel'd weel eneuch;
And we're a' blind drunk, bousing jolly fou, my jo.

I saw a wran kill a man,
    Wha's fou, wha's fou?
I saw a wran kill a man,
    Wha's fou now, my jo?
I saw a wran kill a man,
    Wi' a braidsword in his han';
And we're a' blind drunk, bousing jolly fou, my jo.

I saw a sheep shearing corn,
    Wha's fou, wha's fou?
I saw a sheep shearing corn,
    Wha's fou, now, my jo?
I saw a sheep shearing corn,
Wi' the heuck about his horn;
And we're a' blind drunk, bousing jolly fou, my jo.

I saw a puggie wearing boots,
Wha's fou, wha's fou?
I saw a puggie wearing boots,
Wha's fou, now, my jo?
I saw a puggie wearing boots,
And he had but shachled cutes;
And we're a' blind drunk, bousing jolly fou, my jo.

I saw a ram wade a dam,
Wha's fou, wha's fou?
I saw a ram wade a dam,
Wha's fou, now, my jo?
I saw a ram wade a dam,
Wi' a mill-stone in his han';
And we're a' blind drunk, bousing jolly fou, my jo.

I saw a louse chace a mouse,
Wha's fou, wha's fou?
I saw a louse chace a mouse,
Wha's fou, now, my jo?
I saw a louse chace a mouse,
Out the door, and round the house;
And we're a' blind drunk, bousing jolly fou, my jo.

I saw a sow sewing silk,
Wha's fou, wha's fou?
I saw a sow sewing silk,
Wha's fou, now, my jo?
I saw a sow sewing silk,
And the cat was kirning milk;
And we're a' blind drunk, bousing jolly fou, my jo.

I saw a dog shoe a horse,
Wha's fou, wha's fou?
I saw a dog shoe a horse,
Wha's fou, now, my jo?
I saw a dog shoe a horse,
Wi' the hammer in his arse;
And we're a' blind drunk, bousing jolly fou, my jo.

I saw an eel chase the deil,
    Wha's fou, wha's fou?
I saw an eel chase the deil,
    Wha's fou, now, my jo?
I saw an eel chase the deil,
Round about the spinning wheel,
And we're a' blind drunk, bousing jolly fou, my jo.

[From the Ballad Book of Mussel-mou'd Charlie.
Edinburgh, 1827.]
WE WON'T GO HOME TILL MORNING

RAVE boys, let's all be jolly!
A fig for melancholy—
Since grieving's all a folly,
'Tis folly to grieve, that's clear!
While good humour each face is adorning,
While sorrow in glee we are scorning,
We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight does appear!
We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning, &c.
Till daylight does appear!
Till daylight, &c.
We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight, does appear!

Great Jove was a hearty good fellow,
As poets of old could tell, O—
With nectar he used to get mellow—
(And no doubt it was jolly good stuff!)
Such examples we cannot but follow,
Then hogsheads of wine let us swallow,
Till we beat the old gentleman hollow,
But never cry "Hold, enough!"
So we can't go home till morning—
We won't go home, &c.

[From a Victorian Broadsheet.]
THE ROSY

At length there sauntered up, on the opposite side of the way—with a bad pretence of passing by accident—a figure conspicuous for its dirty smartness, which after a great many frowns and jerks of the head, in resistance of the invitation, ultimately crossed the road and was brought into the shop.

"There. It's Dick Swiveller," said the young fellow, pushing him in. "Sit down, Swiveller."

"But is the old min agreeable?" said Mr. Swiveller in an undertone.

"Sit down," repeated his companion.

Mr. Swiveller complied, and looking about him with a propitiatory smile, observed that last week was a fine week for the ducks, and this week was a fine week for the dust; he also observed that whilst standing by the post at the street corner, he had observed a pig with a straw in his mouth issuing out of the tobacco-shop, from which appearance he augured that another fine week for the ducks was approaching, and that rain would certainly ensue. He furthermore took occasion to apologize for any negligence that might be perceptible in his dress, on the ground that last night he had had "the sun very strong in his eyes;" by which expression he was understood to convey to his hearers, in the most delicate manner possible, the information that he had been extremely drunk.

"But what," said Mr. Swiveller, with a sigh—"what is the odds, so long as the fire of soul is kindled at the taper of conviviality, and the wing of friendship never moults a feather! What is the odds, so long as the spirit is expanded by means of rosy wine, and the present moment is the least happiest of an existence!"

"You needn't act the chairman here," said his friend, half aside.

"Fred!" cried Mr. Swiveller, tapping his nose, "a word to the wise is sufficient for them—we may be good and happy without riches, Fred. Say not another syllable. I know my cue; smart is the word. Only one little whisper, Fred, is the old min friendly?"

[CHARLES DICKENS: The Old Curiosity Shop.]
HE was a fat old woman, this Mrs. Gamp, with a husky voice and a moist eye, which she had a remarkable power of turning up, and only showing the white of it. Having very little neck, it cost her some trouble to look over herself, if one may say so, at those to whom she talked. She wore a very rusty black gown, rather the worse for snuff, and a shawl and bonnet to correspond. In these dilapidated articles of dress she had, on principle, arrayed herself, time out of mind, on such occasions as the present; for this at once expressed a decent amount of veneration for the deceased, and invited the next of kin to present her with a fresher suit of weeds; an appeal so frequently successful, that the very fetch and ghost of Mrs. Gamp, bonnet and all, might be seen hanging up, any hour of the day, in at least a dozen of the second-hand shops about Holborn. The face of Mrs. Gamp—the nose in particular—was somewhat red and swollen, and it was difficult to enjoy her society without becoming conscious of a smell of spirits. Like most persons who have attained to great eminence in their profession, she took to hers very kindly; insomuch, that setting aside her natural predilections as a woman, she went to a lying-in or a laying-out with equal zest and relish.

"Ah!" repeated Mrs. Gamp; for it was always a safe sentiment in cases of mourning. "Ah, dear! When Gamp was summoned to his long home, and I see him a lying in Guy's Hospital with a penny-piece on each eye, and his wooden leg under his left arm, I thought I should have fainted away. But I bore up."

If certain whispers current in the Kingsgate Street circles had any truth in them, she had indeed borne up surprisingly; and had exerted such uncommon fortitude, as to dispose of Mr. Gamp's remains for the benefit of science. But it should be added, in fairness, that this had happened twenty years before; and that Mr. and Mrs. Gamp had
long been separated, on the ground of incompatibility of temper in their drink.

"You have become indifferent since then, I suppose?" said Mr. Pecksniff. "Use is second nature, Mrs. Gamp."

"You may well say second nater, sir," returned that lady. "One's first ways is to find sich things a trial for the feelings, and so is one's lasting custom. If it wasn't for the nerve a little sip of liquor give me (I never was able to do more than taste it), I never could go through with what I sometimes has to do. 'Mrs. Harris,' I says, at the very last case as ever I acted in, which it was but a young person, 'Mrs. Harris,' I says, 'leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am so dispoged, and then I will do what I'm engaged to do, according to the best of my ability.' 'Mrs. Gamp,' she says, in answer, 'if ever there was a sober creetur to be got at eighteen pence a day for working people, and three and six for gentlefolks—night watching,'" said Mrs. Gamp, with emphasis, "'being a extra charge—you are that inwallable person.' 'Mrs. Harris,' I says to her, 'don't name the charge, for if I could afford to lay all my feller creeturs out for nothink, I would gladly do it, sich is the love I bears 'em. But what I always says to them as has the management of matters, Mrs. Harris:'" here she kept her eye on Mr. Pecksniff: "'be they gents or be they ladies, is, don't asks me whether I won't take none, or whether I will, but leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and let me put my lips to it when I am so dispoged.'"

[DICKENS. *Martin Chuzzlewit.*]
PECKSNIFF AT TODGERS'S

Mr. Pecksniff had followed his younger friends up stairs, and taken a chair at the side of Mrs. Todgers. He had also spilt a cup of coffee over his legs without appearing to be aware of the circumstance; nor did he seem to know that there was a muffin on his knee.

"And how have they used you down stairs, sir?" asked the hostess.

"Their conduct has been such, my dear madam," said Mr. Pecksniff, "as I can never think of without emotion, or remember without a tear. Oh, Mrs. Todgers!"

"My goodness!" exclaimed that lady. "How low you are in your spirits, sir!"

"I am a man, my dear madam," said Mr. Pecksniff, shedding tears, and speaking with an imperfect articulation, "but I am also a father. I am also a widower. My feelings, Mrs. Todgers, will not consent to be entirely smothered, like the young children in the Tower. They are grown up, and the more I press the bolster on them, the more they look round the corner of it."

He suddenly became conscious of the bit of muffin, and stared at it intently: shaking his head the while, in a forlorn and imbecile manner, as if he regarded it as his evil genius, and mildly reproached it.

"She was beautiful, Mrs. Todgers," he said, turning his glazed eye again upon her, without the least preliminary notice. "She had a small property."

"So I have heard," cried Mrs. Todgers with great sympathy.

"Those are her daughters," said Mr. Pecksniff, pointing out the young ladies, with increased emotion.

Mrs. Todgers had no doubt of it.

"Mercy and Charity," said Mr. Pecksniff, "Charity and Mercy. Not unholy names, I hope?"

"Mr. Pecksniff!" cried Mrs. Todgers. "What a ghastly smile! Are you ill, sir?"
He pressed his hand upon her arm, and answered in a solemn manner, and a faint voice, "Chronic."

"Cholic?" cried the frightened Mrs. Todgers.

"Chron-ic," he repeated with some difficulty. "Chronic. A chronic disorder. I have been its victim from childhood. It is carrying me to my grave."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Mrs. Todgers.

"Yes it is," said Mr. Pecksniff, reckless with despair. "I am rather glad of it, upon the whole. You are like her, Mrs. Todgers."

"Don't squeeze me so tight, pray, Mr. Pecksniff. If any of the gentlemen should notice us."

"For her sake," said Mr. Pecksniff. "Permit me. In honour of her memory. For the sake of a voice from the tomb. You are very like her, Mrs. Todgers. What a world this is!"

"Ah! Indeed you may say that!" cried Mrs. Todgers.

"I'm afraid it is a vain and thoughtless world," said Mr. Pecksniff, overflowing with despondency. "These young people about us. Oh! what sense have they of their responsibilities? None. Give me your other hand, Mrs. Todgers."

That lady hesitated, and said "she didn't like."

"Has a voice from the grave no influence?" said Mr. Pecksniff, with dismal tenderness. "This is irreligious! My dear creature."

"Hush!" urged Mrs. Todgers. "Really you mustn't."

"It's not me," said Mr. Pecksniff. "Don't suppose it's me: it's the voice: it's her voice."

Mrs. Pecksniff deceased must have had an unusually thick and husky voice for a lady, and rather a stuttering voice, and to say the truth somewhat of a drunken voice, if it had ever borne much resemblance to that in which Mr. Pecksniff spoke just then. But perhaps this was delusion on his part.

"It has been a day of enjoyment, Mrs. Todgers, but still it has been a day of torture. It has reminded me of my loneliness. What am I in the world?"

"An excellent gentleman, Mr. Pecksniff," said Mrs. Todgers.

"There is consolation in that too," cried Mr. Pecksniff. "Am I?"
"There is no better man living," said Mrs. Todgers, "I am sure."

Mr. Pecksniff smiled through his tears, and slightly shook his head. "You are very good," he said, "thank you. It is a great happiness to me, Mrs. Todgers, to make young people happy. The happiness of my pupils is my chief object. I dote upon 'em. They dote upon me too. Sometimes."

"Always," said Mrs. Todgers.

"When they say they haven't improved, ma'am," whispered Mr. Pecksniff, looking at her with profound mystery, and motioning to her to advance her ear a little closer to his mouth. "When they say they haven't improved, ma'am, and the premium was too high, they lie! I shouldn't wish it to be mentioned; you will understand me; but I say to you as to an old friend, they lie."

"Base wretches they must be!" said Mrs. Todgers.

"Madam," said Mr. Pecksniff, "you are right. I respect you for that observation. A word in your ear. To Parents and Guardians. This is in confidence, Mrs. Todgers!"

"The strictest, of course!" cried that lady.

"To Parents and Guardians," repeated Mr. Pecksniff. "An eligible opportunity now offers, which unites the advantages of the best practical architectural education with the comforts of a home, and the constant association with some, who, however humble their sphere and limited their capacity—observe!—are not unmindful of their moral responsibilities."

Mrs. Todgers looked a little puzzled to know what this might mean, as well she might; for it was, as the reader may perchance remember, Mr. Pecksniff's usual form of advertisement when he wanted a pupil; and seemed to have no particular reference, at present, to anything. But Mr. Pecksniff held up his finger as a caution to her not to interrupt him.

"Do you know any parent or guardian, Mrs. Todgers," said Mr. Pecksniff, "who desires to avail himself of such an opportunity for a young gentleman? An orphan would be preferred. Do you know of any orphan with three or four hundred pound?"

Mrs. Todgers reflected and shook her head.
"When you hear of an orphan with three or four hundred pound," said Mr. Pecksniff, "let that dear orphan's friends apply, by letter post-paid, to S.P. Post office, Salisbury. I don't know who he is exactly. Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Todgers," said Mr. Pecksniff, falling heavily against her: "Chronic—chronic! Let's have a little drop of something to drink."

"Bless my life, Miss Pecksniffs!" cried Mrs. Todgers, aloud, "your dear pa's took very poorly!"

Mr. Pecksniff straightened himself by a surprising effort, as everyone turned hastily towards him; and standing on his feet, regarded the assembly with a look of ineffable wisdom. Gradually it gave place to a smile; a feeble, helpless, melancholy smile; bland, almost to sickness. "Do not repine, my friends," said Mr. Pecksniff, tenderly. "Do not weep for me. It is chronic." And with these words, after making a futile effort to pull off his shoes, he fell into the fire-place.

The youngest gentleman in company had him out in a second. Yes, before a hair upon his head was singed, he had him on the hearth-rug.—Her father!

She was almost beside herself. So was her sister. Jinkins consoled them both. They all consoled them. Everybody had something to say, except the youngest gentleman in company, who with a noble self-devotion did the heavy work, and held up Mr. Pecksniff's head without being taken notice of by anybody. At last they gathered round, and agreed to carry him up stairs to bed. The youngest gentleman in company was rebuked by Jinkins for tearing Mr. Pecksniff's coat! Ha, ha! But no matter.

They carried him up stairs, and crushed the youngest gentleman at every step. His bedroom was at the top of the house, and it was a long way; but they got him there in the course of time. He asked them frequently on the road for a little drop of something to drink. It seemed an idiosyncracy. The youngest man in company proposed a draught of water. Mr. Pecksniff called him opprobrious names for the suggestion.

Jinkins and Gander took the rest upon themselves, and made him as comfortable as they could on the outside of his bed; and when he seemed disposed to sleep, they left
him. But before they had all gained the bottom of the staircase, a vision of Mr. Pecksniff, strangely attired, was seen to flutter on the top landing. He desired to collect their sentiments, it seemed, upon the nature of human life.

"My friends," cried Mr. Pecksniff, looking over the banisters, "let us improve our minds by mutual inquiry and discussion. Let us be moral. Let us contemplate existence. Where is Jinkins?"

"Here," cried that gentle. man. "Go to bed again!"

"To bed!" said Mr. Pecksniff. "Bed! 'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I hear him complain, you have woke me too soon, I must slumber again. If any young orphan will repeat the remainder of that simple piece from Doctor Watt's collection an eligible opportunity now offers."

Nobody volunteered.

"This is very soothing," said Mr. Pecksniff, after a pause. "Extremely so. Cool and refreshing; particularly to the legs! The legs of the human subject, my friends, are a beautiful production. Compare them with wooden legs, and observe the difference between the anatomy of nature and the anatomy of art. Do you know," said Mr. Pecksniff, leaning over the banisters, with an odd recollection of his familiar manner among new pupils at home, "that I should very much like to see Mrs. Todgers's notion of a wooden leg, if perfectly agreeable to herself!"

As it appeared impossible to entertain any reasonable hopes of him after this speech, Mr. Jinkins and Mr. Gander went up stairs again, and once more got him into bed. But they had not descended to the second floor before he was out again; nor, when they had repeated the process, had they descended the first flight, before he was out again. In a word, as often as he was shut up in his own room, he darted out afresh, charged with some new moral sentiment, which he continually repeated over the banisters, with extraordinary relish, and an irrepressible desire for the improvement of his fellow creatures that nothing could subdue.

Under these circumstances, when they had got him into bed for the thirtieth time or so, Mr. Jinkins held him, while his companion went down stairs in search of Bailey junior, with whom he presently returned. That youth, having been apprised of the service required of him, was in great
spirits, and brought up a stool, a candle, and his supper; to the end that he might keep watch outside the bedroom door with tolerable comfort.

When he had completed his arrangements, they locked Mr. Pecksniff in, and left the key on the outside; charging the young page to listen attentively for symptoms of an apoplectic nature, with which the patient might be troubled, and, in case of any such presenting themselves, to summon them without delay. To which Mr. Bailey modestly replied that "he hoped he knew wot o'clock it was in general, and didn't date his letters to his friends, from Todgers, for nothing."

[DICKENS. Martin Chuzzlewit.]
THE MALTWORM'S MADRIGAL

DRINK of the Ale of Southwark, I drink of the
Ale of Chepe;
At noon I dream on the settle; at night I cannot
sleep;
For my love, my love it groweth; I waste me all the day;
And when I see sweet Alison, I know not what to say.

The sparrow when he spieth his Dear upon the tree,
He beateth-to his little wing; he chirketh lustily;
But when I see sweet Alison, the words begin to fail;
I wot that I shall die of Love— an I die not of Ale.

Her lips are like the muscadel; her brows are black as ink;
Her eyes are bright as beryl stones that in the tankard wink;
But when she sees me coming, she shrilleth out— "Te-Hee!
Fye on thy ruddy nose, Cousin, what lackest thou of me?"
“Fye on thy ruddy nose, Cousin! Why be thine eyes so small?
Why go thy legs tap-lappety like men that fear to fall?
Why is thy leathern doublet besmeared with stain and spot?
Go to. Thou art no man (she saith)—thou art a Pottle-pot!”

“No man,” i’ faith. “No man!” she saith. And “Pottle-pot” thereto!
“Thou sleepest like our dog all day; thou drink’st as fishes do.”

I would that I were Tibb the dog; he wags at her his tail;
Or would that I were fish, in truth, and all the sea were Ale!

So I drink of the Ale of Southwark, I drink of the Ale of Chepe;
All day I dream in the sunlight; I dream and eke I weep,
But little lore of loving can any flagon teach,
For when my tongue is looséd most, then most I lose my speech.

[Austin Dobson. Varia.]
SICK DICK; OR, THE DRUNKARD'S TRAGEDY

Dick was sick last night, good lack! 
With a colley-walley-walley-walley-walley-wubbles;  
He walked to the Lion, but they carried him back,  
And Dick was sick all over the cobbles.

He walked to the Lion as lordly as a lecher,  
With a colley-walley-walley-walley-walley-wubbles;  
But they bore him back on a home-made stretcher,  
And Dick was sick all over the cobbles.

He swilled and swallowed like some old sow,  
With a colley-walley-walley-walley-walley-wubbles;  
Till he belched and bellowed like our milch-cow,  
And Dick was sick all over the cobbles.

The ale at the Lion is bright and old,  
With a colley-walley-walley-walley-walley-wubbles;
And that's what made Dick overbold,
   And Dick was sick all over the cobbles.

Dick grew loving as it grew late,
   With a colley-walley-walley-walley-walley-wawbles;
And he gave a hug to Slommicky Kate,
   And Dick was sick all over the cobbles.

But when he tried to kiss Jane Trollop,
   With a colley-walley-walley-walley-walley-walley-wawbles;
He went to the floor with a whack and a wallop,
   And Dick was sick all over the cobbles.

For he bussed Jane Trollop bang in the eye,
   With a colley-walley-walley-walley-walley-walley-wawbles;
While her Cullie Claude was standing by,
   And Dick was sick all over the cobbles.

And Cullie Claude is a surly swain,
   With a colley-walley-walley-walley-walley-walley-wawbles;
For when Dick got up he downed him again,
   And Dick was sick all over the cobbles.

So we set Dick up upon a chair,
   With a colley-walley-walley-walley-walley-walley-wawbles;
And wiped the saw-dust from his hair,
   And Dick was sick all over the cobbles.

And he's better today, and says, Good lack,
   With a colley-walley-walley-walley-walley-walley-wawbles;
Take me on a stretcher and I'll walk back,
   And Dick was sick all over the cobbles.

[VICTOR B. NEUBURG.]
AMONG THE PIRATES

ONE NIGHT, drinking in his cabin with Hands, the pilot, and another man, Black-beard, without any provocation, privately draws out a small pair of pistols and cocks them under the table. Which being perceived by the man, he withdrew and went upon deck, leaving Hands, the pilot, and the Captain together. When the pistols were ready, he blew out the candle and crossing his hands, discharged them at the company. Hands, the master, was shot through the knee and lamed for life; the other pistol did no execution. Being asked the meaning of this, he only answered by damning them, That if he did not now and then kill one of them, they would forget who he was.

[JOHNSON: Lives of the Pyrates.]
ON THE NAIL, HUNTER'S HOOP, & SHOEING-HORNS

RINKING super-nagulum, that is, on the nail, is a device, which Nash says is new come out of France; but it had probably a northern origin, for far northward it still exists. This new device consisted in this, that after a man, says Nash, hath turned up the bottom of the cup to drop it on his nail, and make a pearl with what is left, which if it shed, and cannot make it stand on, by reason there is too much, he must drink again for his penance.

The custom is also alluded to by Bishop Hall in his satirical romance of "Mundus alter et idem," "A Discovery of a New World," a work which probably Swift read, and did not forget. The Duke of Tenter-belly in his oration, when he drinks off his large goblet of twelve quarts, on his election, exclaims, should he be false to their laws, "Let never this goodly-formed goblet of wine go jovially through me; and then he set it to his mouth, stole it off every drop, save a little remainder, which he was by custom to set upon his thumb's nail, and lick it off as he did."

The phrase is in Fletcher:

I am thine ad unguem—that is, he would drink with his friend to the last. In a manuscript letter of the times, I find an account of Columbo, the Spanish ambassador being at Oxford, and drinking healths to the Infanta. The writer adds, "I shall not tell you how our doctors pledged healths to the Infanta and the archduchess; and if any left too big a snuff, Columbo would cry, supernaculum! supernaculum!

This Bacchic freak seems still preserved; for a recent traveller, Sir George Mackenzie, has noticed the custom in his Travels through Iceland. "His host having filled a silver cup to the brim, and put on the cover, then held it towards the person who sat next to him, and desired him to take off the cover, and look into the cup; a ceremony intended to secure fair play in filling it. He drank our health, desiring to be excused from emptying the cup, on account of the indifferent state of his health; but we were informed at the same time that if any of us should neglect any part of the ceremony, or fail to invert the cup, placing the edge on
one of the thumbs as a proof that we had swallowed every drop, the defaulter would be obliged by the laws of drinking to fill the cup again, and drink it off a second time. In spite of their utmost exertions, the penalty of a second draught was incurred by two of the company; we were dreading the consequences of having swallowed so much wine, and in terror lest the cup should be sent round again."

‘Carouse’ has been already explained: the hunter’s hoop alludes to the custom of hoops being marked on a drinking-pot, by which every man was to measure his draught. Shakespeare makes the Jacobin Jack Cade, among his furious reformation, promise his friends that "there shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer." I have elsewhere observed that our modern Bacchanalians, whose feats are recorded by the bottle, and who insist on equality in their rival combats, may discover some ingenuity in that invention among our ancestors of their peg-tankards, of which a few may yet occasionally be found in Derbyshire; the invention of an age less refined than the present, when we have heard of globular glasses and bottles, which by their shape cannot stand, but roll about the table; thus compelling the unfortunate Bacchanalian to drain the last drop, or expose his recreant sobriety.

We must have recourse again to our old friend Tom Nash, who acquaints us with some of "the general rules and inventions for drinking, as good as printed precepts or statutes by act of parliament, that go from drunkard to drunkard; as, still to keep your first man; not to leave any flocks in bottom of the cup; to knock the glass on your thumb when you have done; to have some shoeing-horn to pull on your wine, as a rasher on the coals or a red-herring."

"Shoeing-horns, sometimes called gloves, are also described by Bishop Hall in his "Mundus alter et idem." "Then, Sir, comes me up a service of shoeing-horns of all sorts; salt cakes, red-herrings, anchovies, and gammon of bacon, and abundance of such pullers-on." That famous surfeit of Rhenish and pickled herring, which banquet proved so fatal to Robert Green, a congenial wit and associate of our Nash, was occasioned by these shoeing-horns.
Massinger has given a curious list of "a service of shoeing-horns."

—I usher

Such an unexpected dainty bit for breakfast
As never yet I cook’d; ’tis not Botargo,
Fried frogs, potatoes marrow’d, cavar,
Carps’ tongues, the pith of our English chine of beef,
Nor our Italian delicate, oil’d mushrooms,
And yet a drawer-on too; and if you show not
An appetite, and a strong one, I’ll not say
To eat it, but devour it, without grace too,
(For it will not stay a preface) I am shamed,
And all my past provocatives will be jeer’d at.

To knock the glass on the thumb, was to show they had performed their duty. Barnaby Rich describes this custom: after having drunk, the president "turned the bottom of the cup upward, and in ostentation of his dexterity, gave it a fillip, to make it cry ting."

They had among these 'domineering inventions' some which we may imagine never took place, till they were told by 'the hollow cask'.

How the waning night grew old.

Such were flap-dragons, which were small combustible bodies fired at one end and floated in a glass of liquor, which an experienced toper swallowed unharmed, while yet blazing. Such is Dr. Johnson's accurate description, who seems to have witnessed what he so well describes. When Falstaff says of Poins's acts of dexterity to ingratiate himself with the prince, that "he drinks off candle-ends for flap-dragons," it seems that this was likewise one of these 'frolics,' for Nash notices that the liquor was "to be stirred about with a candle's-end, to make it taste better, and not to hold your peace while the pot is stirring," no doubt to mark the intrepidity of the miserable 'skinker.' The most illustrious feat of all is one, however, described by Bishop Hall. If the drinker "could put his finger into the flame of a candle without playing hit-I-miss-I! he is held a sober man, however otherwise drunk he might be." This was considered a trial of victory among these 'canary-birds,' or bibbers of canary wine.

[ISAAC DISRAELI: Curiosities of Literature.]
MEANWHILE, I was cold and tired and starved; I would go home,—home if I could walk there,—and if my limbs were not too weak and stiff to support me—Oh, for a draught of Absinthe!—that would soon put fire into my veins and warm the numbness of my heart! I paused a moment, still gazing at the dull water and the dull mists; then all at once a curious sick fear began to creep through me; an awful premonition that something terrible was about to happen, though what it was I could not imagine. My heart began to beat heavily;—I kept my eyes riveted on the scene immediately opposite, for while the sensation I speak of mastered me, I dared not look behind. Presently I distinctly heard a low panting near me like the breathing of some heavy creature—and my nervous dread grew stronger. For a moment I felt that I would rather fling myself into the Seine than turn my head. It was an absurd sensation,—a cowardly sensation; one that I knew I ought to control and subdue, and after a brief but painful contest with myself I gathered together a slight stock, not of actual courage but physical bravado,—and slowly, irresolutely looked back over my own shoulder, then unspeakably startled and amazed at what I saw, I turned my whole body round involuntarily and confronted the formidable beast that lay crouched there on the Pont Neuf, watching me with its sly green eyes and apparently waiting on my movements. A leopard of the forest at large in the heart of Paris!—could anything
be more strange and terrifying? I stared at it,—and it stared at me! I could almost count the brown velvet spots on its tawny hide,—and I saw its lithe body quiver with the pulsations of its quick breath,—and for some minutes I was perfectly paralysed with fear and horror;—afraid to stir an inch! Presently, as I stood inert and terror-stricken, I heard steps approaching, and a labourer appeared carrying some tin cans which clinked together merrily,—he whistled as he came along, and seemed to be in cheerful humour. I watched him anxiously. What would he do,—what would he say when he caught sight of that leopard lying on the bridge, obstructing his progress? Onward he marched indifferently,—and my heart almost ceased to beat for a second as I saw him coming nearer and nearer to the horrible creature. . . . What!—was he blind?—Could he not see the danger before him? I strove to cry out, but my tongue was like stiff leather in my mouth,—I could not utter a syllable;—and lo!—while my fascinated gaze still rested on him he had passed me!—passed apparently over or through the animal I saw and dreaded!

The truth flashed upon me in an instant,—I was the dupe of my own frenzy—and the leopard was nothing but a brain-phantom! I laughed aloud, buttoned my coat close over me and drew myself erect,—as I did this, the leopard rose with slow and stealthy grace, and when I moved prepared to follow me. Again I looked at it—again it looked at me,—again I counted the spots on its sleek skin,—the thing was absolutely real and distinct to my vision,—was it possible that a diseased brain could produce such seemingly tangible shapes? I began to walk rapidly,—and another peculiarity of my hallucination discovered itself,—namely, that before me as I looked I saw nothing but the usual surroundings of the streets and the passing people,—but behind me, I knew, I felt the horrible monster at my heels,—the monster created by my own poisoned thought,—a creature from whom there was no possible escape. The enemies of the body we can physically attack, and often physically repel,—but the enemies of the mind,—the frightful phantoms of a disordered imagination—these no medicine can cure, no subtle touch disperse!

And yet I could not quite accept the fact of the nervous havoc wrought upon me. I saw a boy carrying a parcel of
"Figaros" to a neighbouring kiosque and stopping him, I purchased one of his papers.

"Tell me," I then said, lightly and with a feigned indifference. "Do you see a—a great dog following me? I chanced upon a stray one on the Pont Neuf just now, but I don't want it at my lodgings. Can you see it?"

The boy looked up and down and smiled.

"Je ne vois rien, monsieur!"

"Merci!" and nodding to him I strolled away, resolved not to look back again till I reached my own abode.

[Marie Corelli: Wormwood.]
ALCOHOL AND THE ABSOLUTE

The next step into mystical states carries us into a realm that public opinion and ethical philosophy have long since branded as pathological, though private practice and certain lyric strains of poetry seem still to bear witness to its ideality. I refer to the consciousness produced by intoxicants and anaesthetics, especially by alcohol. The sway of alcohol over mankind is unquestionably due to its power to stimulate the mystical faculties of human nature, usually crushed to earth by the cold facts and dry criticisms of the sober hour. Sobriety diminishes, discriminates, and says No; drunkenness expands, unites and says Yes. It is in fact the great exciter of the Yes function in man. It brings its votary from the chill periphery of things to the radiant core. It makes him for the moment one with truth. Not through mere perversity do men run after it. To the poor and unlettered it stands in the place of symphony concerts and of literature; and it is part of the deeper mystery and tragedy of life that whiffs and gleams of something that we immediately recognise as excellent should be vouchsafed to so many of us only in the fleeting earlier phases of what in its totality is so degraded a poisoning. The drunken consciousness is one bit of the mystic consciousness, and our total opinion of it must find its place in our opinion of that larger whole.

Nitrous oxide and ether, especially nitrous oxide, when sufficiently diluted with air, stimulate mystical consciousness in an extraordinary degree. Depth beyond depth of truth seems revealed to the inhaler. This truth fades out, however, or escapes, at the moment of coming to; and if any words remain over in which it seemed to clothe itself, they prove to be the veriest nonsense. Nevertheless, the sense of a profound meaning having been there persists; and I know more than one person who is persuaded that in the nitrous oxide trance we have a genuine metaphysical revelation.

Some years ago I myself made some observations of this aspect of nitrous oxide intoxication, and reported them in print. One conclusion was forced upon my mind at that time, and my impression of its truth has ever since remained
unshaken. It is that our normal waking consciousness, rational consciousness as we call it, is but one special type of consciousness, whilst all about it, parted from it by the filmiest of screens, there lie potential forms of consciousness entirely different. We may go through life without suspecting their existence; but apply the requisite stimulus and at a touch they are there in all their completeness, definite types of mentality which probably somewhere have their field of application and adaptation. No account of the universe in its totality can be final which leaves these other forms of consciousness quite disregarded.

[William James. The Varieties of Religious Experience.]

A DRUNKEN SONG IN THE SAURIAN MODE

Two Mogs which, in the abstract, pull
A Puffin and a Pentacle,
    Nor synthesize too soon,
    Can hocket Crisp and Cosmic Things,
What time th' untutor'd Unko sings
    Her enharmonic Rune.

But ALLIGATORS, which, to One
Accustomed to the Bathly Bun,
    Seem to Recant and Sneeer,
Connive, and so coagulate
The polyphonic postulate
    At £50 a year.

One stamping Secretary-bird
Might solve the Sempiternal Surd:
     BUT, ON THE OTHER HAND,
No Judge may juggle Stibial Stars
For fubsy Punks in Public Bars
    Where Cranes are Contraband.

[Rab Noolas. Grisly contingencies, interspersed (however) with pleasing propositions.]
MOTHERS' RUIN

There are certain old women of Maida Vale
Whom no prayers Bands of Hope ever pray'd avail
To convert from the sin
Of imbibing neat gin,
(Though they seem to be strangely afraid of ale).

[RAB NOOLAS.]
EVERYBODY was drunk that night in honour of the Saint's bounty, though Miss Wilberforce reached the climax of her activities at the early hour of 4 p.m.—during the torchlight procession.

An uproar had been generated at the Club; chairs were broken, bottles smashed, and sporting prints kicked about—all on account of a comical but rather scurrilous speech contrasting Europe with Australasia by a newcomer, a member of the New Zealand House of Representatives, who limped home not long afterwards with a damaged shinbone and black eye. The more violent parties had been ejected during that incident, or carried to their lodgings. Only about half the usual number was left—all moderates, so far as drinking was concerned, but all more or less screwed that day as befitted the occasion. There was the card-table group, where Mr. Muhlen, with heightened colour in his cheeks, was losing money in so brilliant a fashion that everyone swore he must be on the verge of coming into a legacy or making some coup with a rich woman. In another room the so-called bawdy section, presided over by the dubious Mr. Hopkins, were discussing topics not adapted to polite ears. The artistic group, sadly thinned by the ejection of four of its more imaginative and virile members who had distinguished themselves in the fray, now solely consisted of two youngsters, a black-and-white man and a literary critic; they sat in a corner by themselves, talking about colour-values in maudlin strains.

The ordinary club-group had, as usual, installed themselves in the most comfortable chairs on the balcony. They were boozing steadily, like gentlemen, and having no end of fun with the poor little Norwegian professor and his miscalculations. One of them—a venerable toper of Anacreontic youthfulness known as Charlie, who turned up on Nepenthe at odd intervals and whom the oldest inhabitant of the place had never seen otherwise than in a state of benevolent fuddle—was saying to him:
“Instead of filling yourself up with whisky in that disgusting fashion, my friend, you ought to travel. Then you wouldn’t make such an exhibition of yourself as you did this afternoon over those ashes. Talk about volcanoes! Ever seen the Lake of Pitch in Trinidad? Queer place, Trinidad. You never know where you are. Though I can’t say I saw much of it myself. I was asleep most of the time, gentlemen, and often tight. Mostly both. All angles and things, as you sail along. To get an idea of that place, you must take a banana, for instance, and cut it in half, and cut that in half again, and that half in half again—the banana, mind you, must always remain the same size—or suppose you keep on peeling a potato, and peeling, and peeling—well, Mr. Professor, what are you laughing at now?”

“I was thinking what an interesting map one could draw of Trinidad if it’s like that.”

“Interesting? That’s not the word. It’s Hell. I wouldn’t care to take on that job, not even to oblige my poor old mother who died fifty years ago. Ever been to Trinidad, Mr. Richards? Or you, Mr. White? Or anybody? What, has nobody been to Trinidad? You ought to travel more, gentlemen. How about you, Mr. Samuel?”

“Never further West than the Marble Arch. But a friend of mine kept a ranch somewhere down there. One day he shot a skunk. Yes, Mr. White, a skunk.”

“A skunk? I’m blowed. What on earth ever for did he do that? What did he want with a skunk? I thought they were protected by law to keep down rattlesnakes. That’s so, isn’t it, Charlie?”

“Snakes. You should see them in Trinidad. Snakes. Great Scot! It’s a queer place, is Trinidad. All angles and things—”

“I don’t think one can talk about a place being all angles and things, unless—”

“Tell me, Charlie, what did the fellow on the ranch want to do with that rattle-snake?”

“Couldn’t say, my son. Maybe he thought of sending it to his mother. Or perhaps he didn’t want the skunk to get hold of its tail: see?”

“I see.”
"They're very sensitive about their tails. As ticklish as any young girl, I'm told."
"As bad as all that, are they?"
"I don't think one can talk about angles when describing an island or even a continent, except in a figurative and flowery fashion. As teacher of geometry, it is my business to dwell among angles; and the thirty-five boys in my class will bear witness to the fact that my relations with angles, great and small, are above reproach. I admit that there are angles everywhere, and that a man who really likes their company will stumble against them in the most unexpected places. But they are sometimes hard to see, unless one deliberately looks for them. I think Charlie must have been looking for them in Trinidad."
"I said angles and things, and I always stick to what I say. And things. You will be good enough, Mr. Professor, to draw your map accordingly."
"Gentlemen! I rise to a point of order. Our Indian friend here is greatly annoyed. He has been accused of wearing stays. At his urgent request I have convinced myself, by personal inspection, that he wears nothing of the kind. He is naturally slim-waisted, as befits a worthy representative of the noble Hairyan race. It has also been suggested that he loses caste by his present mode of conduct. He begs me to say that, being a Jamshi-worshipper, he doesn't care a brass farthing about caste. Thirdly, he has been blamed in certain quarters for his immoderate indulgence in Parker's poison. Let me tell you, gentlemen, in my capacity as Vice-president, that for the last four thousand years his family has enjoyed a special dispensation from the Great Mogul, authorising the eldest son to drink whatever he damn well pleases. Our friend here happens to be the third son. But that is obviously not his fault. If it were, he would have come forward with an apology long ago. Gentlemen! I can't speak fairer than that. Whoever says I'm not a gentleman—why, he isn't one either."
"Hear, hear! I never knew you were an ornithologist, Richards."
"Nor did I—not till this moment. But when it's a question of defending the honour of a Club-member I always rise to the occasion. Some things—they simply
make my blood boil. Look at this *Referee*: two weeks out of date! How the blazes is a man——"

"I say, Charlie, what did the fellow on the ranch want to do with that skunk? Something about tickling, wasn’t it?"

"Hush, my boy. We can’t talk about it here. You’re not old enough yet. I don’t think I ought to tell you. It’s too funny for words . . ."

"You’re a black-and-white man and I’m a writer, and really, you know, we’re a cut above all those sots on the balcony. Now just be reasonable for a moment. Look here. Have you ever thought about the impossibility of realizing colour description in landscape? It’s struck me a good deal lately, here, with this blue sea, and those orange tints on the mountain, and all the rest of it. Take any page by a well-known writer—take a description of a sunset by Symonds, for example. Well, he names all the gorgeous colours, the yellow and red and violet, or whatever it may be, as he saw them. But he can’t make you see them—damned if he can. He can only throw words at your head. I’m very much afraid, my dear fellow, that humanity will never get its colour-values straightened out by means of verbal symbols."

"I always know when a man is drunk, even when I’m drunk myself."

"When?"

"When he talks about colour-values."

"I believe you’re right. I’m feeling a bit muzzy about the legs, as if I couldn’t move. A bit fuzzy——"

"Muzzy, I think you said."

"Fuzzy."

"Muzzy. But we needn’t quarrel about it, need we? I shall be sick in a minute, old man."

"It’s rather hard on a fellow to be always misunderstood. However, as I was saying when you interrupted me, I am feeling slightly wobblish in the peripatetic or ambulatorial department. But my head’s all right. Now do be serious, for a change. You don’t seem to catch my drift. This blue sea, and those orange tints on the mountains, I mean to say—how are they going to be held fast by the optic apparatus! The lens, you understand. I want to be able
to shove them into a sketch-book, like you fellows. Well, how? That’s what I want to know. How to turn my retina into a canvas.”

“Rot, my good sir.”

“It may be rot to you, but it strikes me as rather unfortunate, all the same, when you come to think of it. This blue sea, I mean, and those orange tints and all that, you know. Take a sunrise by John Addington. Of course, as a matter of fact, we ought both to have been born in another age—an age of sinecures. Why are sinecures extinct? I feel as if I could be Governor of Madagascar at this moment.”

“I feel as if you were getting slightly intoxicated.”

“That’s me. But it’s only my legs. My head is astonishingly clear. And I do wish you would try, just for once in a way, to follow my meaning. Be reasonable, for a change! I mean to say that a man has talents for all sorts of things. I, for example, have pronounced views upon agriculture. But what’s the use of farming without capital? What I mean to say is this: we see the blue sea and the orange tints on the mountains, and all that, I mean, and we don’t seem to realize, I mean, that we may die at any moment and never see them again. How few people grasp that simple fact! It’s enough to make one sick. Or do you think it’s a laughing matter?”

“Bally rotten, I call it. You’re quite right. People don’t realize things the way they ought, except in a few selected moments. They live like animals. I shall be sick in a minute, old man.”

“Like animals. Good Lord! You’ve hit the nail on the head this time. How true that is. Like animals. Like animals.”

“I know what we want. We want fresh air. No more Parker’s poison for me. Let’s take a stroll.”

“I would if I could. But I can’t get off this chair, damn it. I shall fall down if I move an inch. I can hardly turn my head round, as it is. Awfully sorry. You don’t mind, do you?”

“Gad! That’s awkward. Couldn’t we take your chair along with us, somehow? I’m going to be sick, I tell you, this very minute.”

“Not here, not here! Third on the left. But surely,
my dear fellow, you can put it off a little longer? Can’t you be reasonable, for once in your life? Just for once in your life? Do listen to what those inebriated lunatics are saying on the balcony . . ."

“What did you do to that skunk, Charlie?”

“Not if I know it, young man. I promised my mother I’d never tell. Another day, perhaps, when I’ve got a little whisky inside me. It’s too funny for words.”

“You oughtn’t to go tickling girls, Charlie. It’s not polite, at your age . . .”

They all cleared out, as it seemed, after midnight; some on all fours, many of them fairly perpendicular. But when the serving lad entered the premises in the sober light of morning, to clear up the débris, he was surprised to perceive a human form reclining under a table. It was the young Norwegian professor. He lay there wide awake, with dishevelled hair and an inspired gleam in his eye, tracing on the floor, with the point of a corkscrew, what looked like a tangle of parallelograms and conic sections. He said it was a map of Trinidad.

[NORMAN DOUGLAS. South Wind.]
THE DRUNKEN WIZARD

HIS is a tale of sons of ale,
    Myself among the number,
Who said "The world is slumber-curled;
    We'll wake the world from slumber."

We crossed the downs like bawdy clowns,
    Outsang the wind's wild revel,
Committing sins at scores of inns
    And drinking like the devil;

Till on a night of storm's delight
    We met the Drunken Wizard
Extracting coins from gipsies' groins
    And leaping through the blizzard.

He capered high against the sky
    And roared for all men willing
To drain a pail of mystic ale
    And spend the Roman shilling.

Then travelling fast athwart the blast
    He howled in every tavern,
"I guzzle hops in lusty drops,
    My belly is a cavern!"

We pressed a crew for barley brew
    From Hurstmonceux to Dicker
And launched the Fleet at Bodle Street
    In oceans of good liquor.

But drinking died when someone cried,
    "I'm half-a-pail from tipsy,
So search the coast, you magic host,
    And find another gipsy!"

The Wizard rose, "The dawn wind blows;
    I call Saint Luke at seven."
And, saying that, put on his hat
    And staggered back to Heaven.
Then nearly all at the world's call
   Went meekly to the slaughter:
Some lost their lives by taking wives,
        And one went mad from water.

We few remain above the slain,
        And from the wind's direction
We hear on high his battle-cry
   "Good ale and Resurrection!"

[BRUCE BLUNT.]

A PATRIOT

Willesden Magistrate: "What made you get drunk?"
Defendant: "Well, sir, my friends wanted to take me to Canvey Island, and the thought of leaving my own country upset me."

[1926.]
SEEN AT SEA

ADELAIDE WIRE: "The mate and fourth mate of the Dutch steamer Blitar, now at Port Adelaide, report that on Sunday morning they saw a huge albatros with two heads, one of which was black, and the other white. It circled the ship several times. In a glass case the seamen have a fish with two tails, each more than six inches long."

It doesn't quite get up to the record of a tramp steamer that ran short of water on a voyage from Scotland to Western Australia in the Roaring Nineties.

When the aqua ran completely out the officers and crew were reduced to drinking part of the main portion of the cargo, Highland Whisky diluted with Dublin stout.

That continued for about a week when a P. and O. liner came along and sent aboard a supply of fresh water.

On first sighting the booze-tramp the P. and O. liner's officers were amazed to see signals flying indicating that on board was smallpox, yellow fever, and measles.

Another set told that they were aground on a reef (this was in deep mid-ocean), that they wanted a shore lighter to come off and take away the dead marines, that the galley had run out of kindling wood, the captain had gone on a honeymoon on a life-raft, and the chief steward had eloped with the stewardess (there was no such person as the latter on board).

When the couple of P. and O. officers clambered aboard the alcoholic tramp they were amazed to see the captain and the first, second, and third mates playing skittles with bottles of champagne, while the crew shared parti-coloured cray-fish all over the deck.

The merriest wag of the lot was the bo'sun.
He climbed to the top of the funnel, the fires having gone out.
He told the P. and O. officers he was a ham, and he was smoking himself!

[Western Mail, Perth : W. Australia ; early 1928.]
A SPIRITED TESTIMONIAL

SALES MAN had received a case of whisky from a customer, and, having sampled it, was impelled to type a letter of thanks. The result read as follows:—

Dear Sir,—How extremely kind of you to send me that case of whisky for Christmas. I have never tasted such marvellous whisky in my life. I have never tasted such marvellous whisky and I keep tasting it.

The whisky you have sent me for Christmas is marvellous. I keep tasting it, and how kind of you to send this wondrous whickehkey for Xmas which I keep tashing.

Its really moshkind of you to keep sending me thish whisky in cases which I keep tashing for Xmas and tashing hic doc dickery dock.

What kind whishky ole man how ex thash ex- tremely marvelous to tash on Xmas you greatt fine ud thatank you ole for extraextra extrem whwhaishy ininain cashcase $6\frac{1}{4}$ &\&\& XXXX kisses Kissmus & Xmu $(4\frac{1}{2}y\frac{111}{4})$ &ole opa 111

CHeeRi oo OOL$\frac{3}{2}$8g.

[From The Brewer, 1929.]
ALL OFF FOR A BUSTER


Waiting, guvnor? Most deciduously. Bet your boots on. Stunned like seeing as how no shiners is acoming. Underconstumble? He’ve got the chink *ad lib.* Seed
near free poun on un a spell ago a said war hisn. Us come right in on your invite, see? Up to you, matey. Out with the oof. Two bar and a wing. You larn that go off of they there Frenchy bilks? Won’t wash here for nuts nohow. Lil chile velly solly. Ise de cutest colour coon down our side. Gawds teruth, Chawley. We are nac fou. We’re nac the fou. Au reservoir, Mossoo. Tanks you.


You move a motion? Steve boy, you’re going it some. More bluggy drunkables? Will immensely splen-diferous stander permit one stooder of most extreme poverty and one largesize grandacious thirst to terminate one ex-pensive inaugurated libation? Give’s a breather. Land-lord, landlord, have you good wine, staboo? Hoots, mon, wee drap to pree. Cut and come again. Right Boniface!

Golly, whatten tunket’s you guy in the mackintosh? Dusty Rhodes. Peep at his wearables. By mighty! Jubilee mutton. Bovril, by James. Wants it real bad. D’ye ken bare socks? Seedy cuss in the Richmond? Rawthere! Thought he had a deposit of lead in his penis. Trumpery insanity. Battle the Bread we calls him. That, sir, was once a prosperous cit. Man all tattered and torn that married a maiden all forlorn. Slung her hook, she did. Here see lost love. Walking Mackintosh of lonely canyon. Tuck and turn in. Schedule time. Nix for the hornies. Pardon? See him today at a runefal? Chum o your passed in his checks? Ludamassy! Pore piccinninies! Thou’ll no be telling me thot, Pold veg! Did ums blubble big-splash crytears cos frien Padney was took off in black bag? Of all de darkies Massa Pat was verra best. I never see the like since I was born. *Tiens, tiens,* but it is well sad, that, my faith, yes. O get, rev on a gradient one in nine. Live axle drives are souped. Lay you two to one Jenatzy licks him ruddy well hollow. Jappies? High angle fire, inyah! Sunk by war specials. Be worse for him, says he, nor any Rooshian. Time all. There’s eleven of them. Get ye gone. Forward, woozy wobblers! Night. Night. May Allah, the Excellent One, your soul this night ever tremendously conserve.

Your attention! We’re nae the fou. The Leith police dismisseth us. The least tholice. Ware hawks for the chap


Lynch! Hey? Sign on long o me. Denzille lane this way. Change here for Bawdyhouse. We two, she said, will seek the kips where shady Mary is. Righto, any old time. Laetabuntur in cubilibus suis, You coming long? Whisper, who the sooty hell's the johnny in the black duds? Hush! Sinned against the light and even now that day is at hand when he shall come to judge the world by fire. Pflaap! Ut implerentur scripturae. Strike up a ballad. Then outspake medical Dick to his comrade medical Davy. Christicle, who's this excrement yellow gospeller on the Merrion hall? Elijah is coming. Washed in the Blood of the Lamb. Come on, you winefizzling ginsizzling boozeguzzling existences! Come on, you dog-gone, bull-necked, beetlebrowed, hogjowled, peanutbrained, weaseleyed fourflushers, false alarms and excess baggage! Come on, you triple extract of infamy! Alexander J. Christ Dowie, that's yanked to glory most half this planet from 'Frisco Beach to Vladivostok. The Deity aint no nickel dime bumshow. I put it to you that he's on the square and a corking fine business proposition. He's the grandest thing yet and don't you forget it. Shout salvation in King Jesus. You'll need to rise precious early, you sinner there, if you want to diddle the Almighty God. Pflaaap! Not half. He's got a coughmixture with a punch in it for you, my friend, in his backpacket. Just you try it on.

[JAMES JOYCE. Ulysses.]
AFTER having shewn in the foregoing Chapters, that Drunkenness reigns all the World over, Nulla in parte mundi cessat Ebrietas. Let us see what we may hence infer in its favour: And I ask if the Agreement of so many different Nations, to do one and the same Thing, proves nothing, and may not, in some Measure, serve as an Apology for Drunkenness? For if one considers, that the surprizing Variety of the Humour and Temperament of Men, do, notwithstanding, in no wise hinder them from agreeing unanimously in this Point, one shall have a very strong Temptation to believe, that the Desire of getting Drunk is an innate Quality, and we shall be confirmed in this Sentiment after tasting experimentally the exquisite Sweetness caused by Drunkenness.
And now, before I subscribe my self,

SIR,

Your most obedient, &c.

give me leave to tell you, that the French Religious, who do not speak much Latin, drink Healths in their own Language. But I was surprized, when I heard in a certain Monastery every one of the Fathers drink a full Glass to each other in these Words, a Bumper, as I thought. I am obliged to your Reverence (Reverend Father, said I to the Procurator, who sat next me, and drank to me in the same Words) in drinking in our Country Language, you do me a great deal of Honour. It may be your Country Phrase, said the Prior to me, very gravely, for what I know; your Country Men make use of a great many of our Words, but the Thing it self, let the Word (or Vox significans) be what it will, the Thing (or res significat) is very laudable, and every one will practise, who has any respect for the Sacred See, Holy Church, and the good of his own Soul. Did you never hear of the Indulgencies that the good Father, Holy Pope St. Boniface, has granted to such as drink his Cup, and which we have just now piously done? I ask Your Reverence's Pardon, Reverend Father, said I, I thought we had only been drinking a Bumper to one another. Seulement au bon pere! replied he a little warmly (for the Conversation was all in French, and which Word I till then mistook for a Bumper.) Why, that is all, said he, mais (continued he) c'etoit au bon pere Saint Boniface. You see, Sir, the double Entendre, and, that drinking of Bumpers, which some Precisians have ignorantly called Profane, is a Practice very Orthodox and Catholic.
Heigh Church militant, rare Church militant, dainty Church militant, O!

Adieu, mon très-cher,
Votre ami tres-affectioné
&
Valet bien-humble
F. SANS-Terre

P.S. I paid the Waterman Six Pence.

FINIS

Which, being interpreted,

is

THE END
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