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W A R N I N G
T O
DRAM-DRINKERS.

BEING
AN ATTESTED ACCOUNT
OF THE

DREADFUL EFFECTS
Of that PERNICIOUS VICE.



L O N D O N :
Sold by W. OWEN, at *Homer's Head*, near
Temple-bar. MDCCLI.
Price One Penny, or Six-pence a Dozen to such pub-
lic-spirited People as will give them away.

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A
W A R N I N G
 TO
DRAM-DRINKERS.

My dear Countrymen and Women,

THIS comes to your Hands from one who has been formerly addicted to the excessive Use of strong Liquors, and who, by the dreadful Effects they had upon him, as to his Fortune, his Health, and his Soul, has been made to see his own desperate Madnefs and Folly, and has, through the great Mercy of GOD, been spared to repent and reform, and return to Sobriety and Virtue; and would be glad to be the Means of faving any poor thoughtless Wretch from temporal and eternal Destruction, the natural Consequences of that worst Kind of Debauchery.

You must know, my dear Friends, that I had a virtuous Education, and was once possess'd of a very handsome Fortune, which, with the divine Blessing on an honest Industry, might have set me up in business, and maintained a Family. I was bound Apprentice to a Tradesman in *London*. I cannot be more particular for Reafons which will appear afterwards. My Master was, in every Respect, a proper Person for bringing up a Youth, and fitting him for Bufiness, except that, having no Sense of Religion himself, he

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IF any Person doubts the Truth of the following Narrative, he may, by applying to the Bookseller, be convinced, that the Substance of it is real Fact, and attested by unquestionable Evidence.

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neither attended public Worship on *Sundays*, nor insisted on the regular Behaviour of his Apprentices in that Respect. As he generally went into the Country on *Sundays*, I and the other young People were left to our own Management. Having neither Father nor Mother alive, and being under the Care of a Relation in the Country, I was more at Liberty than any of the others: And the Courses I soon took to, shewed that I had a great deal too much. It was my constant Practice every *Sunday* to be engaged with a Set of debauch'd young Fellows, in some mad Ramble or other. The Consequences of which were the Destruction of a great deal of Money, the spoiling of my Constitution with filthy Diseases I caught among the wicked Women I frequented; and what was worse than all, the debauching of my Mind, hardening and accustoming me to Vice, in a Manner that made it almost impossible to get rid of the bad Habits I acquired. So that I may say, all the Wickedness I have been guilty of, has been owing to Idleness, and rambling about on *Sundays*. Not to tire your Patience with a particular Account of my Progress from one Crime to another, and from one Degree of Debauchery to another, I will only mention, that by the Time I might have been settled in the World, and in a Way of getting a handsome Subsistence, I had gone such Lengths in Drinking, Gaming, and Lewdness, that I had but a few hundred Pounds left in the World. At this Time getting acquainted with a very young Lady of a good Fortune and fine Accomplishments, I had Art enough to draw her into a Marriage, by which I gained a farther Supply for my Extravagance, and her utter Ruin was confirmed. It was found necessary by her Relations to separate us very quickly; her very Life being in Danger from me. In my Debauchery, I often caught the most abominable of all Distempers, and infected that amiable innocent Creature. Children, very fortunately, I had none; nor was it to be expected,

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pected, considering the Life I led. At last, having run out all I had, and being abandoned by all my Acquaintance, I sunk to a State of Wretchedness which no Description can equal. My whole Subsistence was what I extorted from my unhappy Wife's Relations by threatening them. Having so long accustomed myself to Drunkenness, I had no Thought of any Happiness but that of being in a State inferior to the vilest of the Brutes. Not being in a Condition to afford Wine, or any wholesome Liquor, I was fain to take to that nauseous, poisonous Trash, *Gin*. At first, the Mixture of horrid Tastes was hardly tolerable: But after a Glass or two, any Thing will go down, and all Tastes are alike. Then it comes so cheap, that one may get drunk for a Penny, and mad for two Pence. And such is the dreadful Effect of it, that, whereas in all other Drunkenness, common Humanity has still some little Hold of a Person; and he who is drunk with Ale or Wine, is only a vile, nasty Swine: A man that is inflamed with spirituous Liquors, is a Devil broke loose from Hell, and is fit to murder all he meets, and to set Towns on Fire. Whenever I got drunk, it was my Custom to go to the House of my unhappy Wife's Brother, and to make a Riot, threatening to murder them, and set the House on Fire. They generally got rid of me by giving me a few Shillings, which I spent as fast as I could. I was so unhappy as to come to the Gate one Night just as my Brother and Sister-in-law, and my unhappy Wife got out of a Coach, and waited to be let in. As soon as I saw them, the Devil and the *Gin* being strong in me, I drew out a Knife, and made a Stroke at my poor Wife; but, happily for her, my Foot slipt, and down I fell. I was not so much concerned at finding myself seized by my Brother-in-law, and in the Hands of Officers, who presently took me into Custody, as I was at missing my Blow, and that I had not the Opportunity of imbruing my Hands in the

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Blood of my poor innocent Wife. For I could at that Time, and whenever I was enraged with Gin, have ript up the Womb that conceived me. O merciful Father, remove this dreadful Instrument of Mischief from the Earth! I was carried directly to *Bridewell*, where I continued some Time; and was let out at last I knew not how; but found afterwards, it was by my injur'd Wife's Intercession, at whose Hands I deserved Nothing better than the Gallows. From this Time forward I turned a perfect Kennel Raker. I lay many a Night drunk in Entries, in blind Alleys, and upon Bulks. I sometimes went to the empty Houfes about the Skirts of the Town, where forty or fifty tattered Wretches lie and wallow together like Swine in their own Vomit and Excrement, and rise only to get, or steal a few Pence, to enable them to renew the nauseous Draught, which disqualifies them for every Thing but rolling among Swine, or raging among Devils.

I was now reduced to that Degree of Wretchedness, that the Rags I wore I was obliged to tie about me with Cords, and for Shoes I had only Pieces of Soals and Upper-leathers picked up in the Streets, and bound about my Feet, in the same Manner, with Strings. The Scenes of Horror, of Villainy, and of Beastliness I was concerned in, during the two or three Years I passed in this Manner, are both too dreadful to shock the Public with, and it would be, besides, as much as my Life is worth to be more particular. For, I take Shame to myself; I own before GOD, and the few who know the Particulars of my wicked Life; I confess, tho' the Remembrance stabs me to the Soul, I was guilty of repeated Villainies, for each of which I deserved to die a shameful Death; and for one particularly I should certainly have been brought to Justice, had it not been for the heavenly Goodness of my injured Wife, who, forgetting all the horrible Usage she had received from me, interposed, like a pitying Angel, contrived

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an effectual Method to save me from the Jaws of Death, and from what must have been my Portion in another World. To think that I owe it to that tender-hearted, faithful Creature, that I am not this Day howling among Devils and damned Spirits; that I was the Cause of inexpressible Anguish, and of the untimely Death of the best of Women. Monster, Hell-hound, Miscreant that I have been! The Mercy must be infinite, that has not struck dead in an Instant such a Wretch, and sent me before now to my Account with all my Crimes upon my Head, to sink me to the lowest Pit of Destruction. Yet, I must say, the horrid Deeds I have done were rather to be imputed to the cursed Effect of that hellish Draught, Gin, than to any extraordinary Wickedness of my natural Disposition. Nor are there many Gin-drinkers much better than I have been. Nor is any Thing too horrid for one, who is fired by spirituous Liquors, to attempt. But to proceed, soon after my Deliverance from this imminent Danger of Destruction, I was seized with a Complication of Distempers, occasioned by the repeated Draughts I had taken down of that Soul and Body-poisoning Drink. Being worn to a Skeleton, and grown more like a dead Corpse than a living Creature, I crawled one Day to my Brother-in-law's Gate, where when I arrived, not being able to keep on my Legs, I dropped, and lay along as one ready to expire. My tender-hearted, affectionate Wife, understanding that I was there, had me restored with Cordials, and carried to an Hospital, where I lay for a great many Months in a most deplorable Way. After undergoing a dreadful Course of Sickness, and suffering a Set of terrible Operations, I, at last, thro' the great Goodness of GOD, to the Astonishment of all who knew my Case, recovered to such a Measure of Health, that at Intervals now-and-then, I am able to read or talk, but am often racked with dreadful Pains, and sunk with Sickness and Weakness, so that I should

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wish to die rather than to live, if it was not that I dread to die, when I consider the Life I have lived. I am but thirty-eight Years of Age; but I am so wasted, my Bowels so torn to Pieces, and my Vitals so exhausted, by the Quantities of liquid Fire I have swallowed, that I don't expect to live many Years longer. My Subsistence at present is a small Annuity, left me by that blessed Saint; being all she was able to keep out of the Reach of my Extravagance, and which is paid me by my honoured Brother-in-law.

To cast an Eye backward on the horrible Scene of Madness I have been describing, and of which I have not, nor dare not describe a hundredth Part; what Fruit have I of all the brutish Debauchery, and the dreadful Waste of Time and Money that I have made? How happy might I have been in the Possession of an easy Income, of an agreeable Set of Friends, and a loving and lovely Wife! How many worthy Actions might I have done! How happy might I have been, and how happy might I have made Numbers about me! Instead of which—my past Life has been but one continued Course of Wickedness, and my present is rather to be called a lingering Death, than Life; and what is abiding me in another World, GOD only knows. And the Case of other debauched People, especially the excessive Drinkers of Spirits, is much the same as mine. How many have I known, who have told me in a sober Hour, what Happiness in Life they had deprived themselves and Families of by their Debauchery, and of the dreadful State they found themselves in, the cruel Pains they suffered, the severe Fits of Sickness, and the Horrors of Conscience they endured, to put an End to which, several I have known, have hanged and drowned themselves. How many have I known of them, who have stifled all Thought and Fear of Punishment either in this World or the next, and going a robbing or house-breaking, have ended their Days at Tyburn. And I doubt not
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but many of those I have caroused with here, are now howling in the infernal Regions.

Take Warning, I beseech you, my dear, unhappy Fellow-creatures. You, who are not yet past all Consideration, who have not yet got beyond all Thought and Reflection, let me intreat you, by the Love of God, by your natural Affection for your Families, by the Fear of Beggary and Misery in this World, and of eternal Damnation hereafter, avoid all Kinds of Debauchery, especially the Drinking of spirituous Liquors. If you give Way to it, it will grow upon you more and more, and you will at Length be so engaged to it, that you will never be able to get the better of your Inclination for it, so that you will at last care for Nothing else. And can you think of giving up all the Comfort and all the Credit of Life, of stripping your Houses, and your Backs, of begging yourselves and your Children, of ruining your Healths, and damning your Souls for a Draught of nasty, poisonous, stinking, intoxicating Fire and Brimstone of Hell. You have Experience of its terrible Effects upon your Constitutions, your Purfes, and your Minds. You find it reduces you to Beggary, to Sickness, and to Madness. What Truth there is in what is universally believed of the wicked Inventions of some who practise Distilling, I know not: But you may be sure they are very indifferent what they make you drink, so they can but get Money by it. It is, one Way or other, bad enough to ruin all that meddle with it. Ask the Physicians, and they will tell you, as they did the other Day before the House of Commons, that twice as many People are now received into the Hospitals yearly, as used to be thirty Years ago, before the drinking of Gin came in, and that most of the Diseases of the poor People are owing to Nothing but cursed Gin. Ask the Butchers, and Makers of Bacon, and they will tell you, that the Flesh of the very Hogs, which live upon Distiller's Grains, is so poisoned, that it
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will not hold the making into Bacon, and that their Guts are rotted with it; and yet those Creatures only eat the Grains, and drink none of the cursed fiery Spirit. Ask the Parish Clerks, and they will tell you how the Number of Children born every Year in the Parishes has decreased, since the unhappy Mothers took to poisoning themselves, and the poor Babes in their Wombs, with Gin. The very Ministers of some Parishes have declared, they were frighted at the miserable Looks of the poor Infants that have been brought to be baptized, and were tempted to doubt, whether such ghastly Figures were really human Creatures or not. Such are the dreadful Effects of this cursed Liquor; and such will be its Effects upon you, if you do not take Warning in Time, and leave it off before it be too late: For after you have taken a Liking to it, it will be scarce possible to leave it off.

You will always find, that whenever you are guilty of any Piece of Madness or Wickedness, it will draw you into some Difficulty one Way or other. Either you will have the Loss of Money, of Health, or of Peace, to lament: You will find yourselves, by every bad Action, either distressed by the Want of what you have foolishly squandered away, distracted with Fear of being punished in this World, or tormented with the Stings of your Consciences, and the Terror of the Judgments of GOD; unless you stifle your Consciences, which is still a more dreadful Condition. Whereas, if you live soberly, and endeavour to get an honest Subsistence by Diligence in your Business, you will enjoy Health of Body, you will be always easy in your own Minds; you will have the Favour and Countenance of all good People; and will enjoy your Families in Peace and Comfort, which is a far greater Pleasure, than roaring in a Gin-shop. And if, instead of rambling abroad on *Sundays*, debauching yourselves, and spending your whole Week's Earnings in one Day, you will go to Church to Worship
GOD,

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GOD, your Maker and Preserver, and hear your Duty explained to you; you will find the divine Blessing will attend you while you live, and when you come to die, you will find your Minds at Peace, and will, even in that awful Hour, enjoy the delightful Prospect of everlasting Happiness.

If the little Pains I have taken in drawing up this Account of what I have suffered by my Debauchery, (which I am in Hopes to get dispersed among you) should, through the Blessing of GOD, be the happy Means of preventing one single Person from running headlong to Destruction, from swallowing his own Death and Damnation, it will be very well bestowed. If you will not listen to good Advice, you must take the Consequences. The Misery you bring upon yourselves and your Families, the Diseases and Pains you bring upon your Bodies, the shortening of your Lives, and the eternal Destruction of your Souls; you must stand to all. Your Blood will be upon your own Heads; and the Warning I have now given you will appear against you at the dreadful Day of Judgment.

F I N I S.

