

Temperance Pioneers of the West

Thomas Hudson



Sewers,
No.

Decr 2nd 1908



Yours truly,
Thomas Hudson

TEMPERANCE PIONEERS
OF THE WEST.

PERSONAL AND INCIDENTAL EXPERIENCES.

BY

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Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society.

With Portrait.

SECOND EDITION.

London :

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR
AT THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE PUBLICATION DEPÔT,
337, STRAND, W.C.

1888.

BUTLER & TANNER,
THE SELWOOD PRINTING WORKS,
FROME, AND LONDON.

HV 5030

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1888

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NOTES AND CORRECTIONS TO SECOND EDITION.

Page 33. The meeting stated to have been held in Brunswick Square Congregational Chapel on the 29th of June, 1835, took place in the Old Assembly Rooms. The date of the one held in the chapel cannot be ascertained, but the author was present at both meetings, and Joseph Eaton spoke on each occasion.

Page 39, line 4 of the poetry, *for* "midnight bowl" *read* "midnight brawl."

Page 75. Samuel Bowly was born on March 23rd, 1802, and died on March 23rd, 1884.

Page 81. In the list of names of the Alexander family, that of Frederick, aged 75, was inadvertently omitted, but the average stated (78 years) is correct.

Page 113, line 18, *for* "Jas." *read* "James."

Page 147, line 17, *for* "pioneers of teetotalers" *read* "pioneers of teetotalism."

Page 163, line 1, *for* "June" *read* "January," 1841. Line 6, *for* "Sharp," *read* "Smart."

Page 172, line 24, *for* "Bayley" *read* "Bayly."

Page 208. Theodore Compton was the first Secretary of both the National Temperance Society and the Temperance Provident Institution, but these were not "united," though the business of each was conducted at 39, Moor-gate Street, London, E.C.

Page 217, line 6, *for* "Castilian" *read* "Castalian."

Page 217, line 19, and page 218, line 13, *for* "Paul" *read* "Paull."

Page 218, line 13, and page 222, lines 9 and 22, *for* "Gavid" *read* "Gaved."

Page 228, line 7, and page 229, lines 13 and 18, *for* "Martin" *read* "Martyn."

Page 257, line 21, *for* "William" *read* "John" Allen.

Page 272, line 5, *for* "National" *read* "London" Temperance League.

To

WILLIAM ISAAC PALMER, ESQ., J.P.,

WHO HAS LONG HONOURED ME WITH HIS FRIENDSHIP,

I DEDICATE,

IN RECOGNITION OF HIS DISTINGUISHED DEVOTION TO THE

TEMPERANCE CAUSE,

THESE PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

FAITHFUL, HEROIC MEN OF A BY-GONE GENERATION.

P R E F A C E.

“I HAVE observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure,” says the old *Spectator*, “till he knows whether the author of it be a black or fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of a like nature that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author.”

To furnish, in imitation of so quaint an example, a circumstantial account of my personal peculiarities, would be, to those who do not know me, far from edifying, and to those who do, quite superfluous. In the following pages, however, liberty has been taken casually to allude to such parts of my history as may be supposed to “conduce to the right understanding” of the writer and his book. As an architect would not presume to erect an elaborate portico unsuitable to a building of very humble pretensions, I shall simply state, as a reason for the publication of this volume, that representations were made to me that a memento of my

long connection with the Temperance cause, in a more permanent form than my platform utterances, would be acceptable to my friends, and perchance might, in a still wider sphere, prove interesting and useful.

Influenced by these considerations, I have written, and now commend to the attention of the reader, the narration of my incidental experiences and personal acquaintance with the Temperance Pioneers of the West.

THOMAS HUDSON.

July, 1887.

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PART I.

CITY AND COUNTY OF BRISOL.

CHAPTER I.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

IF there be any truth in the generally accepted proposition that "the child is father to the man," there were not wanting in my case early indications of those mental and moral qualities, such as they are, which have since governed and regulated my life in all its moods and declensions. While yet in my teens, I was strongly possessed with a desire to hear, irrespective of orthodoxy or heterodoxy, the most eminent and popular preachers of the day; and if only a man was worth hearing, I went to listen.

Bristol was then renowned for its pulpit orators, such as Thomas Roberts, Robert Hall, William Thorp, John Leifchild, and Dr. Lant Carpenter; and these were supplemented by equally famous men from London and other parts of the country. William Jay, James Parsons, James Sherman, Adam Clarke, John Angell James, Dr. Chalmers, and the eccentric Rowland Hill, occasionally visited the old city; and, with one or two exceptions, it was my privilege to hear all these distinguished men.

Notwithstanding my broad and eclectic proclivities, I regularly attended with the family the

chapel belonging to the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, and in the Sunday School attached had for my teacher the late Rev. Joseph Sortain, B.A., "a man of rare eloquence," as his In Memoriam tablet sets forth, who afterwards settled at Brighton, and among whose hearers, during the "season," were to be observed eminent statesmen, poets, and other literary men of the period. That I might hear to profit and understand the reason of things, I was desirous to learn the exact meaning of the language used by the preachers; and for this purpose, out of my savings, bought a pocket edition of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, which I carried to chapel; and when, for example, I heard for the first time that high-sounding word "latitudinarianism" fall from the lips of the minister, I at once consulted my lexicon; and in this way, by degrees, was formed my initial vocabulary.

The platform was then a very limited arena for the discussion of topics of public interest, and there were but few opportunities for hearing high-class oratory apart from those afforded by the pulpit. The exception was that of the Law Courts; and here, when chance offered, I was to be found, drinking in with youthful avidity the forensic eloquence of the gifted men who travelled the Western Circuit. I well remember Crouder, Erle, Kinglake, and Bompas (probably the original Sergeant Buz-

fuz); and have especially before me now a man of diminutive stature, with a remarkably florid face and long pointed nose, whose silvery tones of voice and graceful action charmed the Court, if his advocacy did not always convince the jury. This rising star in the legal profession afterwards became Attorney-General, also Recorder of Bristol, and eventually Lord Chief Justice Cockburn of the Court of Queen's Bench.

Among the most vivid of my youthful recollections were the Bristol Riots of 1831. It should be observed that one of the stoutest opponents of Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform was the redoubtable member for Old Sarum, Sir Charles Wetherell. During the debates in the House of Commons on the latter subject, Sir Charles had contemptuously said that the inhabitants of Bristol did not *want* reform. The consequence of this rash statement was, that when, by virtue of his office as Recorder, he "entered an appearance," a numerous contingent of rough and ready-to-hand "lewd fellows of the baser sort" made the question of Reform a pretext to set "all the city in an uproar," and perpetrated a wanton and indiscriminate attack on the persons and property of the law-abiding citizens. On the morning of Saturday, October the 29th, the Recorder was met by the civic authorities at Totterdown, on the

south side of the city. Thence, accompanied by the Mayor, High Sheriff, and other officials, Sir Charles, with the usual flourish of trumpets, but amid much danger and difficulty, proceeded to the Guildhall in Broad Street, to open the King's Commission. This was but the beginning of the storm which later on in the day, and during the night, raged so furiously over the defenceless city.

As I sat alone in the family pew in the forenoon of Sunday, the service was suddenly brought to a close, the Rev. William Lucy having received a notification that all loyal citizens were at once to repair to the Council House to give assistance to the magistrates. As there was nothing in the precept to show that *boys* were not wanted, I, with the thoughtlessness incident to youth, instead of going home to give my anxious mother ocular proof that I was *not* the boy report said had been shot, proceeded first to the Council House and then to the Bridewell, one part of which then stood on the site now occupied by the new Magisterial Courts and the Police Station. The Governor, Mr. Evans, had just sat down to dinner, which he was not permitted to finish; the prisoners were liberated, and so much of the structure as was combustible was set on fire. Having witnessed inside the Bridewell the earlier stages of the siege, I withdrew, and directed my steps, through drizzling rain and muddy

streets, to the large gaol in Cumberland Road. By means of sledge hammers, iron bars, and other instruments, the doors were forced, locks and bolts were destroyed, the cells were thrown open, and the prisoners—one hundred and seventy-five in number—were set free. Shortly after this, the Gloucester County Prison on the east side of the city was in flames; and simultaneously the Mansion House and the Bishop's Palace shared the same fate, as also did the Custom House and two sides of Queen Square.

During the sacking and setting on fire of the Mansion House, over the roof of which the Recorder had in disguise ignominiously to escape, *minus* his dinner, the wine cellars received special attention from the lawless and thirsty mob, and the scenes which followed were worthy of the Roman Saturnalia. Hundreds of both sexes and all ages rushed hither and thither, regardless of danger and bent upon mischief; until, overcome by their excesses, they lay by scores upon the ground in a state of drunken insensibility—some to sleep the sleep of death. Colonel Brereton and Captain Warrington, two officers in command of the military forces, were cited before a court-martial for dereliction of duty. The captain was found guilty; the colonel, a man much esteemed, and of handsome and imposing presence, anticipated the

verdict, and blew out his brains. Mr. Charles Pinney the Mayor, and certain other magistrates, were tried in the Court of King's Bench, and honourably acquitted. On January the 2nd, 1832, no fewer than one hundred and fourteen persons were indicted before the special commission, and of that number eighty-one were convicted. Some were imprisoned, others transported; against twenty-six formal sentence of death was recorded, but four only went to the scaffold. One of these, William Clarke, respectably connected, who, under the influence of drink, had taken a conspicuous part in the rebellion, was brother to a married lady whom I personally knew. I was in her company a few days before her brother's execution, and her anguish of mind was terrible to witness. Throughout the trials, which lasted for eight days, there was evidence of the fact that strong drink was a powerful incentive to the deeds of violence and villainy committed in these disgraceful riots. In the early morning of January the 27th, in view of a motley and awe-stricken crowd, the four culprits were publicly gibbeted over the gateway of the old City Prison.

In my schoolboy days Bands of Hope and Juvenile Temples were not in fashion; and the learned preceptor from whom I received daily in-

struction was occasionally guilty of a practice not calculated to improve either the manners or the morals of his pupils. Feeling at a certain hour depression of the animal spirits, and by consequence a craving for diffusible stimulants, he now and then conferred upon me the much-envied privilege of fetching from an adjacent tavern a supply of "Six-penny," which, to do justice to my old tutor, be it said, he did not wholly appropriate to himself. He that would govern others should himself be governed. But a small quantity of alcohol quickly disturbed the equilibrium of dominie; and when so affected, it did not always go well with Tom or Harry who could not "say his lesson," or presumed to invoke the master's aid in the solution of a mental difficulty.

At our annual breaking-up we were regaled with plum-cakes of enormous size, to which was added a glass of wine, more or less, according to the supposed capacity of the recipient to stand the effects of vinous indulgence. Whatever the physical effects of the liquor may have been, the *mental* results were wonderful. Each boy very soon began to manifest the latent qualities of his character in strict accordance with his individual temperament. Some became slightly but visibly the worse for liquor; others, wishing to appear *manly*, affected to be more intoxicated than they really were; while

all, by general consent, thought it "jolly" to have the chance once a year of imitating the *men* by drinking a bumper of wine.

My widowed mother, too, had imbibed the notion that a little beer was capable of producing much physical good. To avoid, however, the necessity of sending to the public-house, as well as from motives of economy, a firkin of ale from an establishment which professed to supply "small families in casks," was occasionally imported. At the time to which I refer we were seven in family. I cannot undertake to say exactly how long nine gallons of ale were supposed to last, but do not think more than two quarts a week were consumed, so that the benefit derived, whatever the quality of the liquor, must have been very insignificant. That the firkin of ale did not, according to my mother's calculation, always "live out its expectation," I can positively affirm; for, having been taught that beer was nourishing, I took the liberty now and then, before the family was astir in the morning, to supply myself with an unknown quantity; and this I did, not so much because I had really contracted a fondness for the liquor, as from a growing conviction that the more ale I drank in reason the greater the benefit.

After I had partially quitted home to reside with some friends, who, on account of the death of my father, took a semi-parental interest in me, I became

still further possessed with the idea that intoxicating drinks in moderation were dietetically of the highest value. It was insisted that I should take daily a modicum of porter as a corrective to the system, as I was much inconvenienced in spring and autumn with boils and slight skin eruptions. To the porter was added in the evening an occasional glass of whisky and water, made agreeable to the palate by additions of lemon-juice and sugar.

The boils and the eruptions did not disappear ; but there not unfrequently followed in the morning a severe headache and bleeding at the nostrils. I then began to suspect that the porter and the whisky had to do with their production. In consequence of this suspicion, I voluntarily gave up their use ; and, simultaneously with the act, the headache and the hemorrhage passed away, and also the boils and the skin eruptions.

About the time of this new and happy experience, I happened in my general reading to alight on the biographies of several persons who had been distinguished for their extraordinary longevity ; and in studying their habits and dietary noted the fact that, in nearly every case, they were persons whose modes of living had been exceedingly simple, and who had either altogether abstained from stimulants, or had been moderate drinkers of the weakest kinds of fermented liquors. I then

became an abstainer, having reasoned myself, young as I was, to certain conclusions apart from a perusal of the very limited Temperance literature then published, or from having listened to any platform advocacy.

According to the "declaration" to which I afterwards subscribed my name, I agreed to abstain "from all intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal purposes, and in religious ordinances." I never, however, liked the exceptions, and so from the first acted in advance of the conditions I agreed to observe. I have never tasted alcohol as a medicine, and only once, and that in earlier life, in a religious service; nor have I ever offered intoxicating drinks to my friends or to my domestics, or permitted their use as a beverage in my family.

I had not at first seen the incompatibility between abstinence from alcohol and the use of tobacco, and was led without reflection to imitate my seniors by occasional indulgence in the fragrant weed. Having set up a cigar case, I one day thought to do special honour to a gentleman who had an interest in my education, and offered him a choice Havana. Instead of accepting what I innocently intended as a compliment, he said, in sarcastic tones, and with a withering curl of the lip, "Mr. Hudson, I never make myself such a monkey." Though intensely mortified at this curt kind

of treatment, I was wise enough to accept the reproof, and at once abandoned the silly practice of smoking.

Like most men of my age, "I have seen ups and downs in life," but through "fine and stormy weather" have never had reason to alter my practice; and yet physically I should not be considered a robust man, and certainly did not come of a stock remarkable for the possession of great muscular force. I do not say that abstinence from intoxicating drinks necessarily exempts a man from occasional ailments, for the abstainer may, and sometimes does, act imprudently; and if he do, he is naturally and not unreasonably the sufferer. But as one moral act often governs another, a man who has been wise enough to lay a voluntary restraint upon himself as regards the use of alcohol is, I have remarked, usually found to be prudent in the observance of other practices which tend to promote his health and physical well-being.

As to the effects of my practice on the animal spirits, I may venture to say that few persons who drink intoxicating liquors enjoy more general cheerfulness than myself; and in my advocacy of the Temperance cause I have thought it important to convey the idea that there is no necessary connection between the Temperance pledge and hopeless melancholy. The "great fools" of society, as

a modern, but not very elegant, poet has suggested the teetotalers to be, are not to be reckoned as "down among the dead men" because they do not drink wine: the facts of every-day life point in the opposite direction.

In regard to physic, my own experience differs but slightly from that of a lady friend of mine, who signed the pledge at eighty-four, and died in faith at ninety-three. This venerable disciple was accustomed to say that she never spent but one half-crown for physic (which she didn't swallow), and jocosely added, that "if all patients had been like *she*, two doctors would be glad to ride on one horse."

My formal connection with the Bristol Tee-Total Temperance Society took place on June the 6th, 1836, at the old Mechanics' Institute in Broadmead; and from that date I became actively associated with the first advocates of Total Abstinence in Bristol and the western counties. I think I am correct in saying that on this particular night the speakers were James Teare of Preston, and Samuel Taylor and Thomas Barlow, of Birmingham. No three men in physique and mental characteristics could be more dissimilar: each in his own way made his mark; but the address of the last-named, a coach-smith by trade, was a masterpiece of simple, unadorned eloquence, which

took the audience by surprise. All things must have a beginning; so shortly after signing the pledge, I consented, at one of our weekly meetings of members (which was a sort of Committee of the whole House), to bear a testimony by offering a few remarks. My more public essay on the higher level was made at Redcross Street British School, before an immense audience of working-men and not over-refined women, a few of whom were boosy, and unfriendly towards a young speaker "who had never been drunk," and "didn't know nothin' about hard work." During the delivery of my address I broke down, whereat there was much laughter and derision. I was, however, plucky enough to reprove the offenders; and while my friends were giving me an encouraging cheer, picked up the lost thread of my memoriter speech, which, without further interruption, I was permitted to finish. Although this first effort at oratory was regarded by me as a partial failure, I received at the close of the meeting kind expressions of approval from many who were of the contrary opinion.

In the same week Mr. Robert Charleton, my brother Charles, and I, spoke at the Friends' Meeting House in Old Temple Street, which afterwards became a Jews' Synagogue, but was subsequently pulled down to make way for city improvements.

I may be permitted to add that the five brothers who constituted the male members of our family were all pledged abstainers. James, the eldest, who gained some reputation on London platforms by his facetious and ingenious poetical speeches, died on January the 21st, 1879. John, my only surviving brother, signed the pledge at Bristol on March the 27th, 1837, and we both possess our original cards of membership; so that he, like myself, has the honour to be a Jubilee Teetotaler!

CHAPTER II.

ROBERT CHARLETON, JOSEPH EATON, EDWARD THOMAS, AND OTHER LOCAL WORTHIES.

SOON after I signed the pledge began my more intimate acquaintance with Mr. Robert Charleton, who at that time owned a pin manufactory at Two Mile Hill, near Kingswood; a concern, it was understood, he benevolently carried on more for the benefit of the poor of the district than from any pecuniary profit he derived from the business. It was often my custom to walk out to the factory and see the operation of pin-making in all its stages. At a given time the proprietor would throw off his white apron, and conduct me to a cottage hard by, to partake of refreshments with him; and afterwards we either drove direct into Bristol, or went to a country teetotal meeting.

Robert Charleton was much in demand as a speaker. His abilities as an advocate were of an order that seldom failed to command for his addresses the attention they merited; and, probably more than any other prominent man in those turbulent times, he was exempt from personal insult and annoyance.

His chief characteristic as a speaker consisted in a judicious selection and collation of facts and figures, and the novel application of these in illustration of his subject. But his most telling addresses were those in which he narrated some incident he had met with in his travels, or in his visits to the houses of the intemperate, in language so appropriate, and pervaded by a pathos so real, as often to affect an audience to tears. But Robert Charleton had another side, and could not only enjoy a stroke of humour in others, but now and then gave proof that in this quality he himself was not deficient.

Never was there a more hopeful man than Mr. Charleton; with him there was "a silver lining to every cloud." Thus, when on one occasion there was a very small congregation, Mr. Charleton, on taking the chair, began in a cheerful and playful way by observing, "Friends, it is better to have a small meeting for a good object, than a large meeting to promote a bad purpose." This simple, quaint remark had a stimulating effect, and I have seldom been confronted with similar conditions without gathering encouragement from the recollection of this pleasant dictum of my sagacious friend.

Those who knew Robert Charleton only as a public man were but partially acquainted with his

intellectual vigour and varied attainments. These, in a special manner, found scope at his hospitable table on Ashley Down; where, as an adjunct to the good things provided by his excellent wife to satisfy the appetite, the guests were regaled by his genial and instructive conversation. Robert Charleton was well versed in statistics. I remember being one of a party at dinner, where an Irish clergyman, now deceased, was very voluble about the condition of the sister island. The worthy host listened to his random statements, and then courteously proceeded to show him, upon the authority of McCulloch, that he knew but little about the subject.

My friend had also a good knowledge of astronomy, and was able to set right any errors of which an amateur lecturer on the heavenly bodies might be guilty. "Hast thou, Thomas Hudson," he inquired one day, "heard the Rev. LL.B.'s lecture on the 'Occultation of Jupiter'?" I said I had not. "Then I have," he continued; "and, as a scientific performance, it was very poor." He then went into a technical disquisition on the subject, and ended by remarking that, though the lecture, scientifically considered, was very "poor," yet "the moral effect of it was very good." Now, although I was unable to comprehend how that which was scientifically incorrect could be morally

good, yet this is only one example among many which exhibited the simplicity of his character. Even when criticising the actions and motives of others, he possessed that "most excellent gift of charity," of which we read; so that, with qualification, it might be truly said, "his failings lean'd to virtue's side." The naturally amiable and pensive Robert Charleton was also an able controversialist; and while his time, money, and influence were chiefly devoted to the Temperance cause, he was ever ready, in response to the claims of citizenship, to take part in all political and social questions as they came to the front for discussion.

Regarding all war as opposed to the spirit and genius of the Christian religion, he viewed with disfavour our national military system, and resorted to what many would deem eccentric extremes to give effect to his convictions. The memorable journey Mr. Charleton took, in 1854, in company with Mr. Joseph Sturge and Mr. Henry Pease, to interview the Emperor of Russia in the interests of peace, shows what personal sacrifices he was willing to make in discharge of what he felt to be his Christian duty. An incident indicative of the watchfulness he exercised lest the love of vainglory should assert itself among the young, occurred in my presence at one of the annual tea meetings held at the Christmas season. A non-commissioned

officer on furlough gave an address in his usual regimentals, and at the close Robert Charleton offered the good man pecuniary assistance that he might appear at a subsequent meeting in the dress of a civilian. To the gaily decorated sergeant he delicately observed, "I fear the effect of thy martial finery on the young men will do more harm to their morals than thy teetotal testimony would do them good."

Robert Charleton's benevolence (which his ample means enabled him to dispense with a lavish hand) was the most unselfish and unostentatious I ever knew. "His pity gave ere charity began;" and the poor and needy, and him that had no helper, were never sent empty away.

Above all, Robert Charleton was a *devout* man, and much given to a perusal of Puritan literature and to daily meditation. He was mighty in the Scriptures, his reading of which was deeply impressive. "I would walk five miles," said a sea captain to Simon Short, "to hear Mr. Charleton read the 103rd Psalm."

To these various gifts and graces he added occasional authorship, and was greatly esteemed as an able minister among that body of Christians originally called "Quakers." A circumstantial and interesting account of his more strictly religious life and labours has been given by his sister-in-law,

Mrs. Anna F. Fox, in her *Memoir of Robert Charleton*, published in 1873.

A man of a widely different type was Mr. Joseph Eaton, in most respects the antipodes of Robert Charleton. I first met him in a social way at the house of an aristocratic Friend, who lived in good style at Chew Magna, whither, with others, I had gone on a teetotal expedition. I have to confess I had not a drawing towards Mr. Eaton; nor did I feel at ease in the company assembled, which was mainly composed of persons whose manners were stiff and formal, and whose peculiar dress was such as the Friends used to wear in the olden time. Joseph Eaton sat on the opposite side of the tea table, and courteously addressing me, said, "My young friend, shall I send thee a little toast?" and then parenthetically added, "Let me see, what is thy *first* name? thou knowest I cannot call thee 'Mister.'"

The treatment of myself by this rather austere-looking gentleman—as I then thought him—when we grew a little more familiar, occasionally took the form of innocent pleasantry at my expense. On introducing me to a meeting at Bedminster, he waggishly observed, "I will now call upon our young friend, Thomas Hudson, who will probably do better than the last speaker, being less nervous, and having had the brass candlestick rubbed over his

face by way of preparation." At this sly bit of fun the audience were much amused ; while I had the satisfaction to find that if, unlike Falstaff, I was not a humorist myself, I was like him the cause of wit and laughter in other people.

I am not aware that there is any portrait in existence of Joseph Eaton ; but some idea may be formed of his features from an incident I will here relate. As James Teare and I were scanning together a likeness of the hero of Waterloo, my companion broke the silence we had both preserved by saying, "What are you thinking of, Mr. Hudson?" I replied, "We are both thinking the same thing, and are also of one mind as to whom that picture resembles." Whether there was or was not any similarity in facial outline between Joseph Eaton and the Duke of Wellington, there were certainly many points of mental resemblance. Had Joseph Eaton been a military or naval commander, or, say, commissioner of police, he would have been a strict disciplinarian ; on the other hand, had he been a judge, no man would have administered the law with greater firmness and equity. Joseph Eaton was naturally a man of dignified demeanour and stately carriage, which some might interpret as savouring of pride ; but the impression of this seeming defect became modified on closer personal acquaintance.

Philanthropic man as he was, and ever ready wisely to spend his money for the good of others, a keen appreciation of what was fair and just was an observable trait in all his business relations. With, of course, reasonable abatement for poetic hyperbole, the language addressed by Hotspur to Owen Glendower would apply to the benevolent Joseph Eaton :—

“I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend ;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.”

Those who enjoyed his friendship had many opportunities of estimating both the strong and the weak points of his character ; for, if weak points there were, no one had a deeper sense of his own defects than Joseph Eaton. Having great faith in the influence of the press, and the more methodically to carry out his philanthropic ideas (for he was pre-eminently a man of system), Joseph Eaton kept on hand a stock of miscellaneous literature, embracing a great variety of subjects, such as Cleanliness and Thrift, one of his favourite tracts bearing the suggestive title, *Economy is Income*. Few visitors left his hospitable table without being presented with a printed memento of their visit, which they were expected to read and inwardly digest.

Set free, in 1835, from the claims of business as

an iron merchant, Joseph Eaton began in a more signal way his public career on behalf of peace, the liberation of the slave, the cause of temperance, and other kindred objects; and only those intimately acquainted with him were aware of the immense amount of toil and anxiety he voluntarily imposed upon himself for the public good.

And here it is proper to mention that just before the advent of the "Bristol Tee-Total Temperance Society," as it was then called, a meeting on behalf of the "British and Foreign Temperance Society," whose constitution proscribed the use of ardent spirits only, was held on June the 29th, in the Brunswick Square Congregational Chapel. Among those present were Mr. Joseph Eaton, Mr. Robert Charleton, James Teare, of Preston, and Mr. J. J. Jose, a well-known wine merchant in the city. In a forcible speech Mr. Eaton gave reasons why Total Abstinence was better than Moderation, and concluded by quoting testimonies from eminent medical practitioners in support of the novel views he then and there propounded. On returning from the meeting, he began to reflect that, having thus publicly advocated Total Abstinence, he could not now consistently practise Moderation; and became from that date a practical teetotaler.

"I should like to see the man I was ever afraid of," said James Teare, the great teetotal pioneer

from the North, after we had on one occasion enjoyed what he used facetiously to call a "teetotal row." To "pitch into the sinners," and "rout the Amalekites," and "give it to the soakers hip and thigh," afforded this bold "go-ahead" advocate supreme satisfaction; and here was a rare opportunity for an onslaught, of which James Teare was more than willing to take advantage.

James Teare, on rising, proceeded in a vein of scorching declamation to denounce the bibulous habits of professing Christians, interweaving into the body of his discourse apt quotations from Isaiah and Malachi, and other sacred writers, whose damnable utterances he tossed about like withered leaves before the gale. There is, it is said, but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous, and it was even so on this occasion. James Teare, by way of illustration, compared the vice of drunkenness to a mad, unmuzzled dog, left to roam at large to the danger of the public whom the authorities were, by law, bound to protect. "What would be thought," asked the speaker, "of the sanity of the person who should propose to gently pinch the animal's tail, or moderately squeeze its nose, or anything else so manifestly absurd, when by common consent the true remedy was the total annihilation of the infected beast?" At this point from that part of the chapel where I was seated, forthwith

issued from his hiding-place a fine mastiff dog, which, disturbed from his slumbers by the laughter and cheering that ensued, set up a loud and not unmusical bark, which added to the general merriment and excitement that prevailed.

It will be seen that the Society at this time was in a state of transition ; for it soon became manifest that "a bear is a bear, muzzled or unmuzzled," and that alcohol is alcohol, whatever disguise the mischief may assume. Eventually nothing but the Teetotal Pledge found favour at the meetings, and into this new development Joseph Eaton threw himself with all the ardour of a new conviction.

Joseph Eaton, like others among the few educated and influential men who took a prominent part in the meetings, was occasionally the object of ridicule. The fact of his having been an iron merchant was always remembered by certain semi-intoxicated wags who frequented Tailors' Hall. When, for example, he read, as he often did, extracts from some publication, he would, from defective sight, hold the lighted candle very near his face. When this was observed, some ill-behaved fellow would excite the audience by exclaiming, "Now then, old Iron Hoop, if thee doesn't mind thee'll burn thee nose!" This sally of vulgar wit Mr. Eaton always accepted with much good humour, remarking that iron, after all, was a very *useful* metal.

From failing health, Joseph Eaton gradually withdrew from the platform, and devoted himself more especially to the advocacy of the cause by means of the pen and the press. Recognising the importance of having a representative organ and public register of current events, in November, 1836, he began, and with assistance rendered him from time to time, conducted the *Bristol Temperance Herald*, till within a short period of his death. This publication, with which I was myself at one time connected, has since become the *Western Temperance Herald*, edited by my friend and successor, Mr. John Garth Thornton.

The munificence of Mr. Eaton was not confined to any particular branch of the Temperance enterprise. If a door of usefulness were opened, he thought it his duty to enter, and rightly judged that if our principles are to commend themselves to the intelligence of the more educated classes, arguments and appeals must be presented to them in such form and manner as entitle them to consideration.

Accordingly, he generously offered three prizes of £100 each for the best productions on the subjects of juvenile depravity, the physiological effects of alcoholic liquors, and the prohibition of the liquor traffic. The result of these noble offers was the production of the several works with which the public have since become familiar, and which

are to be found in the libraries of not a few of the literati, as well as on the shelves of most of our mechanics' and literary institutions.

This brief narrative of the benevolent labours of the late Joseph Eaton might well be deemed imperfect if it omitted to mention that, in addition to his being a liberal supporter of the several Temperance organizations of the country, he had earned for himself an imperishable name as one of the originators of the Bristol New Hospital, towards the erection and endowment of which he contributed the princely sum of six thousand five hundred pounds. If among her poets Bristol can boast of Chatterton and Southey, and among her philanthropists, of Whitson and Colston, Reynolds and Bonville, her future history will receive additional lustre by having inscribed on its pages the honoured name of Joseph Eaton.

The "third person singular," Mr. Edward Thomas (of the firm of John Thomas & Sons, West India merchants), with Robert Charleton, and Joseph Eaton, formed a sort of "*Tria juncta in uno*;" and when pecuniary help was needed, and inevitable responsibilities had to be incurred, these three gentlemen generously became the guarantors.

I have used the word singular, and that is not an inapt description; for with the many good

qualities which characterized Edward Thomas, his familiar friends had to make allowance for his occasional eccentricities. One of the drawbacks, as will be seen, to accepting favours from a rich man is that you have often to receive them in such manner and on such terms as he may choose to impose; and, to the less wealthy recipient, that is not always pleasant. Now Edward Thomas kept a gig and one or two splendid high-spirited horses, and he knew how to handle the ribands with grace and dexterity. Occasionally he met me in the city, and would suddenly invite me to a country drive, extending many miles and occupying considerable time. Yet, during our journey, scarcely a word would pass between us; so that this enforced silence (fresh air and lovely scenery notwithstanding) proved a little depressing to a youth loquaciously inclined. If his methods of doing good were singular, they were very practical and convincing, especially to certain people who believed more in the proofs offered by a good "feed" than in abstract reasoning, however logical and conclusive. Edward Thomas not infrequently, by means of gratuitous tickets, got together as many of the fish women of the city as were willing to accept his invitation. With the exception of a few friends specially invited to give help and do honour to the occasion, Edward Thomas was the self-constituted father of the feast.

Advantage was taken of this rare opportunity for free indulgence, and an enormous consumption of tea and edibles was the result; while the volubility and excitement of these gin-drinking representatives of the fish business were at times more than the benevolent donor was able to control. This naturally irritated Mr. Thomas, and from the platform he vociferously shouted, "Silence there, you women!" to which request, however, they paid but small attention, the silence enjoined being brought about by other and more subduing methods. After the removal of the crockery, a melody was sung, in which the "ladies" were invited to unite; then followed an exhibition of the magic-lantern and a recitation from the worthy host.

This gentleman had but one joke, but that was a good one, and was made to do constant duty; he had also one recitation, which was equally worth hearing, and began thus:—

"Man of toil!—would'st thou be free,
Lend thine ear to reason's call;
There's folly in the drunkard's glee,
There's madness in the midnight bowl.
The ribald jest, the vulgar song,
May give a keener sting to care;
The riot of a reckless throng
May lead to ruin and despair.
Let truth set free thy fettered soul;
There is no freedom in the bowl!"

To the oft-repeated question, "What was to become of the barley if people didn't drink no malt liquor?" Edward Thomas was accustomed to reply by now and then serving up a considerable quantity of barley pudding, nicely cooked, of which the company, always on these occasions a large one, was invited to partake. These entertainments were immensely popular; so much so, that in anticipation of the approaching event, the benevolent promoter was often rudely accosted in the street by "Please, sir, give I a ticket," and such-like petitions. If the gentleman thus memorialized was in one of his happiest moods, the supplicant probably received the privilege of admission. At the close of the repast, the guests, by way of moral application, were invited to affirm that barley pudding was better than beer. This, in the fulness of their gratitude, they were willing to do; for then, as now, there were always people ready to eat and drink and make themselves merry for the good of the cause.

Mr. Samuel Capper, a ministering Friend, though we had not frequently the benefit of his advocacy, was a gentleman whose utterances were very weighty. He had a most mellifluous voice and refined diction; and his discourses, like a smooth, meandering stream, refreshingly contrasted with the

more rugged oratory of mere sound and fury, of which there was no scarcity.

Before the Temperance cause had been fairly launched, Mr. Capper gave important evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, in 1834, on the "Extent, causes, and consequences of drunkenness"; and the facts and data furnished show him to have been a keen and far-reaching observer. It is worthy of note that, just as Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, so Mr. Samuel Capper, when on a visit to Cork, was the means of inducing Mr. William Martin to sign the pledge, who, in turn, persuaded Father Mathew to follow his example.

Mr. Benjamin Dove Collens was little of stature and of a fair and ruddy countenance, the healthy and wholesome appearance of which gave cogency to his arguments. This gentleman often presided over the weekly meetings, and spoke with much intelligence, though his style was somewhat heavy. He was our local Temperance poet, and, with the aid of friendly contributors, brought out the *Bristol Temperance Hymn-Book*, which, I regret, has been set aside for compositions of inferior merit, and certainly not to be compared with it for sound, robust, teetotal teaching. Here is a selection from the volume, than which, seeing that we are holding so many commemorative Temperance Jubilee meetings, nothing could be more appropriate :—

“The trump of Jubilee
Proclaims the drunkard free,
 In gladsome strains :
The cheering notes resound
The spacious world around ;
And drunkards catch the sound,
 And break their chains.
Now the glad time is come,
The captives hasten home,
 There to abide :
Love, which from thence had flown,
Once more erects his throne ;
Discord no more is known ;
 Peace doth preside.
Men of all ranks combine,
Gladly our pledge they sign,
 Firmly they stand :
One end we have in view,
One course we all pursue—
Intemperance to subdue
 Throughout our land.
Let all arise and sing
Loud praises to our King,
 With heart and voice :
From Him help doth proceed,
Our cause He does succeed,
And drunkards, fully freed,
 With us rejoice.
O Lord our God, arise,
To Thee we lift our eyes,
 Waiting Thy aid :
If Thou our Friend remain,
And still our cause maintain,
We shall not work in vain,
 Nor be dismayed.”

Mr. Charles Gilpin, who in later life became a member of the Corporation of London, M.P. for Northampton, and Parliamentary Secretary to the Poor Law Board in Lord Palmerston's administration, was a native of Bristol, and, as a youth, joined the Temperance movement. Young Gilpin was upon the road as a commercial traveller at a time when it required no ordinary amount of moral courage to face the drinking customs which universally prevailed among men of his order and occupation. Amid his business engagements he found time and embraced such opportunities as came in his way to help the cause, not only by bearing a personal testimony (which, coming from a commercial man, was valuable), but also by the delivery of earnest and powerful addresses in Bristol and other parts of the country. On Charles Gilpin's removal to the Metropolis, he became a member of the committee of the old National Temperance Society, of which Mr. William Cash, father of my esteemed friend Mr. Thomas Cash, was the chairman. In 1848, I met both these gentlemen weekly, while I was acting as secretary to that organization. Charles Gilpin, however, like some others whose oratorical first appearance was on the Temperance platform, became absorbed in other public questions, and so gradually withdrew from active Temperance work. To his honour it should be stated

that he threw himself with much ardour into the Anti-Capital Punishment movement, and made several effective speeches in parliament in its behalf; but these efforts received a check when he became a member of Lord Palmerston's government. This gentleman, though of commanding stature and possessing originally a vigorous constitution, died while yet of middle age. Ambition has its limits and its penalties; and a wiser economy of the vital forces would probably have added many years to Mr. Charles Gilpin's actuarial expectation.

About this time Mr. John Ashton, who, with his wife, was a humble and much-esteemed member of the Society of Friends, to meet the social necessities of the new converts, opened a Temperance coffee house, at 17, Narrow Wine Street, which for many years was the "House of Call" and general "Inquiry Office," where information might be obtained and signatures received to the teetotal pledge. In the small, ill-ventilated kitchen of this house, under the guidance of a duly appointed chairman, a sort of "Leaders' Meeting" took place once a week, at which endeavours were made to improve and encourage such as were desirous to excel as public advocates of the cause. Though the "tea and coffee, always ready from six in the morning till ten at night," were not very palatable

infusions, this slight drawback was more than atoned for by the jovial and instructive character of these social gatherings.

During the ravages of the cholera in 1849, this devoted man exposed himself to much risk in his efforts to save the lives of others, regardless of his own personal safety. As a proof of his good sense and benevolence of character, I may remark that when he was acting as a juror at an inquest held on a man who had died in a fit, two publicans agreed to decide by "toss-up" at whose house the jurors' money should be spent. John Ashton courageously suggested that the fees should be collected and applied for the benefit of the bereaved family. His proposal was approved; and in this practical way relief was given to the widow and the fatherless in their distress, while the intended drinking carousal was ingeniously defeated.

In reference to teetotal coffee taverns, I may here incidentally mention that, in addition to the one set on foot by John Ashton, a Temperance hotel of great pretensions to comfort, and some degree of elegance, was opened in the month of December, 1836, at the corner of Bath Street and Temple Street (now Victoria Street); and the first visitor to take up his abode was Mr. James Silk Buckingham, M.P. for Sheffield. On the day previous to the opening, Mr. Joseph Eaton, Mr. Isaac Selfe,

and the writer, on the invitation of Mr. John Giraud, the manager, partook of the first brewing of delicious coffee. Some years later, this promising speculation came to grief, the premises were pulled down, and on the site now stands a handsome, attractive building—The Royal Talbot Hotel.

Of those who, on the formation of the Society, did useful and unostentatious work (and all, with one exception, have passed away), were Samuel and James Bowden, Peter Butler, Joseph Foster, Thomas Field Gilbert, John Harris, John Lavers, John Llewellyn, Samuel H. Lury, Isaac Selfe, John Withy, Charles Carpenter, Samuel Thomas, Henry Naish, and Edmund H. Duval. These, with Robert Charleton, Edward Thomas, and Joseph Eaton, constituted the "finance," in contradistinction to the general committee—a kind of inner circle, into which the working-man element was not admitted. The Rev. George Curnock, a well-known Wesleyan preacher; the Rev. Thomas Hudson, who died suddenly in the pulpit at Manchester some years ago; the Rev. John Mathews (then a student at the Baptist College), and his cousins, Mr. Edward H. and Mr. W. S. Mathews, were among the first of the more youthful advocates of the cause in Bristol.

All the members of the original committee, I grieve to say, were not faithful to the pledge. One case of declension was especially painful. The

person of whom I speak I knew when I was a child. He was a man of imposing physique, cheerful countenance, and agreeable manners. He was in a respectable way of business, and one of the most influential and acceptable local preachers among the Wesleyan Methodists in the Langton Street Circuit. I have heard him preach, and I have stood beside him on the platform of the old Broadmead Rooms at our anniversary meetings; and no man's addresses told more powerfully. Such was this man's ability and high character that he became Deputy-Governor of the Corporation of the Poor, and a member of the City Council, and probably was on the way to the honourable position of Chief Magistrate of the borough. Poor foolish man! he gave up his teetotalism; and then down the decline he gradually went, and finally was indicted at the Bristol Quarter Sessions, and narrowly escaped conviction.

It would have been wise had this once estimable man duly considered the words of that eminent divine, Adam Clarke, with whose writings he was doubtless well acquainted, and probably often quoted:—

“Hear this, ye drunkards, toppers, and tipplers, or by whatever name ye are known in society, or among your fellow sinners; strong drink is not only the way to the devil, but the devil's way into you.”

CHAPTER III.

MONSTER CHRISTMAS TEA-PARTY, 1836—DIVERSITIES OF GIFTS.

THE great event of the year 1836 was the holding of a monster tea-party on December 26th, in the Red Cross Street Schoolroom, at which 900 persons were present. Most of these belonged to the artizan and labouring classes, and were accompanied by their wives and little ones, decorated with teetotal medals and other signs of festivity. These "living epistles" occupied the body of the building, while on the platform were seated at special tables Mr. James Silk Buckingham, M.P., the oriental traveller, and a selection of the more genteel and influential members of society. As I was appointed to wait at the chief table, I had but little trouble with my guests, for they were neither so hungry nor so thirsty as their more humble friends seated below. This was a grand opportunity on a large scale to show the sceptical and the cynical the social side of teetotalism, and to demonstrate that men could be free and easy and jovial, in the best sense, in the absence of beer and other forms of alcoholic inspiration.

After a brief interval came the feast of reason

and the flow of natural, simple, and unaffected eloquence ; and expectation was on tiptoe to hear what these unlearned men had to relate of their personal experiences. Of the remarkable testimonies given, the speech delivered by Nathaniel Bailey was that which probably made the deepest impression, aided as it was by his personal peculiarities and singular action and delivery. Here is an outline of the address :—

“GENTLEMEN AND LADIES,—

“If any one had said this day twelvemonth that Nat Bailey would have stood up to address such a lot of teetotalers like himself, Nat would have told 'em they was liars (laughter). I've been a married man two-and-twenty years ; and I never spent a happy Christmas in my life before ; and I never had such a famous piece of beef in my cupboard. I never had such puddings before, neither, and all my little 'uns say—'Thank God father's a teetotaler.' 'Twas none of your back-shambles stuff, what dogs wouldn't touch ; but some of the very best beef in all England (cheers and laughter). I wasn't much of a drunkard ; but then drinking at one place and then at another place brought on company, and then I got to go in and call for my tankard. Well, thinks I, this is very pretty work for a 'prentice, this nice shining tankard and pipe ; and very proud I was of it, I can promise ye. Well, after a bit I got on better, so I said to myself—'Twill be a comfortable thing, Nat, if you can get a wife (laughter). And so I got married and had a wife ; but I was so bad, she could not live with me ; and at the end of six weeks she ran away. Oh, says I, here's pretty moderation, ain't it, to bring me to this ? I took it all very easy. I went on a good 'un, and drunk all I could catch ; and happy I was when I was drunk, but very miserable when I was sober and nothing to drink.

“Well, I went on for a little time, and nothing would do but Nat must go a soldier ; but that wouldn’t do for me, and so after a time I came back again, and had my wife to come and live with me again. We joggled on a bit together, but I got so drunk that she couldn’t live with me ; and so off she ran. I kept on like this, hardly ever sober, and then I remember (’twas Easter time) when I got mad with drinking. Half a dozen of us had been drinking together, and nothing would do but we must have a lark, and put hot coals into one another’s pockets. We kept it up for two or three days, moving backwards and forwards from the Moon to the Glass House, and from the Glass House to the Moon. I remember, it was on the Wednesday night, I think it was, I had a good bodyful of drink and went home. Well, my friends, I got my razor, and went to look for my wife. The old woman guessed what I was up to ; she thought I was up to no good, and so off she ran. I caught the razor, and ran after her ; but I couldn’t catch her though, and it was a good thing I couldn’t, for if I had caught her, I should have been hung for her, instead of being here to tell you teetotalers about it. Yet, my friends, it wasn’t me, but John Barleycorn that got up in my head. Well, I was pretty savage when she got away from me, and so I thought I’d be revenged upon myself. I got the razor, and put it up to my throat, and was just going to do it, when in came my sister, and she said, ‘Nat, what art doing?’ and then she put up her hand, and I cut the top of her thumb off. That was very bad, but that was better than cutting my head off ; for, my friends, if I had died then, what would have become of me ?

“Well, they caught hold of poor Nat, and walked him off to the lock-up house ; and the next day they took me before the justices at Lawford’s Gate, and there they wanted my wife to swear her life against me, but the old woman wouldn’t do it,—she didn’t like to send poor Nat to gaol. I went home with my friends, and I was very cold and uncomfortable, and shook as if I had the palsy. I didn’t feel as I do now. After I went home, I began to feel a little sorry a bit. My mother and my wife they began to talk

about getting cordials, but I told them to let me have some beer and a pipe, and that began to put some new life into me for a bit ; but after that I was very miserable, and was always afraid I should destroy myself, and cut myself off ; and it was dreadful thoughts, my friends.

“And now look and see what teetotal has done for me. But perhaps some one will say, ‘What trade is Nat Bailey ; he knows nothing about hard work.’ Don’t he? but I can tell ye he do, though, as much as any man here. My work is taking hold of pieces of clay in the coldest weather ; and I can stand my work in the hardest frost, and can keep myself warmer on water better than the drunkard can on brandy. When they drinks rum and water, they gets warm for a bit ; but when the alcohol’s gone, they gets colder than ever, and begins to shake and tremble again. But when I drinks cold water, I feels cold for a bit ; but when it mixes with the fires of my body, it begins to boil, and it makes me feel warm and comfortable.

“Look at my wife and children before you. Instead of being ragged and deserted, they looks tidy and comfortable ; and then, for a working man, I’ve got a middling good coat on. If you’d seen me this day twelve months, ’twas such an old ’un that you wouldn’t have picked ’im up in the streets. Before I was a tee-totaler, I was over head and ears in debt, and owed a score at a dozen houses ; but I only owes one poor landlord a shilling or two, and I shall pay him soon. I never intended to pay one of them before I joined the Society, but I’ll take good care they don’t rob me any more.

“So you see what I’ve got by being a teetotaler. I had a good dinner yesterday (Christmas Day), and my wife and children are tidy and happy ; and I’ve got a good coat, and hat, and shoes, and stockings, and a few shillings in my pocket. Do not despise teetotalism ; moderation didn’t do for me. God gave every fruit of the earth for the use of man, and when He did so, He said to him, It shall be for *food*—He never said to him, It shall be for *drink*. That, my friends, is the invention of man. God

never intended that it should be used to take away our reason.”
(Cheers.)

At this grand tea-gathering, eight others besides “Old Nat,” following varied occupations on sea and land, astonished the natives by the rehearsal of their personal adventures, given much after the fashion which obtained at Love-feast experiences among the Methodists of the olden time. William Williams, Michael Ryan, William Jones, Thomas Valentine, Stephen Lovell, John Evans, George Sullivan, and Joseph Rice, are the names of those who had the honour to glorify themselves and the cause on that auspicious occasion. As each speaker delivered his message, it was obvious that, while totally oblivious of the art of reasoning as laid down by the sophists, every testifier by intuition

“Knew what’s what, and that’s as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.”

These testimonies were supplemented by brief addresses from Joseph Eaton, Robert Charleton, Edward Thomas, Benjamin Dove Collens, and the distinguished chairman, James Silk Buckingham.

During his visit to the city, the great traveller’s lectures on Palestine attracted large and influential audiences; and in these charming discourses, delivered with all the ease, grace, and colloquial fluency of the accomplished gentleman, Temperance, at the proper time, was sure to find recognition.

On January the 11th, 1837, as a mark of the esteem in which Mr. Buckingham was held, and the service rendered by him to the Society during his visit, he was presented by a deputation of ladies with a silver dessert knife, fork, and spoon, and by the working men with a silver medal and chain wherewith to decorate his handsome and portly person.

The reader must not suppose that "Old Nat," and such as he, had the arena all to themselves, for there was among us, as already seen, a great variety of talent; so that persons *wishing* to be convinced were liable to be caught in the teetotal net, each according to his fancy. Some of the speakers did great credit to the advocacy, while the limited knowledge possessed by others was by no means on a par with their zeal. Those who had no personal experience of the evils of strong drink to relate, had to adopt other lines of treatment; and of this number some were statistical, and others ethical and theological, notwithstanding the professed non-sectarian character of the Temperance platform. One special exponent of biblical difficulties was a professional dominie, whom a course of elementary training in a Board school would probably have taught that

"Large boats may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore."

How far he was from being qualified for his self-imposed duty may be gathered from the fact that, quite oblivious of the rules of pronunciation, he would persist in calling fermentation, *fomentation*, intoxication, *intostication*, besides being guilty of other verbal improprieties. But these defects were harmless compared with his attempts to deal with scriptural texts upon which great differences of opinion exist among the learned, which naturally shocked the sensibilities of thinking people, and prejudiced, rather than convinced, the hearers. One favourite subject of his was the drunkenness of Noah and the curse he pronounced upon Ham, his youngest son. With this curse he contrived, by a process of ratiocination quite his own, to connect the poor blacks of the African continent! It was obvious to every one but himself that our biblical critic got out of his depth when he essayed to launch into the deep waters of controversy, and fortunately a sphere of usefulness was found for him more in keeping with his natural endowments. Having a fair knowledge of music and a capable voice, he was installed as perpetual precentor; and his success as leader of the singing which usually preceded the speaking, was much greater than his novel discourses on Gospel Temperance.

The innocent blunders that were made by illiterate men, in their attempts to be witty and original, some-

times relieved their otherwise pointless and prosy speeches. Before the days of German yeast and Borwick's Baking Powder, a teetotal baker was dependent on the brewer or the publican for his barm, and had often to suffer inconvenience and annoyance in carrying out his principles. A good brother in the flour and baking business, one evening was setting forth in very dolorous tones the fact that, since he had been a teetotaler, "the publicans wouldn't let him have no barm." This speaker was followed by John Brown, a sawyer—a man with a broad, good-humoured face—who sympathetically observed, "Our dear friend who has just sat down mustn't be too much discouraged, must he, Mr. Charleton? because if he can't get no barm, he must remember that there's plenty of balm in Gilead." But we were used to occasional surprises of this sort, and sometimes to expressions even more ridiculous. "Since I have signed the teetotal pledge," said "Old Nat" at one of the meetings, in the spirit of self-laudation to which he was a little given, "I have made hundreds of *convicts* to the cause"—a statement which, if literally taken, was greatly to be lamented. That "Old Nat" meant *converts*, and not convicts, the dullest hearer readily perceived, while the old man himself accepted the laughter which he had evoked as a personal compliment.

As regards these humble men, it will be seen that it was not the accuracy of their reasoning or the correctness of their speech which carried conviction or secured the conversion of the multitudes of men, women, and children, who at this time rallied round the teetotal flag. Their simple, personal testimony, "told in eloquence sincere," was the metaphorical key which unlocked the door of the heart through which the truth gained admittance. If unequal to cope with the quibbles and mental subtilities of the better-informed, these ignorant and unlettered men were able to meet their objectors as did the man whose sight had been restored: "Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not; one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST ANNUAL MEETING AND PROCESSION—ACTION AGAINST THREE MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

ON June the 12th, 1837, the members of the Bristol Tee-Total Temperance Society met in the old Assembly Rooms in Prince's Street, to report progress ; and what the measure of that progress was, will be seen from the following brief summary of the proceedings. The report, read by Mr. John Withy, stated that "upwards of 3,000 persons had signed the pledge of total abstinence ; that of this number fully 200 were reformed drunkards, and at least an equal number were reclaimed from habits of occasional intemperance ; and that the change which had taken place in the condition of these and also of large numbers of the other members of the Society, was of a most delightful and gratifying description, more especially when considered in reference to their eternal interests. In numerous instances the votaries of the tavern and beer-shop had become regular attendants at places of public worship, and consistent members of different religious societies. The speakers at the morning and evening meetings

were Rev. William Lord, Mr. John Llewellyn, Mr. Joseph Eaton, Mr. Robert Charleton, Rev. John Jones, Mr. John Harris, Mr. Edward Thomas, Mr. B. D. Collens, Mr. Samuel Bowden, Mr. John Edy (Cardiff), Mr. Samuel Horton (Frome), Mr. Samuel Taylor (Birmingham), and Mr. James Teare (Preston), not one of whom now survives.

On the following day the first teetotal procession took place, and drew together an immense crowd of "the highly bred and the lowly born," to witness for themselves what manner of persons they were who had thus set the city in unwonted commotion. It required at that time of day some degree of moral pluck to testify after this novel and ostentatious fashion, and especially was that the case with many naturally undemonstrative, timorous people. Yet, for example's sake, and by way of giving prestige to the occasion, many of the leading promoters of the cause threw aside their scruples, and cheerfully joined their more humble friends; and to the strains of martial music, and banners uplifted to the breeze, paraded the streets of the ancient city. Among these were Joseph Eaton, Edward Thomas, Samuel Thomas, Robert Charleton, and other well-known Quakers, who were especially selected as objects of derision, which took a form that now and again interrupted the order and continuity of the procession.

In accordance with a prevailing notion that teetotalers were inordinate drinkers of coffee, a dummy figure was made, to represent a certain obnoxious member of the Society of Friends; and this was followed by an inverted coffee-pot, mounted on a pole, and by a miniature coffin—a suggestion which carried its own interpretation. This by no means agreeable episode, however, was regarded as an omen for good rather than as a cause of discouragement. The favourable contrast from a moral and social point of view thus presented between the smartly-dressed, jolly, well-conducted men, women, and children (more than a thousand strong), and the blear-eyed, foul-mouthed representatives of the pipe and the pot, added greatly to the significance and popularity of the procession.

The perambulation over, the pedestrians returned to the Cattle Market—whence they had started in the forenoon—to regale themselves with tea and something more substantial, which they greatly needed. This was followed by two meetings, simultaneously held and addressed by speakers, local and imported. “About half-past eight o’clock” (so runs the record), “the company, which was variously estimated from eight to ten thousand, quietly separated, delighted with the day’s proceedings; and, notwithstanding the immense number present, there

was scarcely a single instance of disorderly or improper behaviour."

It was in the nature of the case that an inroad made upon the habits and deep-rooted prejudices of the people in favour of alcoholic drinks, should be universally challenged; and to this feeling they gave in many ways unbridled expression. Unblushingly aided and abetted by certain citizens, whom Demetrius, the silversmith, did not inaptly represent, the meetings at Tailors' Hall and the Lancastrian Schoolroom were not infrequently besieged by a gang of rowdies made ready for the job by strong potations. Nor was this organized opposition the only form of persecution with which the Society had to contend. It was strongly suspected that even among certain of the magistracy there was a lurking sympathy with the mob, with whose personal liberty to drink the teetotaler had no right to interfere. Through a cordon of police drawn across Broad Street and the entrance to Tailors' Court, adventurous visitors had often to find their way to the Hall as best they could. Foremost and most daring of those whom the "trade" encouraged, was a low-minded, dissipated master-sweep, named William Bulphin. On the evening of October the 3rd, this occasional disturber of our meetings ascended the platform, in defiance

of the remonstrances of Mr. Edward Thomas and others, who, from certain indications, concluded that the would-be orator was not just then in a fit condition to speak to edification. Bulphin's refusal to leave the platform necessitated his removal; and a constable, named Elihu Lambert, was called upon, as the phrase is, to "do his duty." In the attempts to regain his liberty, according to his own statement, Bulphin received certain injuries which he attributed chiefly to an attack made upon him by Mr. Francis Hunt, who, it was said, gave the officer assistance. Francis Hunt, it should be explained, was a self-constituted sort of "worthy outside guard," who regularly put himself in position in the lobby of the Hall, as a warning to all intending disturbers of the peace. By way of adding weight to his official authority, this gentleman exhibited to the gaze of all comers a handsome brass-headed staff, which, in the hands of a short, broad-set representative of Quakerism, presented an odd combination of the serious and the comic.

A worthy and more energetic successor in this department of labour was one Thomas Bosdet—a red-faced, hot-headed, devoted teetotaler, who, though no speaker, was pre-eminently a man of action, and always ready to give the enemy battle without first going to arbitration.

At this exciting period there was seldom a meeting

held, the proceedings of which were not additionally enlivened by a fistic encounter between Thomas Bosdet of the one part, and some beery bully of the other part. But Thomas, with supplementary help, was usually victorious; the offender was ejected, and order was assured for the remainder of the evening.

For the alleged assault committed in the previous month of October, Messrs. Joseph Eaton, Edward Thomas and Francis Hunt were, on August the 15th, 1837, severally indicted at the City Assizes. The counsel on both sides were men who afterwards became eminent as judges, not the least being the leading advocate for the defence, Lord Chief Justice Erle. Mr. Butt, on behalf of the plaintiff, opened the case with the usual amount of colouring and forensic exaggeration. Seeing that the three defendants were well-known citizens and members of the Society of Friends, it was not a little amusing to hear them described as persons of "bellicose" proclivities. The Society, he supposed—so argued Mr. Butt, in a vein of caustic derision—invited discussion; and it would have been well, if, in the advocacy of Temperance, they had not displayed so much *sober* violence. "If such," added the learned counsel, "were the effects of Temperance, he would advise the defendants in future to take a little generous wine."

Nothing could have been weaker or more contradictory than the evidence adduced in support of the plaintiff's case, his chief witness being reprimanded by the judge for his prevarication. I was on the platform on October the 3rd, and saw all that transpired; and was in court, ready to be called as a witness, if additional evidence had been required. For the defence, George Saunders, Samuel H. Lury, John Ashton, Samuel Noble, William Parkinson, and the constable, were called at the close of Mr. Erle's powerful address to the jury. Not only the effect produced, but even portions of the language used by that distinguished pleader at the trial, still linger in my memory. "How any man," said Mr. Erle, in reply to Bulphin's counsel, "by word or deed could seek to thwart those who endeavoured to persuade labourers to take home their wages instead of spending them in gin—how any man could strive to turn into ridicule the benevolent intentions of individuals who interfered with nobody's dinner, who robbed no man of his supper, and sought to turn the large sum of £150,000 a year into the lap of the families of hard-working men, was what he (Mr. Erle) could not understand."

That which the general public were still less able to understand was the verdict given by the jury; viz., that it had been proved to their satisfaction

that a wilful and savage attack had been committed by the three defendants, and this in face of the counter evidence of several witnesses of well-known respectability. But so it was ; and the defendants were condemned to pay a fine of £10 and costs.

Although the defendants by this verdict were held to be *legally* guilty, the “*moral* effect,” as Robert Charleton would say, “was very good,” and the citizens at large gave them an honourable acquittal.

PART II.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

CHAPTER I.

EBLEY.—ALMONDSBURY.—GLOUCESTER.

THE neighbouring county of Gloucester early contributed its complement of able and zealous advocates, who, in the strength of their young manhood and new-born convictions, did signal service on behalf of a cause which, especially in the rural districts, was viewed with popular disfavour. The Rev. Benjamin Parsons, Mr. Josiah Hunt, and Mr. Samuel Bowly, were conspicuously in front of the battle, when fighting was no mere kid-glove drawing-room performance, but a hand-to-hand encounter with the enemy in the open field.

With the exception of two short engagements at Rochdale and Swansea, Benjamin Parsons, of Ebley, began and finished his ministerial career within a few miles of his native village. He was what the world accounts a person of humble origin, sprung in truth from poor and honest parents; and of his ancestry he was very proud. He would sometimes quote, probably in allusion to such as himself—

“When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?”

A citation of this kind came with natural appropriateness from Benjamin Parsons; for he was not a man given to smooth and honeyed sentences, intended to captivate the ear. On the contrary, his style and delivery, both in the pulpit and on the platform (and it was in the former that he was heard to the greater advantage), were rugged and incisive. He was a trenchant declaimer, and his sarcasms were often terrific; but, if not always in good taste, they usually held some wholesome truth in solution.

On one occasion, during the delivery of what is called a "charity" sermon, at which I was present, Mr. Parsons essayed to show up the meanness of some professing Christians, whose words and deeds did not correspond. "I was," said the preacher, "the other day looking over my congregation while the collection was being made; and my eye alighted on a rich old lady, one of our members. No one seemed more devout, or sang with better vocal effect those well-known lines—

‘ Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;’

and would you believe it, my friends," he added, "I saw her drop 'tuppence' in the plate as an evidence of her consecration!" *

* In the vestry of the chapel in which this sermon was preached,

That he believed in wit and satire when wisely used, as instruments of great usefulness, was obvious from a question he once addressed to myself as to the feasibility of bringing out a monthly serial to be called "The Religious Punch:"—"for why," he asked, "should we not laugh people out of their sins by making them look ridiculous?" When, during a visit to Ebley by Mr. Thomas Whittaker and myself, I was about, on a Sunday afternoon, to ascend the pulpit to give a "Temperance Gospel" address, he softly said, "Don't make it too serious, Mr. Hudson; because I don't mind our people laughing a bit now and then."

From these indications it will be seen that, while strictly Evangelical in doctrine and a rigid Sabatarian, he had little about him of the austerity of the Puritan. In the absence of all pretensions to play the priest, or lord it over God's heritage, he became one with the people, who for years accepted him as their guide and friend in all matters, secular, social, and spiritual.

The marvel was how a man of so weakly a constitution should have been capable of the bodily and

the deacons, as was then the almost universal practice, kept in stock a drop of what the old monks were accustomed to call the *Vinum Theologicum*, for the refreshment of the minister. In reference to this occasion, Mr. Parsons observed to me, "Sir, the place smelt like a tap-room."

mental energy he constantly displayed. He was accustomed to explain the reason by reference to three facts :—Firstly, he took no alcohol ; secondly, he did not smoke ; and thirdly, he took manual exercise. He used playfully to say that, as he was too poor to keep a man-servant, he groomed his own pony. He was, I know, his own gardener ; and I have heard him say that the outlines of many of his sermons, books, and lectures, were thought out spade in hand ; so that instead of burning the sentimental midnight oil, he went straight from the exhilarating influence of the fresh air and exercise, to commit his cogitations to paper.

Added to his bodily weakness, Mr. Parsons was somewhat lame, and was dependent, when he went abroad, upon the help of a stick ; and yet he was a rapid pedestrian. “We shall be late, Mr. Hudson,” was his exclamation to me, as we journeyed together from Ebley to Stroud to attend a teetotal meeting ; and with this intimation my reverend friend accelerated the speed, with which I found it difficult to compete.

“Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,”

says the poet ; action and not ease was the normal state of Benjamin Parsons. *Labor ipse voluptas*, was his motto ; work with him was unqualified pleasure.

It would be difficult to say in what department of usefulness Mr. Parsons most excelled. Comparing the moral and social condition of Ebley and the neighbourhood at the time he went into possession, with what it had become at the close of his eventful history, it is no exaggeration of language to say that between Benjamin Parsons and the famous Oberlin, there was a striking resemblance.

When an appeal was made during that long and painful illness which preceded his decease, to raise a sum of money in augmentation of his slender resources, a tribute to his high character and distinguished abilities appeared in one of the leading journals of the day. This reference, as it so accurately reflects my own estimate of the life and work of Benjamin Parsons, I shall here in part transcribe :—

“Intrepidity and consistency,” says the writer, “have been the guiding lights of his life, and our readers need scarcely to be told, that they have made for him many foes. His character is marked by a sturdy independence, fearlessness in truth-seeking and truth-speaking. He has been before the public now for about thirty years as a minister of the Gospel, but even *that* term but slightly represents the prodigality and affluence of his labours. . . . With the desire for education—for Mr. Parsons preceded all his neighbourhood in the establishment of schools—he himself contributed £25 [to the Ebley schools] when quite a poor man, the half of the sum he received for the copyright of *Anti-Bacchus*.”

In this noble work he was assisted by Mr. Henry

Webb, a worthy Christian man and devoted teetotaler, who for the long term of forty years was the able master of Ebley British School. Notwithstanding the natural repugnance in some quarters to a man of Benjamin Parsons's type of character, that he must have been mindful of the apostle's injunction to speak the truth in love, we may infer from the fact that at one period no fewer than nine publicans sat under and appreciated his ministry.

The measure of our indebtedness to Benjamin Parsons as a Temperance writer, and the value of his bold and intelligent advocacy of our cause from the pulpit and the platform, at a time when friends were few and feeble, and foes were strong and mighty, are not easy to appraise. "One man in his time plays many parts." Each part in life's drama played out by Benjamin Parsons was played successfully, and all the parts were equal to the whole.

While Benjamin Parsons, in his quiet village home, was writing his popular, well-known books, *Anti-Bacchus*, *The Mental and Moral Dignity of Woman*, and *The Wine Question Settled* (?), there was in his own line, and according to his own methods, another Gloucestershire man who created no small stir in the county by his powerful advocacy of teetotalism.

It was a common experience at meetings made

up for the most part of farmers and agricultural labourers to be interrupted by questions which a town-bred man found it difficult to answer to the objector's satisfaction. "What did the Almighty send barley and apples for? and how could a fellow do a day's mowing or reaping without a gallon of cider or beer?" was what the "chaw-bacons," as they are rudely called, wanted to know. Now it happened that Nature and other favourable circumstances had produced in the person of Mr. Josiah Hunt, of Almondsbury, such an advocate as could readily and successfully put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. If it was affirmed that the teetotalers, as a class, were poor specimens of the advantages of abstinence, it was only to put up the Gloucestershire farmer, every inch a typical yeoman of the old school, to dispel the misconception. As bulk in a speaker was reckoned of some importance, Mr. Hunt's broad shoulders and rotund figure, suggestive of Hogarth's "wave line of beauty," gave him on the platform great advantage over men of more slender pretensions. Added to amplitude and ponderosity of body, Josiah Hunt was a country gentleman of intellectual vigour and unmistakable force of character. His delivery as a speaker was energetic, and this, combined with a good clear voice and strong common sense, lifted his addresses above mediocrity; and he became

widely in demand, especially in the agricultural districts. Josiah Hunt's valuable testimony appeared in the columns of the *Bristol Temperance Herald* for September, 1841, and was subsequently printed as a standard tract, entitled *The Gloucestershire Farmer*.

In the year 1832, the British and Foreign Temperance (Moderation) Society sent its messengers into the county of Gloucester, and branches were established in nearly every town and village. In the old cathedral city the Society for a while went on prosperously; and why should it not, since it had for its patron the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of the Diocese? It had also what it is often difficult to get—

“ A Secretary, good at pen and ink,
A Treasurer of course, to keep the chink,
And quite an army of collectors !
Not merely male, but female, duns,
Young, old, and middle-aged, of all degrees,
Who, mite by mite, would beg a cheese.”

But beneath all this there was a substratum of common sense among the middle and the working classes of Gloucester, which led them by intuition to prefer the substance to the shadow, the reality to the sham. The teetotal doctrine was everywhere, by means of the platform, the press, and house-to-

house visitation, enforced and reduced to daily practice, and a fire was kindled on the altar of public sentiment, which from that day to this has not been extinguished. Of the number of those who trimmed the lamp, and kept it burning, honourable mention should be made of George Pickford, Thomas Taylor, William Barnes, James Starr, James Latimer, George Preedy, and John Acton, who, though a very old man, is still living, and in his own way was exceedingly useful, possessing as he did a good voice and a big bell, both of which he often employed in getting audiences together in town or village. We have also yet among us the venerable Ex-Mayor Mr. Jesse Sessions, a leading man in the early days, whose good name his son, Frederick Sessions, bids fair to keep green and perennial.

There was, of course, one person above all others to whom the thought of the reader will naturally turn—the revered Samuel Bowly, who, like the two friends before noticed, was a Gloucestershire man. This distinguished advocate was born at No. 1, Watermore Road, Cirencester, on November the 22nd, 1802, and died at Gloucester on the anniversary of his birth, 1883. If I remember rightly, I first saw and heard Mr. Bowly in the old Guildhall, Bristol, at an anti-slavery meeting, and can clearly recall his tall, slim figure, clothed in

an orthodox suit of drab, and a broad beaver hat. The transition from the antique to the more modern style of dress, which he afterwards assumed, and which so altered his personal appearance, Samuel Bowly once explained to me, was at first adopted upon principle—namely, to keep in countenance those younger members of the Society of Friends who, without wishing to depart from their doctrine and discipline, were desirous in that respect to make a change. To set an example for the good of others in the spirit of the trifling incident I have recorded (and the comparison was his own) was the essence of much of Samuel Bowly's temperance teaching, especially when addressing professedly Christian people.

During the Anti-Corn Law agitation, I heard Richard Cobden address an outdoor mob, and shortly after, a brilliant gathering at Covent Garden Theatre; and both these he did with equal success. Between the great apostle of free trade and Samuel Bowly, in this and other respects, there was much in common. Neither, in a technical sense, was a man of culture; each, however, had an intuitive logic which carried conviction, couched as his reasoning was, in homely Saxon words which a ploughman could understand.

Samuel Bowly's early temperance speeches were marked by occasional strokes of humour, which

agreeably relieved the weightier parts of his discourse. He possessed, too, great powers of invective and declamation. These he used with withering effect in his denunciations of West Indian slavery; and when crossing swords with the great pro-slavery apologist, Peter Borthwick, he must have known something of

“The stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.”

When growing years overtake a man—when he has passed the meridian, and the sun is declining towards the west—it is natural that his mode of treating questions of importance should undergo modification. This leads me to remark that those who have only heard the measured and solemn tones of this octogenarian advocate at select conferences, do not know him as the powerful platform speaker in the early days of our temperance history.

Samuel Bowly was by nature and temperament too much predisposed to take an interest in the great political and social questions of the day to remain a passive spectator; and the active personal help he rendered often withdrew him from the counting-house and the ledger. It is true that as a merchant, banker, and railway director, he was accounted a man of probity and business-like ability; but no pen has presumed to describe him as the counter-

part of the successful merchant, whom Methodism so much delights to honour. Content with a moderate but competent income, he possessed himself of a small, charming estate near Painswick, called "The Horsepools"; and annually, until his removal to Gloucester, he gathered his friends from far and near at those now historic teetotal fêtes, which those who were accustomed to attend them reckon among their sunniest memories.

I was never formally invited as a "Star," to illumine the Horsepool Teetotal Fêtes; but I was cordially invited on other occasions to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bowly; and in such a house and with such surroundings, who could fail to feel wiser and better for the brief seclusion?

Our conversation naturally took a wide range, and included a comparison of our platform experiences. I ventured to tell him that I knew of no man who could so readily touch the feelings and the consciences of an audience as himself—a power which, as a speaker, I greatly envied. "Well," said he in reply, "we have all our particular gifts; and you have a special vein which I cannot lay claim to. If you can put up with me," he added, "I can put up with you."

Though Mr. Bowly and I mutually agreed to respect each other's qualities and gifts, the audiences we sometimes addressed together drew a marked

distinction as to our individual merits. On the evening following a festive meeting held in the town of Malmesbury, I was driven in a phaeton by the late Samuel Clark; and on pulling up to speak to an old man, who had heard Mr. Bowly and myself, Samuel Clark inquired how he liked the speeches. As the shades of evening had set in, I was not recognised; and so our candid friend, being under no restraint, frankly answered, "Well, sir, I liked Mr. Bowly's speech ever so much; but as for that gentleman from London, I didn't think much of he." Of course this was not very flattering, but I derived some satisfaction from the fact that some time after, at the close of a country meeting, an old lady dropped me a curtsy in the lobby of the chapel, and said, "If you please, sir, you'll come again soon, won't you?" Here is another testimony to my usefulness still more encouraging:—

"DEAR SIR,—

"You will be pleased to hear that the poor man we were so anxious should sign at your meeting, has done so since, and we believe both he and others remain firm. With kind regards, in which Mr. Bowly requests to join,

"I am your friend,

"JANE D. BOWLY."

It was a strong sentiment with Mr. Bowly that we should feel kindly towards the lower animals;

and especially, he thought, were we indebted to the dog's faithfulness and watchful care. That this feeling also pervaded the younger members of the family, I had occasion to observe while on a visit with my wife and child. Among the admitted occupants of the dining-room was an intelligent little dog, of which everybody except the decidedly stoical, could not help being fond, so comical were its little ways. Soon after our visit, a postscript to a letter from Mr. Bowly to myself conveyed the sad intelligence of the death and burial of the little dog "Charlie."

"Your little boy," he says, "will be sorry to hear that our poor little dog, 'Charlie,' got one of his eyes so sadly injured (by a stone thrown at him, we suppose) that we were obliged to have him killed. Bessie had one or two cries about him, and has marked his grave by a little mound of turf which your dear boy can visit when he comes again to the Horsepools."

Our little Charlie reciprocated the grief of Bessie; and though he has never visited the grave of his young four-footed friend, the incident itself to me forms a connecting link in a chain of pleasant as well as painful associations.

CHAPTER II.

CIRENCESTER.—ELBERTON.—THORNBURY.

FOREMOST among the early Temperance Reformers in Cirencester were Mr. Thomas Brewin, Mr. Isaac Pitt, Mr. Christopher Bowly (uncle of Samuel Bowly), and Mr. Henry Alexander, whose family experience is so remarkably exceptional that I cannot forbear to make allusion to it. Mr. Henry Alexander's father, it should be premised, died at the age of 50, while his mother lived to 86. Of the marriage there were nine children, seven of whom are still living. Annie died at 3 months old, and Samuel at 75 years. The family now living range in age as follows: George William (the first treasurer of the National Temperance Society), 85; Mary, 83; William Dallan, 81; Henry, 79; Elizabeth, 73; Sarah Anne, 70; being an average of 78 years. With one or two exceptions, it may be, about which my friend Henry Alexander is not quite certain, these venerable people, who in childhood became abstainers from alcoholic liquors, continue to the present day consistent teetotalers.

Whether there was or was not any necessary

connection between the vigorous action of the early teetotalers and the depreciation in public-house property, could only be surmised from the fact that in 1846 a brewery and a public-house adjoining, bearing the ominous name of the "Hole in the Wall," were publicly offered for sale. The purchaser was Mr. Christopher Bowly, who proceeded forthwith to pull down the obnoxious buildings, and to erect on the site a handsome, commodious Temperance Hall, capable of holding 600 persons, the cost of which (more than £2,000) he munificently defrayed. So novel an incident as the erection of a Teetotal Hall, under the circumstances stated, naturally brought together at the opening, on December the 15th and 16th, 1846, an unusually large number of the friends of the cause to aid in the celebration. Mr. Christopher Bowly was supported on the occasion by the Rev. Dr. Gale, of Malmesbury; the Rev. Benjamin Parsons, of Ebley; the Rev. Dr. Jabez Burns, of London; Mr. Henry Clapp, of Massachusetts; and the Rev. W. H. Turner, M.A., Vicar of Banwell. The audience, as they sat listening to the perennial flow of teetotal eloquence, were made acquainted with the fact that the flooring beneath their feet was partly composed of the old beer vats, which formerly did duty in the now defunct brewery.

Mr. Christopher Bowly, on being called upon by

the chairman to state the grounds upon which he made his endowment, spoke to the following effect :

“ This Hall I wish to be devoted primarily to the advancement of the Temperance cause, but also to the promotion of all benevolent and philanthropic objects, unconnected with sectarian or political party ; to the spread of useful knowledge, literary and scientific lectures, and indeed to any purpose which is calculated to increase the welfare and happiness of my fellow-man. I intend, by the appointment of proper trustees, to secure the use of the Hall for these purposes, free of any charge except for lighting, heating, and cleaning. I have not only endeavoured to make the building as convenient as possible for the purposes for which it is intended, but have done my best, by adopting a substantial and durable style of architecture, to secure its advantages to posterity, and have every reason to hope it will stand for the benefit of the inhabitants of my native town for generations to come.

“ I consider it incumbent on me to do all in my power to promote and encourage the principle of total abstinence, from having derived so much advantage from it myself, and from having often observed the great and permanent benefits it has conferred upon others who have adopted it, in every class and condition of society. Since I have refrained from the use of alcoholic stimulants, which is now nearly six years, I have felt myself in better health and more capable of exertion.

“ I travelled 2,000 miles on the Continent last summer, at the rate of 100 miles a day for several weeks, without taking one drop of spirit, wine, or other fermented liquor, and with little or no fatigue. I will only add that I am fully convinced that the more we endeavour to advance the Temperance and other benevolent societies, the more we shall promote our own real happiness, and the consummation of that beautiful anthem which we have adopted as a motto, ‘ Peace on earth and good-will to men.’ ”

Mr. Thomas Whittaker and I, while on a tour together in 1847, addressed overflowing audiences in the New Hall, presided over by Mr. Christopher Bowly.

“We country clergymen,” said a much-esteemed minister of the Anglican Church,* who himself had charge of an agricultural parish, “are in some respects the most ignorant men going. Very possibly there are some of us who, at this moment, are better acquainted with the doings of the princes at Frankfort, or the manners and customs of the King of Dahomey, than with the events that are taking place day by day under our very noses.” An amusing instance of inexcusable ignorance of our principles on the part of a gentleman who had undertaken the “cure of souls” a few miles from Cirencester, came within the range of my own experience. A worthy man from the country, an earnest teetotaler, was one day introduced to me by my friend, Mr. William Cole. From what this person had heard of me, I was invited to the village where he lived, to give a teetotal lecture; he urging, as an additional reason, that a meeting of the kind had never been held in the parish. After a little pressure I consented to go, and availing ourselves of a moonlight night for our return journey, Mr. Cole drove me to the village, where we arrived in

* The late Rev. Stopford J. Ram, M.A.

the afternoon. My newly-made acquaintance was on the look-out; and there was no paucity of curious people, of both sexes, who came into the highway to stare at us, which they did very freely, greatly to our amusement. In front of the parsonage stood the worthy vicar, by no means the type of the "village priest, passing rich with forty pounds a year." When he was informed that I came from London, and that I had occasionally spoken in Exeter Hall, putting up his eye-glass to take stock of my person, he observed, "Then you must be somebody;" to which compliment I remarked that I had heard a great many foolish things said in that historic building, and quoted to him the saying of Lord Macaulay. Having expressed his wish for further acquaintance, he invited me to dine; but as the time fixed for the meeting was seven o'clock, and that was also the dinner-hour, I could not accept the polite invitation. There was great excitement among the villagers, who trooped in large numbers to the schoolroom, which, being small, was soon filled, as Pat would say, "inside and out." The heat of the room necessitated the opening of the windows, so that the outside audience were quite as well off, without the danger of being poisoned by the carbonic acid generated in the consumption of two pounds of short sixteens, that constantly required snuffing. Mr. Cole

took the chair, and opened the pleadings; and I stated the case. Never had I a tougher job, or an audience more difficult to manage. The ground was indeed very fallow, and needed ploughing; and the time of "bringing in the sheaves" was very remote. About midway in my discourse all eyes were turned towards the door, and in came three or four young ladies, headed by the parson, who, according to promise, now honoured me with his presence. If I could not command the courtesy of the audience towards myself, the pulling of the forelock by the men and the boys, and the low curtsies dropped by the women and the girls, showed that the parson was a local "somebody," though probably he had never spoken in Exeter Hall. After a short break in the proceedings, I continued my address. The select visitors had not been long on the platform before the interruption became unbearable, and I suggested that the constable should be sent for, when the reverend gentleman inquired whether it was Smith who was acting so improperly. Upon being answered in the affirmative, he folded his arms in quite an authoritative way, and said, "Bring him before me!" This had the effect of restoring order, and no marvel; for our friend who got up the meeting was not only parish clerk, but parish constable; while the gentleman who spoke in such

commanding tones, united in himself the twofold office of county magistrate and parish priest. When I had concluded my incoherent speech, nothing could exceed the heartiness with which this representative of Church and State moved a vote of thanks to me for my services. Again making good use of his eye-glass, he declared he had never heard anything like it—which I honestly believe was true—and called upon the audience, by holding up their hands, to show their gratitude to the lecturer. I was greatly encouraged by this expression of the reverend gentleman's appreciation of my efforts to enlighten his parishioners; but judge my astonishment when he finished off by saying, "What this gentleman means is, not that you should do without beer altogether, but to have a half-a-pint now and then, and enjoy yourselves. That, of course, sir" (turning to me), "is what you mean!" Well might Cowper say,—

"From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,
Preserve the Church! and lay not careless hands
On skulls, that cannot teach, and will not learn."

What permanent effect for good (if any) our visit may have produced, I have never heard; but as Mr. Cole and I drove back to Cirencester, we were exceedingly merry over this serio-comic adventure. This, I may add, occurred many years before the establishment of the Church of England Temperance

Society, a branch of which, I understand, has been formed in the village; so that those who belong to the non-abstaining section can have "a half-a-pint and enjoy themselves," if they so feel inclined.

I must not omit to remind the reader that, among other well-known supporters of the Temperance cause, natives of Gloucestershire, were the late Joseph Sturge, and Mr. William Isaac Palmer of Reading. In the *National Temperance Mirror* for May, 1885, there is a full and interesting account of the parentage and early days of Mr. Palmer, which I will take the liberty to give at this point of my narrative:—

"In the Manor House of the small quiet rural village of Elberton, in Gloucestershire, was born, in 1793, Joseph Sturge, whose labours of philanthropic love have been of immense advantage to his fellows. He has long since gone to inherit a nobler mansion, having left a name full of stimulus, fragrant with noble deeds. It was a noteworthy occurrence, that in a house, may we say, hallowed by the memories of such a man, subsequently resided the parents of William Isaac Palmer, whose birthday was the 31st of May, 1824. He was not a robust infant, but gathered somewhat of strength, and grew up amongst the birds, the insects, and the flowers, drinking in the spirit of praise with the love of the beauties with which nature surrounded him. At an early age he was sent from the parental roof to the village of Sidcot, in Somersetshire, to receive his education under the guidance and teaching of a sturdy Quaker, Barton Dell, who is still living to be proud of his once fragile pupil.* Dell was not

* Barton Dell died the 24th of February, 1886, aged 78.

a believer in beer, as none appears to have been allowed to the boys of his school taking their meals at his table ; therefore, it is not surprising that when a meeting was held for the first time in the village to expound the then strange doctrine of total abstinence, several of the boys were allowed to enjoy the fun and novelty of a tea-meeting, and subsequent speech-making. After the meeting, young Palmer, then about twelve years of age, signed the pledge. His schoolmaster also took up the matter, and issued a small periodical under the title of *The Sidcot Teetotaler* ; and as this was printed in the school, Palmer assisted in setting up the type, and thus acquired practical knowledge of the printer's craft. Upon leaving the care of Mr. Dell, he made his first acquaintance with the town which has since had so much reason to rejoice in his being a townsman of Reading ; here he served an apprenticeship, and then went to fulfil an appointment at Liverpool. Being the only teetotaler in the office, Palmer had, of course, to bear no small amount of banter and chaff, sometimes good-humoured, and not seldom the reverse ; but it took something more than banter to shake the practice of the young Quaker. This could be borne and repaid with interest ; but the delicacy of his early childhood returning with greater severity, it became necessary to seek medical aid ; and acting upon the urgent advice of the doctor, he resorted to the use of alcoholic drinks, and continued in the use of them for some time. But feeling a strong conviction that the experiment had entirely failed in its object, he again renounced them, and returned to take up his abode permanently in Reading in 1851, since which date he has taken an active and unremitting part in carrying on the work of temperance reform in that town, and was chosen by the Temperance Society to be their president some twenty-five years since."

To chronicle from this date, if it were possible, all the efforts made in manifold ways to serve his fellow-men by the gentleman of whose earlier

history the foregoing is a brief outline, would only be to repeat what is universally known.

When a celebrated actress was asked to supplement her signature by adding her place of abode, it is said that she simply replied, "There is only one Sarah Siddons." To us there is only known one William Isaac Palmer, and that is a name we all delight to honour.

In the quiet, well-to-do, little town of Thornbury, within a pleasant walking distance of Elberton, was born another man, of whom not only his native county has heard much, but whose reputation has gradually extended to other parts of the kingdom. Mr. Handel Cossham, the honourable member for East Bristol, to whom I here make reference, is the only son of Mr. Jesse Cossham, who died a short time ago at the great age of eighty-eight; and this is the loving testimony he bears to the pious memory of his patriarchal parent.

"HOUSE OF COMMONS, *June 1st, 1887.*

"DEAR SIR,—

"Thanks for yours of the 28th ultimo, and sympathy *re* my dear and venerable father's departure. We buried him last Wednesday 'in sure and certain hope.' He was a grand, good man, and fought a good fight. For fifty years he carried the Temperance flag, and he was led thereto by Samuel Bowly and myself.

"Yours truly,

"Mr. Thomas Hudson."

"HANDEL COSSHAM."

With the elder Mr. Cossham I became acquainted some forty years ago, and occasionally met him at his own house at Thornbury, as well as at Shortwood Lodge, Mangotsfield, at one time the residence of his son. Here I used to attend Teetotal Fêtes on the lawn in company with Josiah Hunt, Benjamin Parsons, and other popular advocates of the period.

Mr. Cossham the younger, though still both physically and mentally vigorous, has lived long enough to have reached that stage of existence when a man, if not reckoned old, may fairly be described as elderly; and thus from my long acquaintance with both gentlemen, I have had the rare opportunity of putting a theory of mine to the test by personal observation. Whether others perceived, as I think I did, a growing identity in later years, in contour and physique, between Jesse and Handel Cossham, there was undoubtedly much of oneness mentally and morally considered; and had the lives of the two men proceeded on the same plane, and been governed by the same surroundings, the results would probably have been but slightly different. To conspicuous individuality and great force of character inherited from the father, Handel Cossham has added remarkable industry in the acquisition of a great variety of information on practical, rather than speculative, subjects. Mechanics, engineering as applied to mining operations, and the science of

geology, have received his special attention ; and in the latter he has risen to some distinction. When, therefore, Handel Cossham and his relatives, Messrs. Joseph and Henry Wethered, became owners of certain extensive coal-mines in Gloucestershire, this scientific and technical knowledge was of special value to each and all concerned. Being on one occasion a visitor at Shortwood Lodge, as I entered the breakfast-room, Mr. Cossham came in by another way clothed in a flannel suit, giving external indications that he had been underground among the colliers. This dress was presently changed for garments more appropriate to the breakfast-table and the company that awaited his presence, and in all respects the transformation was such as to make us forget the *personnel* of the Resident Engineer. But if at five o'clock in the morning Mr. Cossham was engineering underground and superintending his workpeople, at noon he was probably to be seen on "Change," and perchance the same evening was far away attending a teetotal meeting ; so ubiquitous and energetic then, as now, was the honourable member for East Bristol. Besides Mr. Cossham's inherent force of character, it should be noted that he was the early disciple and trusty friend of the Rev. Benjamin Parsons, whose spirit and manner he imbibed, and whom in many other respects he was supposed to resemble.

Well-merited honours have waited upon the career of Mr. Handel Cossham. To have been twice mayor of the ancient and aristocratic city of Bath, and a second time elected to represent in Parliament the Eastern Division of Bristol, are distinctions of which my early friend may be justly proud.

Nor are these alone Mr. Cossham's claims to recognition. The honourable gentleman is also a life-long abstainer from alcoholic liquors; and while an active, prominent, and advanced politician, has all along the line boldly and consistently kept his temperance principles to the front, and advocated them, far and wide, with commanding eloquence and with signal success.

PART III.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

CHAPTER I.

BATH.—CHEDDAR.—SIDCOT.

ALTHOUGH a native of Hereford, part of my early childhood was spent in Bath, at a period when the quiet of the city was at certain hours of the day broken by the starting of the stage-coaches (with drivers and guards in handsome liveries) from the old York House—when gas in the streets was unknown, and ladies were conveyed to chamber concerts and midnight balls in the now obsolete, forgotten, Sedan chairs. Two events, which happened simultaneously, were too deeply impressed on my young mind ever to be forgotten. The first was the murder at Gill's Hill Cottage, Hertfordshire, of Weare, by Thurtall, Hunt, and Propert, who were all sporting "blades," "ultra flash men," and gamblers, preying alike upon society and upon each other. This foul deed was committed on Friday, the 24th of October, 1823; and on the same night, in the fair city of Bath, there was such an overflow of the banks of the Avon, that much damage was done to property, many lives were placed in jeopardy, and I myself had a narrow escape, as my parents lived near the North Parade. In look-

ing over, by courtesy of the proprietor, the *Bath and Cheltenham Gazette* for November 1, 1823, I found that all the details set forth respecting that memorable flood were in full accord with my childhood recollection. After giving a graphic account of the catastrophe, the report proceeds to say :—

“Several publicans residing within the neighbourhood of the river have suffered by their casks floating and either from ‘staving,’ or from losing the cocks the contents were wasted. In one or two instances, on working the beer-engines, foul water followed the pump instead of beer, and it was found that the casks had literally changed their contents.”

Whether the poor publicans, having regard to their ‘vested interests,’ claimed, at the hands of the civic authorities, compensation for the exchange of so much “nut-brown ale” for its equivalent of “foul water,” was not stated ; but the accident, from the cynical teetotaler’s point of view, was not much to be regretted. The less people drink of beer, *mixed* or otherwise, so much the better for their stomachs and their morals, was a sentiment certain peculiar people imbibed and published in Bath now more than 50 years ago. One Samuel Taylor, whom, as already related, I heard at Bristol, conceived the idea that among the luxurious citizens of Bath there probably might be some thoughtful people who would not be indisposed to listen to his experience, and favour the ob-

ject of his visit to the West. Why Samuel Taylor should have chosen Sunday for his journey, I am not aware. Probably that was the only day at liberty, for he was much engaged; but to walk twelve miles (which he did) on such an errand on the "Lord's" day, would probably at that time shock the sensibilities of many professing Christians. To such, teetotalism was "another gospel," as expressed in the observation of an old lady, who, on being invited to sign the pledge, declared that she had no wish to change her religion! As the Friends were about to separate at their place of worship on a certain First-day morning, Samuel Taylor introduced himself to Mr. Henry Fowler Cotterell, and expressed, in a short interview, his desire to address the people of Bath on a subject of paramount importance, of which he was one of the accredited exponents. Though Mr. Cotterell was not in love at first sight with Samuel Taylor's suggestions, as preliminary to further consideration of the subject, he, in the spirit of a Christian gentleman, invited the stranger home to dinner. The result of the visit was, that, chiefly by the advice of his son, Jacob Henry, whose zeal at that time was in advance of his father's, a meeting was held in the Guildhall on June the 15th, 1836. Mr. Alderman Shenstone presided, and the audience was addressed by James Teare

and Samuel Taylor; and twenty-two persons signed the pledge. Two days after, another meeting was held in the Friends' Meeting House, and was equally encouraging. The first person who signed was the late Mr. George Cox, of Stall Street. One drunkard also signed at the first meeting, and remained faithful. The first signatures at the second meeting were those of Mr. Jacob Henry Cotterell, who was then only twenty years of age, and his revered father, Mr. Henry Fowler Cotterell. By way of securing a local habitation for the more systematic carrying on of the work, a small room, formerly the Mechanics' Institute, was shortly afterwards hired for weekly meetings, at a rental of £13 a year.

At the first meeting at Chandos House, William Macgowan, of Bristol, a carpenter by trade, one of our most intelligent working-men advocates, gave his experience; and not long after, Mr. George Fackerell, my brother Charles, and I, followed in the wake of Macgowan, and delivered addresses at one of the weekly meetings. The journey to Bath and back was performed by us on foot, for tricycles and bicycles were not then in fashion; and stage-coach travelling was somewhat expensive.

Of those whom I personally knew in the first decade, and who, in their several spheres of usefulness, were more or less prominent, were Henry

Fowler Cotterell and his son Jacob Henry ; Edward, Samuel, and William Saunders, of whom I shall speak in a subsequent chapter ; Charles Beavis ; James Gray ; George Cox ; the youthful John Brumby ; and also the Rev. Owen Clark, the great luminary and lecturer of the Old Moderation Society, then a Baptist minister in Bath.

Mr. Cox was by trade a hatter, and by keeping a superior article in stock, became a prosperous tradesman. Busy man as he was, he found time, for a long succession of years, to give a helping hand, in his own peculiar way, to temperance and other worthy objects. By reason of the religious services he held under the arches of the railway, he was styled by his friends "*Archbishop*" Cox ; and he good-naturedly accepted the distinction.

What a nice, clear-skinned, wholesome-looking man was James Gray, whose experience, as told by himself, was never out of season, whether related to an audience composed of working-men, or when placed side by side with the polished periods of a more refined and educated speaker !

"On the first of November" (we are told) "a whole company of tipplers, who had been carousing for a fortnight at the Old Lamb and Cottage, in Stall Street, where they had spent all their money, were reduced to the greatest straits—their wives in most cases being obliged to go out to work to procure food to keep themselves and children from starvation. In this dilemma they were driven to their wits' end to know what to do. It so

happened that some of them, having noticed placards announcing that a Temperance meeting would be held that evening, they mutually agreed among themselves to abandon their dissipated habits; and they accordingly left the tap-room in a body, and went direct to the meeting and signed the pledge. Several of these became zealous and faithful advocates of the cause which they espoused. The contrast which soon presented itself in their altered circumstances gave point and weight to their arguments, and inspired their zeal as they sought to reclaim others. One of that singular party, after years of devoted advocacy, gave up the whole of his time as a Temperance Missionary, in which capacity he laboured with much faithfulness and success till his death.*

“The sad story of his early falling into intemperate habits is worthy of recording here, if only as a warning to *thoughtless*, well-meaning people, whose conduct in giving intoxicating liquor to youths is very reprehensible. It was at a Sunday School Festival in an adjoining county that he and some others of his school-fellows were *rewarded* (?) by the superintendent for their good conduct by being given an *extra half-pint of beer*! All the boys, with one exception, who were thus rewarded on that occasion, became victims of intemperance; and only the one in question, as far as can be traced, was reclaimed.”

Solicitude for the young is by no means a virtue of modern growth, for close upon the introduction of the adult society into Bath, the present Band of Hope movement was in a measure anticipated by the formation, on April the 30th, 1838, of the Bath Juvenile Temperance Society. The founder and active spirit was the youthful John Brumby, who had signed the pledge at the second meeting, June the 18th, 1836; he being then only a little over thirteen

* That excellent and devoted man was James Gray.

years old, and whom death removed at the premature age of twenty-four. Here is a brief record of the first year's operations :—

“The first annual meeting of the BATH JUVENILE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY was held on Monday evening, Mr. Cotterell, junr., in the chair. The report presented by Master Brumby, one of the secretaries, stated that 136 lads of Bath are united together in abstaining from all intoxicating liquors, three of whom had been reclaimed from habits of drunkenness. During the year they have held thirteen public meetings, and distributed 910 tracts on Teetotalism.”

The opposition the teetotalers had to encounter, took, as we have seen, various forms. On the one hand, we had to cope with the cold contempt of the self-indulgent wine-bibber, who, before he could cast in his lot among us, desired to know, “Have any of the Pharisees believed on Him?” The other extreme was that of the rude buffetings to which we were subjected at our meetings, or the lampoons and satires which occasionally appeared in the press, as will be gathered from the subjoined report of what occurred in 1836.

“A very noisy and turbulent meeting took place in November, at the Friends' Meeting House, when the opponents of the movement mustered in strong force, and not only shouted and sang to drown the voices of the speakers, but broke up some of the forms. Additional attention was called to this meeting by a letter in the press, written in a vein of satirical humour, attacking the speakers, the cause, and the whole proceedings with unsparing ridicule,

signed 'Sam Sly'; who also made a similar attack upon the tea-meeting held in the Guildhall, December 28th, 1836, giving to all who took part in it the drollest names, and putting into their mouths the most ludicrous speeches. He also wrote a number of letters in the *Journal*, one of which was entitled, 'Sam Sly's Slap at Friend Cotterell.' His 'Sketch' of a procession during a heavy storm, June 18th, 1838, created great merriment at the expense of those who took part in it; and as many friends have since referred to the 'Sketch' as a matter of considerable interest relating to the past, a few extracts are appended:—

“THE TEE-TOTALERS have been chuckling and rejoicing among themselves at what they term 'A JUDGMENT' in Bath, by a Brewery having accidentally caught fire on Saturday, the 16th of June, when, as an extra 'Judgment,' or visitation upon themselves for their ignorance and cruelty, they have now to whistle on the other side of their mouths for an AWFUL CALAMITY! which befel them on the 18th.' After describing the preparations for the start, he says:—'But little did they dream in their glory of the rod that was in pickle for them, or of the mischief that was *brewing* overhead; and long will they remember the day when they got drowned in their own element, or washed away in their own favourite beverage, on the day of their greatest presumption. Just as these swill-tubs were in full sail, and lost sight of port, one of the most tremendous storms in the memory of man came showering down upon them like waterpots with the rose off. Now, there was no retreating, no backing out (for they could not for shame despise a little water, the virtues and benefits of which they had so long and strenuously recommended); thus they bore it like so many herrings, and shook their fins like martyrs. The consequence was, that about 500, *more or less, have been drowned or washed away*, and not since heard of'!!

“Every vehicle, from a fly to a wheelbarrow, was in requisition for the conveyance of the most opulent and *inveterate soakers*; and the procession was headed by the bearer of a *tin tea-kettle* on a crimson cushion, in a spirit of emulation and imitation of carry-

ing the Crown at the Coronation ; and the tag-rag and bob-tail (or rather wag-tail)

“ Wound up by a Brewer’s Dray ; but why we cannot say.”

“ We have endeavoured below to catch the order of the march before the floods broke in upon them and washed them to the rightabout. First and foremost came the

TIN TEA-KETTLE, aforesaid ; then

A **COFFEE-POT** on Tea Tray.

A **PUMP**, on two men’s shoulders, handle bound with blue ribbon.

A **Boy**, with his Head in a **Bucket**.

Two Young Ladies, with a Set of Tea Service.

Friend C—L ; Friend M—S ; Friend C—X.

BANNERS ! BANNERS !!

“ *Adam’s Ale.*”

“ *Tea and Turn Out.*”

Mr. and Mrs. *Mug-gins* !

Mr. and Mrs. *Gin-kins* !

Two Little Boys and a Baby, with Temperance Badges.

Music, playing “ The Sea, the Sea ;” and

“ Hey, for a Bucket, a Bucket, a Bucket !”

A Tee-totaller. Ditto. Ditto. Ditto.’

Friend T—r, with a banner, “ Truth, they say, lies in a Well.”

Friend G—y, with a banner, “ We Drank ; We Saw ; We Conquered !”

A Batch of Small Fry, carrying a Penny Flag.

Punch Bowl, mounted ; the carrier flourishing the Ladle.

Six Guinness’s Porter Bottles, with Imps flying out of the mouths.

A **Donkey**, with **Outriders**.

Four Men, carrying a Hogshead, inverted. Colours.

Two Nice Young Ladies (and Sober). A Great Grandmother. A Grandmother.

A Mother. A Daughter. A Nurse, carrying twins.

A Fly (Driver Drunk) ; a Mule ; and a Cart-horse.

Tag-Rag and Bob-tail.

Brewer’s Dray, and Water Cart.’”

One of the present committee who took part in that procession, well remembers the drenching he got, and the fun which opponents made of the general spectacle. Mr. Henry Fowler Cotterell, in one of his early letters in the press, makes reference to the "rude ribaldry and pointless sarcasm" of "Sam Sly," and says:—

"I have no objection to be the butt of a host of such scribblers, if by the agitation of the subject one poor drunkard should be recovered from the pit of misery. My joy over him would far outweigh all the pain it is in the power of the tongue or pen of malice to inflict."

The several letters on each side were re-published as they appeared, and gave increased publicity and impetus to the Temperance movement. It is gratifying to learn that this facetious opponent afterwards became a convert. His tone had greatly changed in 1846; for in giving a brief report of Mr. Cotterell's lecture on the "Rise, Progress, and Future Prospects of Teetotalism," he says:—

"Mr. Cotterell deserves the thanks of his countrymen for having shown himself a thorough-going out-and-out teetotaler, in having manifested much patience and perseverance amidst the jeers and pop-guns of his opponents, some of whom were SLY-dogs, and for having so fearlessly and successfully brought matters to such an issue." *

* To an interesting account of the introduction of teetotalism into Bath, from the pen of Mr. William Manchip, I am indebted for some of the foregoing incidents, which I have taken the liberty to incorporate with my own personal recollections.

Happily the time came when such scandals as those just narrated, and which "Sam Sly" afterwards sincerely repented of, came to an end, and the Society was allowed to pursue the even tenour of its way. Among those whose lot it was to stand in the gate and confront the enemy, none were more conspicuous and bore a more honourable part, or were more highly esteemed by all classes of their fellow-citizens, than Henry Fowler Cotterell and his son Jacob Henry.

From the following brief report, which appeared in the columns of the *Bristol Temperance Herald* for May, 1837, it will be seen that while the larger centres of population were specially appealed to, the villages were by no means neglected.

"A considerable accession of members has lately taken place at Cheddar. A short time ago a tea-party was held, which was attended by Mr. Robert Charleton and Nathaniel Bailey; and more recently Joseph Rice and Thomas Hudson walked down from Bristol [17 miles] to attend a meeting. There was a full attendance, and twenty signatures were obtained. On Sunday, the 11th ultimo, James Teare preached at Cheddar three times. On the following evening (Monday) nearly twenty persons walked over from Cheddar to attend the meeting held at Sidcot in the Friends' Meeting House, and among the speakers were James Teare, J. Ponsoby, a plasterer from Bristol, and three journeymen paper-makers from Cheddar and Banwell."

It will be observed in the foregoing account what

a large number of persons in those more primitive times were willing to take bodily exercise, and to put themselves to occasional inconvenience to serve the cause. With, it may be, now and then "a lift" in a donkey-cart or other rude kind of conveyance without springs, lent by some sympathizing farmer, speakers had often to depend on the strength and flexibility of their own legs to reach their destination, and their ability to do this was seldom forgotten when they were called upon to "bear a testimony." The addresses of such speakers as Mr. Robert Charleton and others, though excellent and convincing to many, had to be fortified and supplemented by the practical experience of working-men. There were then comparatively few trades teetotally represented, and any man who presented himself before an audience had to pass an ordeal which tested his tact, temper, and courage. It was little to the purpose that Jones the mason could do *his* work without beer; that was no proof to the man who worked at Mr. Tanner's paper-mills that he could do likewise; or because Snip the tailor could live without gin, that Lapstone the shoemaker should sign the teetotal pledge. This being so, we had now and then to go on a voyage of discovery to find a "testimony" to meet a particular form of objection, often unexpectedly raised by some half-intoxicated hyper-critic. If the specimen was not

ready to hand, it was held to be conclusive that, while teetotalism might suit the other man, the opponent's own case was exceptional; and in this way there was no lack of employment for our would-be logicians.

While visiting Cheddar, I was the guest of the then youthful William Tanner, connected with the paper-mills, who afterwards became an able and eminent minister among the Friends. The incidents of the meeting at this distance of time have faded away; but not so the memory of that quiet, hospitable home and its arcadian surroundings. The opportunity was one when sentiments like those expressed in the Rev. Thomas T. Lynch's beautiful and tender lines would be present to the mind of one subjectively inclined:—

“Silent Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade,
Which through earth its way hath made
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.”

I did not omit to look in upon the well-known Sidcot school, established, “as at present constituted,” in 1808, for the education of the children of the Society of Friends. The members of this religious body have, to their credit, been in advance of most other persons in the matter of Temperance;

yet such was the lingering prejudice in favour of alcoholic liquors, that for the children brought up at Sidcot school, it was thought necessary, on the score of health, to provide a supply of home-brewed ale. "The diet," says the chronicler, Mr. Theodore Compton, "was pudding and meat daily for dinner; milk for breakfast, except when milk was scarce, when some substitute was to be supplied; bread, with cheese or butter or milk, for supper. The drink to be beer of two-and-a-half bushels of malt to the hogshead." At this time it is stated that the average cost per child was £27, including clothing, conveyance, and beer. The last item steadily diminished till 1843, when it finally disappeared.

Of those educated at Sidcot school who, in different ways, have risen to distinction, are Mr. George Palmer, formerly M.P. for Reading; Mr. William Isaac Palmer; Mr. Charles Gilpin; and Charles Prideaux Fox, now the Very Reverend Father Fox, a Catholic priest in London.

CHAPTER II.

STREET.—BRIDGWATER.

JOSEPH RICE and I next proceeded to the village of Street, then but thinly populated, though the seat of some embryo industries that have since grown to very wide proportions, in which Messrs. Cyrus and James Clark were beneficially interested. Rice and I attended a teetotal meeting on the evening of our arrival, accompanied by Messrs. C. and J. Clark, and other friends. It is pleasing and refreshing, fifty years after, to receive a note from the survivor of the two brothers (Mr. James Clark), in which, in very kind terms, he says—"I *remember* thy visit to Street." Having parted company with Joseph Rice, a mechanic out of work, who was not, in all respects, a desirable companion, I visited Glastonbury, Wells, Shepton Mallet, and such villages as lay on my way back to Bristol. The experience thus gained in my first venture from home (I was then under age) enabled me to contribute at head-quarters some new facts and incidents. These, interjected between the speeches of "Old Nat" and John Brown, and the like, did

not detract from, but rather added to, the luminosity of their testimony, since, according to Cowley,

“Many lights will not be seen
If there be nothing else between.”

An extract from a letter received will show the very early connection of the brothers Cyrus and James Clark with the Temperance cause in the West. “I have good reason,” says the latter, “to believe that I was the first to sign any Temperance pledge anywhere south of Bristol. Thomas Barlow,” he proceeds to say, “the working blacksmith from Birmingham, was, I think, the first to visit Street, advocating total abstinence; followed soon by James Teare, previous to his famous visit down in Cornwall and Devon. After the first Abstinence Society was started at Street, in January, 1835, by the energetic labours of my brother Cyrus and his wife (who had, with some others of us—notably William Westlake and his wife—been practical teetotalers several months), the Moderation Society continued for some time to hold their annual meetings.

“I have before me, I believe, the earliest ‘minutes’ after the Total Abstinence Society had been regularly formed, with list and marked attendances of officers and committee, of which there are only three survivors, including myself—namely, Presi-

dent, Cyrus Clark; Secretaries, James Clark and Joseph White; Treasurer, William Westlake.”

To this interesting account of the formation of a society, some of whose members have played so distinguished a part, should be added the noteworthy fact that on June the 19th, 1837, in the village of Street, a Conference of Delegates of the West of England and South Wales was held for the purpose of promoting the cause of Temperance on the principle of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors. Of those who attended that Conference, I am told that two only survive, namely, Mr. Francis J. Thompson and Mr. James Clark, who, by a happy combination of circumstances, is the Acting President for the present year of the Western Temperance League. The other representatives present were:—Bath: Henry Fowler and Jacob Henry Cotterell. Bridgwater: Rev. William Jas. and F. J. Thompson. Bristol: Joseph Eaton. Castle Cary: Isaac Phelps. Cheddar and Sidcot: William Tanner and Barton Dell. Highbridge: William Snelgrove and Charles Sellick. Kington: John Chalker and George Bailey. Newport: William Howe. Athery: James Somers. Shepton Mallet: Rev. W. R. Baker and John Wason. Street: Rev. John Little and Cyrus Clark. Sutton Montis: James P. Brook. Taunton: William Brennan and Charles C. Jones. Yeovil: Mark Fooks and Samuel Ralls.

Mr. John Aubrey Clark (the eldest son of Cyrus Clark), who, it will be seen, has the pen of a vigorous writer, speaking of more than half a century ago, observes :—

“That our village should be looked upon as notoriously drunken is not much to be wondered at. Half smothered in cider orchards, the strong heady drink was plentiful and cheap. The miserable wages—6s. to 9s. a week—received by the farm-labourers were partly paid in the spoiled liquor the masters could not sell. A few quarrymen and some wool-sorters, and some long-booted tanners (who were the only other workmen employed in the place) saw no reason why they should not indulge themselves in the same way as their masters, who might be seen through their open parlour windows treating their visitors and themselves to after-dinner brandy and port wine.

* * * * *

“At a meeting held at Street about the year 1831, by the influence of Captain Stewart, a well-known philanthropist and earnest advocate for the abolition of slavery, a local Temperance society was established in the village, and proved to be a complete success, except in one little particular, which was, that drunkenness amongst the lower classes grew rather worse than before, simply because nobody knew where moderation began, and none could tell exactly where it stopped. Cyrus Clark, one of the first to join the society, instead of selling his store of distilled liquors and buying wine with the proceeds, as some of the others were said to have done, smashed his bottles in a radical and thorough-going sort of way, and mixed the contents with the mortar used in building, during the spring of 1834, the house in which James Clark now resides.

* * * * *

“Cyrus Clark, who, although working heartily with the Vicar—Lord J. Thynne—and others on the Temperance committee, was

dissatisfied with the half-hearted moderation scheme, threw himself with his usual zeal and energy into the new movement, the ultra and extreme character of which frightened the patron of the Temperance society into a sort of hysterical opposition. Those of his children who were old enough to understand the nature and meaning of an abstinence pledge signed at the same time as their parents; and James Clark, William Westlake, and John Little (the minister of the Baptist congregation) afterwards added their names. The women are always in the front in a work of helpfulness and kindness; and the wives of the Temperance pioneers worked with them from the first.

“Some delegates from the go-ahead Preston Society were invited to Street to help the new movement. There are some who remember the eloquence of James Teare, and the shrewd, telling hits of Thomas Whittaker. Charles Gilpin (afterwards M.P. for Northampton) came from Bristol to give his help, and afterwards established a branch society in his own neighbourhood. Mounted on a heap of wool-bags in a long unceiled loft, where the shoe factory now stands, the north-country burr and bold invectives of the Preston men were hurled and thundered at the national vice and its promoters, to the wonder and astonishment of the stolid rural mind, with a vehemence that brought the perspiration out of the faces of the speakers, and conviction into the hearts of some (at least) of their hearers. These delegates were men who called a spade a spade, and disposed of the Temperance Society in two contemptuous words, that ‘Moderation was Botheration;’ men who railed at the ‘pobblican’ as one who stood at the infernal gates luring men and women to destruction; men who slapped their pockets with loud boasts of golden guineas saved from the drink-shops, who talked of roast beef and plum-pudding as if they really meant it, and who drew pictures of the miseries of a drunkard’s home that went to the heart because they were drawn from life. Some desperate characters, who had been looked upon as utter outcasts, joined the little band; and the misdirected energy which had once made

them the worst among the bad, now made them the best of recruits to help the new crusade.

“But these earnest men were not contented with preaching from wool-bags. Some of the converts, who owed their success in life to the rescue from a drunkard’s life, will tell, even to the present day, how that good and great-hearted man, Cyrus Clark, and others like him, animated with the same untiring zeal for the benefit of their fellow-men, followed up their converts day after day, and week after week, when the temptation of drink had become again and again too strong for them to resist, venturing at the risk of their lives into dens of iniquity filled with half-mad drunken revellers, and hauling out their rescued converts by actual force from amongst the savage crew. The force of habit was often too strong at first, and the new pledge was broken time after time; but zeal for their good never for a moment slackened, nor grew kind patience tired, until control grew stronger and temptation weaker, and the men for whom the work was done took their place at last with the workers, and in turn gave their energies for the good of their kind. Then the little band of temperance reformers, reinforced by these new recruits, attacked the neighbouring towns and villages. If the ‘roast beef,’ and ‘pocket full of money,’ and ‘pig in the sty’ business told effectively from strangers, how much more it succeeded when the foregoings of the speakers were known, when the beef and bacon could be actually smelt and seen and tasted, and the pig heard grunting in the sty! Then the publicans and the irreclaimable boozers, who had lost their companions, began to raise a mighty commotion, and expressed their feelings in brickbats, foul words, and rotten eggs. The Messrs. Clark had at that time an Irish jaunting car—an outlandish-looking affair with seats on both sides. When this odd vehicle started off loaded with zealous teetotalers to proselytize a neighbouring village; or when the sturdy reformers paraded the streets with their teetotal medals aggressively displayed, the beerhouses disgorged a rabble of drunken ruffians, who assailed the pioneers with volleys of abuse

too often accompanied by missiles neither savoury nor welcome. The meetings in the old wool-loft were invaded by tipsy gangs from the beerhouses primed up with strong drink. On one special occasion, within the memory of the writer, the crowd of rioters in the street opposite the place of meeting became so threatening that the gates of the yard were closed and defended from the inside by Temperance men against a howling mob of ruffians half-mad with drink and rage. One of the sturdy defenders was carried into the dwelling house insensible from a bad cut on the forehead, received in the fray; and had those well-defended gates once given way, some of that sturdy company of teetotal pioneers might have met with a worse martyrdom for the good cause than foul words or rotten eggs. At the old Glastonbury Quakers' meeting-house the footmats were thrown at the speakers' heads, and the teetotalers were pelted out of the town with stones and mud.

“But the greatest excitement was caused by the cutting down, by their owners, of apple-trees used for making cider. This was looked upon with awe and horror as a wicked sacrilege, rendered worse by the subsequent impiety of giving apples to pigs.”

In those more primitive days the most absurd stories were put into circulation of the awful and even fatal disasters which befel many persons who were so foolish as to abandon the use of ale, or cider, and take to the inordinate use of teetotal drinks. Somewhere in the neighbourhood of Minehead, it was affirmed, a man, or woman (the sex was uncertain), had, since signing the pledge, consumed daily several quarts of coffee, from the effects of which the victim ultimately died. Upon a *post-mortem* examination of the body being made,

it was said the stomach was found to contain nine pounds fourteen ounces of undigested coffee. It is evident that the concoctors of this wonderful and sensational story did not understand the free use of hyperbole, or they would probably have included the coffee-*pot* in their "full, true, and particular account." The besotted men of Street, with their heads surcharged with this silly invention, called the teetotalers "Coffee G—ts," and applied to them other epithets more forcible than polite.

Among the early converts to teetotalism at Street was one John Clough, *alias* "Colin," whose "Remarkable Adventures," the late Rev. B. Richings, M.A. (as the result of a casual interview with Mr. Joseph Eaton, on the sands of Weston-super-Mare), has embodied in a small volume of unusual interest. As proof of its great popularity, the Rev. Robert Maguire, Incumbent of St. James's, Clerkenwell, gave occasional readings to his parishioners from the Life of Colin, which, so says the report, "were heard with intense delight." For thirty long years John Clough led a wandering, dissipated, and reckless life; and during his travels halted at the city of Gloucester, where he worked a short time as a leather-dresser for Mr. Slatter, a gentleman who was engaged in that line of business. Here is Colin's own account of his arrival,—

“I reached Gloucester about six in the evening, after a day of snow and rain. I was so drunk when I got off the coach that I could not stand, but fell sprawling along the pavement before the hotel where the coach stopped. I was taken to the factory after drinking another quarter of brandy, which, in my ignorance, I said was to keep out the cold. In the factory there was a water-course, which ran through the yard, and at night the men were ordered to draw up the flood-gates, in case the water should rise suddenly and overflow the yard. It was dark, and being drunk and unacquainted with the place, I fell in head foremost, and should have been drowned if two of the men who had not left work had not seen me fall in. The water, which ran for some distance under a building, had nearly carried me under, when the men laid hold of me and got me out. This sobered me a little. I lost my hat and bundle in the water. I was carried to a stove, and laid among some warm wool, and Mr. Slatter was brought to me. When he entered where the stove was and saw me lying, he said, ‘I am sure he’s a good ’un, or he wouldn’t have taken to the water this cold night.’ My clothes being dried, my master, having as much ignorant faith in the efficacy of intoxicating liquors as myself, sent me half a gallon of strong beer, with some gin, to be drunk hot. My fright had left me, and I was getting drunk again, never considering the operation of His hand who had delivered me from so great a danger ; for at that time I had not one serious reflection.”

After relating several other incidents to the like effect, John Clough gives an account of the disturbances he created at the teetotal meetings.

“At almost every teetotal meeting I was sure to be there to disturb it, having been hired by some publicans for a quart or two of beer. Mr. Bowly, in his pity and forbearance, used to say, ‘Never mind the Scotchman—he will some day be a consistent teetotaler.’ I told him that before I would become a teetotaler I

would have my arm chopped off, for I was one of the moderate, and I would continue to be one. Mr. Bowly asked me what my moderation was. I told him sixteen quarts of sixpenny a day. Mr. Bowly asked me if I ever got drunk? He was answered by a person in the meeting, that he had seen the Scotchman taken home on a wheelbarrow and upset into a puddle, and that was only yesterday. The following week Mr. Bowly saw me drunk four successive days."

By what route and why John Clough directed his steps towards Somersetshire, it is not of importance to inquire; suffice it to say that in every remove he took his drinking appetite with him. When he reached the village whither he was bound, he got better advice and more prudent treatment than he received from his former master, Mr. Slatter; and that made all the difference.

"When I got to Street," he says, "I was far from being sober, and I was very meanly clad, for I had no clothes but what were on my back. I went to a beershop, and had a pint of cider. I inquired of the landlady where the factory was at which I had come to work. 'She was surprised,' she said, 'at tradesmen going to work for teetotalers.' However, she told me that they had a back door to their beer-shop, and she would let me in on the sly. But what had proved such a curse to me I never drank again. When I left the house, I went to the factory. Both my masters, Cyrus and James Clark, happened to be at home when I arrived, and they procured a lodging for me at a house where the whole family were total abstainers from all intoxicating liquors. The next morning I went to work, and as I was to make a great sacrifice, so I had counted the cost. I was then forty-five years of age, and for the last thirty years I had been a confirmed

drunkard. A week or a fortnight elapsed before I signed the pledge, after a lecture given by Mr. Thomas Whittaker, a person I had insulted at Gloucester while delivering a Temperance Lecture. I came openly forward, and avowed that the principles of teetotalism were good, by subscribing my name to the pledge."

It was not long before Clough, having given evidence of his consistency and stability of character, was put into harness; and probably no better course could be adopted for keeping our new converts right, than by finding for each some kind of suitable work. So it came to pass in due time, that John Clough was placed first upon the Committee; and subsequently, for upwards of four years, was the efficient Secretary of the Street Society. The wonderful change in the physical condition and personal appearance which had followed in the wake of John Clough's consistent teetotal practice, is graphically described by himself when narrating the circumstances of meeting his long-estranged wife and her nephew at the Angel Inn at Islington:—

"As I looked at myself, I could not help contrasting my appearance with what it was when my wife left me, twenty-two years ago; and when no man would have given me a shilling for all I had on my back, and yet it was the best I had; or when I entered Abingdon in my sail-cloth jacket and trousers, my crownless hat, my shirtless back, and my shoeless feet; and now the clothes I had on were a new suit of black which cost upwards of five pounds; a new great coat nearly four pounds, a new pair of Wellington boots, new hat, black kid gloves, a new watch which cost

five guineas, with a silver guard ; and as to my size, I was five score heavier, so it was no wonder the young man (the wife's nephew) could not recognise me.”*

The wicked do not live out half their days ; and if that is true of any class, it is especially true of the intemperate and the sensual. Nor is the fact that John Clough was nearly eighty years of age when he died, any disproof of the correctness of the general statement. The last ten years of his life were spent chiefly in bed, and much bodily suffering was his self-inflicted portion ; “For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” But during those weary years he greatly enjoyed the consolations of religion ; and on Sunday, August the 20th, 1871 ; there came to the relief of the aged sufferer the still small voice, which said,—

“ Spirit, cast thy chains away ;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death ! ”

Before the introduction of teetotalism into Bridgewater, on August the 19th, 1836, Mr. Francis J. Thompson's father had two clever workmen, both of whom could earn good wages when they were

* The pathetic story of the wife's return to her husband just at the point when Colin (in ignorance of the fact that his wife was still living) had thoughts of a second marriage, reads like a revised edition of Lord Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*.

steady; yet, from their indulgence in drink, their homes, it was said, were a disgrace to humanity. Mr. Thompson would say to these men, "As you can't take a *little*, you must take none at all;" and on these terms they would begin a week's work. Whether the men themselves liked the enforced abstinence or not, the improvement in their circumstances as the result was visible enough to the most casual observer.

Francis J. Thompson was not at this time a tee-totaler; but the incident just stated convinced him of the value of abstinence as a remedy for the workmen's besetting sin. This conviction was strengthened by a speech from John Hockings, the noted Birmingham blacksmith; which was followed shortly after by a lecture from James Teare in the Friends' Meeting House, presided over by Mr. Cyrus Clark, of Street. At the close, three or four men challenged each other to go up and sign the pledge; but as no one led the way, Francis Thompson (then a young man of twenty-three) stepped forward, and others followed his example.

The names of the first Committee were, J. W. Sully, William Gold, Thomas Hutchings, and James Bussell. Within a few months of the establishment of the Society, Francis Thompson, who had been appointed Secretary, reported,—

“The total abstinence cause here goes on prosperously. Every week it gains fresh victories. There are in our ranks many good men and true, several of whom are brickyard labourers, who toil, exposed to the rays of a summer sun, and to the great heat from the kilns. One of these men will make 4,000 bricks in one day of sixteen hours length, and continue this Herculean task for four or six days successively, without feeling so much fatigue as he did when he was a moderate drinker; and this statement is fully borne out by his fellow-workmen.”

The sight at sea of “Mother Carey and her Chickens” was superstitiously regarded by the old sailors of a former period as the harbinger of a coming storm, and potentous of disaster to the ship. In like manner, the visit to the quiet town of Bridgewater of that “Stormy Petrel” from the north, James Teare, was looked upon by the brewers and publicans as ominous of approaching mischief.

Moral suasion pure and simple has never been a favourite weapon, either of attack or of defence, with the makers and vendors of alcoholic liquors, since it has usually been found more easy in a cowardly way to knock a man on the head, than by force of reason to convince the understanding.

It was no marvel that the “Trade” took alarm at the onslaughts thus made on their occupation and licensed privileges. The extent to which they carried their opposition, and the unscrupulous character of their doings, James Teare himself shall relate. Writing home in November, 1836, and

giving some account of his labours, he says, in reference to his visit to Bridgwater—"The roughs broke nearly all the seats in the Friends' Meeting House, and I thought they would have taken my life; but the Lord protected me."

To whomsoever honour is due, it should be given; and to esteem the humblest labourer very highly for his work's sake is a Christian obligation. So in justice, it should be said that in Bridgwater, as elsewhere, much of the rough scavenger-like work had to be done, and was nobly done, by men whose names were but little known beyond the precincts of their humble cottage homes. But every man in his own order; and among those who in position and worldly circumstances differed from the more humble members, stands the widely known and justly honoured name, Francis James Thompson. There is no greater blunder committed by persons who do not stop to reflect, than to suppose that an energetic teetotaler is necessarily a man of only one idea. Certainly in Mr. Thompson's case the "soft impeachment" is far from being true. There was hardly a project set on foot, having for its object the good of his fellow-townsmen, towards which he did not hold out a helping hand.

When, in the year 1883, Francis Thompson was invited to take upon himself the responsibilities of

chief magistrate of the borough, the honour was not proffered solely for the part he had taken in the promotion of temperance, but in general recognition of the services he had rendered as a public man and much-esteemed citizen. What, it may be asked, has been the secret of this gentleman's rise to the position he has so worthily occupied and in old age continues to maintain? I will state the reason in his own words:—

“Early in life I was given a book (a little book) entitled *Straightforwardness Essential to the Christian Character*; and that little book made an impression on my life and character. I have learnt from what I have seen that it is easier to go through life consistently than to wriggle between opposites.”

A man actuated by such sentiments as these would naturally and courageously carry into the banqueting room his long-cherished principles. If there be one place above all others calculated to test a teetotaler's pluck and consistency, that is the place. It took none of the invited guests by surprise to find that no intoxicating drinks were provided at the dinner. Nine members of the council present, like his worship, were total abstainers. At the Christmas season, Mr. Thompson issued an address to the working classes of Bridgwater, which shows that he thought the civic dignity wherewith he had been invested gave him for the time being increased responsibility, as well as enlarged oppor-

tunities, of enforcing his teetotal principles. Here is an extract from the address :—

“ I have been told that some one who drinks said, ‘ We must look out now Mr. Thompson is Mayor ;’ but I shall not be hard with you, for you punish yourself by drinking, and make your life hard and sad. I am so sorry you spend your wages in drink, so I want you to look out for your own comfort and for your own good. . . . Men and women and young men, let my year of office be free from ‘ horrible cases of drunk and disorderly,’ and you free from the fine of five shillings and costs. You will be happier, and I best pleased. Be as I am. My home, thank God, has been a teetotal home for forty-seven years. Do not touch the drink—not even the ‘ one glass ’ that begins the mischief. Begin now : better late than never ! ”

As a further proof of Mr. Thompson’s faithfulness, may be mentioned the fact that on the approach of the annual licensing day, he issued a circular to the borough magistrates, declining to share the responsibility in the granting and renewal of any licences whatsoever.

“ With my views,” he observes, “ as to the natural effect of alcoholic beverages, that they intensify ‘ the ill’s flesh is heir to,’ as well as our evil propensities, I cannot be a party to granting these licences again, and I leave the matter in your hands.”

“ Two are better far than one for counsel or for fight ; ” and so Mr. Thompson found it in the practice of teetotalism, as well as in other ways. It is true that at the outset of her married life, Mrs.

Thompson did not see her way clear to adopt her husband's ideas ; the stumbling-block being, lest the banishment of the wine decanter should be construed into a want of hospitality—a feeling which has not yet altogether passed away.

“My husband,” she observes, “had signed the pledge before our marriage, contrary to my wishes ; and I regret to say for a while I held aloof, not that I cared for wine, ale, etc.,—I was a water-drinker in practice and by preference,—but I disliked the idea of seeming inhospitality to our friends.”

In this state of indecision Mrs. Thompson did not long remain. She soon emerged into the open daylight, and became, as her husband lovingly says, his “right-hand supporter.”

On the evening of October the 26th, 1884, the Town Hall of Bridgwater was crowded in every part, on the occasion of the presentation to Mr. Thompson of a portrait of himself, painted in oil by Mr. J. Hicks, of London, together with a beautifully illuminated address, subscribed for by upwards of 500 of the inhabitants, representing many shades of religious and political opinion. The address, which was beautifully executed by Mr. Whitby, and enclosed in a frame, was read by Mr. Samuel Perrett, one of Mr. Thompson's early coadjutors in temperance work. The occasion was prolific of speech, and the singing of some specially selected melodies. The meeting was preceded by a procession of the members of

the Bridgwater Teetotal Club, wearing their regalia, and headed by the "Star of Temperance" Brass Band. "If," said the chairman, "strangers passing through the town that evening should ask, 'Why are the streets so full of people, and why this grand assembly in your Town Hall?' the answer was, 'We have come to do honour to one who has been an honour to our town.'"

On the 19th of August last, Francis Thompson kept his teetotal jubilee, and at the celebration there was also present another distinguished veteran, Mr. Thomas Whittaker; who, though not one of "The Pioneers of the West," was well known *in* the West fifty years ago.

This episode in the life of this early friend, was only eclipsed in interest by an event of a domestic character, namely, the celebration, on the 30th of August, of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson.

"On that day," says the head of the household, "my children and grand-children gathered in the old home, thirty-six in number, and every one a life abstainer from strong drink."

A true estimate of the domestic virtues and christian graces of Mr. Francis and Mrs. Thompson, is delicately and with much beauty of description set forth in the following lines from the pen of Miss Matilda Sturge:—

TO FRANCIS JAMES AND REBECCA THOMPSON ON THE OCCASION
OF THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING AT HAMP GREEN, BRIDGWATER,
August 30th, 1886.

Like to a summer morning just begun,
Sweet as the coolness of the awakening day,
With all its dewy shade, while yet the sun
Tints but the tree-tops with his golden ray—
Was that fair hour when in the shining weather,
Fresh in the gladness and the hope of youth,
Those two stood up, and joined their hands together,
To pledge through weal and woe their love and truth.

* * * * * *

Fair was the morning, and the eve is fair,
Although indeed we know
There have been clouds between—the mists of care,
The deeper shades of woe.
For they had loved and lost : the starting tear
Marks that they meet a not unbroken band ;
Though many sons and daughters come to cheer,
Or send their greetings from a distant land.
But clouds at even lose their gloomy hue,
And catch the crimson glowing in the West ;
Past griefs are softened, and a sense of rest
Falls on the present gently as the dew.

And mercy still hath followed all their ways,
And filled their hands with blessings manifold ;
Many and good have been their pilgrim days,
Though fewer than the patriarch's of old :
And scarce can we believe what still we know,
That bridal morn was fifty years ago !
Time hath but gently touched her hair and brow,
And left his form erect, his step elastic now.

Blest in each other, in their children blest,
O happy pair, whose love so true and tried
Is dearer yet in His, the bidden Guest
Whose presence cheers them more than all beside ;
He fills their cup with gladness to the brim,
For they are one for evermore in Him.

CHAPTER III.

YEOVIL.—PYLLE.—BANWELL.—HINTON CHARTER-
HOUSE.

THE Rev. William Woolhouse Robinson, M.A., who subsequently and for many years was Incumbent of Christ Church, Chelsea, was one of the early active members of the Yeovil Society. In addition to the valuable help he gave in the pulpit and on the platform, he was also the author of a tract, *A Clergyman's reasons for Total Abstinence*, which was extensively read. It was said of Hudibras that,—“he could not ope his mouth, but out there flew a trope;” and rarely did my reverend friend presume to speak, but his audience were favoured with his views of the kind of wine used at the Marriage Feast, enforced with much verbal criticism and reference to the Greek Testament.

The drawback to Mr. Robinson's otherwise unqualified usefulness was his apparent uncontrollable tendency to impose his views of the doctrine of the Trinity upon audiences holding diverse religious opinions,—a tendency which sometimes gave offence. This was the weak point in the advocacy of Mr. Robinson. The quondam Curate of Yeovil and

Chelsea Incumbent was without doubt an eminently spiritually-minded man, and much esteemed among the evangelical party in the Established Church. Notwithstanding his incessant labours, he lived to the advanced age of eighty-four, and remained as earnest and active a teetotaler as on the day when he publicly espoused the temperance cause.

A less well-known clergyman, yet withal a genial country gentleman, who knew how to handle a gun, and whose stores of agricultural knowledge were considerable, whatever his stock of divinity, was the Rev. William Wilkins Gale, M.A., Rector of Pylle, near Shepton Mallet. The parish was limited in extent, and the number of souls in charge was correspondingly small; so that, having a margin of time on hand, Mr. Gale, like the Vicar of Wakefield, did a little amateur farming. I have once or twice spoken to the people of his charge in the school-room, under the presidency of the parson; who, like his more popular brother, the Rev. Dr. Gale, and his brother Frederick Gale, the surgeon of Cheriton, was a good strong-in-the-back teetotaler, and just the sort of man to live peaceably among the farmers.

The Rev. W. H. Turner, M.A., Vicar of Banwell, who still lives in the serenity of a green old age, and the love of his parishioners, was one of the few clergymen in 1836, and for some years after, who

took an active part with Joseph Eaton, Robert Charleton, and others, and who could find ready access into the pulpits of the Established Church, when others of his own order were excluded. The chief, but of course not the only, reason for this, was probably the fact, that neither the matter of his discourse nor the manner of his delivery was likely to disturb the easy-going consciences of the churchwardens, or of his hearers in general; for in his sermons, as in life, he pursued "the even tenour of his way." The argument of Paul respecting the renunciation of meats and drinks offered to idols, a favourite theme with the worthy vicar and the more cautious advocates, though accounted by some as morally conclusive, left the physiological reasons for abstinence from alcohol untouched—a factor of supreme importance.

When some years ago, as I have in substance elsewhere said, I was asked by an eminent and somewhat eccentric Congregational minister why I had become a teetotaler, I had to give such reasons as I was at the moment able to command; and these were of the ordinary benevolent type, such as I thought would carry conviction to the mind of the distinguished preacher. But I have learned that professedly religious people, as a class, are not influenced solely by an appeal to the claims of Christian duty; for the Pauline argument is often set aside

in deference to the claims of the stomach, usually under the authority of medical prescription. In brief (such has been my experience), the teetotal pledge is seldom long and faithfully kept, unless side by side with the moral argument there be the settled conviction, that alcoholic drinks as articles of ordinary consumption are more or less injurious. On this subject there are many persons, as Matthew Arnold would say, "who require more lucidity!"

The Rev. Thomas Spencer, M.A., perpetual Curate of Hinton Charterhouse, who was a fellow-student with the Rev. W. W. Robinson at St. John's College, Cambridge, was in many respects a more remarkable personage as a clergyman, than those to whom I have alluded. Had the youthful Thomas Spencer, on leaving Cambridge, where he graduated as 9th wrangler, set his heart upon a bishopric, as young Henry Brougham did upon the Lord Chancellorship, he could hardly have marked out for himself a course more unlikely for reaching the object of his ambition than the one that he adopted. Like his more eminent nephew, Herbert Spencer, between whom and his uncle there was a family resemblance, he was far from being of robust constitution, and died at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven. Notwithstanding the lack of physical stamina, and the temptations to settle down to the

ease and pleasure of scholastic life, Thomas Spencer had no sooner "read himself in" as perpetual curate, than he threw himself with unexampled ardour into the discharge of his new pastoral duties.

It was a pardonable poetic conceit of that remarkable genius of the North, Henry Anderton, to say,—

"It's as easy as come out,
 To bring this nice change about ;
 If you'd lay these 'good for nought'
 Liquids by ;
 If instead of jerry-dregs
 You would let roast beef and eggs
 Occupy your munching pegs.
 TRY, LADS, TRY!"

But before the dawn of scientific agriculture, cheap newspapers, village reading-rooms, and railway communication, the men who tilled the soil lived a life of isolation and stolid indifference; and, as a consequence, it was very difficult to make much impression upon the bucolic mind of Farmer A. or Farmer B.

The subjoined statement of facts will show the condition of Hinton Charterhouse when the Rev. Thomas Spencer undertook the "Cure of souls," and what it became as the result of his energy, tact, and influence:—

"The parish of Hinton, containing about 800 inhabitants, had

no resident clergyman, no parsonage house, no school, either Sunday or daily, and no institution whatever for the good of the people. Mr. Spencer, with the aid of his neighbours, erected a parsonage house, a national school, established a village library of several hundred volumes, a clothing club, introduced the allotment system, and obtained for each of about eighty labouring men a little field-garden at the farmer's rent.

“Intemperance and pauperism prevailed to a great extent in the parish. About one hundred persons, including forty able-bodied men, were receiving parish pay; and the poor-rates were above £700 a year, and on one occasion £1,000. This fact gave a character to Mr. Spencer's future career, which was chiefly devoted to the elevation of the labouring classes. In September, 1839, he signed the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, and formed a society in the village of Hinton. Meetings were held in the schoolroom, and an annual tea-party on the lawn of the parsonage. But the great evil to overcome was pauperism. After much effort, however, Mr. Spencer had the pleasure of seeing these idle paupers changed into diligent labourers; the poor-rates were reduced to £200 a year; the farmers became more prosperous; the money that was once paid in poor-rates was now spent in wages for labour; wages became higher; a marked improvement took place in the behaviour of the labourers, and for the last ten years of Mr. Spencer's residence there were no paupers receiving out-door relief, and only four or five in the workhouse, and those either aged persons or young children. The efforts of Mr. Spencer were afterwards extended to other parishes. Hinton was incorporated with twenty-four other parishes in the Bath Union; Mr. Spencer was unanimously elected guardian. In the first year, the guardians, knowing the great improvement which had been made in Hinton, elected him their chairman, and in that year the poor-rates were reduced from £19,000 to £11,000. . . . Mr. Spencer lived at Hinton for twenty-two years. The field of labour was not large, but the results obtained were sufficient to show what might be done in

every parish in England where the minister conscientiously devotes himself to his work."

While this material and social transformation was proceeding, Mr. Spencer was actively engaged in delivering Temperance addresses, marked by great logical ability and varied reading, not only in his own locality, but in all parts of the country, returning as a rule on the Sabbath to his ministerial duties. Nor was he less busy and effective with his pen, as his numerous publications bore evidence.

On his removal to London, he became Secretary to the National Temperance Society, and Editor of the *Temperance Chronicle*, the columns of which were enriched by a series of articles on the many-sided teetotal question, which have never been surpassed for force of appeal and excellence of composition.

How intensely practical Thomas Spencer was, and how solicitous he was to bring the matter of abstinence home to the individual conscience, is set forth in the last article he wrote for the *Chronicle*, in the February number for 1853, on "The value of Physiology."

Though Mr. Spencer died at Notting Hill, London, he was buried at Hinton Charterhouse; and very pathetic is the record of the good man's consignment to the grave among his own parishioners.

"Many were awaiting the arrival of the hearse and mourning

coach at the Bath Railway Station—no less a number than 150, though the day was most unfavourable. These were chiefly the teetotalers of Bath. More than fifty accompanied the funeral procession three miles out of Bath; and on its arrival at the village of Hinton, about a quarter of a mile from the church (near the schoolroom Mr. Spencer had erected), the whole body of parishioners, in mourning, joined the procession to the church, headed by the chief farmers, and accompanied by labourers, their wives and children. The sight was most affecting, as will be seen from the letters written to Mrs. Spencer by his faithful servants, Hannah and Elizabeth Hurn.”

I omit these letters from want of space. The writer proceeds to say :—

“The first lived seventeen and the latter eighteen years with their master, for whom their affection was rather that of children than servants. No fewer than five children out of the family of his favourite parishioners, Thomas and Betty Hurn, have at different times been in his service; and the affection and esteem existing between these excellent persons and their late faithful pastor, was most remarkable, and touchingly beautiful.”

So lived and died another of the Temperance Pioneers of the West!

CHAPTER IV.

SHEPTON MALLET.—FROME AND NUNNEY.

NOT the least of the distinguished Pioneers of the West was the Rev. William Richard Baker, Congregational minister of Shepton Mallet. How he became connected with the movement is briefly related by one who wrote from personal knowledge. "At the first teetotal meeting held at Shepton Mallet, Mr. James Teare, of Preston, was introduced to my brother by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, as wishing to deliver a lecture on the subject of total abstinence from all liquors of an alcoholic or intoxicating character. Notwithstanding the novelty of the announcement, Mr. Baker allowed a meeting to be held at the chapel, and consented to preside himself on the occasion. Great attention was paid by all present to the long and excellent address delivered, and so convincing had the statements and arguments been, that fourteen names were given to the pledge of the Society. My brother's name was first on the list. Thus commenced, in the month of September, 1836, the Total Abstinence Association of Shepton Mallet, very modestly as far as members were concerned; but these increased through the

influence of each member, and the advocacy of different gentlemen who visited us from time to time.”*

Mr. Baker entered the field with great energy, and shortly after signing the pledge, visited Bristol, Bath, Frome, Wells, and numerous other towns and villages in the West of England. Mr. Baker's peculiar talent and the great information he possessed on general subjects, eminently fitted him to take the lead in a movement at a time when the majority of those who joined temperance societies were governed more by impulse than by reflection. Having worked for a time very successfully and gratuitously in his own immediate district, he was invited to become the secretary of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society. This new position opened up to him a still wider sphere of influence, and he became soon very extensively known both as a public speaker and in his executive capacity.

In the year 1838, Mr. Baker published his well-known work entitled the *Curse of Britain*, which he dedicated to Earl Stanhope, and of which the Queen subsequently was pleased to accept a copy. He afterwards published the *Idolatry of Britain*, written in a style more to interest and influence the religious

* *Life and Memorials of the late W. R. Baker*, by his sister, Mrs. E. L. Edmunds, written subsequently to my own account of him in the *Temperance Record*, October, 1861.

part of the community. Both these productions had a very extensive sale, and greatly served to enlighten the public on the various phases of the movement, respecting which there had been much popular misconception. That these admirable works did much good, the author himself, in his lifetime, received many pleasing proofs. For years after the circulation of these volumes, Mr. Baker seldom went to a public meeting, or found himself the casual guest of a family, without hearing of some satisfactory results from the perusal of his published works. I was among those who listened to some of his early speeches on the Temperance platform; and although it could never be said of him that he produced a "profound sensation," his manner and style were by no means so abstruse as they became in after years. While duly estimating the importance of the Temperance question, looked at from a moral and religious standpoint, he nevertheless made it a prominent part of his teaching, both orally and in his writings, that strong drinks are, in themselves, irrespective of the quantity imbibed, unfit for man in a state of health; that the moderate use of stimulants is opposed to man's physical well-being. Biblical scholar though he was, he based his reasonings rather on the spirit of Christianity than on the letter of the Scriptures; and on that principle he was content mainly to rest his argument. With him it

was not a matter to be settled by reference to Greek and Hebrew texts—a man's tendency to get drunk was not to be held in check, or the "offending Adam" whipped out of him, by a new philological interpretation, however instructive and interesting.

During W. R. Baker's connection with various branches of temperance work, he continued to employ his talents as a preacher; but for the last nine years of his life he became better known as the Resident Director of the Temperance Provident Institution, of which, with Mr. Robert Warner, Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Theodore Compton, he was one of the founders.

In the latter part of his life I saw much of Mr. Baker, and followed him to the grave. I have only to add that, although he was not, nor did he claim to be, free from imperfections, he was liable to be misjudged by those who knew him only in part, and had not opportunities of estimating his character as a whole. In private life, few men were more genial and sociable; towards those who differed from him few were more charitable and forgiving; while a total absence of "the spirit that lusteth to envy," and detraction of other men's good qualities, were Christian graces which adorned his walk and conversation.

While speaking thus of the more socially and otherwise favoured Somersetshire heroes of the

early period, I do not forget our indebtedness to our more humble friends of the artisan and labouring classes. Teetotalism, like Christianity, had its birth in the lower stratum of society; and in each case not many mighty, not many noble, were called, or, if called, they did not obey the summons.

I knew personally John Perry of Yeovil, and the eccentric, much-respected Temperance Missionary, Isaac Phelps; and these were men of great distinctiveness of character, who will long be lovingly remembered, if not in the halls of the rich, what is better still, in the cottages of the poor.

What the poet Crabbe said of his humble parishioner, Isaac Ashford (in view of what he did and suffered in the prosecution of his mission), might with truth be affirmed of the venerable Isaac Phelps,—

“A wise, good man, contented to be poor.”

I do not remember the exact date of my first visit to Frome Selwood, as it used to be called; but mention is made in the Society's Minute Book that I addressed two meetings there in 1849.

On July the 1st, 1836, Henry Crine, a schoolmaster, Samuel W. Strong, Samuel Horton, and Henry Aggs, met together and formed a Temperance Society upon the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors.

Samuel Horton was a grocer in the lower Market-place, and a local preacher among the Wesleyans, and had the honour to preach the first Temperance sermon in the borough. S. W. Strong and Henry Aggs were members of the Society of Friends.

Among the original signatories to the pledge was Mrs. Joseph Chapman, who still lives, and is as much interested as ever in every branch of Temperance work. On November the 9th, 1836, Mr. James Silk Buckingham, M.P. for Sheffield, lectured in Wesley Chapel; and on February the 1st, 1837, Mr. T. A. Smith, of London, gave a lecture on the chemical properties of intoxicating drinks, in the Friends' Meeting House. This was followed by a meeting on March the 17th in the Wesleyan Schoolroom, which was addressed by three brothers of the name of Hayward, from Bath. On Good Friday afternoon, March the 24th, the first meeting in the National School was held; and in the evening another gathering took place in the Friends' Meeting House. The chairman was Mr. H. F. Cotterell, and the speakers were announced as "Reformed Characters" from Bath. At the Tea Meeting on July the 18th, the principal speakers were H. F. and J. H. Cotterell, of Bath, and Mr. Robert Charleton, of Bristol.

Such, in brief, is an outline of the advent of teetotalism in Frome, as described more fully by my intelligent and energetic friend, Mr. Joseph Chap-

man, one of the few remaining witnesses for the truth of the early period. This commendable activity of the Frome teetotalers had its influence on the surrounding villages; and some of these at intervals I visited. I have especially a lively remembrance of my experience at Nunney, a village not far from Frome. Here lived and flourished a pious old couple surnamed Vickery, full to the brim with teetotal zeal which no amount of discouragement could extinguish. These humble Primitive Methodists were, as speakers, in much request both at home and in the country round. During the delivery of an address by the more garrulous wife, the husband kept up a running commentary on her oratory by exclaiming, "That's true, Betty! Well done, Betty." These loving expressions of approval on the part of the husband were of course often ill-timed and out of place; but this the audience kindly excused; such was the esteem in which Darby and Joan were held by the common people, who not only heard them gladly, but in numerous instances were persuaded to follow their Christian example.

"We have lately lost by death," writes Mr. Vickery in 1851, "a valued friend who had been a great drunkard, fighter, and otherwise an abandoned character, but who was induced to sign the pledge on February 11th, 1839. He subsequently became a serious character, and died in the faith and hope of the gospel."

In commemoration of the thirtieth Anniversary of the Band of Hope and Abstainers' Union, and Jubilee of Temperance work in Frome, a sermon was preached on November the 15th, 1886, by the Rev. Dr. James Culross, Principal of the Bristol Baptist College. On the night following, the Rev. E. J. Wemyss Whittaker, M.A., Vicar of St. Mark's, Bath, and I, delivered addresses, when the venerable President, Mr. E. T. Ledyard, occupied the chair. But the grand gala night was November the 18th, when the beautiful and commodious Temperance Hall, erected many years ago from designs and plans furnished by Mr. Joseph Chapman, presented a more than usually gay and festive appearance, being decorated with evergreens and flags. On four medallions, enriched with evergreens, were the names of the four pioneers of teetotalers in Frome. The chairman of the meeting was the Treasurer, Mr. Joseph Chapman, who was supported by the honorary Secretary, Mr. W. B. Harvey, and other leaders in the town and neighbourhood. The four specially invited Jubilee Teetotalers were,—

Mr. Francis J. Thompson, Bridgwater ;

Mr. Samuel Saunders, Market Lavington ;

Mr. John G. Thornton, Bristol ;

Mr. Thomas Hudson, London ;

whose united testimony gave an aggregate teetotal experience of more than two hundred years.

I will take leave to observe, that when a society is desirous to celebrate its Jubilee (and such commemorations are rapidly increasing over all parts of the country), it would be of advantage to the cause if as many suitable "Jubilee" men as may be available, were invited to relate, after the example set by the Frome Society, their fifty years' experiences. It not unfrequently happens that on these special occasions the chief speaker is some "three-year-old" convert, who, however well informed on other subjects, shows himself to be lamentably ignorant of teetotal history.

PART IV.

WILTSHIRE AND DORSETSHIRE.

CHAPTER I.

MALMESBURY.—CORSHAM.—TROWBRIDGE.—DEVIZES.

FROM Somersetshire I passed on to Malmesbury, which was reached just as a very imposing procession was parading the town in honour of good King Athelstan, whose memory to this day the inhabitants greatly revere. Whether the old monarch was a tall and stately figure does not appear; but his majesty was personated on this occasion by one Matthew Hanks, a native publican of considerable dimensions, who, mounted in splendid regalia on a very high charger, looked every inch a king! Some years after, this respectable representative of royalty and the "tap" forsook the liquor business, and also, I believe, the practice of drinking alcoholic liquors—an example which royal personages in general would do well to imitate. Though I do not remember, in my travels, to have visited any place so much in bondage to old feudal influences, and where modern ideas had made so little impression; yet no part of the county of Wilts, teetotally considered, can boast a more remarkable and encouraging history.

There are few, if any, now living who took part in the introduction of teetotalism into Malmesbury.

Of the two most prominent leaders, both now deceased, one, like the late Bishop Thirlwall, left the law for the Church, but was not equally successful in changing his vocation. When the late Rev. Henry Gale, who was a D.C.L. of the University of Oxford, came into our ranks, he was a solicitor in practice at Malmesbury, and occasionally gave proofs in the local law-courts and elsewhere, that he possessed considerable forensic ability; and this legal training probably gave a certain bias to his temperance oratory. Dr. Johnson liked a "good hater"; Henry Gale was a good "fighter," and cared little for, or at least did not much cultivate, the softer arts and graces of persuasion; and was more at home in essaying to show his hearers that the Government and the Parliament were responsible for the drunkenness of the country, than he was in winning converts to the teetotal pledge. But while the quondam lawyer was very popular in some quarters, he was sadly the reverse with the bulk of the clergy, and few pulpits were placed at his disposal. The reason for this was not far to seek, and arose partly from his want of tact, but still more from his vehement denunciation of the "accursed" liquor traffic, and what he regarded as spiritual wickedness in high places. This brought him into conflict with the Church authorities, first at Ashford, and then at Birmingham; and so, through

the medium of the press, he became widely known as a man whose qualities were not marked by the wisdom of the serpent or the harmlessness of the dove. At length, Dr. Gale got "preferment," and settled down to a less demonstrative mode of treating controversial questions, and to the quiet discharge of his parochial duties. Though publicly I had the misfortune to be at issue with him, in private I found Dr. Gale congenial society. "There was nothing, in fact, of the bear about him but the skin," as Oliver Goldsmith observed of Samuel Johnson.

Acting in the capacity of office clerk to Mr. Henry Gale, when practising as a solicitor, was a youth named Samuel Clark, who many years after became so publicly identified with the Temperance cause in Malmesbury and the surrounding district. At the time of his death, which happened on June the 1st, 1882, at the comparatively early age of 51, I wrote in the columns of the *Western Temperance Herald*, a tribute to his memory.

The subjoined extracts are portions of what appeared, and will show the estimate I had formed of Samuel Clark :—

"It is no doubt difficult to say what constitutes old age, and how much labour a man is justified in attempting to put into the individual life. One thing, however, is certain. If we seek to crowd into a term of fifty years an amount of labour which nature designed should be wisely and economically spread over a much

longer period, we are able by a simple arithmetical, as well as physiological rule, to calculate the inevitable results. That teetotalers are competent to use up a larger amount of vital force with less injury, than those who in like circumstances indulge ever so moderately in alcoholic drinks, has been proved beyond dispute; but continuous working at high pressure (abstinence principles and practice notwithstanding) has broken many a man down long before his natural force in the order of Providence should have become abated.

“The late Samuel Clark, like many other self-made and prosperous men, had in the course of years brought upon himself many and varied business responsibilities, which, added to domestic and relative claims, and the intense interest he took in public affairs, contributed in no small degree to his untimely and much-lamented death. The worldly success, however, which waited upon Mr. Clark’s foresight and business aptitude, he made subservient to the good of others rather than to his own selfish purposes. He was in every sense a self-sacrificing man—the very embodiment itself of kindness and generosity.

“Upon the introduction of teetotalism into Malmesbury, and for years after, the usual opposition in all its virulence had to be encountered; and Mr. Clark had on many occasions to come to the front and to manfully bear the reproach and the contumely so common in the experience of the pioneers of the movement. That time was indeed the age of personal sacrifice, when men were called upon to give proof of their singleness of eye and purpose after a fashion to which more recent converts are utter strangers. It was the pride of Mr. Clark to receive at his house the lowliest as well as the more gifted advocates. He drew no invidious distinctions between one man and another; all were equally welcome, if they were advocates of character and possessed of useful talents, however humble. Within a radius of many miles from Malmesbury, there lie scattered numerous villages and hamlets; and thither Mr. Clark, and other devoted fellow-workers, after the duties of the day were over, constantly

betook themselves to spread light and knowledge. Added to this, there was scarcely a Temperance organization in the country to which he was not a subscriber, and to the officials of which he was not known as a correspondent. Mr. Clark was truly a representative man, but his special field of usefulness was the locality in which he had spent his valuable life; and though, perchance, his name was not much known in distant parts, his memory will long remain green and revered among his own kindred and his once familiar friends."

Alas, for the mutability of all earthly things! Within a few days of the consignment of Samuel Clark's remains to their final resting-place, in the old Abbey churchyard, a rumour was circulated in the town that the monetary affairs of the deceased had been left in so unsatisfactory a state as to give the lie direct to much of what I had written. That great injury was done to the temperance cause by this unhappy close of a hitherto useful and honourable life, is matter for deep regret. Without, however, being the apologist for the errors and indiscretions of an over-sanguine man, and leaving others to form their own judgment, I prefer to believe in the honest intentions of the late Samuel Clark, and so assign him a place among the worthy Temperance Reformers of the West.

"The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones."

On July the 5th, 1843, I reached the town of Corsham, in Wilts, to be present at the Annual

Festival of the Teetotal Society, which at that date consisted of 400 members, adults and juveniles. A sermon, I remember, was preached by the Vicar, the Rev. W. C. Bennett, M.A., from the text, "Wine is a mocker;" and during the delivery of an excellent discourse, several telling and apposite passages were quoted from the writings of Dr. Armstrong and others, which gave great freshness to his arguments—a quality often lacking in Temperance sermons. At the tea and public meeting subsequently held, there were present Captain Dewell, of Monk's Park; Mr. John Fowler, of Elm Grove, the country residence of the present Sir R. N. Fowler Bart., M.P.; Mr. Brooks, of Melksham; the Revs. Webley and Slade; and Mr. Henry Spackman. A good idea of the rise and progress of the Corsham Teetotal Society may be gathered from a few items of interest recently forwarded to the writer by Mr. Henry Spackman, a nephew of the above-named gentleman:—

"DEAR SIR,—

"I was pleased to hear from such an old teetotaler, whom I can remember for many years. I am sorry the Minute Book of the first Temperance Society cannot be found; I suppose it was destroyed by fire in 1849.* I saw the first pledge-book, which

* It was in the disastrous fire here alluded to that my friend Mr. Spackman, uncle to my correspondent, lost his life in the attempt to save his business-books and other valuable papers.

was then in the hands of the late Mr. Pullen, and bore date June the 30th, 1840. It was then that Mr. John Latham, who acted as Secretary, signed the teetotal pledge. I also did so (I was then 16 years old); also my late uncle, aged 42, and Mr. Pulling, aged 51. These, with Mr. Hazell, Mr. Clark, Mr. Long, and Mr. Bodman, now living at Marshfield, were among the principal supporters of the cause for many years. Messrs. Webley and Slade, the Baptist and Independent ministers, soon broke their pledges, and never practised teetotalism afterwards. I have been an abstainer now for 46 years, and my family of 12 children (8 living) never tasted alcohol either as a beverage or as a medicine. I do not keep anything of the sort in my house. In respect to the use of alcohol as a medicine, I should like to give you some account of my experience with medical men. In May, 1878, my youngest son, then 10 years old, met with an accident by a horse running away. Both bones of one leg were broken from the ankle to the knee. My doctor wished to call in an eminent surgeon of Bath, to see if it was possible to save the leg from amputation. They decided to give the boy a chance of recovery without having recourse to the knife; but (said the family doctor), as there will be such a strain upon his constitution for a considerable time, it is necessary he should have, in addition to generous diet, a constant supply of porter. After much controversy, I agreed that the doctor should send in the porter duly labelled as medicine. A few nights after, when the sleeping draught had failed, I asked the boy if he would have some medicine the doctor had sent, and I poured out some of the porter in a glass, and offered it to the patient; but on putting it to his lips, he said, 'It is nasty beer,' and refused to take it. My son suffered much, but nothing could induce him to take the porter, even though medicinally prescribed; so I requested the doctor to withhold a further supply. That unfortunate leg was dressed 189 times, and the sufferer lay upon his back for the long period of five months. But notwithstanding that a part of the bone was once cut, as it overlapped, you would not now notice in my son's walk that the

leg had ever been broken. I may add that he is one of our most active skaters, and is much devoted to the game of cricket in connection with the Corsham Club."

I subsequently visited Melksham, and with great pleasure remember the encouraging meetings I had in the British Schoolroom in the days when Mr. Brookes and the Fowlers and the Simpsons and their families, took a deep interest in the cause. About this time it was that, if it could not be said "there be six Richmonds in the field," there were several Hudsons before the public, which now and then led to confusion. While in this neighbourhood I attended a Temperance Fête, probably at Elm Grove, and observed in the distance a short, sturdy sort of Friend looking on all sides, as if in pursuit of some person whose whereabouts he was anxious to discover. When he came where I stood, he inquired if my name was Hudson; and when I said it was, he shook me heartily by the hand, and expressed his satisfaction at making my acquaintance, especially as my "first" name was Thomas, and not——. My namesake, whom I only met once, was undoubtedly altogether a different person from myself: in what respects we differed may be gathered from certain remarks which appeared in one of our Temperance publications,—

"On Friday evening, the 15th of November, we were honoured with a visit from Mr. Thomas Hudson whose intellectual and

amusing lecture did *him* much credit and *us* much good. The meeting in the Masonic Hall was not numerously attended, which is justly attributed to circumstances over which we have no control. In the first place, the latter part of the week is an unfavourable time for temperance meetings, and in the next, the lecturer's name, unluckily, is 'Hudson,' and was confounded with that of a person whom the committee some time back employed at very considerable expense, but who *unsuccessfully* advocated teetotalism in this town for four consecutive weeks. We are happy to say that the gentleman who visited us last Friday is not that person, but a temperance advocate of genuine and sterling worth."

The inconvenience arising from thus mistaking one man for another was only of short duration, consequent upon my being for awhile invariably and suggestively advertised as—

Mr. Thomas Hudson (not of the Royal Navy).

Bradford-on-Avon and Trowbridge were places I visited while yet our cause was young; and I specially remember with interest, in connection with the latter town, the Rev. Samuel Martin, minister of the Conigre Chapel. This truly devout man's sympathies were unreservedly thrown into the teetotal movement; and in spite of the prejudice felt against him in some quarters on account of his theological views, he was deservedly popular among the working classes, whose sincere friend he was.

It is gratifying to find that a remnant of the old workers still exists in Trowbridge, as was made

manifest a short time ago at the celebration of Mr. John Smith's Teetotal Jubilee. After the receipt, by this worthy veteran, of many gratifying mementoes from his friends to mark "this noteworthy period of his life," Mr. Smith gave a short and instructive account of the introduction of teetotalism into Trowbridge.

"A committee," said the speaker, "met in the late Mr. Jonathan Payne's house in Fore Street, and afterwards in Mr. Gayton's stores, where the music saloon of Mr. Millington now is, and then the late Jabez Walker took the cause up warmly, brought some friends up from Bath, and a Society was formed. The late Rev. S. Martin, Unitarian minister, also came to our aid. We had a meeting in John Mabbett's house in the Longfield, where Mr. George Coleman illuminated the room with candles, and it was he who presented the Society with the old chair of the Chartists—an historical relic now in my possession. It was a question considered that night whether the Society could keep on; but Samuel Martin told us to join hands round the table, and there he poured out his heart to God in prayer for its success, and that we should each stand true to our principles, and we did so. The Society grew, and I am the only abstainer left alive of that little company in that upper chamber to tell the tale."

Lawyers, as a class, like parsons and doctors, have not been in a hurry to identify themselves with so plebeian a cause as teetotalism is reckoned to be by many precise, genteel people ; all the more, therefore, are the exceptional few to be honoured for their so-called singularity in this respect. One such exceptional case I knew in Devizes, in the person of Mr. G. W. Anstie, a tribute to whose memory was given in the *National Temperance League Journal* for 1883, in these words :—

“Mr. G. W. Anstie, on the 17th of July, 1882, in his eighty-third year, passed to his eternal inheritance. The temperance movement had in him a prominent supporter for forty-seven years, especially in his own locality, where he occupied an influential position as a legal practitioner.”

Mr. John James Fox, a leading draper in the town, father of Mr. Thomas B. Fox, J.P., now of Gloucester, was for many years earnestly devoted to temperance work in Devizes, and was a gentleman greatly beloved by all classes. The last time I had the pleasure to be his guest, I was taken by him, in a snug, closed carriage, through a snowstorm to attend a teetotal meeting at the village of Bromham. I remember how much for my sake he regretted that I had undertaken a long journey to attend so unimportant a meeting as he was pleased, in a comparative sense, to call it. But in the presence of so much kindness and consideration I was fain to

forget the exposure I had to confront in reaching Devizes. My good friend died on October the 27th, 1867, aged sixty-five—in life universally esteemed for his works' sake, and in his death universally regretted. "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day," is the motto on the memorial card which now lies before me; and no sentiment in reference to the deceased, could more correctly illustrate the noble life and character of John James Fox.

CHAPTER II.

CALNE.—MARKET LAVINGTON.—MERE.

ON June the 13th, 1841, a band of faithful and energetic men and women took up the teetotal cause in Calne; and among those who bore the greatest share in this labour of love, were William Gundry, William Gundry, Junr. (1st Secretary), Lucy Gundry, John Harris (2nd Secretary), John Sharp, Joseph Crook, Henry Bowman, William Seager, William Cole, and Robert Wicks Gibbons.

When Mr. Thomas Whittaker and I paid a visit to Calne in 1848, we were the guests of Mr. Gibbons, who was then in business as a draper; and many pleasant recollections we have of the evening we spent with him and his family. His continuance as a teetotaler was but brief, and he subsequently withdrew from the Society upon the plea that his modified religious opinions forbade him "to have fellowship with unbelievers," whatever that ambiguous cant-phrase may mean. Mr. William Gundry, who was well stricken in years when he joined the Society, was anxious that the Vicar of Calne should take the lead, and so invited the reverend gentleman to have his name placed first

upon the register. To this suggestion the worldly-wise, cautious Vicar replied, that he would rather see the working of the Society before he joined. "Friend," said Mr. Gundry, "dost not thou perceive that much may depend in its working on thy name being first on the roll of members?" But this appeal did not convert the Vicar. Fortunately in this, as in numerous other cases, the cause was able to dispense with sacerdotal patronage. There were in Calne other persons of influence beside the parish priest, and among such in his degree, was a worthy parochial functionary named Joseph Crook. This devoted man's name, as will be seen, figures in the list of original members, and he still lives true to his teetotal principles at the advanced age of eighty. It was a standing joke concerning him, that at the Society's meetings, the Church, in the absence of the Vicar, was represented by the parish clerk.

John Smart, a blind army pensioner who kept a coffee-house on the Market Hill, was in early life a great drinker, and when reclaimed, gave himself to the propagation of temperance, and spoke with great power, especially at experience meetings. A few years ago I lodged at the old man's clean and neatly furnished house, and how proud he declared himself to be that I had done him the honour to be his guest! In his anxiety that I should have the best

his circumstances could provide, I overheard him say to his little daughter, "Mary, Mary, tell thy mother to give Mr. Hudson a drop of the best cream!" I have in my time received many compliments, all of which I hope were genuine, though, as the proverb has it, "Solid pudding is better than empty praise." Here is a case in point :—

At the close of a crowded meeting at which I had spoken, a person of rude exterior hurriedly made his way over the seats to the platform, and holding out a shilling, and addressing me in the broad Lancashire dialect, exclaimed, "Here, mon, take this for th' speech. Eh! it were a *gradly* good un!" Now, what greater proof could a man have given of his unqualified approval of what he had heard, than his willingness to part with his money?—an example of self-sacrifice, I regret to add, which was not followed by others. But this compliment, at least in a rhetorical sense, was eclipsed by "Tom" Worsnop, a droll sort of a fellow who had a great reputation on teetotal platforms in the north of England. Tom on one occasion, in the presence of some hundreds of attentive listeners, observed that he had lately had a dream, and in his dream he thought he was in a forest, and on the branches of the trees there were beautiful birds making wonderful music; but there was one bird, he added, that sang more sweeter and more louder than all the rest. At this

stage in his simile, and with a comic expression on his face, he pointed at me with his finger, and said, "That means you, Mr. Hudson : you be the beautiful bird."

While I duly appreciated the incense thus offered to my supposed merits by Tom Worsnop and my Lancashire admirer, I am free to confess that no compliment has ever given me greater pleasure than that contained in the blind old pensioner's loving and suggestive words,—“Mary, Mary, tell thy mother to give Mr. Hudson a drop of the best cream !”

William Cole, another octogenarian, who for the last twenty years has lived upon an annuity bought by his “beer” money, as the expression goes ; Mr. John Chappell, who succeeded to the Secretaryship in 1850, the duties of which he has discharged with so much zeal and ability ; Mr. John Harris, Mr. William Seager, and others of the early members, happily survive and still take more or less interest in the various temperance organizations of the town and neighbourhood.

If my excellent friend Mr. Thomas Harris, who has been more than once Teetotal Mayor of Calne, did not join the Society until a somewhat later date, he has in many ways amply made up for loss of time. A man of more generous impulses, and one more ardently devoted to the promotion of teetotal

principles, it would be difficult to find. As proof of the esteem in which this gentleman is held, he enjoys the three-fold distinction of being President of the Parent Society, the Band of Hope, and the Abstainers' Union.

Mr. Amram E. Saunders, of Russell Mill, Market Lavington, according to the account given of him by Miss Ann Saunders, was a man of exceptional force of character, and conscientiously believed that alcohol, like all the other good creatures of God, should be thankfully received. Holding this view very strongly, and being withal a man of some infirmity of temper, it was not unnatural, when the subject of teetotalism was introduced by his son Samuel, that the head of the household should view the question with great disfavour. A house divided against itself is not calculated to promote peace and good-will amongst its members, and at first sight it appeared as if it had been wiser had Samuel been less outspoken in the propagation of his teetotal opinions. This little episode in the family life of Mr. and Mrs. Amram Saunders and their children, is graphically and in more detail described by Miss Saunders in her charming book entitled *Russell Mill*. I shall here quote the account for the benefit of my readers :—

“One soft, quiet midsummer Sunday evening, as we sat

round the table after supper—which on account of visitors had been a little more than usual of a ceremony—a rather remarkable scene took place. . . . Two glasses of brandy and water were standing on the table before their respective owners—to say nothing of wine—when my young brother Samuel, fresh from the busy world without, presumed to make known the new light which had shone into his mind, and his consequent decision. My father spoke angrily at such an attack being made upon so time-honoured an institution as the drinking of brandy and water. My mother, more in sorrow than in anger, thought it very hard that a thing from which she appeared to obtain some respite from suffering should be spoken of as little short of a sin. Edward at once shared his mother's feelings. The one argument which sufficed for him in this case, as in many others, was, that his mother drank the beverage in dispute, and his mother could do no wrong. . . .

“After this memorable Sunday evening, most of us adopted Samuel's views. Edward, however, did not at once conform. He took next to nothing; but he would not for a length of time acknowledge the wisdom of the principle of total abstinence. Mother soon joined our side. If she was not well without her brandy and water, she became thoroughly convinced that upon the whole she was worse with it, and that the tendency of it was to *rivet* her disorders upon her, and prevent nature, if she was so inclined, from helping and righting herself. She came to think her tears misplaced on the Sunday eve, and that all was working for good and towards the fulfilment of the prayer, for ever in her heart, that her children might be as ‘trees planted by the water side, whose leaf shall not wither.’”

I knew nothing personally of this much-esteemed and gifted family while they resided at Market Lavington; but when the three sons, Edward, Samuel, and William, left home, I occasionally met

them at Bath, and was now and then the guest of Mr. Edward Saunders, at the Orange Grove. Samuel, as will have been seen, was the prime mover in teetotalism. According to his own statement, while a lad in Bristol, in 1830, he attended the first meeting of the old Moderation Society, and at the close signed the pledge of abstinence from ardent spirits. In 1834 he openly identified himself with the teetotal cause, and in his own quiet and unostentatious way still keeps toiling on with a vigilance that never sleeps and a perseverance that never tires. It was with Mr. Samuel Saunders that the Rev. William Jay had a correspondence in reference to the duty of Christian ministers to cast in their lot with the Temperance cause, which led that eminent man to publish, in December, 1839, his well-known manifesto, in which he thus expressed himself: "This subject of teetotalism I have examined physically, morally, and Christianly, and after all my reading, reflection, observation, and experience, I have reached a very firm and powerful conviction. I believe, next to the glorious Gospel, God could not bless the human race so much as by the abolition of all intoxicating liquors." In a conversation which Mr. Jay had, in 1840, with Mr. Edward Saunders, the minister of Argyle Chapel spoke even more emphatically: "Within the last month only I have known seven ministers of the

Gospel ejected from their pulpits through the sin of drunkenness. I have been an earnest minister of the Gospel for fifty years, but I am not aware that I have been the means of the conversion of one drunkard. Drunkards are not found in our churches and chapels: they are in the public-house, where the sound of the Gospel never reaches them"—and much more to the like effect. This conversation between Mr. Jay and Mr. Edward Saunders was the pivot on which the decision of the latter turned. "That did for me," he said. "I was obliged to give in; I could not stand out any longer." Edward Saunders, like his mother, was of delicate constitution, and while blessed with an active brain, had the misfortune to possess a sluggish liver, and so was just the sort of man that persons who have strong faith in the dietetic and medicinal properties of alcohol, would select on whom to try their experiments. But Edward Saunders, once having convinced himself of the truthfulness of a proposition, was not the man lightly to throw overboard his convictions, or to let go his moorings in obedience to other people's whims and fancies. When I had the pleasure to spend an hour or so with Mr. Saunders, in addition to an interchange of views on the special subject in which we were mutually interested, I always contrived to draw him out in reference to Argyle

Chapel, of which he was a deacon. The racy anecdotes he told me about the venerable William Jay, whom I myself knew when a youth, and upon whom I called in 1848, were given in a vein of quiet humour and with a ready command of appropriate language which could not fail to rivet the attention, and to justify the observation that he thought he could have written some additional chapters to William Jay's autobiography that would have been worth reading—a remark in which I fully concurred. What a power and an influence for good was the life of Edward Saunders, and how much he was missed and regretted when he was sadly too soon taken away, may be gathered from the account of his funeral, given in the columns of the *Bath Herald*:—

“The remains of this lamented citizen were interred on Wednesday last, at the new Lyncombe and Widcombe cemetery. The respect in which the deceased was held was evident by the large number of persons attending the funeral, which was unostentatious in its arrangements. The mournful *cortège* left the residence of the deceased at half-past eleven o'clock, and consisted of a hearse and four mourning coaches, preceding which were about one hundred and fifty members of the Temperance Society, walking four abreast. After the coaches followed the deacons of Percy and Argyle chapels and about one hundred members of the two places of worship, walking four abreast. At the close of the Rev. R. Brindley's address at the newly-opened grave, a tribute was paid to the memory of the deceased than which nothing could be more beautiful and appropriate.

'We are now about,' said the speaker, 'in this new cemetery, to commit his mortal remains to their last resting-place. The ground, for the first time, is broken to make a grave for him. This earth, in which we bury him, has received no rite of consecration; but surely this place, where henceforth the dead shall be buried, has received a meet consecration this morning. It is consecrated by the tears and sympathies of this sorrowing multitude. It is consecrated by receiving to its bosom all that is mortal of one whose memory is enshrined in all our hearts.'

Mr. William Saunders, who was a member of the House of Commons in the last parliament, like his brothers, Samuel, Edward, and Alfred (who went to New Zealand and did active teetotal service there), came in due course into the movement. This gentleman's connection with the *Central Press*, his well-known abilities as a politician, and his able book, *Through the Light Continent*, have deservedly made for Mr. Saunders a high reputation. Nevertheless, as a Temperance reformer, he remains as true as the needle to the pole; which is saying much, when so many, as they advance in life and become rich, recede from their former principles and leave our ranks.

Who has not heard of Mrs. Bayley and her famous books, and the marvellous work she did among the poor at Nottingdale, on the west side of London? But all the world may not know that this lady is a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Amram Saunders, of the old Russell Mill, made

sacred to those of the family who survive by many happy memories,—

“The spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.”

In the winter of 1840, the first Teetotal Meeting was held in the National Schoolroom at Mere, when Mr. John Rutter attended, and the Society was formed. A few months later, Mr. Thomas Whittaker delivered one of his novel teetotal lectures. A prominent figure in Mere, where he was born in the month of April, 1806, was Mr. Charles Jupe. Notwithstanding his gravity of countenance in maturer years, as a youth he is represented as having been of a lively turn, full of animal spirits and fun, which sometimes took an objectionable form. When the Primitive Methodists visited Mere and tried to stir up the people to live a better life, they met with considerable opposition; and young Jupe, with other young fellows mischievously inclined, took an active and discreditable part. On one occasion the fire-engine was brought into play; it was well handled, and the supply of water was great; but though it had been previously successfully used in putting out an ordinary fire, in this instance it did not extinguish the zeal and devotion of these poor molested baptized Primitives. That was a scene

which Mr. Jupe never forgot, and to which he sometimes sorrowfully referred in after years.

As a young man he mastered every detail of business, and acquired that quickness of feeling and sight so much needed in the silk trade, and which, with the requisite adaptation of machinery, eventually enabled him to supply an article in the silk business so well known and appreciated. Although Mr. Jupe was diligent in business, and became a well-to-do man, yet his heart and mind were never so engrossed in worldly matters as to leave no time for the consideration of questions of higher moment. His munificence in respect to education shows how deeply he felt the importance of rightly teaching "the young idea how to shoot." At one time it is said that he supported, either in whole or in part, thirteen schools, and that for at least twenty years the schools at Mere cost him over £250 a year. This almost unexampled benevolence did not go unappreciated or unrequited. It was often a source of interest and pleasure to Mr. Jupe to receive letters from old scholars in the day and Sunday schools, who were filling useful positions at home or abroad, and who spoke of the blessing such education had been in giving them a fair start in the race of life. While Mr. Jupe was for many years an active politician, and much interested in the spread of religion, and in the erection, where

needed, of Congregational chapels in the county, he was at the same time always to the front in teetotal work, and for many years was president of the Mere Temperance Society.

The day after it was known that he was deceased, it was a common saying in the town that the "Father of Mere" had been taken away; and this phrase was not regarded as a flippant and empty sound devoid of meaning. No one, it was admitted, had done so much to raise the material, mental, and moral tone of the town as Charles Jupe; and it was but natural and meet that over such a man the people should make great lamentation.

A short time before the departure of Mr. John Farley Rutter on a voyage to the Southern Hemisphere for the benefit of his health, I was invited to spend a few days with him and his family at Mere. On my arrival, I was entertained at a social gathering composed of the committee and others, numbering in all about forty persons. The Mere Society has four presidents, four secretaries, one receiver-general, one treasurer, and twenty members constitute the committee. This arrangement is only exceeded in novelty by the unusual conglomerate composition of the presidency, which consists of one Quaker, one Churchman, one Wesleyan, and one Roman Catholic—a guarantee

this that the members for the time being are willing, as the petty States of Greece were wont to do, to forget their party differences, so that they may the better confront and fight the common foe.

I knew Mr. John Farley Rutter when he was much younger, and he avers that he remembers me as a visitor at his father's house at Shaftesbury when he was a boy. I, moreover, had the pleasure to be present at his marriage with Miss Tanner, at the Friends' Meeting House, Street, in 1850. As the family history and teetotal experience of Mr. Rutter, will be better told as he related it to me, I shall allow my friend to speak for himself:—

“My marriage, in 1850, was a teetotal one. I have eight children living, not one of whom has ever tasted alcohol in any shape. I have never had a bottle of wine or any beer in my house, and my servants have always fallen in with our rules, and almost in every instance have been pledged teetotalers.

“My recollections of John Cassell,” observes Mr. Rutter, “are very vivid. He spent some days in my father's house at Shaftesbury, and my remembrance of him and his work is pleasant and cheering even now. His north country dialect, his tall, gaunt figure and his quaint sayings, his strong common sense, and his devotion to teetotalism, are firmly fixed in my memory. On one occasion a

meeting had been arranged at Gillingham, four miles off. During the day there had been a heavy fall of snow, and it was not practicable to go in any vehicle. John Cassell, therefore, decided to walk, and my brother and I accompanied him. On the way he was constantly singing, shouting, and cracking jokes. On the road we met two or three persons, and as they came near, he stood in front of them, and called out 'Pins a-piece to look at a show.' The men naturally inquired, 'What show?' to which query he boisterously answered, 'Why, three jolly teetotalers all in a row' (alluding to himself and his two youthful companions); and we all burst into a roar of laughter, in which the fellows addressed heartily joined. John Cassell invited them to the meeting, which was a good one, though small, and that walk was a constant source of amusement during his visit. When John Cassell left, he told my father he intended some day to be Lord Mayor of London!"

CHAPTER III.

SHAFTESBURY.—GILLINGHAM.—POOLE.

ALTHOUGH James Teare, of Preston, had previously visited Shaftesbury, the present Teetotal Society was formed on November the 24th, 1840, after a meeting held by John Cassell, presided over by Mr. John Rutter, who was the first to sign the pledge. The Rev. Thomas Evans, congregational minister, signed next, and fifty-six others followed their example. John Cassell subsequently held two meetings, and at the first of these was opposed by a clergyman of the name of Wade, who based his opposition on the ground that the Baptismal vow was sufficient, if properly observed, to keep men sober, forgetful of the fact that those who have been baptized do not always practise what has been promised on their behalf. To this and other sophisms John Cassell replied on the following evening.

Considering that John Cassell was not the comparatively refined man he afterwards became, and that his personal "get up" was in remarkable contrast to what it was when I have seen him a trifle too ostentatiously alight from his brougham

at Exeter Hall, we wonder, at this distance of time, how the unsophisticated Lancashire lad presumed to take in hand so formidable an opponent as a learned Anglican priest. Nevertheless, this is what John Cassell did, and came off triumphant.

It would be interesting were we able to tabulate the number of conversions to teetotalism which were the outcome of the labours of the early advocates, such as James Teare, Thomas Whitaker, John Cassell, and others; especially if we could specify on the list those who afterwards, in their several spheres, rose to distinction. Little, for example, did John Cassell imagine that when his homely oratory had impressed the plastic mind of the youthful Charles Garrett, he had secured no less a prize than the future distinguished teetotal President of the Wesleyan Conference,—a man whose praise is in all the churches. The Rev. Charles Garrett's own account of how he became a total abstainer, was given in the columns of the *Western Temperance Herald* for February, 1872.

The writer says :—

“I signed the pledge of Total Abstinence in 1840, after hearing a lecture on the subject by the late John Cassell. I have therefore tried it for more than thirty years, and I most gladly give your readers my experience as to its effects.

“In the first place, it has greatly benefited my health. From childhood I have been delicate, and yet for years I have been able to work *seven* days in the week. I travel from one end of

the country to the other, have all sorts of irregularity of diet and hours of rest. My brain is taxed with a large amount of writing, speaking, and preaching, and yet I generally begin my Sabbath without any exhaustion. Indeed, I believe that my Teetotalism has enabled me to get through an amount of work that would have crushed me if I had taken stimulants.

“In addition to improved health, Total Abstinence has given me influence which I could not have had without it. Much has been said about the alienation of the working classes from the Christian Church. I have, however, found Total Abstinence to be a bridge by which I could reach them. And, thank God! I have *known* it to be a bridge by which hundreds of them have come over to us. In one of my circuits, I took pains to ascertain as fully as possible the spiritual history of the members, and found more than seventy men who had once been intemperate, but who had been reclaimed by Total Abstinence, and had then united themselves with the Church, and they were notoriously amongst the most zealous and generous members of that Church. I have also found that my influence upon those who move in a higher circle has been beneficial. In almost every circuit in which I have travelled, I have found some who were standing in slippery places, whom I have been enabled to restrain, and I have been cheered many times by hearing mothers and wives say, ‘Thank God you are an abstainer! I have hope now that my son or my husband will be saved.’ And I thankfully record that in many cases their hopes have been realized.

“I have also noticed that many of my friends who have not become abstainers have become much more cautious in the use of intoxicating liquors through my abstinence. No drunkard has been able to make *my* glass of wine an excuse for *his*, while those who have been trying to conquer the habit of drinking have been strengthened and encouraged by my example.

“I will, therefore, sum up my experience as to the effects of Teetotalism by saying, IT HAS BEEN A BLESSING TO ME, AND HAS MADE ME A BLESSING TO OTHERS.”

Among the active Temperance worthies of Shaftesbury were Mr. Norton, and Mr. John Rutter, who kindly entertained me at his house and gave assistance at the meeting I attended. This gentleman was father of Mr. John Farley Rutter, of Mere, and was originally a local chemist, but having a predilection for the law, forsook the compounding of drugs, and in due course became a solicitor of good standing and considerable practice. Mr. John Rutter was a man of commanding presence, and an able and convincing speaker. He was, moreover, a well-informed man on a variety of subjects; was the author of an *Illustrated History of Somersetshire*, and from the reputation he had gained, was accounted a valuable acquisition to our ranks. This gentleman was also the first elected President of the Shaftesbury Temperance Society, a distinction which he continued to hold until his lamented death in 1851, at the comparatively early age of fifty-five.

Gillingham was not a whit behind Shaftesbury and Mere in raising the teetotal standard; and among the standard-bearers were Thomas Thompson and Edward and Hannam Neave, who were all esteemed members of the Society of Friends.

Mr. Thompson joined the movement at the early age of twenty, and at the time of my visit

was the devoted and efficient Secretary of the Gillingham Temperance Society, which office he held (until his death, in 1870) for the long period of 25 years. I spent a profitable time with him at the Flour Mills, where he resided, and found him, though of a quiet and retiring disposition, exceedingly intelligent, and in particular much interested in philological pursuits.

The conversion to teetotalism of Mr. Edward Neave, whose broad, genial face is even present with me yet, had a touch about it not devoid of humour. The village banker, draper, and wholesale and retail dealer in all sorts of goods *pro bono publico*, was a great believer in nut-brown ale, and was not naturally inclined to take sides with the teetotalers. But Edward Neave was of a decidedly social and sympathetic turn, and so was always ready to accept whoever might need accommodation, irrespective of whatever might be the divergence of opinion between himself and his guest. It happened, however, that he attended a teetotal meeting, and on his return home with the lecturer, the latter inquired what he thought of his arguments. "There is," said Mr. Neave, with a quiet quaintness which distinguished him, "there is, my friend, one thing thou hast not convinced me of—thou hast not proved to me that I don't like my beer."

Mr. Edward Neave soon after joined the teetotalers, his liking for his beer notwithstanding. Into temperance work he threw himself very heartily, and in the best sense was willing to become all things to all men. In his methods of doing good, old-fashioned Friend as he was, he was neither straight nor straitened, so that, he did not deem it beneath his personal dignity to head a teetotal procession accompanied by a "stunning" brass band, or any other mode of demonstration likely to promote the cause. In addition to numerous other acts of benevolence which marked his eminently Christian life, he generously provided, like Mr. Farley Rutter has done at Mere, a Temperance Hall, which is still used for the advocacy of our principles, and around which cluster many pleasant memories.

It would, of course, be difficult to say how long Mr. Edward Neave might have lived had he continued to drink nourishing home-brewed ale. As it was, he reached the patriarchal age of fourscore years and four, while his uncle, Hannam Neave, an equally devoted teetotaler, attained the still riper age of fourscore and *fourteen* !

In the early part of the month of May of the present year, Mr. J. H. Raper, Mr. Samuel Sims, Mr. R. H. Penny, Mr. Thomas Whittaker, and

myself, were among the speakers at the jubilee celebration of the Poole Temperance Society. At the meeting it was my privilege to attend, I had the pleasure to have as my "right and left hand supporters," Mr. John J. Norton, and that widely-known and much-respected friend of the cause, Mr. Alderman George Curtis, J.P., who signed the teetotal pledge on July the 2nd, 1837.

The following extract from the speech delivered by the latter-named gentleman at the first of the jubilee meetings, will inform the reader of the circumstances which led to the formation of the Poole Temperance Society :—

"It was in the autumn of the year 1836 that a young man who had taken to himself a wife, and was about to open business, went to Bristol for goods. In the streets there he saw a man whom he had known in Poole, a brush-maker, and he was very changed in appearance. In Poole he was noted for his intemperance, but at Bristol he was sober and well dressed; and so great a change had taken place in him that the young tradesman from Poole asked him the reason. 'Oh,' he said, 'I have signed the teetotal pledge.' The young man asked what that was, and the other rejoined that it was to abstain from everything intoxicating. He gave this young man a few tracts, and he brought them to Poole, and they fell into the hands of Mr. Green, a journeyman printer working in Poole. He was so impressed with the subject contained in the tracts, that, believing that nothing but total abstinence would do for the reclamation of the drunkard, he adopted the principle of total abstinence. That was at Christmas, 1836. In the following May he called a few friends round him, and on the 2nd of that month, the Poole

Temperance Society was firmly inaugurated in the premises now used by the Primitive Methodists as their chapel. . . .

“Much of their success,” Mr. Curtis added, “was due to the fact that they had always had a place to call their own—a place of which they had the entire control. Their first venture was an old disused workshop in North Street, which they had on a lease for seven years, at 30s. a year. They next had a room adjoining the house known as the ‘Mansion,’ in which a brewer at that time resided. Then in 1861 the foundation stone of the building in which they were then gathered was laid by the late Mr. Hawker. . . . The hall was duly opened, and so sympathetic was the town at that time that the temperance committee had the audacity to ask the two Members of Parliament which Poole then possessed, and the Mayor and Corporation, to lunch with them and take cold water. And they came, although not a single member of the Town council was a teetotaler.”

In the early doings of the Poole Society I have a personal and special interest, since I doubt not it was in the aforesaid old disused workshop I had the pleasure to deliver two Temperance lectures; and at that time also made the acquaintance of Mr. George Curtis, who, in addition to other local distinctions, has been twice chief magistrate of the borough.

PART V.

CORNWALL.

CHAPTER I.

HAYLE.—TRURO.—CAMBORNE.—REDRUTH.

THE late Mr. Henry Mudge, of Bodmin, used to relate, as proof of the geographical isolation of Cornwall, and the effect the native dialect had upon strangers, that during the Great Exhibition of 1851, while several Cornishmen were conversing together in a tavern, their unfamiliar jargon challenged the attention of certain of the visitors. After listening for awhile in mute wonder, one who was ignorant of the native tongue confidentially observed to his friends, *sotto voce*, "There now, didn't I say they be *foreigners*?" It was with some degree of prejudice, the reason whereof I could not now explain, that I presented, on the afternoon of September the 9th, 1843, my letter of introduction to Mr. Francis Harvey, of Hayle Copper House; and the incident I have named somewhat illustrates the sort of feeling which then possessed the writer. If Cornishmen were not exactly "aliens in blood," they were a class of people, I thought, between whom and myself there was not likely to be strong affinity. My object, however, was to see Cornwall, about

whose physical configuration there is a touch of natural quaintness akin to that of its people.

As I sat with my newly-made acquaintance, partaking of his hospitality, I indistinctly heard the town crier publishing a teetotal meeting, to be addressed by a "celebrity just arrived from Bristol." Being informed that *I* was the person indicated, I protested (having only shortly before left the steamer) that I was neither stomachically, mentally, nor otherwise, fitted to address a crowd such as the fulsomeness of the announcement was likely to bring together. Mr. Harvey, it should be noted, was a man of small stature, with no tendency whatever to obesity. He possessed a fine, massive head, and a nervous system usually strung to concert pitch; so that, like the peripatetic philosophers, he was constantly in motion. Mr. Harvey did not always stop to balance probabilities or sequences; he knew, or thought he knew, by intuition, what ought to be done, and acted under the impulse, *when, how, and whence* it came. Such men, in a new and unpopular cause, if sometimes ahead of the less sanguine and more cautious, supply the leverage necessary to lift the question into favour and publicity; and in this respect few men among the early Cornish heroes did greater service than Mr. Harvey. I have intimated that he was a man of hopeful temperament; and this was shown by the

fact that he took up a policy of assurance in the Temperance Provident Institution, payable to *himself* at eighty years of age. This gentleman, in addition to platform advocacy, edited a small monthly periodical with a very long and comprehensive title—*The Cornwall and Devon Temperance Journal, Rechabite Recorder, and Peace Advocate*—which had an extensive circulation. Mr. Harvey subsequently removed, with his family, to South Africa, where his versatile talents were employed on behalf of temperance and whatever tended to the good of his adopted country; and finished life's journey at Verulum, in the colony of Natal, at the advanced age of ninety years.

If the somewhat complacent definition, sometimes volunteered, that "Methodism is religion in earnest," be accepted, then to have a still more exalted idea of the system, the reader should witness a Gospel Teetotal Camp Meeting, such as I attended on my first Sunday in Cornwall. At the hour appointed for our departure into the country, the weather was fine and promising; and this was regarded as a token for good, just as *per contra* the prevalence of a thunder-storm during the holding of a political meeting on the Sabbath, would be taken as evidence of the Divine displeasure. By means of a rough, spacious conveyance, in which were deposited all kinds of Cornish "pastes" and other

good things for our corporeal necessities, we reached the field of action, and having pitched our platform on advantageous ground, prepared forthwith for the exercises of the day. A large audience was in waiting to receive the "brethren" from Hayle and the regions round about. Great was the company of local preachers, prayer leaders, class leaders, and members of society in general, besides those on "trial;" and these were supplemented by others, whom curiosity or some other motive had brought to the encampment. To Methodistic singing I was not a stranger, but the influence of that day's vocalization it would be difficult to describe. I had, too, heard many fervent and heart-stirring prayers, provocative of "Amens" and "Hallelujahs," in season and out of season. I had also sat under the ministry of the famous "Farmer" Dawson, and men of his order, whose tongues of fire kindled a flame of excitement never surpassed for intensity. Yet for the full effect of a combination of all the Methodistic elements, commend me to a Gospel Teetotal Camp Meeting of the olden time.

The intelligent visitor to Truro will probably remember that Samuel Foote, the famous wit and comedian, was a native of the newly-created city; and that he was born at the Red Lion Hotel, which abuts on the Cathedral, now in course of erection.

A man of varied genius was Sam Foote, but with no tendencies whatever, like his friend Samuel Johnson, to habits of abstemiousness. Foote was bred for the practice of the law, but in early life gave way to alcoholic and other forms of dissipation; and thus became, probably more from necessity than from choice, an actor by profession. Were it possible to have a resurrection of the body for the benefit of modern society, the experience on a teetotal platform of this incomparable actor would be a wonderful contribution to the sensationalism for which there is so widespread a craving within and outside the churches. As a matter of fact, there was no teetotal society in Truro in the time of Sam Foote—so much the worse for Sam Foote himself, and the youth whose morals and manners his pernicious example so much tended to corrupt. In due time—that is to say, in the year 1838—a society based on the teetotal pledge was established in Truro; where, on September the 11th, 1843, I addressed a meeting in the Bible Christian Chapel.

Among several worthies whom I am glad specially to remember are—W. H. Arnold, James Uren, J. C. Edwards, and John C. Isaac. The last-named gentleman, who was a frequent contributor to the press, and as a young man was otherwise usefully engaged in temperance work, removed to Liskeard in 1845. The event was marked by the

presentation to Mr. Isaac of a piece of plate, and a parchment roll containing the names of 342 subscribers.

On my visit to Camborne and Redruth, where I held successful meetings, I found that the Cornish miners (generally a very intelligent class) had proved to demonstration, and that in hundreds of cases, that fathoms below as above the soil, work of the severest kind could be satisfactorily done without the aid of alcoholic drinks. Nor were the social and moral effects on the miners less obvious than was their ability to perform their daily labour. On March the 15th, 1839, the first report stated :—

“From the formation of the Society, in March last, the total number of registered members, including Tuckingmill and Trew branch societies, is 2,430, about 320 of whom are juveniles. On examination of the registers, it is ascertained that 280 have deserted and left the Society, and we have lost 30 by death and removal. Two hundred and nine persons (drunkards in the common acceptation of the word) are now steady adherents to the Society and its principles. One hundred and thirty of these lead a religious life, and have joined themselves to different bodies of professing Christians.”

If the course of true love never did run smooth, neither was it to be expected that the advocacy of teetotalism should have exemption from occasional rough treatment; and the early history of the cause in this locality furnished several examples. One Mr. Mewton, of Truro, it appears, had written

a pamphlet strongly recommending temperance, but as strongly deprecating total abstinence ; and these views he propounded at a meeting of the Camborne Teetotal Society, in April, 1838, "which caused," says the report, "no little uproar." The document from which I quote then proceeds :—

"Several notorious characters, who are reported to have been made drunk for the purpose, thrust themselves into the meeting, knocked out the lights, and commenced a regular row. The furniture of the room was literally shivered to pieces, and several of the persons present were more or less injured—some of them severely. Whether Mr. Mewton fell equally under the displeasure of both parties, we cannot say, but he appears to have been roughly handled, and to have been sent back to his native town a *marked* man. This affair has so exasperated the teetotalers and those who think with them against the innkeepers and beer-sellers, that they have mustered in groups within view of the different inns and beer-shops in the evenings, hissing and hooting any one who dared to enter."

The early records of the Camborne Society indicate the names of the more prominent and devoted advocates of the cause, such as Richard Richards, Francis Ford, James Rule, W. Shakerley, and Henry Andrew Vivian, who now and then had a little romantic experience which gave variety to his advocacy. Mr. Vivian was very efficient and acceptable as an outdoor speaker, and to aid him at one of his meetings, Mr. William Eva lent Vivian his meadow, and also his cart to serve as a platform, from which to harangue the crowd.

One morning, friend Eva woke up to the disagreeable fact that during the night his cart had been removed from the premises. A search was accordingly made by the teetotalers for the missing conveyance; and where does the unsuspecting reader imagine it was found? After much conjecture and corresponding adventure, it was ultimately discovered at the bottom of a mine shaft, whence, with some difficulty, it was safely brought above ground. It is interesting, in passing, to note that the grandson and great grandson of Eva, Mr. T. Fiddick, Sen., and Mr. T. Fiddick, Jun., reside at Camborne, and are both actively engaged in temperance work—one as conductor of the Wesleyan Band of Hope, and the other as Secretary of the Blue Ribbon Mission.

It sometimes unfortunately happens that a well-meant act of politeness ends in a man's own discomfiture and chagrin. Mr. Francis Harvey was very popular as a speaker, as well as writer. He now and then went on a lecturing expedition, and among other places visited Camborne. As he was passing through the town on horseback, a publican, misled by the gentlemanly appearance of the stranger, deferentially lifted his hat. Some one inquired of Boniface if he knew who the person was whom he had so politely saluted. Upon being informed that he was the expected Teetotal lecturer,

the enraged landlord threw down his hat into the road, and, trampling it under foot, swore he would never wear it again, and forthwith walked away bareheaded, to the great amusement of his neighbours. As to the curse,—

“What gave rise to no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse.”

The pre-eminently Methodistic town of Redruth, and the village of Gwennap, made famous by the preaching of John Wesley, were not likely to lag behind in teetotalism, while all the rest of the county was fast going ahead. Prominent among the active spirits in temperance work, before and at the period of my visit, were Richard Boot, William Leogge, C. H. Wade, and Francis Ford, who was secretary of the Society as early as December, 1838. This is what he then reported:—

“The work of teetotalism is rapidly prevailing here. Mr. James Teare, the champion of the cause, has lately been with us; and we added *fifty-seven* to our number, and among them some very useful and influential members of civil and religious society.”

Three months before my advent into Cornwall, the Redruth teetotalers held high celebration, in which a grand procession was a distinguishing feature.

“About two years ago,” says a writer (“J. C.”), describing the occasion, “the enemies of our principles prophesied that we should soon go down! but the procession at our festival on Whit-

Monday demonstrated to them . . . that Onward is not only our motto, but faithfully describes our movement. Five hundred have been added to our ranks during the last four months! The members of the 'Harmony' tent I. O. R. met near the Classical School at half-past one, and were joined by the members of the juvenile tents, 'Cornwall's Pride' and 'Cornwall's Glory,' and their number, cheerfulness, and orderly conduct attracted great notice and admiration."

There was a perambulation of the town, a monster tea, and at the meetings held during the afternoon and evening, the audiences were "enraptured" by speeches from the Revs. W. Mules and Griffiths, and Messrs. Thomas, Blake, Hodge (a juvenile eight and a-half years of age), Edgar, Wright, Palmer, and Richard Richards. The old Redruth Society, as I knew it in 1843, has undergone some transformations; and few of the ancient order of advocates remain, either to tell the tale or shoulder the martial crutch, "and show how fields were won!"

The Cornish motto, "One and All," supposed to typify oneness of aim and purpose, received ample illustration in the unity of action taken in the cause of temperance by the various branches of Methodism, the old body excepted. If the "parent" organization had simply held aloof from the temperance movement, its neutral position would have been sufficiently anomalous; but when its influence was adversely used, and certain leading ministers and

laymen set themselves in battle array, there was naturally a revolt on the part of the people, and great and widespread was the popular indignation. The *Cornwall Temperance Journal* had for some time been full of acrimonious strictures, having reference to a pamphlet published by the Rev. Jonathan Turner, who, if not aforetime a burning and shining light, had created a considerable amount of controversial smoke by his anti-teetotal lucubrations, the object of the writer being to discredit the temperance cause in general and certain advocates in particular. The estimate formed of Mr. Turner and his book by a numerous body of Cornish Methodists may be judged of from the subjoined extract taken from the *Cornwall Temperance Journal* for January, 1843, a few months before my visit :—

“A quantity of the above” (the Rev. J. Turner’s pamphlet) “having arrived in Penzance, inquiry was made at the book-seller’s, but none could be obtained. At length we found they were for sale at the Prince of Wales and Star public-houses. This report having circulated, a meeting was called in Newlyn on Thursday, the 15th of December, to consider the subject, when the Rev. F. J. Hadley delivered an eloquent and interesting lecture, in which he ably refuted and exposed the *fallacious* and *glaring* and *wilful falsehoods* contained in the *slandorous* and *lying* publication. The audience was disgusted at Mr. Turner’s attacks on James Teare, and especially with the indecent attacks on good Mrs. Fryer, and, as an expression of contempt for this paragon (?) of consistency, resolved ‘that the town crier, in the

absence of the hangman, should burn the production of his brainless skull.' The resolution of the meeting was carried, and shortly afterwards put into execution in the presence of more than two hundred individuals, who assembled on the bank to witness the immolation."

The foregoing is by no means an exaggerated account of the state of feeling engendered among the Cornish Methodists on the question at issue between the two hostile camps. The Conference resolution of 1841, prohibiting the holding of teetotal meetings in Methodist chapels and school-rooms, and the personal opposition of the Rev. Jacob Stanley and some other prominent preachers, gave additional impetus to the fire which had been so unwisely kindled. This resentment took a practical shape. The penny-a-week and shilling-a-quarter contributions rapidly declined, and great numbers of ardent teetotalers withdrew from fellowship,—

“While feuds arose, and family quarrels,
That discomposed the mechanics of morals ;
For screws were loose between brother and brother,
While sisters fastened their nails on each other ;
Such wrangles, and jangles, and miff, and tiff,
And spar, and jar,—and breezes as stiff
As ever upset a friendship or skiff.”

Nor were the feuds confined within the narrow limits marked out by the poet. A numerous body

of the malcontents refused longer to consort with their wine-bibbing friends, which ultimately led to the erection of teetotal chapels at Hayle and St. Ives.

Mr. Richard Passmore Edwards, formerly of Bath, and President in 1871 of the Western Temperance League, says in a letter to the Author: "From 1848 to June, 1850, I was superintendent of a Sunday-school at Hayle, all the scholars of which, numbering from two to three hundred, and the whole of the teachers, were pledged teetotalers." It is added that "the minister of the chapel, the Rev. J. T. Messer, and all the communicants were likewise total abstainers."

CHAPTER II.

ST. IVES.—PENZANCE.—SCILLY ISLANDS.

I MUST not omit a wayside glance at the notable part played in the cause of temperance by the men of St. Ives engaged in the Pilchard and Herring Fisheries. These hardy and adventurous natives, as a class, had, from time remote, been regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of profanity and dissipation. Yet within two years of the establishment of the Teetotal Society in the early part of 1838, we have this record :—

“The second Pilchard Fishery season since the establishment of our society has arrived, and though in the first we advanced beyond our hopes, yet this transcends the former, and that abundantly. It is stated by persons who have been engaged in fishing for upwards of fifty years, that they never saw the like of the present ; and those parts of the employ which were supposed impossible to be performed without a large supply of drink have been performed on this occasion much better without spirits.”

Then follows a catalogue of correlative virtues, not unlike those set forth in Paul's letter to the Galatians :—

“Though 2,000 persons have been employed,” says the writer, “we have not seen a drunken man ; instead of drunkenness,

revelling, fighting, cursing, swearing, confusion, and other similar concomitants of the 'allowance' drams, it has been a scene of sobriety, peace, order, good-will, fraternal feeling, and glory to our God! and the only stimulant in the time of fatigue and absence of rest has been the singing of hymns and other like rational exercises."

The author of the account I have just given was Mr. William Docton, a humble tradesman, when I first met him on September the 19th, 1843; but some years after, such was the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-townsmen, he was elected Mayor of St. Ives, and subsequently an Alderman of the borough. For intelligence, zeal, devotedness, and self-denial, few could compare with the original secretary of the St. Ives Society. He was a bold and vigorous speaker, also did some service with the pen, and was as conscientious as he was determined. Of this fact, the Rev. Jonathan Turner and his friends had ample evidence during the dispute with the Conference, to which I have elsewhere made allusion. My first pulpit experience was in the Teetotal Wesleyan Chapel (now belonging to the Methodist New Connexion) at St. Ives, under the presidency of Mr. Docton. The smell of fish which everywhere assailed the nostrils, the largeness of the building, dimly lighted, and the kind of people I had to address, combined with a sense of loneliness that often possesses a stranger

in a crowd, did not make the occasion to myself a season of refreshing.

Contemporary with Mr. William Docton was Mr. Nicholas Hocking, who, like the former, hailed originally from Padstow, and succeeded to the secretaryship on the death of Mr. Docton. Mr. Henry Faull, Mr. Richard Jenkyn, and Mr. John Thomas, were associated with the many heroic men who rallied round James Teare, on his visit to St. Ives, in 1838, and still survive. As I entered St. Ives last autumn, when the darkness of night was setting in, I heard singing proceeding from one of the by-streets, and curiosity drew me to the spot whence the sounds proceeded. The people assembled constituted an open air teetotal meeting, and the chairman was my old friend, Mr. John Thomas, whom I had not seen since 1843. I asked permission to say a few words, which was courteously granted, and that little episode begat in me for the time a new inspiration.

No part of Cornwall is more beautiful and picturesque than Penzance and Mounts Bay. The softness and purity of the air, tempered by Atlantic breezes, make this part of our island specially attractive to a certain class of visitors. Among these were many well-to-do, benevolent persons, such as the late Joseph Eaton, of Bristol, and others

like-minded, whose seasonable help in the cause of temperance is to this day gratefully acknowledged by those who remember the earlier period of teetotal history. Temperance hotels of various degrees of excellence, and some not possessing any excellence whatever, were numerous over the county; but the most noted for comfort and elegance was the one at Penzance, built by Sir Charles Price, Bart., and conducted by Captain Edward Thomas. Here I addressed a fully attended meeting under the presidency of "Mine Host," in the adjoining hall, brilliantly lighted with gas, which to me was a new and refreshing experience; for up to this point I found that the promoters of Temperance meetings had altogether ignored the fact that in a greater or lesser degree, success or otherwise depends on the place of meeting being properly and cheerfully lighted! Curiously enough, I found in some instances that the number of candles called into requisition was contingent on the kind of service about to be held. "Am I to light up for preaching or for a teetotal lecture?" inquired a chapel-keeper as I entered the vestry. I asked what difference that would make. Said he, "If you are going to *preach*, I shall light four candles in the pulpit; but if you give a teetotal lecture, only two, and every alternate candle over other parts of the chapel;" proof this that the old Cornish teeto-

talers did not exalt (at least in the matter of candles) teetotalism above the gospel. Believing in the moral influence of a well-lighted room, I instinctively told the sexton to "light up for preaching!"

Who could visit Penzance and forget that this was the birthplace of Sir Humphrey Davy, whose chemical discoveries have immortalized his name, and whose "safety lamp" has proved so beneficent a protector of life among the mining population?

In like manner the Temperance "safety lamp," in a metaphorical sense, has been no less a boon to all who have been wise enough to follow its kindly light and leading; and among those in the far west who held aloft the torch of truth amid the encircling gloom, none were more distinguished for zeal and fidelity than the Temperance pioneers of Penzance.

It has been commonly supposed that the Rev. George Charles Smith, usually called "Bosen" Smith, was born at Penzance. He was, however, a native of London, though he spent much of his time at Penzance, and died there in January, 1863, at the age of eighty-one. On a tablet erected to his memory in the Penzance cemetery, his varied qualities are set forth at some length and in great detail. If the loving tribute paid to his memory may seem to require a little qualification, it must be admitted that a unique and conspicuous part was

that played on his own lines by "Bosen" Smith. His short, rotund figure was well known in London and the West of England, accompanied as he usually was by several orphan children of both sexes—the boys being equipped to represent the two branches of Her Majesty's service. One peculiarity, it used to be said, characterized the monetary transactions of "Bosen" Smith. Though he received subscriptions for his orphanage and other good objects, he thought auditors in *his* case quite superfluous. The work he did, he said, was the Lord's work; and if the "Master" whom he served was satisfied, what need was there, he argued, to publish a balance-sheet of income and expenditure? But all good Christians are not clever at cash accounts; and so, in the spirit of that charity which thinketh no evil, it is not intended to cast any slur on "Bosen" Smith's reputation, though his financial eccentricities were to be regretted. What is beyond dispute is that "Bosen" Smith was singularly qualified for the special work to which he was devoted. Attired in a suit of navy blue, his *personnel* well harmonized with the character of his mission. As to his oratory, few men could address a motley multitude more effectively, or find a readier entrance to the heart of Poor Jack. Added to his other qualities, his success as an open-air preacher was greatly aided by the

possession of a voice of extraordinary power. In calling sinners to repentance, this simple-minded man spoke in tones of nautical thunder, that could hardly have been surpassed by the typical Boanerges.

Near the grave of "Bosen" Smith, my eye alighted on an upright slab, the inscription on which refers to one of the Penzance worthies, and runs thus :—

"In Memory of

ROBERT MATTHEWS

Of this town, who died on the 4th day of May, 1864,

Aged 54.

Erected by his teetotal and other friends, as a memorial of his private virtues, and zealous advocacy of the principles of total abstinence for twenty-five years."

The aged, much-esteemed widow of Mr. Matthews still lives and keeps the Hotel (then occupied by Captain Edward Thomas) at which I lodged forty-three years ago.

Mr. Courtney T. Harry was a native of Penzance, and, after doing noble service in the extreme West, came to London in 1843 to act as Travelling Secretary to the National Temperance Society. This Society was then united with the Temperance Provident Life Office, of which Mr. Theodore Compton was the original Secretary. I may add that Mr. Robert Warner, the present chairman, was, and continues to be, the holder of Policy NUMBER ONE!

The communication between the mainland and the Scilly Islands was formerly by sailing vessel only, and at infrequent intervals; and during tempestuous weather was often altogether intercepted. The so-called Lord Proprietor, and several gentlemen, including a jet-black valet of African descent, were on board the vessel in which I was a passenger bound for Trescoe Abbey. Of the large number of islands, those inhabited are Samson Bryher, St. Agnes, St. Martin's, Trescoe, and St. Mary's. At Hughtown, on the last-named island, all matters of importance, civil and ecclesiastical, are transacted; and here resided Mr. Thomas Rogers, master-blacksmith, to whom, from Mr. Harvey, of Hayle, I had a letter of introduction. Mr. Rogers, having read its contents, without reserve bade me welcome; and kinsmen and near neighbours were quickly called together to greet and interview the stranger. As the population of the whole island was below 2,000, a few days' residence was sufficient to make me generally known, if not universally popular. The geographical position of these islands frequently brings the inhabitants into contact with people of almost every clime, the harbour often being crowded with vessels of various nations waiting for a favourable wind to carry them either eastward or westward.

As a consequence of the continuous mixing to-

gether of the Islanders with the Foreigners who came into port, the excessive use of spirituous liquors was greatly promoted, and the usual frightful condition of things naturally and inevitably followed. At the period of my visit much of this had undergone a remarkable change. Public-houses, such as existed, bore the appearance of well-conducted Temperance Hotels rather than that of the usual resorts of the sot and the tippler. It was no marvel, then, that, during a sojourn of ten days, I should not meet a drunken man, and that in an audience I addressed in Hughtown, all present, with few exceptions, were pledged teetotalers. That the humble Nonconformists, notably the "Bible Christians," had largely contributed to this moral regeneration was undeniable. Notwithstanding this fact, by virtue of some arbitrary authority, dissenting places of worship were not permitted to be open at the same hour as the Church by law established. At the close of the ecclesiastical services, however, the chapel doors were unlocked, and those who had attended church were at liberty either to proceed homewards or to repair for *extra* worship to their own small *unconsecrated* Bethels, of which in the several islands there was a considerable number.

Though I did not visit the other "Off Islands," lacking the courage to face a rough sea in an open

boat, I made St. Agnes an exception, and so became the guest from Saturday until Monday of the teetotal governor of the famous lighthouse. This building, which stands on the most elevated point of the island, is a stone tower of circular shape, tapering towards the summit, and, including the revolving lantern, reaches an altitude of 72 feet.

The look-out from the keeper's upper chamber on the broad Atlantic, with no land to the Westward nearer than the American coast, was a wondrous sight, "boundless, endless, and sublime!" Here it was that Sir Cloudeslèy Shovel's vessel, with several others, was wrecked on the rocks which form the south-western portion of the group, in his return from Toulon in 1707.

Whatever may have been the character of the historic Cornish wrecker of former days, the class of seamen whom I met, and with whom I held friendly converse, were as distinct a type of the nautical *genus* as it is possible to conceive. On the Sabbath I attended the miniature church; and as the population of the whole island was only 240, the appearance of an unexpected stranger not unnaturally produced a little quiet excitement, and interfered for a while with that propriety of demeanour proper to the occasion. The war of elements outside the sacred edifice—the hoarse howling of the wind, and the raging fury of the

sea, made the invocation to the Sovereign Ruler of the universe to vouchsafe His protection to "all that travel by land and by water," unusually apposite and impressive. As to the singing, the mystic æolian harp of classic story never produced sublimer music. A short practical sermon and the accustomed benediction brought to a close that memorable service; and then the worthy keeper and I repaired to the banqueting hall of the lighthouse to partake of the inevitable fish dinner. On the morrow, I paid a brief visit to St. Mary's, to say farewell to those from whom I had received so much homely and hearty hospitality; and then returned to the mainland.

The young lady who consented to wed her father's butler, and in view of matrimonial contingencies, forthwith fed on herrings and other forms of low diet, was to be commended for her forethought and self-imposed discipline. In my own case, I had not previously undergone dietetically any preparation for the varied circumstances I had to encounter in my travels, and so occasionally was landed into difficulty. I had not long been upon the road before I discovered that among the qualifications the *qualified* advocate was expected to possess, was the ability organically to assimilate whatever was set before him in the matter

of diet. It was once seriously made a grievance that I had, while quartered at one of those modern institutions called a Teetotal Hotel, left upon my plate the greater portion of the ham and green-peas the landlady had provided, but which the stomach was impolite enough to refuse. Between Penzance and Cape Cornwall, I had, it should be stated, to attend a meeting, and as the stage-van was not likely to reach in time, I walked the distance, and was overtaken by a shower of rain. I had calculated that on reaching my destination, comfortable quarters would be awaiting me; for I had been so informed. After looking about for a Temperance House and finding none, I was eventually directed to a small general shop "over the way." "Is this the Temperance Hotel?" I asked, addressing a woman behind the counter. She answered, "Yes." I told her who I was, and suggested that probably she expected a person of my name, to which remark she again said "Yes;" but added, "you are come too soon, and before I am prepared to receive you." I was then invited into a small sitting-room with a stone flooring and an empty grate. "I suppose," said the lady, "you will want something to eat;" to which supposition I nodded assent; but intimated that, as I had scarcely a dry garment on my person, and nothing with me beyond what a small handbag contained, the first

necessity was a good fire, which she instantly kindled. From the unused chimney the smoke freely descended; and when the apartment became in some degree warm, the latent humidity in the walls took the liberty to sweat itself out. By this time, becoming deficient in caloric, I began to shiver, which further added to my misery. In the meantime I awaited, with as much patience as I could command, the meal that was being elsewhere prepared. At length the cloth was spread and the tray brought in. Bread hot from the oven and a mutton-chop badly cooked with the fatty portions largely in excess, were not the kind of edibles fitted for a man of weak digestion. But if in this respect the "spread" was unsatisfactory, nothing could exceed the care taken in supplying an inordinate quantity of hot, strong tea. I have seldom seen so huge a teapot as the one set before me, which, like the vessels of the Galilean type, was filled to the brim. Upon the whole I got along with my repast as well as could be expected under these adverse conditions, until I espied, to my chagrin, several hillocks of candle-grease upon the tray. At this point, there being no bell at hand, I rapped violently on the table with my knuckles. When the lady presented herself, I remarked that I was aware that during the term of his natural life a man was supposed to eat a peck

of dust, but did not think that an argument why I should consume it by the bushel. To do the woman justice, each part of her domestic arrangements was consistent with every other; and some allowance perhaps should have been made for one who perforce had to do double duty. A shop to look after and children to care for (some too small to supervise their own necessities) was not a state of things favourable to the management of a Teetotal Hotel.

This episode was not a good preparation for the meeting I had undertaken to address. The officials were soon made aware that I was a man of an unamiable temper; and what I said to the people was not received, as it seemed to me, in faith and much assurance.

I was occasionally the guest of friends whose notions in regard to Sabbath observances did not always square with mine, and whose self-righteous bearing was a trifle irksome. The practice of many well-meaning people, of putting "too much Sabbath into Sunday," now and then took the form of the semi-serious, semi-ridiculous. While on my way to chapel, I was surprised by a gentleman asking me if I "shaved on Sunday"? I replied that as it was my daily practice to thoroughly wash myself, Sunday included, I did not see why the lower part of the face should not receive the usual attention. To this he answered that on no consideration would

he shave on the "Lord's day." On our return from worship, we discoursed on another subject, which gave rise to a great divergence of opinion; and waxing warm, he said, by way of settling the dispute, that he would "bet me a shilling that I was in the wrong." "What?" I exclaimed, "lay a wager on the Sabbath, and think it a sin to use a razor? I am not a betting man," I added, and declined to continue the conversation.

From this, and such-like instances, I concluded, with the venerable William Jay, that our Heavenly Father has graciously condescended to dwell with many of His children with whom *I* could not possibly live.

CHAPTER III.

ST. JUST.—HELSTON.—BODMIN.—ST. MAYBYN.

ON my return from the Scilly Islands, I lectured at St. Just, again at Hayle, and then proceeded to Helston, a town beautiful for situation, and through whose highways flows a plentiful supply of delicious water, clear as the lucid stream from the heart of Horeb, and perennial as the Castilian springs of ancient story. Opposition here shaped itself in such a way as to put for awhile the poor teetotal bakers and teetotal housewives to a little inconvenience, as I have intimated on a former page; and in some of the publican's windows this notice was exhibited: "No barm or grains sold to teetotalers." I then made my way to Bodmin to attend what was then a great novelty—a teetotal harvest supper. After a number of farm-labourers, rigged out in their Sunday clothes, had perambulated the town with decorated reaping-hooks in hand, and a preliminary meeting in the Town Hall, addressed by Captain Paul and Mr. Henry Mudge, supper was served in the new market house to a numerous company, which included upwards of one hundred farm-

labourers from the surrounding districts. Upon the removal of the cloth, addresses of the true Cornish type were given by the men, testifying to the benefits of abstinence from strong drink, especially in the harvest season. The occasion was one of social hilarity, and delightfully contrasted with those scenes of revelry when, under cover of enjoying the "kindly fruits of the earth," and the giving of thanks to the Lord of the harvest, gluttony and inordinate tippling were held to be excusable offences against the physical and moral law.

It was at the Bodmin harvest supper I first met Captain Paul, Mr. Gavid, Mr. W. K. Norway, Mrs. Tregaskis and her husband, and Mr. Henry Mudge, surgeon, lecturer, author, Rechabite advocate, and Wesleyan Methodist local preacher!

"What kind of a man is Mr. Mudge?" inquired Mr. Edmund Fry, as we entered Bodmin together some time after on our way to a festive meeting at Wadebridge.

"As you have never seen him," I said, "what are your conceptions of the good doctor? How does he dress? What sort of a house does he live in? and what style of a table does he keep?"

My friend thought Mr. Mudge was a gentleman whose physique was well developed, comely, and of manly bearing. As to dress, he presumed the

wearer affected a suit of superfine broadcloth, and did not ignore a well-arranged, spotless, white cravat. The house, probably, was of the villa class, with a forecourt and carriage-way, enclosed by ornamental iron railings. In regard to the table, that was, as a matter of course, such as a gentleman enjoying a good, lucrative practice would be able, and therefore willing, to provide.

As this colloquy was proceeding, I saw in the distance, mounted upon an ordinary "hack," a person of spare habit of body and of pale countenance, overshadowed by a rough hat, larger than the head required, while the pantaloons, not being strapped down in a way that most equestrians find convenient, exposed to view a pair of very muddy Wellington boots. To complete the rider's outdoor wardrobe, it should be added that an ample cloak enveloped the strange, gaunt-looking figure.

When the horseman drew up to salute me, I said, "Dr. Mudge, allow me to introduce a gentleman of whom you have heard much—Mr. Edmund Fry, of Plymouth."

During the short chat which followed, my friend had some difficulty in preserving his accustomed gravity, so contrary was the veritable Dr. Mudge to Mr. Fry's previous conceptions. At the doctor's invitation, we adjourned to his humble residence in the High Street, and were made welcome to a

plain, substantial dinner, from which were excluded such dishes as were calculated to provoke an attack of indigestion.

It would be necessary to set before the reader a complete account of the numerous public and executive meetings Mr. Mudge attended while engaged in his profession (largely among the poor), rightly to estimate the work he did and the self-sacrifice it involved; considering, too, that Mr. Mudge was a man of frail constitution. But it was to him as a writer and controversialist we are chiefly indebted, for in this direction he wielded a prolific and powerful pen. No phase of the Temperance question escaped treatment when the exigencies occurred, and a collection of his multifarious papers would form a valuable addition to the permanent literature of the temperance movement. With his vehement denunciation of alcohol he coupled a denunciation of tobacco no less vehement, and, being a Methodist local preacher, lost no opportunity to graft upon his sermons sarcastic allusions to the "filthy weed." Of one society he visited during a short holiday, Mr. Mudge reported that 150 persons were present; that one old man, fourscore, gave up his "quid," and another hearer his pipe. At Polbrook, on Sunday afternoon, he writes: "I expounded Isaiah's account of idolatry, and whipped the smokers with

the 20th verse of the 44th chapter." Here is an extract from the sermon :—

"I cannot," said the preacher, "take upon myself to say that Isaiah, though a prophet, had a smoker or a snuffer in his eye when he wrote these words; but I am sure his description may be accommodated to these characters, and contains a faithful delineation of their folly. He 'feedeth on ashes!' How very remarkable that dust handed over by the primeval curse to be the serpent's food should be chosen by man for his diet!"

The doctor concluded an account of his rambles in the following words :—

"I should perhaps have been more successful if I had not said what I did about tobacco; but I feel it my duty to cry down this uncleanness, and so, in many places, hitting hard the practices of teetotalers, they have not had the grace to thank me."

The foregoing was not the kind of admonition likely to beget a sense of gratitude in those guilty of the obnoxious practice. What an awful collapse of membership in our grand and our subordinate lodges would follow, were the pipe and the "quid" universally disallowed!

"But what avails this temperance not complete
Against another object more enticing?"

Mr. Mudge, like some other medical men of the period, was in practice at a time when teetotal doctors had often to suffer pecuniarily and otherwise for conscience sake; nevertheless, he was re-

markably faithful to his convictions, and in trenchant language dared to denounce not only the vices of the poor, but spiritual wickedness in high places. Few men have left behind them a more fragrant memory than the highly-intelligent and benevolently disposed Henry Mudge, of Bodmin.

Though the gentleman of whom I have just spoken was probably too quiet and logical to be universally popular as a speaker, Mr. Gavid, of St. Maybyn, for opposite reasons, was a general favourite. This son of Æsculapius, who was short and bulky, had also a jovial countenance, calculated to inspire hope and confidence in his patients. He was, moreover, a gifted musician, and could play various wind instruments, some of them as tall as himself. His musical renderings, if they did not add to the more solid arguments in favour of teetotalism, commanded unqualified admiration, whilst the expansion of the chest superinduced by the physical effort, was taken as proof that alcohol was not necessary to free respiration. But Mr. Gavid was not only able to discourse most eloquent music; he also, now and then, presumed to court the Muses. His parody on the *Fall of Babylon* was regarded as a stroke of poetical genius, and was sung throughout the county with unbounded enthusiasm. True it is that in this remarkable effusion there was a comic jumble of metaphor and

an absence of elegant diction ; still, the people accepted the rhetorical mixture with more complacency than a draught from the doctor's pharmacopœia. At the close of the first stanza, the congregation was invited to affirm :—

“ In our free and native country
Many thousands loudly roar—
Drunkenness is fallen to rise no more ! ”

Having been assured that it was lawful to “ roar ” for the good of the cause, the sons of harmony were thus apostrophized :—

“ Shout aloud, teetotal choir !
Higher still your voices raise :
See old alcohol on fire !
Clap your hands and fan the blaze !
Burn the mash-tubs, staves, and barrels,
Throw the coolers out of door—
Drunkenness is fallen to rise no more. ”

The injunction to clap their hands and fan the blaze was literally and vigorously responded to by the company, whose manual exercises greatly heightened the effect of the oft-repeated declaration :—

“ We shall conquer ! we shall conquer !
Onward cry from shore to shore—
Drunkenness is fallen to rise no more ! ”

To bring matters to a practical issue, those who had not signed their names were invited, with a

dash of Cornish humour, to "clap their hands" to the teetotal pledge.

In spite of the loss of patronage and petty persecution to which teetotal doctors in days of yore were subjected, I had the pleasure, within a few weeks of my arrival in Cornwall, to be the guest of eight medical men, seven of whom were pledged abstainers. Among these was Mr. William Pearce, of Launceston, who presided at two of my meetings in that town, a worthy representative of other branches of the family widely known and respected in Cornwall and Devon. This casual residence with medical men, to me, as a young advocate, was a great advantage, inasmuch as from their instructive conversation I enlarged, in a pleasant way, my limited stores of physiological and scientific knowledge.

Mr. Pearce, who died in March, 1886, at a very advanced age, like his brother-in-law, Mr. Henry Mudge, belonged to the anti-toddy school of medicine, and successfully treated fevers and allied diseases by milk and simple sustenance, when medical popular opinion was greatly in favour of alcohol.

Of the fifteen who constituted the original committee of the Bodmin Auxiliary of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, all, with two exceptions, are deceased. None, if we exclude Henry Mudge, were held in greater esteem for

their devotion to the Temperance cause than Mr. William Ireland and Mr. John Coom, the first secretary. Mr. Ireland has passed away, but Mr. Coom still lives, as ardent a teetotaler as ever. Nor must I omit to mention that Mr. William George, now of Liskeard, signed the pledge at Bodmin, in October, 1837, and that his name stood No. 100 on the register of members. My friend specially remembers my visit to Bodmin in 1843, from the fact that the Wesleyan minister, for want of a better excuse, declined to give out a notice of my forthcoming lecture in the Guild Hall because the fulsome terms in which it was couched were unsuitable. This produced some excitement in teetotal circles, and at my meeting, over which Mr. Mudge presided, the worthy doctor gave the parson "a Roland for an Oliver."

CHAPTER IV.

SECOND VISIT.—PADSTOW.—ST. ISSEY.—ST. ENODOCK.

FEW things of the kind could be more agreeable and inspiring than a sea-trip, such as I enjoyed for the first time in this part of England, on the night of September the 8th, 1843, on my way to the "Rocky Land of Strangers." In marked contrast with this was my *second* experience down the Channel *en route* for Padstow. When I left the port of Bristol at break of day on October the 24th, a contrary head wind, accompanied by heavy rain, blew a fearful hurricane, portentous of the foul and tempestuous weather we encountered during our voyage to Ilfracombe. In our extremity we derived a modicum of comfort from the fact that while the *absence* of forethought and prudence is very usual in seamen under the influence of strong drink; on the other hand, these qualities were conspicuous by their *presence* in the sober, well-conducted crew who manned the steamer. But for their noble and gallant devotion to duty, discharged with philosophic calmness in circumstances so difficult and dangerous, we probably should never have got

safely into port ; which we happily did at nine o'clock in the evening.

Among the few memorable days in my history is the 24th day of October, 1843 ; and I never recall the Egyptian darkness of that awful night, and the perils we endured under the rocks of Ilfracombe, without emotions coupled with an ever-growing admiration of the heroism of the British sailor. The company on board the *Herald* was representative, and included a Catholic priest and several Nuns. These, after the manner of their ancient Church, were frequently engaged on deck in supplication to Him who "rides upon the storm," and whose tender mercies are over all His works.

At that solemn season, mere forms of faith lost for me their ambiguous and subtle meaning ; for surely if there be a time when human prejudices become softened and melt away at the sympathetic touch of a common danger, it is when all on board a tempest-tossed ship are at any moment liable to be cast upon the rocks, or engulfed by the raging sea. The next morning we again got up steam and took our departure from Ilfracombe, the previous day's experience being varied by a thunder-storm. As the shadows of night drew on, we crossed the treacherous sand-bar that lies at the mouth of the river, and presently reached Padstow harbour.

The good people by whom I had been anxiously expected some twenty-four hours before I arrived, were present in large numbers to welcome me, and many and hearty were their congratulations, enthusiastically renewed at the meeting I attended at the Bible Christian Chapel. On that occasion there were present: J. D. Martin, Thomas Tregaskis, R. P. Griffin, and Thomas Derrick, with many others whose names are historically associated with Temperance work in that part of Cornwall at that particular period.

Mr. Richard Palk Griffin, father of the present Dr. Griffin, of Padstow, was a scholarly and accomplished gentleman of most peculiar habits, but highly esteemed wherever he was known. At the age of ninety he published *The Prophetic Mirror in Plain Verse*, though in the elucidation of his subject, like other writers on prophecy, he was not very successful. In this opinion the good old man, by the time he had reached the twenty-third and final book, seems himself to have concurred.

“ I often think how very weak
My lines, which crawl upon the page,
How dumb some words which try to speak,
They must annoy a poet sage.”

What is more to the purpose is the part he played in the formation of the Teetotal Society, which, he remarks, “ I, in concert with other friends,

established in Padstow and neighbourhood, and soon numbered many hundreds on my pledge-book." It was, I am told, in Mr. R. P. Griffin's house that the Society was formed. The friends alluded to were the late Thomas Derrick and his brother Benjamin, who still survives. The Society owed its origin to a visit the two brothers had paid to Mr. Henry Mudge, of Bodmin.

Mr. Edward Docton, whose name often occurred in the early numbers of the *Cornwall Journal*, in relation to the Padstow Society, I do not remember, but have a distinct recollection of Mr. Henry Webster and Mr. J. D. Martin. To become the guest of the latter excellent, well-read gentleman, was sufficient to indelibly impress the mind of the visitor with the originality of his kitchen and other domestic arrangements. To the credit of Mr. Martin, it should be known that he was a fair physiologist, had mastered the elements of chemistry, and was great on the subject of dietetic reform; so that it could not be otherwise than instructive, while the visitor used his knife and fork, to be authoritatively told what to eat, what to drink, and what to avoid.

A story was current in the district, and sometimes related at teetotal meetings, that a St. Issey man was one night returning from a neighbouring fair,

who, if not drunk, was, beyond dispute, found in a shallow pond in a state of great physical prostration. When one of the lookers-on inquired who he was, he replied, "If I have a horse and saddle and bridle, and five one-pound notes in my pocket, I am Thomas Tregaskis."

At the house of this good man, who was a prosperous miller and a leading man among the Bible Christians, I was privileged to be an occasional visitor. After he became a reclaimed and religious man, he married the widow of the Rev. Edmund Warne, to whom and his numerous step-children, he seemed much devoted. Mrs. Tregaskis and her husband were, like Priscilla and Aquila, the complement of each other, and often attended together religious and teetotal meetings; and their joint reputation attracted large congregations. After, in his own rough and incisive way, the masculine part of the deputation had cleared the decks, Thomas usually concluded by calling on "Mother" Tregaskis to take her turn, publicly commending her many virtues—not the least being the fact that she was a "mother to all the parish." In loving obedience to her lord's request, Mrs. Tregaskis gave a useful and instructive address, marked by a quiet and earnest persuasiveness, which, for grace and modesty, favourably contrasted with much of the feminine oratory of the modern platform. While

she could not but be conscious of the possession of superior gifts, both her attire and demeanour were such as to leave the impression that Mrs. Tregaskis had not forgotten that though A and B are *one body*, according to Scriptural teaching, the husband is the *head* of the wife!

The timidity a young; inexperienced local preacher has been known to feel in the presence of those whom he regarded as likely to criticise his deliverances, is quite excusable, if not always to be commended. An example of this kind occurred on the Sabbath following the meeting I have described on a former page. I was listening attentively, and by no means hypercritically, to a youthful brother who occupied the pulpit, when, to my surprise and regret, about midway in his discourse he suddenly came to grief. As up to that point the preacher had shown no signs of a lack of self-confidence, I concluded that his sermon was *memoriter*; and so, his memory having failed, the collapse was inevitable. Judge my astonishment when I was told that I had been the unconscious cause of the preacher's unintentional brevity; it being alleged that this local supply had, at the point indicated, caught sight of my person, which so disconcerted him, that he was unable to proceed. Why my presence should have discomposed the preacher, was probably as explainable as an incident in my own experience, which proves

that in many ways, "the fear of man is a snare." I had before me a large and intelligent audience of whom I stood in awe, which was perplexing enough, and yet I gave wings to my imagination, realizing the truth of Shakespeare's words, "Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows." My eye was early directed towards a stout gentleman, who occupied a front seat. He had a broad, massive forehead, and a facial expression that a physiognomist might have made a study. While others were moved by the varying moods of the speaker, he was as impassive as—

"The still-born figures of Madame Tussaud."

When the meeting was over, I eagerly inquired who was that remarkable-looking man who sat in the front of the platform, and had so much disturbed my peace of mind? "Oh, sir," was the answer, "that is a sad case; it is only a few days since the poor old gentleman was discharged from the County Lunatic Asylum."

One afternoon, Mr. Henry Webster, who now resides at Bodmin, Thomas Derrick, and some other friends, took me across the ferry to a place called Rock, situate in a vast extent of sand, of which there are such prodigious accumulations in this part of Cornwall. Our chief object was to visit St.

Enodock Church, which, though now restored, was then partially buried and nearly lost to view. To enjoy, it is said, the revenue of this church, the parson used to descend to his duties by the skylight; but how the congregation effected an entrance we are not told, and I myself cannot conjecture. In the neatly kept burial-ground attached to the church there are some handsome monuments to the memory of deceased parishioners, whose average age reached a high figure. Intermingled with these, carved in ruder material, are numerous sad records of the wreckage wrought by the fury of the sea, aided by the special dangers that beset vessels on their way to Padstow harbour. By a little contrivance, my companions and I got access to the whitewashed porch, upon the walls of which I wrote in pencil a quotation from Dean Swift's "Curate," that was thought to be quite appropriate to the circumstances and the situation. These lines, on my visit to Padstow last autumn, I was told, had given amusement to a succession of tourists so long as the old church remained.

As I penetrated the sands with my walking-stick, I struck upon some human vertebræ; and, digging still deeper, came upon a splendid skull, with the whole of the teeth in the lower and upper jaws perfect. Wishing to take this with me, I doffed the woollen wrapper from my throat, and tied up

my newly-acquired treasure. When we returned to the boat, I hid my bundle away from the observation of the men in charge, lest I should offend their prejudices, knowing how superstitious sailors are. Strange to say, it was not long before the clouds began to show signs of a coming storm, and I myself was half weak enough to believe there was some connection between this and the bones on board our little boat. The storm presently became a hurricane; and instead of steering into the harbour, we were driven in a contrary direction into a small creek some distance from the town. Drenched though we were, since the time was up, we were compelled to go direct to the meeting. While the heat of the room was favourable for getting up steam, I found oratory in a vapour bath far from conducive to the personal comfort of the speaker and the object of his mission.

CHAPTER V.

CAMELFORD.—WADEBRIDGE.—ST. AUSTELL.

MEVAGISSEY.—GORRAN HAVEN.—LOSTWITHIEL.

RAILWAYS did not reach Cornwall until long after my visit, so that the traveller not overcharged with money was mainly indebted as a means of transit to the stage-van, which was prohibited by law to run at greater speed than four miles an hour. This loss of time seriously interfered with systematic reading, essential to the man who had to keep himself fresh with the public, not to speak of the physical fatigue induced by being closely confined for several hours within a circumscribed space. The semi-circular roof obliged the passenger who sat beside the driver to bend his neck to the yoke; and this was the penalty paid for the privilege of occupying the box-seat. The less-favoured passengers were relegated to the hinder part of the conveyance, and often formed parts of a miscellaneous cargo it would be indelicate further to describe. Now and then, by way of relief, I had the loan of a horse; but in the absence of equestrian training, this was a doubtful advantage. The kind

of animal usually placed at my disposal was slow and sure in its paces, and "warranted free from vice." Neither the sound of the huntsman's horn, nor the cry of the hounds in full chase, made the least impression on its nervous system, so that my personal safety was invariably guaranteed. One of my journeys lay across a hilly and dreary country, when I rode a brute whose singular habits proved both mortifying and inconvenient. At the door of almost every public-house it suddenly halted, nor would it move on by any sort of coaxing; and hence I had to resort to another mode of persuasion. This striving for the mastery between myself and the horse was a source of amusement to the bystanders, the more so as evidently to some of them it was an old acquaintance. At the teetotal meeting whither I was bound, I used the incident with good effect to show the influence of habit on man and the inferior creatures. My next adventure with a horse was more agreeable, the natural proclivities of the animal not having been misdirected. It belonged to a worthy teetotal farmer, much interested in Temperance work, who, at the close of one of my meetings at Bodmin, introduced himself to me, and announced that I was to be his guest; and as he lived a short way in the country, he would set me on his horse and follow on foot. As the road was a lonely one, and it

was a dark night, I stated that I did not feel at ease in accepting his kind offer. He assured me I had nothing to fear; I had only to give the horse its unbridled freedom, and it would carry me safely to the farm; and the prediction was fulfilled. At the sound of the horse's approach, the door of the farm-house was quickly opened, and the motherly occupant took both the horse and his rider in charge.

From Camelford I had to push on to Wade-bridge; and again there was some difficulty about a conveyance. The mail-cart passed through the town about midnight, and I could have secured a moiety of the narrow seat occupied by the driver by a small honorarium. After friendly conversation, it was agreed I should remain until the morrow, and that a horse should be provided. At the appointed time I was in readiness, but was kept waiting fully half an hour, when a very unique kind of beast was brought, with an apology for the delay; the explanation being that as the horse was out to grass, it had expressed much unwillingness to leave the field. The oratory of the previous evening had created enough of personal interest to bring together several admirers to witness my departure. And now an unforeseen trouble arose. The daily van having gone without my luggage, what was to be done? It was eventually resolved that as my bag

and leathern hat-box, like John Gilpin's bottles, "had each a curling ear," I should mount the saddle, and have the aforesaid articles tightly fastened round the waist, to which suggestion I assented. My equipment was a trifle peculiar. I wore a kind of cloak, then more in fashion than now, so that a head wind at intervals sent it aloft and held it there like well-inflated canvas. A spur was provided for the rider's use, which I essayed to utilize; but owing to the quantity of hair on the horse's flanks, that which was intended as a mild stimulus to accelerate motion, rebounded on my own heel. In my extremity I applied my walking-stick to such parts as were most impressible. The horse's sudden activity acted upon my own consciousness, and the jolting that supervened was far from pleasant. Nor was this all. The tie that bound me and my wardrobe together inconsiderately gave way, and so, without "notice of motion," my baggage descended to the ground. This obliged me to dismount, and while I was engaged in recovering my property, my quadruped companion walked off to a neighbouring hedge to partake of such herbage as the wayside might afford. It is always wise to forestall the banter likely to be raised at your expense; so I took the initiative, and pleasantly remarked to those who, in the emergency, gave a helping hand, that I thought the animal required "clipping," that an

occasional feed of corn would improve its appearance, and other jocose remarks, which they greatly enjoyed. "A horse, a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" was the exclamation of the hero of Market Bosworth. A kingdom was a high price to bid for a horse! The animal that did me the honour, by sundry stages, to convey me from Camelford to Wadebridge, might have been purchased at a much cheaper figure.

Besides this and other inconvenient modes of travelling, an occasional journey on foot was inevitable; but often from the want of sympathy on the part of those who had the conduct of affairs, the poor teetotal advocate was treated pretty much as a beast of burden, and to walk briskly and carry a moderate load, added greatly to his value as a Temperance orator. For myself, I had not in this respect much to complain of. It is true that I once missed the stage-coach, and for six hours had to walk, with my belongings, through a drizzling rain, to keep my appointment. On my arrival, however, I was soon kindly attended to by a ministering Friend, in a portion of whose wardrobe, more from necessity than choice, I subsequently addressed the teetotal meeting.

At Wadebridge, I made the acquaintance of Mr. J. R. Rickard, a chemist, who was at that time the editor of the *Rechabite Magazine*. The "Order"

into which Dr. Temple, the present Bishop of London, and his lady, have recently been inducted, had become in Cornwall a strong element in teetotal advocacy ; and those who did not join the organization were regarded as not keeping abreast with the requirements of the age. The Rechabite faith was not only popular with the "land-lubbers," as Jack would say, but likewise among the sailors.

Mr. William K. Norway, who afterwards became secretary to the London Reform Club, and who at the time of my visit was associated with that eminent statesman, Sir William Molesworth, Bart., of Pencarrow, in literary work, also resided at Wadebridge, and was, as a man of letters, a great acquisition to the movement. It is no disparagement to the memory of the deceased gentleman to say that, like not a few other educated and gifted men, Mr. Norway in earlier life overstepped that mysterious line which is supposed to divide moderation from excess. To witness a well-bred man under the influence of alcohol in broad daylight, without hat, coat, and vest, playing fantastic tricks before a gaping and mocking crowd, was a pitiful, but not uncommon sight. Who, privileged as I was to listen to his charming conversation, or to wait upon his eloquent discourses and Shakesperian readings, could have predicted that such a man, when he began to drink, could have fallen

so low? But the vulgar habit of drinking intoxicating drink is not exclusively the habit of vulgar people.

In September, 1837, the St. Austell Temperance Society, it is stated, was commenced, after a lecture by Mr. Henry Mudge, of Bodmin. This was followed by a visit from Mr. Joseph Eaton, of Bristol, who gave an address in the Friends' Meeting House to a large and respectable audience; when Mr. William Brown presided, and at the close signed the teetotal pledge. The Rev. James Cope, Congregational Minister, Mr. A. Veale, and Mr. Richard Parsons, were among those who took an active part in those stirring times. I recently had a lively chat with the venerable John Parrow, now eighty years of age, the intelligent and garrulous teetotal barber of St. Austell, who professed such an appreciation of the distinguished honour of my visit to him, that he declined to receive the usual fee for improving my personal appearance.

While staying at the Temperance Hotel kept by Mr. Richard Parsons, I was visited one Saturday afternoon by a diminutive, shabbily-dressed, eccentric Irishman, who styled himself "Father" Moore, and who inquired of me whether he might speak at the meeting I was to address in the evening. I replied that I was in the hands of Mr. Parsons, who objected to my giving short measure,

seeing it was my farewell visit. As, however, the audience was small, and the meeting from my point of view a failure, I thought a speech from "Father" Moore would be, as it proved to be, a platform novelty. Accordingly I introduced the little stranger, and "Father" Moore, having mounted the rostrum, delivered a speech, to the merits of which I shall fail to do justice. But here is an epitome :—

"It is very kind of the gentleman," he began, "to allow me to speak, and I must tell you that I am 'Father' Moore, who assisted the benevolent Father Mathew in Dublin. Indeed, my friends, I could tell you more about Father Mathew than he could tell of himself. I say Father Mathew couldn't tell you half so much about himself as I could tell you! I will now give you a funny story I told last night at Lostwithiel, that will make you laugh. I told the audience—what do you think now? I said all the *swine* in Ireland—you know what I mean by swine, I suppose?—well, all the pigs, signed the teetotal pledge; so it follows all the pigs are total abstainers. Isn't that funny? How do you like me now?" The audience having ironically signified their approval, he added—"But sure that is nothing to what I shall give you on Monday night at the National School. I shall then give you two hours of it, and you'll be delighted with me!"

Giving a peculiar jump, after the manner of the "Perfect Cure" exercise, he once more thanked the gentleman, who had so handsomely allowed him to speak on behalf of the temperance cause and the blessed Father Mathew.

Such physical exertion as "Father" Moore put

into his oration must needs beget a sense of hunger; so it was equally natural he should ask where I was going to supper, with the obvious intention of bearing me company. I told him I was going to sup with Captain Oliver, to which remark he observed, quite in a minor key, "I suppose he doesn't want 'Father' Moore."

Poor fellow! I had gently to say that probably that gentleman did not desire his society, or he would have given "Father" Moore an invitation. How this "wandering star" succeeded on Monday night at the National School, I never knew; but I do know that shortly after he turned up at Bodmin, where I had him before the magistrates, having in the interim been informed that "Father" Moore was using my name as a passport to the sympathies and pockets of benevolent and unsuspecting people; who, calculating men will tell you, form a definite percentage of the population. As with some natures, according to Hudibras, "the pleasure is as great in being cheated as to cheat;" and as between the spurious article and the genuine, many do not readily see the difference, such are ever liable to be used by evilly-disposed persons for their own mercenary purposes. It is matter of regret that even now, with our larger experience, the pious adventurer still finds favour, if only he pronounce the orthodox shibboleth, and is often preferred to

the man whose piety is too genuine for sanctimonious parade, and too retiring for public exhibition.

At St. Austell, I was introduced to a son of the famous Samuel Drew, the Cornish metaphysician ; as also to the essayist's aged sister, who was very communicative in reference to her distinguished brother. What possible connection can there be between genius and leather? One may be excused for raising the question, since Samuel Drew, like so many other men who have risen to eminence, was by trade a shoemaker. Mr. Pearce, of Tavistock, of whom I shall speak in a future chapter, used to tell as a good joke the story of Samuel Drew's visit to that town—another example of the fact that no class of men are more clever at making blunders than town-criers. This town functionary was intrusted with a notice that the Rev. Samuel Drew, of St. Austell, would deliver a lecture on the Immateriality and Immortality of the soul. This was rather too much for the bellman ; he took the liberty to curtail the statement, and informed the public that Mr. Drew would give a lecture on the Materiality and Mortality of the soul, which was of course the opposite of what the learned shoemaker intended. This absurd announcement, which was heard from the open drawing-room window of Mr. Pearce, was provo-

cative of much laughter and significant shrugging of the shoulders on the part of Samuel Drew.

That this eminent man was held in great repute not only among the Wesleyan Methodists, but beyond the pale of his own communion, is shown by the following testimony to his genius and character, which adorns the walls of St. Austell parish church:—

“To the memory of Samuel Drew, a native of this parish, whose talents as a metaphysical writer, unaided by education, raised him from obscurity into honourable notice, and whose virtues as a Christian won the esteem of all who knew him. . . .

“To record their sense of his literary merits, his fellow-townsmen have erected this tablet.”

Among the towns on the Cornish coast, none are more decidedly *fishy* than Gorran Haven and Mevagissey, the names being derived from the titles borne by two canonized personages, St. Mervie and St. Issey. Even before you enter either place, the nose detects an odour more potent than agreeable, incident to the business which, from time immemorial, has been the main support of the inhabitants.

Though I claim to have always been, as becomes a public teacher (at the proper time), serious in a serious cause, the absence from my addresses of the current religious phraseology of the day, did not make my services so acceptable to a large class as they otherwise would have been; and I was now

and then made to feel that there are rife other forms of religious persecution than those described in *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*.* My literary recitals, too, were sometimes held to be beside the mark and out of season. I was, for example, reproved by my chairman, Mr. Walter Dunn, brother to the Rev. Samuel Dunn (of Dunn, Griffiths & Everett notoriety), because I recited that wonderful description of Lord Byron to be found in Pollock's *Course of Time*. It may be that the fishermen and their wives, who for the most part composed the congregation, were not much edified; but how was I to know that before I had made the experiment? Moreover, experience has taught me that a speaker may, and sometimes does, misjudge the mental capacity of his audience; for appearances in this, as in other ways, are often deceitful.

Just as Lydda was nigh to Joppa, so Mevagissey was nigh to Gorran; and in pleasing contrast to Mr. Walter Dunn's hyper-criticisms, this is what was related of me in the *Cornwall Temperance Journal*, of January, 1844:—

* In a characteristic sermon, a short time before his death, by Dr. Fraser, Bishop of Manchester, his lordship observed that everybody was now expected to proclaim himself a converted man. He thought it would be safer and wiser and more modest if people would wait for others, seeing their lives, to declare this for them.

“GORRAN.—On the 22nd and 23rd of November, Mr. Hudson gave two excellent and interesting lectures in this parish. His manners are very pleasing, his language excellent, and his observations well timed. He attacks no man or set of men, but confines himself to the drinking of intoxicating drinks, which we heartily wish all teetotal advocates would do. Our teetotalers are staunch, and are anticipating the time when Mr. Hudson will again visit them; for he has won golden opinions both in this parish and Mevagissey, St. Ewe, and Port Holland.”

It is interesting to *me* to know that the initial letters C. W. P., attached to the foregoing account, indicate the person of no less a man than the venerable and distinguished naturalist, Charles William Peach, who recently died at Edinburgh, at the advanced age of eighty-six. He was a Northampton man of humble origin, and even while yet a youth, was frequently brought into contact with drinking people; but he always refused to drink, and from that period of his life to its close, he stoutly battled against the drinking usages wherever his lot was cast. As an officer of the coast-guard service, he when a young man settled in the neighbourhood of Fowey; and in a very unpretending cottage overhanging the Channel, and stuffed to its utmost capacity with marine plants and geological curiosities, I became the visitor of Charles William Peach, to whom the British Association for the advancement of science, in 1844,

made special reference in recognition of his personal character and great scientific attainments.

The indiscriminate use of the Methodist hymn-book in teetotal meetings, was sometimes the occasion of giving offence to devout persons, whose views were not in accord with the startling doctrines contained in a hymn happily now expunged from the modern collection. Judge, liberal-minded reader, of the pain inflicted on the sensitive mind of Mr. Peach, who lived and died a Unitarian, when a local brother solemnly and with seeming gusto gave out the hymn, which the congregation sang, in which occur these vindictive lines :—

“The Unitarian fiend expel,
And chase his doctrine back to hell.”

Mr. Peach appealed to me whether that was not a gross violation of the professed non-sectarianism of the Temperance platform, and I fully endorsed the views he expressed.

I next call to remembrance the physique and figure-head, a remarkable one in its way, of a gentleman who gave in his adhesion to our cause at a period of our history, as I have said elsewhere, when a doctor's practical help and influence were of paramount importance; and such

a man was Dr. Richard Lanyon, of Lostwithiel—a town honoured, as we have seen, by a visit from my oratorical rival, “Father” Moore. To his other distinctions, Dr. Lanyon added that of being one of the founders of the Cornwall Teetotal Association, in 1838, the number of teetotalers in the county at that date being estimated at 18,000. Of these, 300 were members of the Lostwithiel Society.

Dr. Lanyon, as a speaker, seldom indulged in circumlocution, and what he had to say was usually of his own personal experience thus expressed:—

“Teetotal, teetotal, teetotal ;
Never better, never better, never better ;
So come forward, my friends, and sign teetotal !”

Mr. Peters, a schoolmaster, and very popular as a local preacher, Mr. John Philp, and Mr. Joseph Jeffery, were also co-workers with the simple-minded, benevolent Dr. Lanyon. When I passed through Lostwithiel last September, I called upon John Philp and Joseph Jeffery, and chatted with these ancient teetotalers over bygone events. As I wished to see the famous Restormal Castle about a mile distant, on the north side of the town (visited in 1846 by the Queen and the Prince Consort), Mr. Jeffery was kind enough to be my guide and companion thither. His agility in walking was something wonderful. He climbed the steep ascent leading to the ruins with the

nimbleness of a Welsh goat, nor did the exercise appear in the least to have quickened his respiration, which was more than I could say of myself. I will not attempt to describe the sensation produced on my organ of wonder at the magnificent landscape that opened up to view; but of the interesting companion who favoured me with his society and conversation I must not be altogether silent. As we jogged along the road, the old man related to me, by bits and scraps, many items of his varied experience, which, when put together and taken as a whole, are not without instruction:—

“It is forty-six years,” he said, “since I signed the pledge, and I am now in my 86th year. I have brought up all my children on teetotal principles and the fear of the Lord. My eldest son died at 24 years of age in Australia; he never knew the use of intoxicating drinks, and died a Christian. My son who has the business I gave up to him is forty-five years old, is a staunch teetotaler, and a local preacher. I am at present able to take journeys twelve or fourteen miles at the rate of three miles an hour. Since I gave up business, seven years ago, I have travelled very much. I have been across to France twice; I was there at the Great Exhibition for seven weeks; and I have been up to London every summer, and have seen the various exhibitions. I go to London by the Irish steamers from Plymouth, as I would rather go up by water than by train. Two years ago we had a terrible storm on our passage down, and I thought we should never reach Plymouth. Last year I made up my mind to go to London again, and people said, ‘To be sure you are not going by water!’ but I replied ‘Yes, for whenever it pleases God to take me, His time is my time.’

This year begins the jubilee of our gracious Queen ; I can remember the jubilee of King George the Third. I was then seven years old. We had a public tea in the town, and there was an old woman, 102 years old, brought out in her chair ; but we shall not have such an old person at this jubilee. We have one woman 90, and I am the oldest man. I was tempted, before I had much experience of the world, to give up my trade, and take a public-house in Lostwithiel, which I kept for two years, and did a fair business. I had a cousin at Penrhyn who kept a beer-house, which he was obliged to give up, as his wife and son had taken to drinking. He offered to sell me the good-will, and told me I should soon make a fortune. I accepted his offer, but soon found I could not run out a quarter of the quantity of liquor he represented. The customers were a bad lot. They would bring things to pawn for drink ; but I told them I had not come there to keep a pawn-shop, and I would rather work my fingers to the bone than take what they brought ; and I was very miserable. At the end of six months I made up my mind to leave. After I had run out about half the quantity of beer in stock, I one morning went to the cellar and turned both taps and let the liquor run to waste. The people said "What a shame!" but I told them that as the business had nearly ruined me, the drink should not ruin any one else. I next went to Falmouth, and stuck to my original trade ; and after awhile returned to my native town, Lostwithiel, and opened a boot and shoe business, and most of my customers came back. I was about fifty pounds out of pocket, but I have thought it was the best loss I ever had, for it drove me out of misery to seek happiness ; and I thank God I found it."

Since I parted with my venerable friend, he has written me a very loving letter, in which he says :—

"This last week we have a new minister here from London. He told me he knows you. We go into the country together ; some places are five miles distant, so we leave in the afternoon to visit

the houses, and then go to chapel, to service, and after the close, walk back. I am thankful to be able to help a little to forward the cause of God, and I am never happier than when I am in His service. I do meditate on His goodness day and night."

Such, in brief and in substance, was the old man's story.

CHAPTER VI.

LISKEARD.—LOOE.—POLPERRO.—FOWEY AND POLRUAN.

A SOCIETY was formed in Liskeard on December the 12th, 1837; after a lecture by Mr. Henry Mudge. The first to sign the pledge, as the result of Mr. Mudge's advocacy, was Mr. Richard Hingston, a surgeon in practice in Liskeard, who became mayor soon after the borough received incorporation. As illustrative of the deep-rooted prejudice and misconception which then prevailed, and the sacrifices medical men had to make, I may mention that two farmers, who hitherto had employed that gentleman as their family attendant, declined his further services, as they regarded his becoming a teetotaler as indirectly interfering with their interests. Mr. Richard Hingston, who continued through life an ardent friend of the cause, died at the advanced age of 82, and lived to see both these ignorant and vindictive men come to grief. It is matter for gratulation that Mr. Andrew Hingston, who succeeded to his father's practice, and like him has served the office of mayor, and is now a borough magistrate, throws the weight of his personal and professional influence on the teetotal side.

Another convert, and the second to sign the pledge at Mr. Mudge's meeting, was the Rev. Benjamin Carvosso, a Wesleyan minister of great repute, then living at Liskeard; and well would it have been for the cause of Methodism itself if others of the brethren had followed his example.

On March the 16th, 1838, James Teare attempted to deliver a lecture in the town hall, but was interrupted by a number of attorney's clerks, together with many others interested in the "trade." The disturbance was so great as almost, it was said, to amount to a riot. Although the meeting was broken up within an hour from its commencement, a number of respectable individuals were detained more than an hour before they were set at liberty.* The report then proceeds to say that on March the

* This was not the only kind of opposition with which the teetotalers had to contend. In the early part of 1840, the Rev. J. F. Todd, Vicar of Liskeard, on receipt of a copy of the "County Address," returned that document, scribbled over with marginal notes, to Mr. Henry Mudge, of Bodmin. These notes were adverse criticism on teetotalism—an odd mixture of perverted facts and scientific blunders, with an attempt to reconcile a liking for alcohol with Scriptural sanction for its use. Upon this a spirited controversy between Mr. Mudge and the vicar followed. Whatever divergence of opinion there existed as to the merits of the discussion, it was generally held that the time of this evangelical clergyman would have been more wisely and profitably employed in the discharge of his parochial duties.

21st, a meeting was held by James Teare in the Wesleyan chapel, St. Neots, and on the next day in the town hall of Liskeard, and again on the 27th, when the meeting was fully attended and very orderly; and so the tide began to take a favourable turn.

Within a comparatively short time, Liskeard was also visited by Ralph Holker, Thomas Allen Smith, of London, and Charles Gilpin, of Bristol, who was described as having delivered an eloquent and interesting address in the Independent Chapel, when twenty pledges were taken at the close of the meeting.

The need in Liskeard, as in other places, was a suitable building for the holding of meetings. At length a site was secured, and a hall erected, and eventually opened (the first in the county), on Sunday, January the 5th, 1840, when three sermons were preached—in the morning and afternoon by Mr. Mudge, and in the evening by Mr. T. Peters, of Lostwithiel. These religious services were followed by a series of tea and public meetings, addressed by some of the most popular advocates of the county, namely, Mr. W. Pearce, surgeon, of Launceston; Mr. Richard Hingston, M.R.C.S.; Mr. J. Henwood, of Tideford; Mr. A. Gaved, surgeon, of St. Maybyn; Mr. T. B. Thomson, of Camelford; Rev. B. Carvosso; Mr. J. Jennings, of

Falmouth; Mr. Serjeant; and Mr. Edmund Fry, of Plymouth. At these meetings 150 persons signed the pledge.

It was my pleasure, on December the 26th, 1843, to attend a Christmas Teetotal Festival in the Central Hall, Plymouth; and on the following day Mr. Edmund Fry and I proceeded together to Liskeard, to assist at the celebration of the fourth anniversary of the opening of the Temperance Hall, when the Rev. William Patterson also took part in the proceedings. Although I thought myself well instructed in the views entertained by old-fashioned Friends in respect to music, I was not prepared for so open and unqualified an expression of them as I encountered in the forecourt of the Temperance Hall. Here several strict Friends were patiently waiting for the cessation of the music that was being played within, before they would consent to enter. I must allow that the music was more remarkable for its volume than for its sweetness, and must admit, too, that the thunder of some twenty brass instruments, supplemented by a big drum, was a little distressing to the nerves; and this, after all, may have been the reason why the Friends for the time being preferred the lobby.

Nevertheless, the evening did not pass over without a little innocent indulgence in *vocal* music, which of course was a different thing from a brass

band in a public building. On my joining the supper-table of a genial Friend, in whose establishment were several young people, one of them had the courage, notwithstanding the "monthly meeting for discipline," to suggest that "our friend Thomas Hudson" should sing a melody. According to my usual practice when prevailed upon to exercise my small vocal abilities, I stipulated that the company should sustain the chorus; and, after small persuasion, they agreed to my proposal. Of course I had first to teach these young candidates for musical distinction the words of the chorus, which they quickly learned; and, having given the key-note, away we went *con spirito*, and at the close an *encore* was demanded. That this small, humble drawing-room concert was a decided success, is evident from the fact that on the following evening I was again invited to supper!

The Society of Friends in Liskeard, with few exceptions, were, at the beginning, in cordial sympathy with the teetotal cause. Mr. William Allen, a respected minister now deceased, came into the field a little late; but the Misses Allen, who still reside in Liskeard, gave from the first, and continue to give, the Society the benefit of their personal influence and example. Happily, too, though long laid aside from active duties, Mr. John C. Isaac is as earnestly devoted to our interests as on the day

I had the pleasure to meet him upon the platform at Truro in 1843. Few gentlemen in the county are better known and more respected than Mr. J. C. Isaac ; and his fellow-townsmen have twice done him and themselves honour by electing him to the office of chief magistrate. It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Isaac's civic banquets were marked by the absence of alcoholic liquors.

Not the least of the pleasures I derived from my visits to Liskeard were the opportunities they gave me to enjoy the hospitality and instructive conversation of the several members of the Elliott family, who, save one, have all passed away. That one member of this interesting family is Miss Mary Elliott, with whom, and the widow of Mr. John Elliott, I dined last autumn. This lady, though 73 years old, looks, as I found many Cornish teetotalers do, several years younger than her real age. Why this should be the case, I will not stay to consider.

At the time of my first visit, Mr. John Elliott, senr., was deceased, and the widow, with three of her children — Elizabeth, John, and Mary — lived at a pretty residence on the outskirts of the town. Samuel had recently married, and was in business in another part of the borough, and in this way was brought into contact with the large body of working miners of the district, in whom, as a class, he took

a great interest. On Samuel Elliott's removal to Plymouth, he carried with him all his early devotion to temperance work, and at his death left behind him an honoured name as one of the Pioneers of the West. Of Elizabeth Elliott, who afterward became Mrs. James, that lady's biographer observes, "Her time and energies were diligently used in promoting, among other objects, the total abstinence cause." In the *Annual Monitor* for 1867, an extract is given from her diary in these words :—

"As the total abstinence procession passed our house, the sight of so large a number, some being reformed drunkards, whom I well knew and had laboured much for, and so many who were good people, altogether overwhelmed my feelings, and I could scarcely refrain from weeping ; the language of my heart was, What hath God wrought ? "

The social position Mr. John Elliott held in the town as a banker and otherwise, and the influence these favourable circumstances gave him, were used in all suitable ways and on every fitting occasion to promote the spread of temperance and other worthy objects. That he was prepared to give full proof of his sincerity, and that at a time when men of less decision of character would probably have wavered, may be gathered from the following account of his induction into the office of mayor— an office which he filled for two years.

“In entertaining the members of the council and the magistrates at his house, he provided no intoxicating beverages, thus carrying out the practice of every-day life, not to supply or offer to others a drink which, when taken in moderation, is attended with danger, and the use of which is fraught with so much evil. . . .

“The funeral of Mr. John Elliott, which took place on the 19th of November, 1879, was large and representative. The presence of the member of parliament for the borough, the mayor and corporation, the archdeacon, and some of the clergy, and various nonconforming ministers, and leading individuals of the town, besides large numbers of the sorrowing poor, was a striking tribute to the universal esteem and love with which he was regarded. The remains were borne to the grave by eight of the oldest members of the Liskeard Temperance Committee, with whom, as President of the Society, he had worked for several years.”

When at Liskeard last autumn, Mr. William I. Palmer, Mr. Charles Isaac, and lady friends, were kind enough to accompany me to East and West Looe, that I might have a glimpse once more of this romantic locality. I found that the handsome old bridge, erected about the year 1400, had been replaced by a modern structure, and that the ancient town hall in which I lectured had also disappeared. Connected with the old hall there were formerly a pillory and a cage for scolding wives; but as to how often these barbarous appliances were called into requisition, I am not able to give statistics. I observed that time had wrought but few changes in the domestic habits of the people, or the character of their dwellings;

but many, like their predecessors—so I gathered from a Good Templar pilot—are staunch teetotalers of the true Cornish type. I had not forgotten an incident that occurred to me at West Looe, which, among others, added to the humour and diversity of travel, and made my rambles all the more agreeable. It was my practice, when opportunity offered, to call upon influential people, as they are termed, to speak to them on the subject of temperance; and as I had spoken in the town hall, I presumed to visit one Captain N——, a local magnate and a justice of the peace. As I was unknown to this gentleman, it was perhaps excusable that he should confound me with an itinerant quack doctor, who, with an eye to business, was distributing bills from house to house, and of whose person he was likewise ignorant. Viewing me from a window, as I ascended the steps which led to the front door, and without waiting to ascertain the object of my visit, he gesticulated violently to my face, and forthwith admonished me to leave the premises. This I hastily did, and much enjoyed the joke; but my teetotal friends were very angry with the captain's rude behaviour. Of course I ought to have been properly introduced.

From West Looe I went to Polperro, and enjoyed (so far as the offensive odours of the place

would permit) the wonderful scenery of the district, as well as the excellent meetings I had with the teetotal fishermen; and from thence proceeded to Fowey and Polruan. To this latter locality I paid three visits, each time with increasing interest; and in no part of the county did I seem to be doing a more useful work, and certainly did not anywhere receive a more hearty reception. In reference to my last visit to Fowey, Mr. William Hewitt thus wrote in the *Cornwall Journal*:—

“For zeal in the cause of sobriety, for talent in portraying the baneful influence of intoxicating liquors on the physical, mental, and moral man, he [Mr. Hudson] stands unsurpassed, and but rarely equalled among the numerous public speakers of the day.”

I should not have given this extract were it not to couple with it another allusion to myself by this exuberant writer, whose acquaintance I made at Padstow, after the stormy passage down the Bristol Channel in the previous month of October. At the close of my address in the Bible Christian Chapel, a singular-looking man, full six feet in height, came to me in a state of great excitement, and said, “That was a grand peroration to your speech, Mr. Hudson,” and then inquired whether it was my own. When I replied in the affirmative, he sceptically rejoined, “Well, to be sure; only think of that!”

This gentleman was William Hewitt, who was

a great power for good in Fowey, and represented and ardently promoted many other objects which he regarded as collateral and natural outcomes of teetotalism. If, he argued, the use of alcohol was physically injurious, so was that of tobacco; and hence he was equally pronounced against the practice of smoking. In like manner, if teetotalism begat a more kindly feeling between man and his fellows, he could not see how a teetotaler could be a soldier; and so he wrote and spoke much on these topics. In this spirit, too, he devoted himself in seeking to amend the law in favour of a more humane treatment of animals; added to which, I think he was a strict vegetarian. He belonged, I know, to the *Independent Order of Horebites*, which consisted of water-drinkers, who subscribed to the following declaration:—

“We, the undersigned, believing that water is best, and that every attempt to improve it by the admixture of alcohol, narcotics, or aromatic substances, only tends to injure it, and those who take it, hereby agree to abstain from all artificial beverages, and in all suitable ways to discountenance their use throughout the community.”

Such a pledge as the foregoing shows how true to nature were the habits of many of the early teetotalers, and how courageously they proclaimed their convictions. They neither knew of, nor desired to substitute for the beverage which “is too

weak to be a sinner," any of those questionable, so-called non-alcoholic essences and cordials now so largely consumed by many who regard themselves as consistent abstainers. It is, of course, a self-evident proposition that the liquor which most readily and easily quenches thirst must be the best kind of drink; and since that liquor is water, it follows that, after all, the *Horebites*, if eccentric, were not fools!

William Hewitt has long since taken his departure to the better land; but when at Fowey last autumn, I visited his two sisters, Mary and Jane, who, I found, still took a lively interest in temperance work. The former died a short time ago, at the advanced age of 86; while Jane survives, and in a few months hence, if she live, will be a teetotal octogenarian.

At Fowey, I was usually the guest of a very intelligent gentleman, a good worker in the cause, who had been the victim of drink, and who, it was thought, was thoroughly reclaimed; but, alas! in an unguarded hour he returned, "like the dog to his vomit," to his former evil courses. But while such instances of declension are very distressing, it is pleasant in the retrospect to remember how many among the first converts gallantly stood the test of their principles; and this remark is specially applicable to the seafaring men of Fowey and Polruan.

In 1843 there were over twenty captains and their crews who sailed from Fowey to various home and foreign ports on teetotal principles; and among the most noteworthy of these was the late Captain Lobb. This maritime worthy, for his seaman-like qualities, might have been related to a brother "salt" of great distinction, whose virtues the poet thus describes:—

"Of all the ships upon the blue,
No ship contained a better crew
Than that of worthy Captain Reece,
Commanding of the *Mantelpiece*.

"He was adored by all his men,
For worthy Captain Reece, R.N.,
Did all that lay within him to
Promote the comfort of his crew.

* * * *

"Kind-hearted Captain Reece, R.N.,
Was quite devoted to his men;
In point of fact, good Captain Reece
Beatified the *Mantelpiece*."

As I could not recall the features and build of Captain Lobb, and he was too ill to be seen, I asked Mr. C. J. Hockin to refresh my memory; and, on my return home in October last, he kindly wrote me as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—When you visited Fowey in 1844, the late Captain Lobb was probably at sea; otherwise you would certainly have seen him, and, once seeing him, you would always remember

him. He was a genial, kind-hearted man—one who could ‘spin a yarn,’ as the sailors have it. I remember him telling me about his being in sickly climates, and how he used always to wear the thickest tapped boots he had, though it was so hot. He was in one port (I forget which, but I think Pernambuco) at one time, when about fifteen out of twenty ships were left without any crews, captain and all hands dying; and from his ship he did not lose a man. He would not permit the men to go on shore more than was needful, and he would allow them no drink of an intoxicating kind. He believed that it was owing to these regulations that he brought his crew away with him in safety.”

My correspondent adds that Captain Lobb died on December the 9th, 1886, aged 70 years and six months.

CHAPTER VII.

FALMOUTH.—PENRYN.—FLUSHING.

A SOCIETY on teetotal principles was originated at Falmouth in the early part of 1838. The first public meeting, it is stated, was held on January the 29th, and was presided over by the Rev. W. F. Burchell; on which occasion forty persons were enrolled as members. Several of those who signed the pledge were reported to be drunkards; two of whom (publish it not in the streets of Askalon), were formerly dissenting ministers. Julius Palmer, John Philp, Richard James, John Curtis, Stephen Wilcock, and Francis Carne, were conspicuous among the worthy pioneers of Falmouth, Flushing, and Penryn. Mr. Francis Carne, one of the few early Cornishmen whom I did not know, but of whom in my travels I heard much, was an ardent personal friend of James Teare, when the latter visited Cornwall. At the death of Mr. Carne, on September the 30th, 1860, suitable reference was made to the deceased in the columns of the *Falmouth Teetotal Advocate* in these terms:—

“The Falmouth Teetotal Society has lost one of its best advocates, and the County Association (of which he was joint

secretary) a most efficient member. Nor must we omit to mention his intimate association with this journal, furnishing, from month to month, a considerable portion of the original matter which occupied its columns; and although his literary contributions may not have been characterized by much brilliancy, they always embodied sentiments, which for purity and moral worth do honour to his memory."

About this time, as in Falmouth and Flushing, there was no small stir in Penryn. What the teetotalers had to endure, and what at the same time they were enabled to accomplish, by showing a bold front to the enemy, was thus summarized by one of the scribes of the period:—

"Our glorious cause in this town, notwithstanding that during the visit of Mr. Teare we were not allowed the use of the Wesleyan Chapel, but were *turned out to grass* in the bowling green, goes on prosperously. It has already been the means of raising many from a state of degradation and wretchedness to happiness and respectability. The system works well—beer-shops are closing—public-houses are to be let—brewers are quaking—publicans are trembling—pawn-shops are deserted—many poor families are rejoicing—and moderate-drinking professors of religion are looking very *queer!*"

Having lectured at Falmouth, I was naturally attracted to Flushing on the opposite side of the harbour, where I also held a meeting in a very humble little chapel. While strolling through the village, I met with an "old salt," pacing up and down the strand, just as if he were on board ship (such is the force of habit), with whom I confabulated

in a free and easy way. I asked him if he could tell me anything about a gentleman who had risen to great distinction as a traveller, and who had been a member of parliament, and was born in Flushing. When I mentioned the name of James Silk Buckingham, he said, "Oh, yes, I remember little 'Jemmy' Buckingham well; and a fine, smart young fellow he was, sir;" which I could readily believe, judging from his portly physique, as I knew him in 1836 and in subsequent years. The house next door to the present post-office is that in which the illustrious traveller was born on August the 29th, 1786. He and his sister, Mrs. Miller, who lived a few years ago at Flushing, were personally known to Mr. Thomas Lang, the only remaining member of the original committee of the Flushing Teetotal Society. This venerable teetotaler exhibited to me a few months ago, with much pardonable pride, an old silk banner of the Flushing Female Teetotal Society, upon which, among other devices, was inscribed, "Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost."

To attempt more than an outline of the life, and in many respects romantic adventures, of Mr. Buckingham (whom *Punch* held up to ridicule as James "Silky" Buckingham) is beyond, even did space permit, the scope of these personal narratives; and yet I cannot forbear to indulge in a few particulars:—

“His early introduction to the knowledge of the world,” we are told, “began when he was only nine years old, at which period he first went to sea in one of His Majesty’s packets which sailed from Falmouth to Lisbon. During his third voyage, and before he had completed his tenth year, he was made a prisoner of war; the ship in which he sailed having been captured by a French frigate off Cape Finisterre, and taken into Corunna. There the officers, passengers, and crew were detained as prisoners for some months; and were at length released on condition of their marching by land to Lisbon—a distance of several hundred miles, which journey they performed barefooted nearly all the way, having so scanty an allowance, as prisoners of war, that there was great difficulty in obtaining food, and nothing to spare for clothes. After a tedious and painful march of many weeks, they reached Lisbon, and re-embarked for England, Mr. Buckingham being then in his eleventh year. The subsequent portion of his life, with a short interval of two or three years passed on shore, was devoted to the sea service, in which he had a command soon after he had passed his twentieth year; and in this capacity he sailed to all the four quarters of the globe.”

From this account of the personal adventures of the young hero of Flushing, it was not difficult to predicate what manner of person, as the “clouds rolled by,” he was likely to become. While Mr. Buckingham may be reckoned among the most distinguished of modern travellers, his journeys in Arabia, Persia, Egypt, Palestine, and other oriental countries were also made subservient to some high and noble purpose. After many years of absence from his native country, he returned to England, and devoted himself for six years to the publication

of his celebrated work, *The Oriental Herald*, which produced a great effect in all the mercantile and manufacturing towns, in awaking the public to the importance of opening the trade between Great Britain and China, then exclusively in the hands of the East India Company. The account adds :—

“The effect of his numerous writings and his lectures on the East India Monopoly, delivered in all parts of the kingdom, led to Mr. Buckingham being returned as Member of Parliament for Sheffield, notwithstanding the opposition of three local candidates, all natives of the town !”

It is at this point we become, as Temperance Reformers, more specially interested in James Silk Buckingham ; for it was not long before he gave proof of his benevolence of character and practical statesmanship by moving his memorable resolution in the House of Commons for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the extent, causes, and consequences, of drunkenness. It was not unnatural, all things considered, that such a resolution should be laughed at and derided ; but Mr. Buckingham was not the man to be put down by either sophistry or ridicule. “When the discussion for the motion came on in the House,” so runs the preface to the Report, “the facts disclosed respecting the evils of drunkenness were so striking, and the arguments so unanswerable, that the motion was carried by a majority of 64 to 47.” Mr. Bucking-

ham, notwithstanding his great literary labours, often favoured the temperance platform with his graceful and convincing advocacy. When he passed away, Mr. William Tweedie, Mr. G. C. Campbell, and I, as representatives of the National Temperance League, accompanied to the Kensal Green Cemetery all that was mortal of James Silk Buckingham, not the least distinguished of the Temperance Pioneers of the West.

And here I may observe that it is no disparagement of the services or the memory of the other distinguished advocates, such as Dr. F. R. Lees, Dr. Ralph Grindrod, Edwin Paxton Hood, and men of that order, who visited the far west, to say that just as Saul stood head and shoulders above his fellows, "honest" James Teare, as he was called, was regarded by the people of Cornwall as entitled to special honour. This bold advocate had many qualities which naturally attracted the attention and enlisted the sympathy of the people, the bulk of whom had been brought up in some section of the Methodist community. My friend James Teare was himself a Methodist, and could preach a powerful sermon, and that was an additional recommendation. He had, too, if not a flexible, a very strong voice; and a speaker who can make a great noise in a popular assembly has obvious advantages, in that respect, over other men.

There were two portraits to be seen hanging side by side on the walls of hundreds of the houses of the Cornish people, namely, those of John Wesley and James Teare; and though patron saints were already more numerous in that part of the island than elsewhere, but for the altered state of public opinion, these two worthies would probably have been added to the number.

In the subjoined examples will be seen the estimation in which his admirers held the great apostle of Temperance from the north.

Bodmin.—"A tea-party was held on the 9th instant, to commemorate the arrival of James Teare in the county."

St. Ives.—"We held our first anniversary meeting on February the 4th (the birthday of James Teare)."

Falmouth.—"A grand festival took place on July the 10th. The procession was headed by a banner with the motto,
'May the Throne of the Queen be established on the Rock Temperance.'

"Then followed the band, playing,—

'See the Conquering Hero comes.'"

The glorification of this ideal man was of course occasionally discounted by those who thought that James Teare was not the genuine and unselfish person he was supposed to be. Referring to his quondam calling as a shoemaker, a local poet thus lampooned the object of his derision:—

MR. JAMES TEARE.

The Bodmin cobblers, for their trade,
 Began to quake and fear,
 When they were told that Mr. T——
 Would “labouring” be here.

He came, he spoke, or rather dared,
 His vulgar trash to bawl ;
 And, as a proof of abstinence,
 Swore he’d renounc’d his *awl*.

And faith ! with justice, we cannot
 His *self-denial* blame :
 For, *for* a hundred pounds a year,
Hundreds would do the same.

I did not, like James Teare, and others equally worthy, suffer much personal persecution, nor on the other hand was I announced as “The Conquering Hero,” or my entrance into a town or village made the occasion of a public demonstration, such as I have witnessed within the last few years upon the importation of some new Pretender. Yet it could not be otherwise than gratifying to note the following tribute paid to my services in the columns of the *Cornwall and Devon Temperance Journal* :—

“As Mr. Hudson,” said the writer, “has just left for Devon, we sincerely hope that his labours in the good cause may be crowned with the Divine blessing. We have rarely, if ever, had a more efficient speaker, being rich in eloquence, sound in argument, and eminently calculated to reach the higher classes.”

PART VI.

DEVONSHIRE.

CHAPTER I.

EXETER.—LYNTON.—BARNSTAPLE.—BRAUNTON.

ON March the 12th, 1844, I passed out of Cornwall and arrived in the evening at Exeter, cold, hungry, and weary, having been stowed away in one of those comfortless and depressing vehicles I have previously described. There had been, during the day, a teetotal conference of delegates from North and South Devon, which was followed by a public meeting in the Athenæum. I was met on my arrival at the inn by a friend, but was not allowed time to refresh myself either outwardly or inwardly, being required, with as little delay as possible, at the meeting. My personal appearance was certainly not calculated to produce a favourable impression—a matter of some importance to an unknown speaker. The Præsident of the Exeter Society, the highly-esteemed Mr. Robert Were Fox, was in the chair, and prepared the way for a warm reception of myself by giving me a very kind and suitable introduction. On this occasion I made the acquaintance of Mr. Benjamin Treleaven, with whom I spoke not only on this particular night, but also again in the Athenæum on March the 14th, as well

as subsequently at teetotal gatherings in other parts of the county. Here, for the second time, I met Mr. Samuel Garrett, the temperance navy, and forerunner of a class of workers who, by their extraordinary achievements in the construction of certain railway lines on teetotal principles, contributed so largely to explode the widely-cherished fallacy that hard manual labour could not be performed without the aid of beer. Samuel Garrett did not unwisely affect the airs of a coxcomb because he was growing rich, for he appeared on the platform in his usual velveteen jacket, breeches, and hobnailed boots, his sunburnt, bare neck being adorned by a huge white collar. Nor did Samuel Garrett speak unadvisedly, but kept within the limits of his own personal experience; than which nothing could be more useful and impressive. It may be taken for granted that he was now and then guilty of a few ungrammatical slips; indeed, in describing a domestic incident, I heard him refer to "one of my *wives'* sisters," at which shrewd people laughed; for obviously he meant one of the sisters of his wife; but he was a very successful advocate, notwithstanding his ignorance of the rules of syntax.

What is called "drawing the bow at a venture," sometimes unwittingly lands a speaker into a difficulty. On leaving the meeting, I was conducted to the Temperance Hotel, Fore Street, which I found

placarded with testimonials of the wonderful curative effects of Morrison's vegetable pills. When I saw this, I felt a little awkward, because, quite unconscious of the presence of the proprietor, I had made my audience very merry by contrasting the moral effects of the teetotal pledge with the nostrums offered for sale by certain quacks; and, giving some amusing illustrations, for my presumption got into trouble. To this instance of misadventure I may add that some years previously I attended the annual meeting of a literary society in a provincial town in the north, and the chairman on that occasion was no less a personage than Sir Lyon Playfair, the present M.P. for Leeds, who then, like myself, was quite young, but though young, had already become known as the *protégé* in this country of Baron Justus Liebig, the famous German chemist.

During my speech I quoted (in what connection I do not now remember) those well-known lines of Robert Burns:—

“ Oh, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to pree;
Three blither hearts that lee-lang night
Ye wad na find in Christendie.”

That the quotation should evoke a smile was not unnatural, but the laughter was so inordinate, that at the close of the meeting I asked for an explanation. At first my friends could not be persuaded

but that I had made an intentional personal attack upon a gentleman well known for his bibulous habits, who sat in front of me, and into whose face they said I looked with such directness, that my meaning was but too obvious. Having disclaimed any such motive, I was informed of what I had been ignorant of, that the joke derived its significance from the fact that when Mr. H—— became a trifle gone in liquor, he usually favoured the Convivial Club, held at the Borough Arms, with,—

“ Oh, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to pree.”

Sometimes it has happened that a too free indulgence in conversation with persons of whose circumstances you had perhaps no previous acquaintance, has been the occasion of inflicting unintentional pain upon one or more persons who, perchance, formed part of the company.

After a lecture I had given on the “ Wit, Wisdom, and Weaknesses of Oliver Goldsmith,” two friends and I were invited to supper by a gentleman who occupied a well-furnished house. The “ spread ” was far from being meagre, and as we had a long journey before us in an open carriage, we took these two facts into consideration. Why, at this particular time and at this particular table, I should have been led into a vein of invective against persons who,

after they had become bankrupt, usually set up a style of living which some of their unfortunate creditors could not emulate, I do not know ; but so it came to pass. While I was thus expatiating, I now and then looked under the table to discover how it was that my feet came into contact with the feet of some one else ; but this pedal exercise had a meaning, and was intended to give me a hint that I was pursuing a theme unpleasant to the master of the house. Judge my mortification when I afterwards learned that the picture I had drawn of the dishonest bankrupt had its counterpart in the man who had entertained us to a bountiful supper.

Mr. John Shapcott, who was in business as a dyer, and ran a coach between Exeter and Tiverton, was not only an earnest teetotaler, but a leading spirit in the Rechabite Order, which had an early footing in the west. John Shapcott and his excellent wife had an unusually large number of children, two or three times at least the family average. Of this number, several were trained to play skilfully on various brass instruments, and "Shapcott and Sons" afterwards attained to some distinction throughout the country by their saxhorn performances. Whether in this and other cases a Teetotal Brass Band has been an unqualified blessing to the cause, I shall leave an open question !

On April the 4th, 1844, after a very delightful

stage-coach ride from Bridgwater, *viâ* Minehead, I reached the picturesque village of Lynmouth (at the mouth of the Lynn), the town of Lynton being situate at a considerable elevation above the Bristol Channel. I was the guest of Mr. W. Collard, a solicitor, who presided at the two meetings I addressed, the one at Lynton, and the other at Lynmouth; but my visit, as will be seen elsewhere, was not a great success. The population of the parish of Lynton was then 800, exclusive of visitors. In my travels, it was my practice to compare the number of places in any given locality for the sale of intoxicating liquors with the number of "thirsty souls," and see the relation they bore to each other. In this instance, if we divide 800 by nine, we have one licensed house to eighty-eight of the population, including men, women, and children. It is amazing to find how much quiet under-current drinking goes on in these beautiful sylvan retreats, where "only man is vile," and the love of alcohol holds its victim in subjection. That this is not mere hyperbole is evident from the fact that out of a membership of the Total Abstinence Society of 191, thirty-one, or over sixteen per cent., were known to have been persons of intemperate habits.

In company with Dr. Jones, of Ilfracombe, and Mr. W. J. Peace, of Braunton, I attended the Easter Monday festival at Coombe-Martin. The

Rev. George Smith, resident Congregational minister, preached an excellent sermon. This was succeeded by a tea and public meeting held in what had been an old malthouse, but converted afterwards into a building for educational and other purposes.

It was a great relief to escape from Coombe-Martin, and by contrast all the more agreeable, to find one's self, on April the 9th, in the commodious Guildhall of Barnstaple, where, by permission of the Mayor, I propounded my views from the "Bench" to a fine and attentive audience, including the Rev. Benjamin Kent, President; Mr. Alderman Norrington (as he afterwards became); and Mr. John Knill, the secretary.

From thence I proceeded to Braunton, where I found matters somewhat lively, as the enemy had not allowed the teetotalers to enjoy undisputed possession of the field. A few weeks before my visit, there was quite "a set to" between one Mr. Peace, and one Mr. Money, which is thus described in the *Cornwall and Devon Temperance Journal* for April, 1844:—

"We are making considerable headway here, by keeping up a continual agitation to the dismay of the publicans and interested parties, who evidently feel that 'Othello's occupation's gone.' As a last resource, they engaged an individual, a hair-dresser from Barnstaple, who was once a teetotaler, but who has now become a poor miserable drunkard, to oppose us. He gave the tee-

totalers of Braunton a public challenge to open discussion of their principles. Upon this the drunkard-makers were all glee, chuckling about their doughty champion, who was going to put the teetotal army to flight, and scatter their arguments to the winds.

“At the request of the Society, Mr. Peace entered the list with the trafficker’s man, and Monday, February 19th, was appointed for the discussion. Mr. Peace spoke first, taking up the leading features of the cause. His opponent, Mr. Money, the champion of the publicans, was a shrewd, sarcastic fellow, but, unfortunately for him, he had a bad cause to handle. Our hall was crowded almost to suffocation—brewers, publicans, maltsters, farmers, and many other persons who never before attended a teetotal meeting were present. The first evening they occupied three hours, taking half an hour each alternately. The following night the discussion was resumed, when Mr. Money took the lead; and after a little *sparring* on both sides, they went to it in right earnest until half-past nine o’clock, when Mr. Money, feeling himself incapable of refuting the many arguments, evidences, and facts given by Mr. Peace, lost temper, and at length sat down. Mr. Peace recapitulated his positions, the chairman submitted to the meeting the nature of the case on both sides, and the question was decided by an overwhelming show of hands in favour of teetotalism! Thirty-three signatures were afterwards obtained, and several have been added since.”

The Editor of the journal from which the foregoing is taken facetiously observed:—

“It seems from the above account that the publicans’ ‘Money’ was counterfeit, and to avoid detection and further exposure, they will rather suffer the loss than again disturb the teetotal ‘Peace.’”

Like others, I, too, now and then, met with opposition. Thus, at a certain town in the north of

Devon, the meetings were often interrupted by the presence of a young man, who took copious notes with the view of interrogating the speakers, and otherwise bringing the proceedings into contempt. I had been forewarned what sort of a person I should encounter, and so was not taken by surprise, though unaware what line of attack I might have to meet. At the close of my address, the aforesaid disputant rose from the body of the hall, which was the signal for a general titter; for obviously a "lark" had been expected. As I found this advocate for "Moderation" was surcharged with conceit, and possessed moreover,

"Just enough of learning to misquote,"

I resolved not to treat him or the subject too seriously, and so adopted a style of remark similar to that in which Daniel O'Connell indulged towards Mrs. Moriarty. I did not, of course, call my antagonist a "Parallelogram," but I used the oddest mixture of technical terms and phrases I could at the moment command. I began my reply to his incoherent address by observing that no doubt the young gentleman would be acquainted with a book that had been recently published, entitled, *Animal Chemistry in its application to Physiology and Pathology*, by Baron Justus Liebig, in which the author laid down certain propositions that inferentially sup-

ported the teetotal theory. As the subject, from my recent reading of the volume, was familiar to me, I was enabled to deliver myself with a fluency which evidently astonished my hearers, and it was held that, in this respect if in no other, I had a great advantage over my opponent. When I had reached "the height of my great argument" (as Milton said of a much sublimer subject), I looked my critic coolly in the face, and inquired if he wished to reply; whereupon, without saying another word, and amid shouts of laughter, he suddenly collapsed. MORAL: "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit."

But the cause was often wounded in the house of its friends by persons whose zeal and devotion were greater than their knowledge. Thus, some thirty-five years ago, among my incidental experiences, I was acquainted with two men holding opposite opinions, who undertook to settle, by lifting heavy weights, whether beer or water was the better beverage. How I regarded the matter may be gathered from the subjoined extract, from a letter I published at the time in the columns of the *Bristol Mercury* :—

"A paragraph calculated to mislead the public, and from which very erroneous conclusions are likely to be drawn, has appeared in the *Mercury* and some of the other Bristol papers, relative to a

trial of strength between John Harris and William Sweatman. . . . We have had an interview with John Harris, from whom it appears that while he weighs but nine stone, his opponent weighs eleven stone and nine pounds—a fact, in itself, sufficient to account for Sweatman being the winner. Whether beer or water is the better drink for man must be settled in a more rational manner. . . . All that appears to have been proved in this contest is that a *naturally* powerful man, a drinker of beer, is stronger than a naturally weaker man, a drinker of water. To compare the one man with the other is not a correct test: each man must be compared with himself. The question is not, therefore, whether Sweatman of eleven stone nine pounds is stronger and able to sustain a greater load than Harris, who is nine stone; but if Harris were to drink beer he would be stronger, or, if Sweatman drank water he would be the weaker. But there are cases in which bodies of men placed in similar circumstances may very properly be compared.”

To illustrate this view of the case, I referred to a pamphlet published in 1808 by that eminent physican, Dr. Beddoes, entitled, *Good Advice for the Husbandmen in Harvest, and for all those who labour in Hot Berths*, etc., and thus concluded my letter:—

“It were easy enough to show that though the way chosen by Harris and Sweatman to settle the relative values of water and beer is fallacious, the principles held by the Total Abstinence Society are justifiable on data to which no reasonable man would presume to take exception.”

CHAPTER II.

*BIDEFORD.—HOLDSWORTHY.—TAVISTOCK.—DEVON-
PORT.—PLYMOUTH.*

BIDEFORD played by no means an insignificant part in the great temperance reform that began in North Devon about the year 1837 ; and among other men of mark whom I personally knew, were Mr. J. Thomson, surgeon, and Mr. J. Pickard. The latter gentleman, at the time of my visit, in addition to the active part he took in temperance work locally, was also, as Secretary of the Western Temperance Association, the great wheel—to use a mechanical figure—that kept the lesser wheels in motion in all parts of the county. Mr. Pickard, under date April the 18th, made kindly reference to my visit in these terms :—

“ Mr. Thomas Hudson is lecturing with considerable effect in North Devon. He lectured here last evening to a respectable and attentive audience. . . . Mr. Hudson is eminently adapted to the work, and possesses a very superior and fruitful mind ; and hence we may fairly anticipate that lasting and important good will crown his mission.”

It was not always either convenient or agreeable, while sharing the hospitality of comparative stran-

gers, to have extracted from you, against your will, items of family history which you would rather not reveal ; and the attempt to do so was sometimes a failure, as the following incident will show.

At the temperance hotel kept by Mr. Pickard, I met Mr. James M'Kenna, who was then travelling through Devon and Cornwall, lecturing on behalf of the Temperance Provident Institution, with a view of enlisting the sympathies of teetotalers ; and in this he was more or less successful. James M'Kenna was a character, "take him for all in all," the counterpart of which you would not be likely to meet, whatever the extent of your travels or your experience of mankind. As to his wardrobe, that had evidently been bought irrespective of its suitability ; and there were other indications of a want of proper attention to the toilet, and he did not appear to advantage in the presence of ladies. As you took stock of the gentleman, you were not quite sure as to his exact height ; that constantly varied, one leg being much shorter than the other ; and when he pulled himself up, the operation partook somewhat of the comic. As in the case of most lame persons, a good substantial stick was a constant companion, which he incautiously flourished when excited by conversation. Mr. M'Kenna was every inch an Irishman—generous, intelligent, voluble, and impulsive, and, according to report, a

devout Roman Catholic. There were two topics Mr. M'Kenna was always anxious to avoid, namely, a reference to his religious opinions, and whether or not he was a single man; and to touch upon either was sure to lash him into an exhibition of temper it was not pleasant to witness. Now Mr. M'Kenna had, for some reason or other, the misfortune to be separated from his wife, and so it was not convenient to be interrogated in relation to his domestic affairs. Mrs. Pickard, with a woman's inbred curiosity, inquired whether her guest was a married man. At this particular moment Mr. Pickard, the husband, who was suffering from a violent, consumptive sort of cough, sat near the fire and heard the question put by his wife. "Madam," said Mr. M'Kenna, simultaneously drawing up the shorter leg on a line with the longer one, giving an extra flourish with his stick, and pointing to the sick man in the corner—"madam," he repeated, "are you expecting to lose this poor fellow soon, that you ask so impertinent a question?" To this the poor woman, thus taken by surprise, answered that she hoped not, and she certainly had no desire to become a widow. Probably, after this, Mrs. Pickard was less inquisitive.

On my visit to Holdsworthy in 1844, I became acquainted with Mr. J. Reynolds, watch and clock

maker, a most earnest and thorough-going teetotaler, who had previously done yeoman service to the cause at Launceston and the district. The first teetotal meeting in Holdsworthy was held in 1838, and addressed by Mr. Pearce, surgeon, of Launceston, and Mr. Ivey, draper, of Camelford. These gentlemen had a choice of two places in which to hold the meeting, namely, the Market-house (which was thought to be too cold), and an old disused malthouse; but, as the rats had made the foundation of the latter insecure, this offer was not accepted. There was but one other place suitable, and that was the assembly-room of the Globe Inn; and this the teetotalers—such was teetotal pluck in those early times—applied for, and, to their amazement, the use of the room was readily granted. Whether Boniface was among the number of those who listened to the speeches, and, like the Philippian jailer, inquired, “What must I do to be saved?” does not appear.

It is certain that this carrying of the war into the camp of the enemy did the publican’s trade no good, for, at the close of the meeting, twenty-eight signatures were added to the teetotal pledge.

There are many reasons why publicans do not succeed in their business; but the most novel theory I have met with was that propounded to me by a man, as the phrase goes, somewhat “gone in

liquor." Accosting me in the lobby of the hall where I had been speaking, he observed, "I was very much interested in your lecture; and you and I, sir, shall soon shut up the public-houses." I remarked that I did not see how that was likely to happen, since, from his appearance, he and I were, in our principles and practice, wide as the poles asunder. "Look here, sir," he said, "I tell you how that is. It is this way, you see, sir. What with your not drinking anything at all, and I not paying for what I drink, if that isn't the way to shut 'em up, sir, I don't know what is—hic!"

The cause of teetotalism was first advocated in Tavistock on November the 27th, 1838; and it made rapid progress, especially in the reformation of the intemperate, a class of persons that the anti-spirit pledge had failed to reach. One William Martin, and another man named Tobias Waterfield, both of whom had been drunkards for thirty years, were among the early converts.

When I visited Tavistock in 1844, a young gentleman, a good teetotaler, was living there, who afterwards developed into the Rev. T. F. Feaston, and subsequently settled at Wooton-under-Edge. I also made the acquaintance of the Rev. Henry Solly, then the resident Unitarian minister, and an earnest advocate of temperance, of whom all the

world has since heard in connection with working men's clubs and village industrial institutions. To these names should be added that of Mr. Pearce, ironmonger, a leading Nonconformist, and relative of Mr. Pearce, of Launceston. This gentleman and I were much amused by two letters he had received in reference to myself. In one case, the writer spoke of my public services in very high terms; the other, on the contrary, said the people whom I had lately addressed at Lynmouth wouldn't pay the toll-bar to hear me again. Such a low estimate of one's oratorical abilities was not very encouraging; but, since then, I have heard of much more distinguished men than I having their pretensions very much discounted.*

The Tavistock Society was greatly favoured by having a large infusion of educated persons, who, orally and otherwise, were able to advance the cause—notably Mr. R. Sleman, surgeon; Captain F. Paull, father of the lady who has written so many *Band of Hope* and other tales that have

* While on a visit to Windsor, I was invited by the late Rev. Lord Wriothsley Russell, Canon-in-Residence, to call upon his lordship. During our conversation I was asked if I had heard, among others, a famous Baptist preacher, and I replied in the affirmative, and then inquired whether his lordship had enjoyed the like privilege. "Well, no," said Lord Russell, "I have not; but my brother John has heard him twice, and, upon the whole, he did not see much to object to."

made her famous; and Mr. John Rundle, M.P. for the borough. Captain Paull, so called because of his connection with the management of mines, was a member of the Society of Friends, and did great service, not only as a very able platform exponent of temperance principles, but because (in March, 1838) he commenced, on his own responsibility, a monthly periodical called *The Tavistock Temperance Advocate*, which greatly aided the movement.

At the time of my visit to Devonshire, Mr. Benjamin Treleaven, before mentioned, a man of remarkable ability and gentlemanly deportment, who suffered much from mental depression, consequent upon his former intemperate habits, held meetings at Tavistock and other parts of the county. An extract from his journal, giving an account of the advance teetotalism had made in this locality, will be read with interest :—

“ In the whole course of my public advocacy of teetotalism, I have not witnessed its influence and power on a larger scale than here, during a late contested election for the borough. The iniquitous practice of liquid bribery, so common on other occasions, was wholly abandoned, and the elective franchise was exercised without the aid of those liquors which have so often polluted the fountain of truth, and carried corruption, dishonour, and misery through all the channels of public and private life. I saw but one drunken man during the time of this election, and in the evening of the same day had the pleasure of hearing one of the candidates address an immense assemblage of persons on teetotalism in connection with *peace* principles, which are here

publicly advocated each alternate week. *Sobriety* and *peace*, how lovely the union ! Universal sobriety and peace—how delightful the anticipation ! ”

In connection with this quotation, it may be proper to observe, for the information of those young men of the modern period who are willing—

“ To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glittering arms ;
And, when ambition’s voice commands,
To march and fight and fall in foreign lands,”

that there was a strong tendency among the older advocates of temperance to insist that, while the Bible condemned the use of wine and strong drink, it also condemned in no less unequivocal terms both offensive and defensive war. Whether they were correct in their views, or took the proper occasion to enforce them, this is neither the time nor place to consider.

During the summer of 1844, among other places I lectured at Chumleigh, Tiverton, Torrington, Crediton, Teignmouth, Exmouth, Brixham, Torquay, Newton Abbot, Dartmouth, Totnes, and South Molton ; but the excessive heat of the season, from the effects of which I suffered, interfered with my comfort and the efficiency of my mission, and at Devonport I was temporarily laid aside. It had been arranged that I should speak at Devonport several successive evenings ; but after the first, I

was not equal to the duty, and my lack of service was supplied by Mr. Edmund Fry, Mr. Williamson, Mr. Treleaven, and other friends. By the care of a kind lady friend, Mrs. Phillips, I had, the following week, sufficiently recovered to address meetings at Plymouth. Of this visit, Mr. Z. Minards, the Secretary, wrote :—

“Our weekly meetings are generally attended with great success, but an unusual impetus has been given during the past week, by the timely visit of Mr. Thomas Hudson, who for five consecutive nights eloquently descanted on the principles of temperance.” The report concludes,—“A tea-party was held on Wednesday, the 12th of June, in the Mechanics’ Institute, on which occasion Mr. Hudson was ably assisted by Mr. Samuel Garrett, railway contractor, whose pathetic appeals made a deep impression.

I met at Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse, many of the early devoted temperance heroes, whose memories I love to cherish ; but I may perhaps without invidiousness be permitted to make special allusion to the character and labours of Mr. Edmund Fry, since no speaker was more widely known or sought after in the counties of Cornwall and Devon. I made this gentleman’s friendship, as I have elsewhere intimated, at the Christmas festival of the Plymouth Society, on Boxing Day, 1843 ; at which time Mr. Fry was a little over thirty-two years of age. But though young, he was, comparatively speaking, an old hand ; for he is known to

have made his *début* as a temperance speaker at the early age of eighteen. I know not from what sort of stock Edmund Fry came; but if there be any point in the sentiment—

“Just as the twig is bent, the tree’s inclined”—

presumably he must have been very wisely trained. I have never known a man of more evenly balanced character—one in which force and passivity were more finely blended.

“If he had not much of logical force, or of imaginative or passionate eloquence,” says Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., “his productions were always marked by sound sentiment, generous feeling, high purpose, and the earnestness sprung from deep and long-cherished convictions. He was master also of a very elegant and persuasive style, both of speaking and writing, over which there often played the light of a gentle but most genuine humour, and which was under guidance of a good taste never at fault. How pleasant a presence he had, how benignant a countenance, how urbane a manner, how kindly a voice, thousands, and tens of thousands, can testify, who have listened to him expounding the doctrines of peace on earth and good-will towards men.”

The estimate formed of the mental and moral qualities of Edmund Fry, of his natural and cultivated gifts, both as a speaker and a writer, given by Mr. Henry Richard, is an admirable summary, and to this there is little to be added. But in my judgment he had more of the logical faculty than the foregoing would seem to imply, since he was known to be a ready and most successful debater. Edmund Fry’s

eloquence was of the colloquial kind—a sort of expanded conversation ; and he talked *with* his hearers rather than *to*, or beyond them. As a man of culture, his addresses were on a par with the tastes of the educated classes ; while to the masses he was equally acceptable by reason of his naturalness and felicity of illustration. Of the truth of this statement here is an interesting proof ready to hand from the pen of a lady, a lifelong abstainer. Writing to the author, this lady says :—

“ Your questions take me back to my early childhood and the genuine enthusiasm which my dear father and his large family felt in the cause of teetotalism ; and I well remember how we children delighted in the visits we had from such men as James Teare, Thomas Whittaker, yourself, my dear husband’s father, Edmund Fry, and others.

“ I remember, too, a memorable temperance meeting which was held in the little Mechanics’ Institute at Modbury. My dear mother and sisters had provided (by begging and borrowing) outfits of nice new clothing for a man, woman, and children, also an enormous plum pudding had been made, and boiled in our copper. Dear Edmund Fry appealed to the working men to save their money from drink, and put it to a better use. He showed them by a simple calculation how much they certainly spent in a year over their beer. Then he divided it into nice little sums ; and as he mentioned what might be bought with the money—a new coat for the father, a gown for mother, warm garments for the little ones, boots, etc., etc.,—he held up the very things, so that the men and women saw them,—saw what they *might* have had but for their daily pints. At last, after coming to some nice Christmas presents for ‘ mother and the children,’ he spoke of the pleasure of a good Christmas dinner, and described the plum pudding in

glowing terms. At a given signal, two gentlemen bore in the huge pudding and placed it on the table before him, amid the shouts of the audience. Plates quickly followed, and soon everybody had a slice, steaming hot, and speaking very eloquently about beer in future.

“It was a splendid meeting ; and, tiny child as I was, I shall never forget the pleasure and excitement of it.”

It was a great loss to the teetotal cause in the west when Edmund Fry, after a residence of twelve years in Plymouth, removed to the metropolis in 1847 to join the “learned blacksmith,” Mr. Elihu Burritt, in his mission of peace. But though his energies were more directly devoted to the discharge of his new duties, he remained firm to his teetotal principles, and occasionally gave the temperance platform the benefit of his refined and powerful advocacy. The lamented Edmund Fry was but fifty-five years of age at the time of his decease ; nevertheless he had condensed into that comparatively short period a large amount of active service ; and the suddenness of his removal left but a small margin of time between the completion of the appointed work and the bestowment by the Master of his well-earned reward. The last time this worthy Temperance Pioneer of the West appeared in public was on Friday evening, December the 7th, 1866, in connection with a Debating Society held at the Guildhall Coffee Tavern in the city of London. The subject of discussion was “The Policy of Non-

Intervention : its Justice and Expediency." While in the act of replying to a gentleman who took the opposite side of the question from his own, he fell down and became unconscious, and shortly after expired. It was not easy to forget the beautiful, expressive face of Edmund Fry, and even at this distance of time I feel that the tribute to his memory, from the pen of Elizabeth B. Prideaux, was by no means an overwrought estimate of his character :—

“Mute the persuasive lips,
Yet plead they still with subtle eloquence ;
The soul's true life shows clearer for th' eclipse
Of time and outward sense.
Death hath intensified
Its lessons ;—luminous with love they shine ;
Mortal the earthly tablet, so he died ;
The *writing* was Divine.”

CHAPTER III.

MODBURY.—BARNSTAPLE.—ILFRACOMBE.— CONCLUSION.

It will have been observed that I was a visitor at Modbury, and on those occasions had the pleasure to be the guest of Mr. George Prideaux, the worthy treasurer of the Society, and a leading man among the Friends. The introduction of teetotalism into Modbury is attributed to Mr. Sleep, of Plymouth, whose lecture was succeeded by meetings addressed by Mr. Hunt, Mr. Treleaven, and other distinguished Devonshire advocates, followed by well-known speakers from the north of England. The cause, locally, owed much to Mr. Prideaux and his interesting family, as well as to Mr. Henry Andrews, Mr. Richard Andrews, and Mr. Robert Cove.

Through the generosity of Mr. Henry Andrews, a commodious Temperance Hall was erected, which was the means of greatly aiding the cause. In this lecture-room not only did the adult members and the general public meet, but Mr. Prideaux's children, with the ardour and devotion which characterize the young, had their occasional gatherings.

“We children,” writes Mrs. Clarence Fry, “used to hold charming little meetings all to ourselves. I remember one of my sisters, who used to rhyme a good deal, stood up and personated an old Devonshire farmer, and said :—

‘ I’ve a heard
That zum be afeared
To join our little band.
But if they do it,
They ne’er will rue it

Through the length and breadth of our land !’

“And then,” this lady adds, “we sang the temperance songs of the times with great delight,—

‘ See old alcohol on fire,
Clap your hands and fan the blaze,’ etc.

“Do you remember ?” she asks. Of course I do, and many more incidents besides, which, though to the casual reader they may appear trifles, form connecting links in Temperance history.

Robert Cove was by trade a tailor, but by no means up to the cut and faultless fit of Regent Street and Piccadilly ; but he was a good teetotaler and a capital secretary for all that. To the professional eye of Robert I was an object of special interest, inasmuch as my style of dress was a striking contrast to that of a poor, unfortunate, broken-down man, both in health and circumstances, who had recently lectured at Modbury, and many years after was confined in a lunatic asylum. Being summer, my suit was of the lightest, both as to colour and material ; and to complete the outfit, I

wore a white hat. I had not taken into account the kind of vehicle likely to be placed at my disposal, or probably should have acted differently. My zephyr-like suit was appropriate enough to walk about Modbury in, and to the sort of company I met at Mr. Prideaux's and elsewhere; but I had to reach Kingsbridge, and the question was, how I was to get thither. While I was partaking of tea with Mr. and Mrs. Prideaux, some sort of conveyance came to the front of the house, and on going out "to see whether we heard a noise or not," we confronted a coal-cart, to which was attached a fine, stout horse. Mr. Prideaux inquired, "What, friend, is thy business?" The good man who held the reins said he had come to take Mr. Hudson to Kingsbridge to address the teetotal meeting, and the gentleman would be very comfortable in the cart, as he had brought a sack for him to sit on; but Mr. Hudson, he added, need not hurry if he was not quite ready. I looked at Mr. Prideaux, and he in return scanned my spotless clean suit, and then glanced at the coal-cart and the innocent-looking driver; and finally observed, "I think, Thomas Hudson, that is hardly a suitable conveyance for thee and thy style of dress;" in which opinion I concurred. "Tell thy master," said Mr. Prideaux, addressing the man on the box seat, "that as one or two others will probably accompany

our friend the lecturer, we will convey him over ; so thou need not wait any longer. Farewell." Presently it was announced that *the* conveyance was ready ; and on going to the front door, I saw an open carriage and a pair of well-cared-for horses. Into this carriage I was courteously conducted, and we drove off to Kingsbridge.

On our arrival we went under an archway, and there stood the cart, shunted on one side, while our carriage passed quite a large group of people, whose curiosity had probably been stimulated by the fact that the conveyance had returned *minus* the lecturer. The only drawback to the pleasure of riding in an open carriage drawn by two splendid horses, on that lovely summer evening, was the fear lest the kind intentions of my more humble friends should seem to lack due appreciation.

Mr. Joseph Hingston, who for conscience sake had given up the malting trade, converted one of the rooms formerly used for his business purposes into a temperance hall, which my friend Thomas Whittaker and John Cassell had already made memorable by their stirring advocacy. It was in this building that I lectured.

Mr. George Fox and Mr. Richard Peek were among the temperance notabilities of Kingsbridge. The latter gentleman especially had a most remarkable history, which, as graphically given by the

author of *Life's Battles in Temperance Armour*, reads like the romance of that renowned citizen who loved his cat and was thrice Lord Mayor of London.

In the autumn I once more visited North Devon, and on September the 10th attended the sixth annual festival of the Barnstaple Temperance Society; and this is the record of the day's proceedings:—

“A good procession; and an out-and-out teetotal sermon was preached by the Rev. W. O'Neil, of Witheridge, followed by a tea and public meeting, which was decidedly one of the largest and most respectable ever convened, the spacious Guildhall being filled in every part. John Jones, Esq., of Ilfracombe, presided. Mr. R. Bligh, also of Ilfracombe; Mr. J. Thomson, surgeon of Bideford; the Revs. W. O'Neil and J. Thorn, Mr. W. J. Peace, Mr. Edmund Fry, of Plymouth, and Mr. Thomas Hudson, of Bristol, richly supplied the intellectual requirements of the audience. On the following evening Mr. Hudson and Mr. Peace again addressed large audiences in the Vicarage Street Chapel.”

I could not well revisit this part of the county without a painful recollection of the perils I had encountered a few months before, under the rocks of Ilfracombe, and the sort of night I spent in the harbour on board the Cornwall steamer. In this romantic seaport and fashionable watering-place I held some successful meetings, and was especially favoured by the personal friendship of the President, Dr. Jones.

In a *History of Teetotalism in Devonshire*, pub-

lished in 1841, there is an account of a presentation made to this gentleman, which shows how highly he was esteemed, especially by what is termed the humbler classes :—

“ At a late Festival, as a slight token of deep and sincere gratitude, a beautiful gold medal was presented by Mr. Charles Manley, a reformed drunkard. A handsome sash, from an unknown lady, was attached to the medal, with the following lines wrought in needle-work :—

‘ Hail ! patriotic Briton, hail ! to you
The thanks of all our band this day are due ;
Long as our friend and patron may you live
To wear this tribute we abstainers give.’ ”

If the poetry was not exactly up to high watermark, the sentiments were not the less sincere and appropriate ; and the gift was all the more remarkable, inasmuch as among the subscribers were a large number of seafaring men ; and to this class reference is made in the small volume from which I have already quoted :—

“ In this town,” says the writer, “ there is a goodly number of pilots whose appearance does credit to our cause, and who are some of the bravest men in the world, who cheerfully meet all the dangers and hardships of a pilot’s life without recourse to intoxicating drinks. Upon a late occasion some of these men fearlessly ventured out on the boisterous element, when the toppling waves were like so many convulsed mountains, to save a vessel and her crew, and this was effected by them, and property to the value of twelve thousand pounds was preserved, and the lives of all on board rescued, for which they were rewarded by fourteen hundred pounds.”

Being desirous to catch the steamer to Bristol, which was due at Ilfracombe about the dawn of day, I had to go some distance out to sea in an open boat to get on board. I felt some timidity, doubting whether the attempt would be safe; but the four jolly teetotal pilots who had so kindly risen from their slumbers to take me in charge said there was no danger, and of course I consented.

In flat contradiction to my fears, the homeward passage was both prosperous and pleasant; and during the voyage I further agreeably augmented the incidental experiences which I had previously gathered, and which in these pages I have endeavoured to describe.

But few of the faithful, heroic men of a bygone generation, whom I personally knew, and with whom I laboured, are now living; the race is well-nigh extinct, and their successors, for the most part, are slow to do them honour—

“Oft-times not knowing even the saintly names
Of those who struggled for a thankless world.”

With them has gone much of the robust teaching and unqualified condemnation of the drink curse which marked the advocacy of the olden time. “Prophesy unto us smooth things,” is still the language of the age and of the Church, and not a few

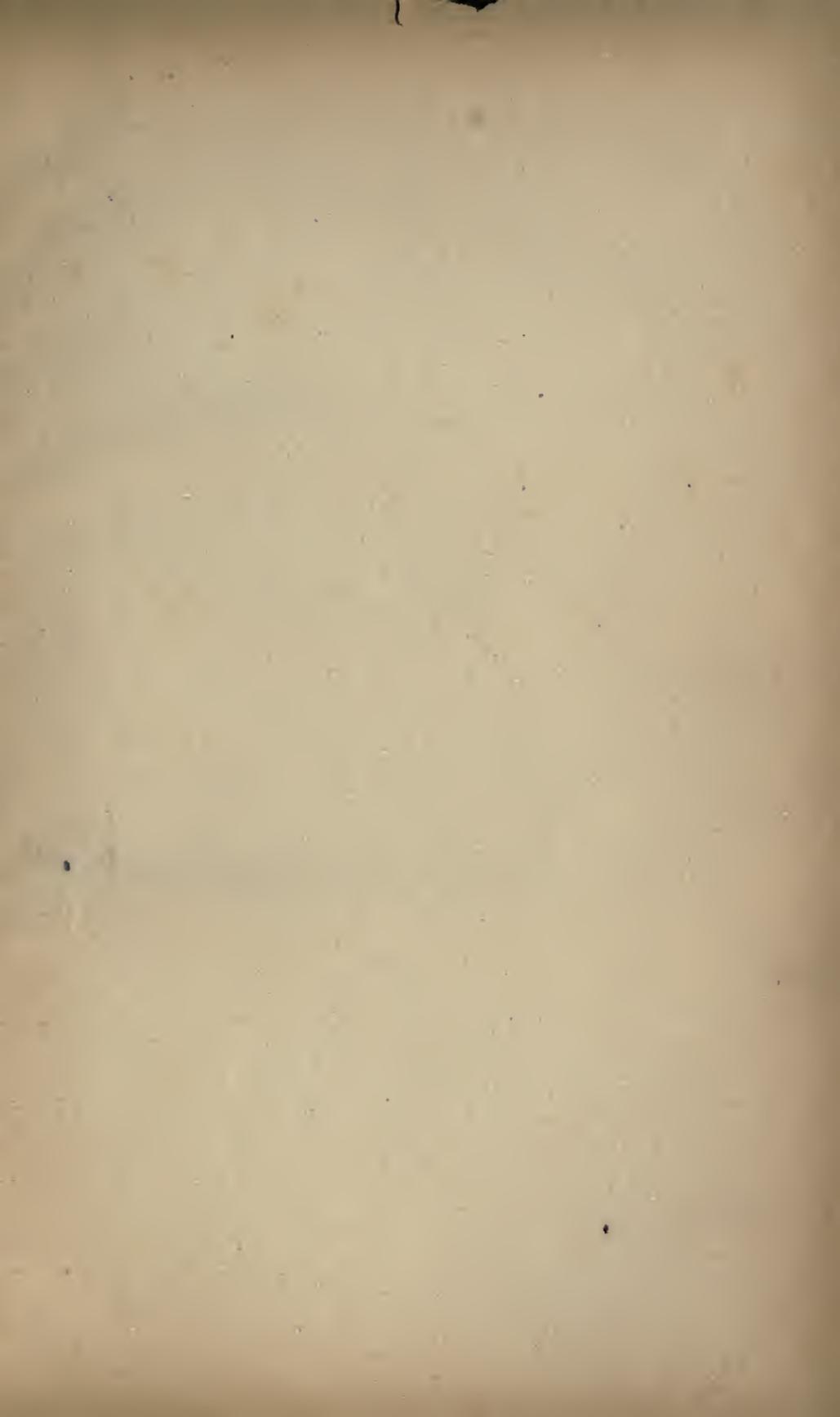
of our modern prophets prophesy in accordance with the popular demand.

Whether this or that shall prosper, one thing is certain, the—

“Truth ne'er dies : once let the seed be sown,
No blight can kill it ; neither winds nor rain,
Nor lightnings, nor all wrath of elements,
Can e'er uproot it from the hungry soil.”

In harmony with this belief, as we have seen, the work of social reform begun by the *Seven Wise Men of Preston* was successfully carried forward by The Temperance Pioneers of the West.

FINIS.



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