

CHEAP TRACTS,

Calculated to promote the Interests of Religion, Virtue, and Humanity.

No. IX.

THE
DRUNKEN
Husband:

OR,

The fatal effects of Drunkenness,
Illustrated, in the Bad Life and Premature Death of
TIMOTHY SPARKS.

To which is added,

THE

MAGNANIMOUS
Englishmen;

OR,

True greatness of Mind displayed,

In the conduct of Captain Wilson and Crew when Shipwrecked in the Antelope East-India Packet, upon an Island in the Pacific Ocean: in which, is depicted the happy result of Sobriety and Submission to the dictates of reason.

DUNBAR:

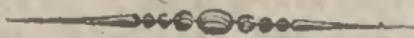
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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,



THE

DRUNKEN HUSBAND.



*The Drunkard wastes his Wealth and Health,
As on his course he goes :*

*When fell disease doth on him seize
He's poor amidst his woes.*

*Oh ! fly the bait, then, ere too late,
Ere with intemp'rance caught,
Or it will be your direful fate
To drink a bitter draught.*

MRS. Andrews one day asked the wife of Timothy Sparks whether her husband was addicted to drinking when she married him ? The woman replied, that he was not ; but she imputed his first taking to this vice to a man who at that time was living in the neighbourhood, and had been the ruin of many young fellows besides. This man, whose name was Thomas Briggs, was a jolly fellow, could play at all kinds of games, sing a good song, and drink a surprising quantity of liquor without being intoxicated. He had the art of entertaining others so highly, that for the sake of the diversion he gave them, they were glad to pay his reckoning ; and he was continually contriving schemes to draw men from their families, and tempt them to drink. Mrs Sparks added, that for a year and a half she lived

very comfortably with her husband, as he was sober, and loved home, but then she was brought to-bed of her first child, and having an offer to be wet-nurse in a family, who resided in that village during the summer season, she was tempted, for the sake of the great wages which were proffered, to put her own child out, leave her husband, and go to town for the winter; but she had reason enough to repent it, for her own poor little dear died, and her husband, having no companion at home, was drawn away by Tom Briggs, learnt of him to drink, and had, from that time, no pleasure any where but in an alehouse. She added, that she had talked to him enough about it, so she had no blame to lay to her own charge.

Perhaps, said the lady, you have talked to him too much. It is a very impolitic thing, and indeed a very improper one, for a woman to take upon her to reclaim her husband from any fault by scolding or teasing. The only likely way to succeed is by good-humour and gentleness; few men will bear to be reprimanded by those whom they think they have a right to govern: however, Mary, said the lady, it is too late to talk to you of what you ought to have done so many years ago; but pray tell me what measures you pursue with your husband now. She replied, that she let him go on in his own way, for she might as well drive a mule as drive him.

She added, that it was a rare thing indeed to see him sober; for, not contented with gorging beer, he had of late grown very fond of drams; but she fancied that he would soon have drank up his drink, for he had a power of complaints of late.

Mrs. Andrews was shocked at hearing a wife talk in this unfeeling manner of her husband, and gently reprov'd Mary Sparks for doing so; who replied, Ah! Madam, you do not know what a trial it is to have a sottish husband. It is very true, that I do not know it by experience, answered the lady, but this I know, Mary, that no women ought to wish for her husband's death, as your expression implies that you do, let me entreat of you to perform your duty by him, whether he does his by you or not; consider how tender and solemn the tie is that binds you together. You have vowed, in the presence of God, to love and to cherish your husband, now is your time to show that you do so, if his health is declining. Take care to have no cause to reproach yourself when he is dead for having neglected him. Mary promised that she would do all in her power for him, and the lady left her to pursue her work; but could not help feeling a great deal of concern at the thoughts of a poor wretch, who, according to his wife's account, was in danger of putting a speedy end to his own life, and who was so ill prepared for the next world.

As soon as she saw Mr. Andrews, she told him of the discourse that had passed between her and the woman, and begged he would endeavour to bring Timothy to a sense of his wickedness, that he might repent of it before he died. Mr Andrews promised to do what he could, and sent for Timothy the next day, but he was drunk at the alehouse, and not capable of attending him, and this was the case repeatedly till Sunday came, and then he was sober, only because the landlord would sell him no liquor, nor his wife give him any, on which, finding himself not able to walk about much, he sat down sulky in the chimney corner, while his wife went to church.

Mr. Andrews accidentally called in, and being very desirous of reclaiming a poor fellow creature from vice and perdition, sat himself down, and having inquired into the reason of Timothy's staying at home? was told by him that he was too ill to go to church. I am sorry to hear this, replied the gentleman, indeed I am surprized to hear it, after the account I have had of you in the course of the week! Surely, if you were well enough to go to the alehouse, you might be well enough to go to church; but I fear you want the inclination. I am truly concerned, said the good gentleman, at finding you in such a condition of body and mind. I heartily wish I could be of service to either. As for your body, I am fully convinced that

its present indisposition is the consequence of the excesses you have been guilty of; & I am confident, that if you do not immediately quit the way you have long been pursuing, you will soon bring yourself to the grave. Have you read, said the gentleman, the book concerning dram-drinking, which I some time ago dispersed in the neighbourhood? Timothy owned that he had not. What is become of it? said Mr. Andrews, to which the other replied that he did not know. Observing a parcel of books lying on a shelf, Mr. Andrews looked among them and found it, and begged of Timothy to take the opportunity of reading it in his sober moments. You do not consider, said the gentleman, what injury you do to yourself by the shocking custom you give way to; and how ridiculous you are become by it! I am sure when I saw you sometime ago at the George, you had neither the speech, the carriage, nor the civility of a man; nay, you had sunk yourself below a brutè; for brutes are what God made them, but a drunken man is more contemptible than any beast. He is no longer fit for human conversation, but is a nuisance and disturbance to all about him, the grief of his family and friends, and the laughter of others: and the best that can be done for him, is to lay him somewhere out of the way, till time and sleep have recovered his senses, and

then, how must his conscience reproach him for the folly and sin he has been guilty of! besides said the gentleman, the very boys in the street make their sport of him, while all whose friendship is worth having are ashamed to own him for an acquaintance; but above all, think how a drunken man cuts himself off from God, and makes himself unfit for the society of christians. He is likewise continually exposed to broils and quarrels, in danger of fatal accidents, liable to be imposed on, and unfit for every employment in life. Drunkenness, continued the gentleman, is a very wasteful vice for it causes a man to neglect his business, distress himself, and starve, or, at least, injure his family: but I have not yet said the worst of drunkenness, for it deprives men of the grace of God, and unfits them for every religious action; while a man is under its influence he is not capable of one serious thought, and is continually in danger of being cut off for his wickedness; nay more, of being punished to all eternity.

Timothy had so stupified his mind by perpetual intoxication, that he could not clearly comprehend what Mr. Andrews said to him, and replied, that he was no more of a brute than other men; and he was sorry his worship thought he did not know how to take care of himself.

The good gentleman plainly perceived that he was spending his breath in vain, however, before he left the house, he again admonished Timothy to leave off the dreadful habit he had been so long addicted to, & take to a sober course of life before it was too late, and promised to be a good friend to him if he found he followed his advice. Timothy promised that he would; but I am sorry to say, that instead of doing so he abused his wife for making complaints of him, as he supposed; this provoked her to reproach him; a quarrel ensued, and the next morning he returned to his old post at the George, where he got exceedingly drunk indeed, and insulted one of his neighbours so grossly, that he employed a constable to carry him before Mr. Andrews, who was a justice of the peace, Mr. Andrews thought him a very proper person to make an example of, therefore ordered him to be put in the stocks, where he sat for some hours exposed to the derision of the whole village. He was not able, however, to keep on long in his usual course, his health declined visibly every day, and at last he had not strength to get from home.

His wife continued working occasionally at the 'squire's, and Mrs. Andrews had given orders to her housekeeper that nourishing diet should be made for Mary to carry home to her husband; but she and Mr. Andrews

went to London for three months, during which time the vicar of the parish, who was an excellent good man, visited the poor wretch, and, by his pious discourse, brought him at last to a sense of his sin.

When Mr. and Mrs. Andrews returned home they took the earliest opportunity of visiting their poor neighbours, & among the rest Timothy Sparks, of whose dangerous situation they had been apprized by their servants. They found him sitting by the fire, to all appearance in the last stage of a consumption. On a table, which stood by him, lay a Bible. Recollecting his breach of promise, Timothy felt such emotion at the 'squire's entrance as brought on a violent fit of coughing. As soon as it was over Mrs. Andrews inquired for his wife and children? Timothy replied, that his wife was gone out to washing, his eldest boy to live at a tavern, and the youngest he had just sent out on an errand. Mr. Andrews kindly said, that he was very sorry to find him so poorly, but from the sight of the Bible opened before him he hoped, that though his body was weaker, his mind was in a better state than when he saw him the last time. The poor creature, with tears in his eyes, replied, that he humbly hoped it was, for the good vicar had convinced him of his sin, and had encouraged him to pray for divine grace, & to hope for pardon through the

merits of his blessed Redeemer, and he trusted God would graciously forgive him, for his Saviour's sake; but he would now give the world, if he had it at his command, that he had passed his days in a better manner. He said it was dreadful to reflect on the ill use he had made of his time, and of all the blessings which it had pleased God to grant him; for he had once a strong constitution, and might have maintained his family very creditably, if he had not taken to bad courses, as he was by trade a bricklayer, & could have had almost constant work. He added, that he was particularly grieved to think, how he had neglected the Sabbath, and that he was sure he had but a short time to live; and when he looked forward to the great day of judgment, he could not help feeling a vast deal of shame and apprehension: on these occasions he either read himself, if he was able, or made his little boy read the scriptures to him, and always found something to comfort him there; but still, he said, he could not be so happy and comfortable as those who had a well-spent life to reflect on.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews were exceedingly pleased at hearing Timothy talk in so proper a way, and expressing their satisfaction at his repentance, took their leave, lest they should fatigue him, but called upon him again, and continued to do so from time to

time, as did the good vicar, for the short remainder of his days. His wife, who was really a worthy women, was very tender of him, and worked exceedingly hard to maintain him, and through the charitable assistance she met with at the 'squire's, she was enabled to support him decently to the last, and had great comfort in seeing him so sincere a penitent. Many a time did he lament that he had been such a bad husband and father, and when he found himself dying he called his family about him, and entreated them to take warning by his fate, and not cut their days short by drunkenness as he had done; he also warned them not to go on sinning with a design of taking up at the latter end of their days; for though he had been so happy as to be brought to a sense of his crimes, it might not be the case with them; and if it even should, they might believe his words, that the better people had lived the happier they would be at the hour of death, for the greater would be their hopes; he then desired the vicar might be sent for immediately, who came, and while he was saying the recommendatory prayer Timothy Sparks breathed his last.

As soon as Mrs Andrews heard that he was departed she went to see his widow, whom she found very decently and properly affected. She lamented that her husband

was taken from her, as his reformation gave her reason to think they might have passed their old age happily together, but at the same time she was resigned to his loss, as she trusted, that on account of his penitence he would, through the merits of his Saviour, find admittance into a better place. She expressed great satisfaction in the reflection, that she had done all in her power for him in his last illness, and only regretted that she had not borne his faults with more patience formerly; she said, it certainly was a very great trial to a woman, after a hard day's work, to see a husband so drunk that he could neither stand nor speak, nay, perhaps sick, and obliged to be carried to-bed, or so cross that there was no speaking to him; but that when she looked back upon the time that was passed, she was convinced, that she often made things worse by her own want of patience, for she was too apt to give way to reproaches; and she heartily wished she had observed a more gentle and indulgent conduct to him in the beginning, and perhaps it might have prevented his growing so bad, for she could very well recollect that he constantly sought Thomas Briggs's company when she had scolded him for getting drunk.

Mrs. Andrews said, that it was now too late to call back the past. To be sure, on all occasions, gentleness and mildness were

becoming in wives towards their husbands, and were the most likely means to gain on their affections; but whatever cause Mary had to condemn herself, she had still more to bless God for enabling her to see her error, and for giving her a proper sense of her duty, and an opportunity of showing her love to her husband before he was taken from her. The lady added, that she might judge from what she now felt in her mind, that her reflections would have been very bitter indeed, if she had continued her rancour to him while he lay upon his death bed; but now she had reason to rejoice that she had made him every amends in her power, and might look forward, with well-grounded hope, that they should pass a happy eternity together. Mrs. Andrews said, that she very well recollected a woman who had a husband that was in the main a good one, and a very industrious man, but sometimes he would fly out of bounds, get drunk, and return home very riotous, on which occasions he was sure to be well lectured by his wife. At first he bore this with tolerable patience, and would say, Do not be foolish, Jenny; I have my faults and you have yours, let us give and take; but she made no allowance for his failings, and at length her repeated remonstrances made his own house quite irksome to him, and he sought refuge in company when his inclination would have led him to stay at home.

As they had no children his wife, when he thus absented himself, used to go among her neighbours, and make his irregularities the constant theme of her discourse, and very often was wicked enough to wish him dead. One time in particular, after a quarrel they had had, he was missing, and no tidings could she hear of him, so she went her usual gossiping round, talking of him as the most profligate husband that ever poor woman was plagued with, and wishing all manner of mischief, to befall him. In the midst of her complaining, news was brought that Joseph Randall (which was his name) was taken out of the river, drowned; having accidentally walked in, not being sober enough to keep the proper road. In an instant her reproaches were exchanged for the bitterest lamentations; she wrung her hands, she tore her hair, she accused herself as the cause of all the misery which now afflicted her. Conscience immediately stuck a thousand daggers in her heart—She ran like a distracted creature to her own house—She threw herself on the lifeless body of her husband, which she bathed with tears—She called to mind many instances of his tenderness to her, and of her ingratitude to him. The last quarrel in particular wounded her to the bottom of her soul.—She looked upon herself as the author of his death. There was no pacifying her; the violence of her

grief threw her into a fever, from which with difficulty she recovered, but never forgave herself for the part she had acted. How, happy are you, Mary Sparks, said the lady, in comparison of the woman I have been describing.

I am indeed, Madam replied, the widow; and I am very thankful that the wishes which I own my fretfulness has caused me sometimes to utter in respect to poor Timothy, never came to pass; and I can truly say I long ago repented of them; and since you and my master, and the good vicar were so kind as to talk to me, and I have gone to church and read my Bible I have had a deal more patience; I have considered that no one is without their troubles, and instead of scolding at my husband, I used to pray God to turn his heart, and latterly have thanked the Almighty sincerely for doing so.

All this was very right, said Mrs. Andrews, and I am heartily glad to hear it. You have nothing to do now but to reconcile yourself to the death of your husband, to live a good life, prepare for your own latter end, and enjoy, with gratitude, the blessings which God has left you.

Mary followed the lady's advice, and passed the remainder of her days very comfortably; for her children were dutiful and sober, and assisted her greatly in old age.

THE
MAGNANIMOUS ENGLISHMEN:

*When wint'ry clouds obscure the sky,
And heaven and earth deform;
If fix'd the strong foundations lie,
The castle braves the storm.*

THE Antelope packet was fitted out by the Court of Directors of the East India Company, and set sail in the summer of the year 1782, under the command of captain Wilson; but before he arrived at the place of his destination, he had the misfortune to be shipwrecked in an unknown part of the Pacific Ocean. Captain Wilson's first orders were to secure the gunpowder and small arms, and to get on deck the bread, and such other provisions as were liable to be spoiled, and to cover them with tarpaulings, &c. to preserve them from the wet, and in short, to do every thing that prudence could suggest in so trying and distressful a situation.

The boats being hoisted out, and filled with provisions, a compass, and some small arms, with ammunition, and two men were put into each, with directions to keep themselves in readiness to receive their shipmates, in case the vessel should part by the violence

of the wind and waves, as it then blew an exceeding strong gale. The officers and people assembled on the quarter deck, and waited for day-light, in hopes of seeing land, for as yet they had not been able to discern any.

During this dreadful interval the anxiety and horror of which is much easier to be imagined than described, Captain Wilson endeavoured to revive the drooping spirits of his crew, by reminding them, that shipwreck was a misfortune to which navigators were always liable, and that although theirs was rendered particularly distressing by its happening in an unknown and unfrequented sea, yet he wished to remind them, that this consideration should only rouse them to greater activity in endeavouring to extricate themselves; and above all, he begged leave to impress upon their minds this circumstance, that whenever misfortunes, such as theirs had happened, they had generally been rendered more dreadful than they would otherwise have been, by the despair of the crew, and by their disagreements among themselves; to prevent which, he most earnestly requested each of them separately not to taste any spirituous liquors on any account whatever; and he had the satisfaction to find a ready consent to this most important advice.

The writer of this narrative tells us, that he was particularly circumstantial in his account of this part of their transaction, because he thinks it displays in a most remarkable manner, the presence of mind which was preserved, and the prudence that was exerted by Captain Wilson, in one of the most trying situations to which human nature can be exposed. It shows also the temper and disposition of his officers and his whole crew, and pronounces their praises with ten thousand times more force than any other words that could be used.

The dawn discovered to their view a small island, at the distance of about four leagues to the southward, and as the day-light increased they saw more islands to the westward.

They now began to feel great apprehension on account of the natives, to whose dispositions they were perfect strangers; however, after their boats were manned, and loaded in the best manner for the general good, they were dispatched to the small island, under the direction of Mr. Benger, the chief mate, who was requested to establish, if possible, a friendly intercourse with the natives, if they found any, and carefully to avoid any quarrels with them.

In the afternoon the boats returned to the ship with the pleasing news that they had landed the stores in safety, and left five men to take care of them; that there was no

appearance of inhabitants where they landed; that they had found a secure harbour, well sheltered from the weather, and also some fresh water.

This good account revived every one, so that they pursued their labour in completing and loading a raft they were making; and they also loaded their boats again with such stores as were most likely to suffer from the spray of the sea. Captain Wilson ordered all the people into the boats, with which, and the raft, they left their old habitation with heavy hearts.

After a toilsome passage, they all landed safe on the island, but passed an anxious night, as the people who were left in the morning had observed certain signs of human inhabitants having been lately there; it was therefore absolutely necessary that they should keep a constant watch.

The next day the boats were sent again to the wreck, when it was discovered that the ship was so damaged, that there was little hope of its remaining together till the next day, as she began already to part. A gloom now overspread every countenance, and every one seemed to think himself cut off for ever from the world, and all they held most dear. They could not help recollecting that they were strangers to the manner and dispositions of the inhabitants of the island on which misfortune had thrown them;

and they turned about in their minds the hostile scenes which they might possibly have to encounter. These reflections did not contribute to the comfort of the night, which turned out more tempestuous than the former.

About eight o'clock in the morning, when all were busily employed in drying their provisions, clearing the ground, &c. they saw two canoes with men in them advancing towards them. This gave a general alarm, and all the people ran to their arms; Captain Wilson desired them to keep out of sight until they perceived what reception he met with, but to be prepared for the worst. They soon perceived that the natives had discovered the Captain, and a Malay, with whom he was conversing, and kept their eyes fixed on that part of the shore where they stood.

The natives advanced very cautiously towards them, and when they came near enough to be heard, the Captain desired the Malay to speak to them in his own language, which at first they did not understand but they stopped their canoes, and soon after one of them asked in the Malay tongue, whether they were friends or enemies? The Malay was directed to reply, that they were Englishmen, who had lost their ship on the reef, but had saved their lives, and were friends. On this they seemed to confer to-

gether for a short time, and then went towards the shore. Captain Wilson immediately waded into the water to meet them, and embracing them in the most friendly manner, led them to the shore, and presented them to his officers and unfortunate companions. They were eight in number, two of whom were afterwards known to be brothers to the Rupack, or king, of the neighbouring islands, and one was a Malay, who had been shipwrecked in a vessel belonging to a Chinese, and had been kindly treated by the king, who he said was a good man, and the people also were courteous.

This was very reviving news to the poor sufferers, and the truth of it was confirmed by the subsequent behaviour of the natives, who displayed the utmost hospitality and good will towards them, and they grew every day more familiar with each other. Captain Wilson, willing to maintain this good understanding, made a proposition to his officers, which (as the author of the narrative observes) for boldness and wisdom could only be equalled by the unanimity and cheerfulness displayed by the crew in according with it.

Every one who knows any thing of seamen, knows (continued the gentleman) that Grog is the solace and joy of their lives; that it softens all their hardships, and causes even the horrors of war to pass by them un-

felt, that there is no undertaking so dangerous, or so desperate, which they will not most readily attempt for the sake of it, nor scarcely a comfort in life which they will not give up to obtain it. Captain Wilson finding them rather noisy one day when they came from the wreck, owing to a little liquor which the officer then on board had given them, and which coming after long toil, and upon an empty stomach, had affected them, rather than the quantity they drank, it alarmed him so much, that he submitted to his officers the propriety of staving (with the consent of his people) every cask of liquor which was in the ship. He knew, says the author, that it was too bold a step to be taken without their concurrence, but he trusted to the regard they had for him, and the influence he had over them, and he intended to let the people themselves execute his purpose; he had the satisfaction to find that his officers immediately approved of his project; and the next morning he called his men together, and told them he had something to propose on which their future welfare, nay probably, their lives depended. He then submitted to their judgement the measure on which he and his officers had talked the evening before, urged the propriety of it in the most forcible terms, as a step that would give them the best grounded hopes of deliverance

from their present situation, and of seeing once more their native country, and those who were dear to them in it; and he added, that however loth every one of them might be to yield up his darling liquor, yet he assured himself their own understanding would tell them it was a right and necessary measure. The moment he concluded, all the sailors, to their lasting honour, replied, that however they might suffer from the want of spirits, they were sensible that the having easy access to them might tempt them to drink without discretion, and they not only agreed willingly to the Captain's proposal, but were ready to go directly to the ship and stave every cask of liquor on board; this they most truly performed, and in so scrupulous a manner did they execute that trust, that there was not a single man of them who would take even a farewell glass of his beloved cordial.—What do you think of this account, gentlemen and ladies? Think, why my good friend, I think that Captain Wilson is a prince of heroes, and his men a set of noble fellows. They make me feel proud of being an Englishman.—I hope the experiment answered:—Perfectly well, they staid long enough on the island to build a vessel, and when they went away, left the king and people in tears for their departure.

Happy would it be, if sailors in general had the same command of themselves in re-

spect to liquor, many a valuable life would be saved. It is particularly necessary, in times of shipwreck, that they should keep their heads clear, and their reason awake; for though they are at their wits end, and have none to depend on but Providence, who does not deliver by miracles, but by natural means, it is more likely that he will suggest expedients to those who keep themselves sober, and are in a state to call for his help, than to a set of fots, who have extinguished for a time every spark of reason in their souls, and disqualified themselves for every religious act.

F I N I S

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