

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

Bethesda, Maryland

A *Traveller.*
1740.

HOLE

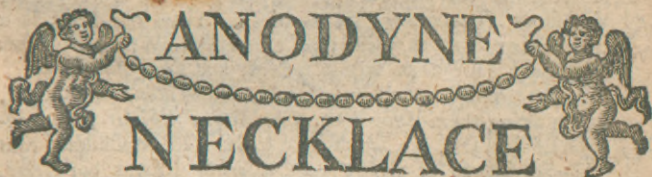
To Creep Out At

From the Late *Act* of Parliament
Against GENEVA, and Other

SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS;

By a *New* DRAM far better than GIN,
and a *New* PUNCH, far WHOLESOMER
than either *Brandy*, *Rum*, or *Arrack Punch*.

THIS Book is *Given Gratis* Up One
Pair of Stairs, at the Sign of this



ANODYNE
NECKLACE

Over-against Devreux-Court, Without Temple-Bar.
And at Mr. *Bradshaw's Stoughton's*, & *Daffy's* Elixir Ware-
House, Under the Back Piazza of the *Royal Exchange*.

London: Printed by *J. Hughs*, in *High-Holborn*. 1736.

The GENEVA Act Begins Thus.

W Hereas the Drinking of Spirituous Liquors, or Strong Waters is become very Common, especially among People of the Lower, and Inferior Rank.

And tends greatly to the Destruction of their Healths, Rendering them unfit for Labour, and Business, Debauching their Morals, & driving them into all manner of Vices, & Wickedness.

And the ill Consequences of such Liquors are not confined to the Present Generation, but extend to Future Ages, & tend to the Devastation, & Ruin of this Kingdom. For Remedy whereof, Be it Enacted, &c.

FROM these Words of the Act, it Appears how Sensible the Government is of the dismal Consequences of these Liquors particularly to Servants, & the Lower Class of People.

The Mischiefs are incredibly Great, from only dispensing these Liquors at *Chandlers Shops* to (especially Female) *Servants*,

Who would be ashamed to go to a Publick Brandy Shop, or Ale-House, because it would appear *At Once* for what they went *Thither*.

But a *Chandler's Shop* Furnishes so many Necessaries for a Family, that THERE they can resort Unsuspected, & Indulge themselves.

All the little *Secrets* of Private Families are HERE divulged: *Grievances* Aggravated, *Complaints* Encouraged, *Disobedience* propagated, *Gossiping* promoted, & *New Acquaintances* with Servants of other Families are got over these *Pernicious Liquors*.

Less Weights, and *Measures*, and *Extravagant Prices* are here Connived at for a Little *Paultry Treat* of *Strong Waters*, &c.

And the Mischief of these Liquors to Future Ages Already appears by those *Sbrivell'd*, *Little*, *Half-Burnt*, *Weak*, *Unhealthy*, GIN-MADE Children, which so abound in the World. Again:

What a sad Sight is it to see in Families, instead of a Table that should be Fill'd with *Healthy*, *Ruddy-Complexion'd* Children Round it, & good ALE, & a *Toast* handed about, You see a Side Board adorned with UNNECESSARY *China Ware*, for that EXPENSIVE NOTHING (as a *Great Physician* calls it) TEA,

Whose so *Immoderate Use*, as of Late Years has been, is a greater Enemy than People imagine, especially to WOMEN-Kind: And 'tis THEY that Drink it *Most*, and suffer *Most* by it.

It Impoverishs their *Blood*, *Spirits*, and Whole *Constitutions*, And making them Bring *Poor*, *Puny*, *Starv'd*, *Sickly*, *Pale Looking*, HALF-MADE, *Weakly*, TEA-BEGOTTEN Children into the World, instead of those *Strong*, *Healthy* Infants our *Great*, *Great Grand-Mothers* formerly Presented their *Husbands* with, before the IMMODERATE Drinking of TEA came in Fashion.

For, *Women* being Naturally of a *Less Degree* of Vigour, and Strength than Men, ought not to Lower, and Impoverish still more and more their *Blood*, *Spirits*, & Strength, by such an EMPOVERISHER of the *Blood*, & *Spirits*, as in Reality TEA is.

Of which an Honest Countryman had no very *Wrong* Notion, Who, being Asked his Opinion of TEA, Answered, that *By his TROTH* He thought it ABOVE HALF WATER.

And *This 'tis* that *Hooks* in a DRAM after it, to *Prevent* the *Cholick*, because ALL its Goodness is its being *Wet, Warm, & Sweet*.

For, *Soak a Toast in Tea*, instead of *Good Ale*, & see what Goodness there's in it. So that the Present FEEBLE, *Sickly, Weak* Race of Mankind, Diminished in its *Size, Strength, & Vigour* from our Ancestors, is (to Speak the Truth) Owing more than People imagine, to WOMEN's Drinking so *very MUCH* of TEA as they do, And till they Drink LESS, the *Breed* will *Never* be *Mended*.

But to Return to our Subject of *Distill'd Spirituous Liquors*.

In One Corner of the Room is a *Weak Child* or two, troubled with *Nervous Disorders*, transmitted to them from their *DRAM-Drinking Parents*. In Another Part of the Room the good Man and his Wife in their *Arm'd Chairs*, afflicted with the *Cholick*, and for which a DRAM is their only Refuge.

In the Center of the Side-Board stands a (*Destructive*) Bowl for that Pernicious Mixture (as *Dr. Cheyne* calls it) PUNCH, in which the *Slow Poison* of *Spirituous Liquors* is only *Disguised*.

For, 'Tis an undoubted Truth, that let *Distill'd Spirituous Liquors* be never so Artfully *Disguised*, they will still convey FIRE into the *Blood*. And therefore, Next to *Drams* (*says Dr. Cheyne, Essay on Health*) NO Liquor DESTROYS *More* People, than PUNCH, the Drinkers of which experience *MORE Palfies, Convulsions, & Nervous Distempers*, than ever Known before that *SLOW-POISON-Mixture*, PUNCH, came up.

It having the *Same* Pernicious Effects on the Drinkers of it, only *Slower*, that *Dry Drams* have, which are to *BURN, & Shrivell* up the *Liver, Lungs, & Stomach*, to *Thicken, Coagulate, and Vitiate* the *Blood*, to *Scorch, Contract, and Straiten* the *Nerves, and Tender Fibres* of the Body, from whence proceed those Numerous Diseases, particularly *Nervous* ones, that the Drinkers of *Drams*, and PUNCH so continually experience.

And when the *Tender Coats* of the *Stomach* are thus *Scorb'd, and Shrivelled* up, the *Appetite* to *Eating* Naturally *Decays*.

Because, These *Liquors* only seem at first to *Comfort, and Warm* the *Stomach*, by *contracting* (with their *Scorcking Heat*) the *Loose Flabby Fibres* of it, But this *Warmth* soon *Decaying*, the *Tone* of the *Stomach* as soon grows again *Weak, Flabby, and Dispirited*, which *Indisposition* naturally makes these *Unhappy Wretches* ever *Thirsting* after more of these *Liquors*.

What a miserable Thing it is to see daily those *Crowds* of *Poor, Ragged, Despicable Wretches, Cursing, and DAMNING Themselves* in the most *Shocking Abominable Manner*, (& which most *Abominable* Expression of *DAMNING THEMSELVES* is *Most Familiar* to them of *Any*) over these *Destructive Liquors*.

Which by *Inflaming the Blood, & Passions*, throw them Head-long into that Deluge of Abominable *Swearing, Cursing, and DAMNING THEMSELVES*, so *Common* in the World, as if they even WANTED HELL to Swallow them up *Alive On the Spot*.

We see Retailers of these Pernicious Liquors in every Corner, Endeavouring by all possible *Art, & Skill*, to make *Drunkenness* the *Cheapest* of all Vices to the Lower Class of People.

For *Now*, The Distillers Art, (which may justly be called A *Master-Peece* of the DEVIL) has put Drunkenness within the Reach of Poverty, by Making these Liquors so very CHEAP.

Since then *These*, and *Many Other* Great Evils from *Spirituos Liquors*, have caused the Late Act of Parliament against them;

A *New DRAM*, and a *New PUNCH* far more *Wholesome, & Pleasant* than *Any* with Distill'd Liquors, is propos'd as Follows;

Squeese 4 Seville-Oranges (or 2 Oranges, and 2 Lemons, as you like best) into a *Quart of Fair Water*, Sweeten it with *Fine Sugar* to your Liking, and then Put to it a *Pint of Sack*, to be Drank as *PUNCH*. Or Bottled, and used as a *Dram*.

And a most Delicate, Fine, Pleasant, & *Wholesome* Liquor it is.

The Reason why *Canary Wine* is BEST for this *New Punch*, and *Dram* is Because, Of *ALL Wines*, None contains *More SPIRIT* than *Sack*, as plainly appears by far *More Ounces* of a most *High Exalted Spirit* being by Chymistry Drawn from only a *Small Quantity* of *Sack*, than from *ANY Other Wine*.

And *THIS 'tis*, that makes *Canary Wine* the *Only NEXT* (*Undistill'd*) Liquor, that *Can Supply Spirituous Liquors* in *Punch*.

This *New PUNCH* is not only *Vastly Pleasant*, but is far more *WHOLE SOME* than *Punch* made of any *Distill'd Inflaming Liquors*, which by their *HEAT, Parch, & Shrivell* up the Coats of the Stomach, *Burn the Lungs*, and Destroy by their *Violent Burning* the *Friendly Natural Warmth* within us.

And so become the *Ruin* of the Constitution, which makes Physicians call *Spirituos Distill'd Liquors* a *SLOW-POISON*.

And as *Whenever Sack* is *Adulterated*, it is by having *Brandy*, and *Spirits* mixed with it, So the *MORE* it is *Adulterated*, and consequently the *WORSE* the *Sack* is according to the *Common Estimation*, the *BETTER* by far it is for *This Use*, having the *MORE* of the *Brandy, & Strong Spirits* in it.

And such *Adulterated Canary Wines* are had at a *Cheap Rate*.

Nor is the *Repeal* of this Act *Ever* to be *Imagin'd*. Because Since *Pure Conscience, & a Deep Concern* for the *Health, and Welfare* of the Nation, has been the *ONLY Motive* for it,

No *Worldly Interest* will *Ever* Repeal so *Pious, and Religious* an Act in a *Christian Country*, where a King consults the *REAL Good* of his People. It being an *ACT* most certainly the *Most Becoming* a *Christian Country* that *CAN* be.

The Travels of A SHILLING.

AS in ÆSOP'S Days Inanimate Things were made to Speak, So Here a SHILLING is Introduced giving the Following Account of it Self.

I was Born (said the Shilling) in *America*, and brought over in an Ingot by Sir *Walter Rawleigh* to *England*, in the Year 1586. I was soon after my Arrival taken out of my *Indian Habit*, Refined, Naturalized, and put into the *British Mode*, with the Face of *Q. Elizabeth* on One Side, and the Arms of the Country on the Other.



Being thus Equipped, I found in my self a Wonderful Inclination to Ramble, and the People so much favoured this my Natural Disposition, by Shifting me so Fast from Hand to Hand, that before I was Three Years Old, I had Travelled into almost every Corner of the Nation.

In my 4th Year, I fell into the Hands of a miserable Old Fellow, who (to my unspeakable Grief) clapt me into an Iron Chest, where I found 500 more of my own Quality under the same Confinement, and the only Comfort we had, was to be Counted over in the *Fresh Air* Every Morning.

After an Imprisonment here of some time, we heard some Body knocking at our Chest, and Breaking it open with a Hammer. This we found was the Old Man's Heir, who as soon as ever his Father Expired, was so good as to come to our Release. He separated us that very Day, and what was the Fate of my Companions, I know not.

As for My Self, I was given to the Parish-Searchers, (*Two Old Forsooths*) who Parw'd me in their Way Home for a Quatern of Brandy, and Drank me out the next Day.

From this Brandy Shop, I made my Way merrily thro' the World (for *We Shillings* love nothing so much as Travelling)

And in my Progress was Arrested by a Superstitious Old Woman, who shut me up Some Time in a Greasy Old Leather Purse, in pursuance of a Saying, that Whilst she Kept a *Queen Elizabeth's Shilling*, she should never be without Money.

After this I Rambled from Pocket to Pocket till the Civil Wars, when I was Employed in Raising *Soldiers*:

For being of a very Tempting Breadth, a Serjeant made use of me to Inveigle Young Country Fellows, & Lift them.

And as soon as he had made One Man *Surè*, his Way was to oblige him to take a Shilling of a more homely Figure, and then to Practise the *Same Trick* upon Another.

Thus I was Employed for some time, till one Morning, my Serjeant made use of me to Seduce a Milk-Maid; The Wench Bent me, and gave me to her Sweet-Heart, applying with me the usual Form of *To my Love, and From my Love*.

The Fellow Drank me out at an Ale-house, where I was beaten flat with a Hammer, and again set a Going.

From this Ale-house I Travell'd from Hand to Hand, till the *Long Parliament* new Cloathed ME, and some Few more of us, and made us Wear a Monstrous Pair of Breeches.



In this odd Dress, I looked rather like a Medal than a *Coin*, For which Reason a Gamester laid hold of me, and converted me to a Counter, having got some Dozens of us for that *Use*. We led a Melancholy *Life* in his *Possession*, being busy at those Hours wherein Current *Coin* is at Rest:

But at length I had the good Luck to see my Master Break: By which Means I was again set Abroad under my Primitive Denomination of a SHILLING, and was Sent to a Young Spendthrift, in Company with the Will of his Deceased Father.

The Young Spark finding himself Cut off from a fine Estate by my being made a Present to him, was in such a Passion, that he most heartily Curfed me, and Squirred me away from him, as *Far* as he could Fling me.

I chanced to light under a dead Wall, where a Poor Cavalier cast his Eye upon me, and to his great Joy took me up, Carried me to a Cook's Shop, and Comfortably Dined on me.

Thus I Rambled till *K. William's* Reign, When an Artift with an *Unmerciful* Pair of Sheers Cut my Titles, Clipped my *Boms*, and Retrenched my Shape to my Inmost Ring.

Being thus Curtailed, and Disfigured, I should have been Ashamed to have shewn my Head, had not most of my old Acquaintance been reduced to the same shameful Figure.—For

Solamen Miseris, Socios habuisse Doloris. Sen.

In the midst of this general Calamity, we were all Called in, and thrown into the Furnace, and (as it often happens with Cities rising out of a Fire) appeared with greater Beauty, by having a *Face Once more* Stampd upon us.



In this New Dress, I came into the Hands of the late Dr. *Ratcliffe*, who employed me on the following Occasion.

The Doctor being sorely troubled with a vexatious Corn, had the Curiosity to let a certain *Itinerant* Corn Doctor (that Cried his Trade in the Streets, *Corns to Cure*) lay his Two-Penny Plaister on his Corn, for which the Doctor generously offering ME to him, the *Corn Doctor* as generously excused Accepting of me with the Following Compliment, — Sir,

WE DOCTORS *never Take Money of one another.*

Upon which, The Dr. call'd him *Rascal*, & bid him be gone.

After this, my Employment was very much in going of ERRANDS: Sometimes I Fetcht a Play-Book, Sometimes a Pint of *Wine*, & Often (what is call'd) a Dozen of Beer.

In Bargains I was given as an Earnest. At *Christmas* to a Box.

Now and then I accompanied a *Sub Pæna*, Frequently I went to a Justice for a Warrant, and often had the Satisfaction to Treat a Templer at a Twelve Penny Ordinary. Or Carry him, and *Three* Friends in a Coach to *Westminster-Hall*.

Innumerable are the times that I have been sent for a *Pack of Cards*; Very often for Twelve-Penny-worth of *Oysters*, And frequently given after Dinner to a Waiting servant.

During Summer Seasons I often Treated People with Cakes and Ale in the Fields, Or *Regaled* some *Journeyman Tailors* with *Eight and Forty* Morfels at a *Farthling Pye-House*.

After this I *Travelled* from Hand to Hand to the *Bath*, where a Gentleman *Clothed* me in a *Yellow Livery*, designing me for a Present to his God-Child, but, having brought me to *London*, his Pocket was Pickt of me in *Fleetstreet*.

The Person that had me, thinking they had got a *Guinea*, went to Put me off as *Such*, but being discovered, I was (to hinder my travelling in any such Capacity) Cut in Two, and my Owner Sold me at the Mint for *Eleven Pence*.

Here I was again thrown into the Furnace, from whence I appeared A New, with the Bust of King *GEORGE* the *II*d.



And I am again as Ready now to Lift Soldiers (if need should be) Or Carry any Person a Mile in a *Hackney-Coach*, Or Fetch a Warrant, a Pint of Wine, or a Pack of Cards, Or Go of Any other *Twelve-Penny* Errand, as Ever.

In this New Dress I was carried to *Holland*, where I was much vexed to be Changed for 11 *Paultry Dutch* Stuyvers.

But the Person that took me carrying me to *Dublin*, I there had the Joy to see my self valued at *Thirteen Pence*.

I happily came again to *England*, and was Paid at *Harrold* in *Bedfordshire*, to one Mr. *HULL* a Clockmaker in that *Town*.

Mr. *HULL* coming to *London*, Bought with ME, and *Four* more of my own Rank an *ANODYNE NECKLACE*,

Of Whose Success, he sent the Following Account.

ANODYNE NECKLACE

HEaring the FAME of the *ANODYNE NECKLACE*, Approved of by *Dr. Chamberlen* for *Children's Teeth*, and having Buried two *Children* who Died with the hard Breeding, and Cutting of their Teeth, I made it my *Business* to Come to *London* to Buy one, I having a *Child* at the Point of Death with it's *TEETH*. So soon as the Necklace was on his Neck,

I Quickly found him grow Better, his Fever, and Thirst left him, & he has Never been ill since, & has Cut ALL his Teeth with a deal of Ease, and Safety, & is now a fine Healthy Child.

This I desire may be Publish'd for the Good of Suffering *Infants*, Thinking my self obliged thus to do.

JOHN HULL Clockmaker, At *Harrold*, in *Bedfordshire*.

WZ 260 H745 175

