



SELF-MADE FETTERS

By permission of the Rev. M.B. Moorhouse.

1 Very, very slowly was a toper going,
From the Mermaid Tavern where he spent
his life;
Fresh and cool the breeze on his forehead
blowing,
Seemed to waft him homeward to his
weeping wife.

2 In his zigzag progress came he 'gainst a pillar
Standing by the pavement, with a startling
shock,
Like a storm-tossed vessel, without guiding
tiller,
Striking in the midnight on some hidden
rock.

3 With a desperate grasping to the pillar
clinging,
Lest his nerveless body in the gutter fall;
O'er his dizzy senses came the fitful singing,
From the wires electric, like a spirit's call.

4 Thus with arms extended to his refuge
holding,
As he felt the piercing of the winter blast,
With his trembling fingers his great-coat
unfolding,
He, with mighty effort buttoned it quite
last.

5 Then he rose to venture on his further
journey,
As the clocks were striking midnight's
mystic hour,
But to his deep horror vainly tried to turn he,
Held to that fell pillar by some magic
power.

6 In his mind excited came the wildest
fancies,—
Had the electric current from those singing
wires
Magnetized his body with their fatal dances,
Making him a victim for their scorching
fires?

Thoughts of fearful cases from electric
flashes,
Flitted like a night-mare through his
muddled brain:
Had the subtle fluid burnt them into ashes,
Or with cruel swiftness struck them quite
insane!

Would the next swift message smite him like
the lightning
Leaving only cinders at the fatal stake?
Yes, he felt already his wild struggles
tightening
Deadly fetters around him which he could
not break.

7 'Help,' he cried, 'Policeman! save me from
this hobble,
Even if your duty makes you run me in!'
But the blue-coat passing laughed at all his
trouble,
Counting him well punished for his foolish
sin.

8 Vainly called he others as they went by
mocking,
At his frantic efforts as he writhed and
swore;
One by one they left him, was it not too
shocking,
When they saw him groaning in his anguish
sore?

9 One good pitying Christian stopped his fears
to scatter,—
'Twas a trifling service, quite too small to
boast,—
Can't you see, poor fellow, what is just the
matter?
*You your coat have buttoned right around
the post!*

M.B. MOORHOUSE.

THE ORIGIN OF MAGIC LANTERN STORIES

A DELVE INTO THE BACKGROUND OF TEMPERANCE MATERIAL by MIKE SMITH

Mike Smith's fascination with temperance and life model slides is well known to many members of the Lantern Society. Equally familiar will be the magnificent lanterns we have been allowed to illustrate from his collection in former issues. Perhaps less well known is Mike's research ability. This article, the first of a 2 part paper, is remarkable for the persistent pursuit of small clues — and the fascinating pay off that is possible from such tiny beginnings. We have already heard from Mike that he has found new lines of enquiry to follow up which will lead to the completion of the next stage of his work on the topic of the temperance slide. Truly exciting encouragement for all potential lantern researchers.

Ed

Whilst the origin of many magic lantern slides is well known — existing literature, nursery rhymes, popular songs of the day and so on — the roots of most of the temperance material used in the magic lantern shows of the last quarter of the last century remain almost totally obscure.

This piece of research centres around Rev. M.B. Moorhouse whose literary prowess provided the story to many temperance slide sequences shown during this period.

Amongst my collection I have some twenty readings written by this gentleman, of which I have five sets of slides to match five of the readings. All these sets were produced by Bamfords of Holmfirth, and the readings were supplied by Riley Brothers of Bradford, both prominent Yorkshire magic lantern concerns of the period. Where do you start from this scant base to begin to understand the reasons behind these stories being written and ultimately used as a powerful medium to persuade the public at large to 'sign the pledge'? And what is the connection between Rev. Moorhouse, Bamfords and Riley Brothers? Bamfords, although still very much in business, do not have archival records, and Riley Brothers went out of business some fifty years ago.

The readings themselves provided no further information beyond the name of the author, but by perusing my copy of Bamfords catalogue I gleaned that Rev. Moorhouse was at some time Vicar of St. Luke's, Bath — my first lead. Enquiries of the present minister provided me with a written potted history of the church in Bath with scant references to the period that Rev. Moorhouse spent as Vicar — 1888-1898.

However, this brief history did not provide me with any further meaningful information but stimulated my interest, and on subsequent enquiry I learned that the majority of the parish magazines of the period were still intact and I therefore decided a visit was necessary. Unfortunately the visit had to be a brief encounter but it was of sufficient length to enable me to quickly sample some of the surviving material. I discovered that as a conclusion to each monthly magazine Rev. Moorhouse composed a page or two of poetry and my delight can be imagined when I stumbled across a poem entitled 'Self-Made Fetters' in the February 1895 edition — a title which matched the title of one of the readings in my collection, and for which I had the slides — courtesy of John Jones! Time did not permit detailed scrutiny of all the surviving parish magazines issued during Rev. Moorhouse's ministry in Bath and, as it would be some weeks before I would have the opportunity to return, I felt further avenues should be explored.

The parish magazines in Bath informed me that Rev. Moorhouse was Vicar of St. Mary Bredin's, Canterbury immediately prior to moving to Bath and a similar approach brought me the majority of the parish magazines covering the period 1885-1888. I was able to convince the present Minister of my sound intentions and respectable background and he kindly despatched the magazines for me to examine at leisure. Alas, no matching story this time, but much information on the influence of the various Temperance movements in church circles. Again, each monthly magazine followed the format of those I had examined briefly in Bath — a resume of events in the parish, followed by the monthly edition of *Home Words* and concluded with a poem written by Rev. Moorhouse. In the early editions of the magazines these poems had no hint of temperance influence and were merely morally uplifting tales but in 1888 the monthly *Home Words* magazine which was incorporated into the parish magazine started to run a regular small article entitled 'Temperance Facts, Anecdotes and Figures' and without doubt this influenced the message that Rev. Moorhouse attempted to portray to his parishioners, both through the activities of the church and through his poetry.

To illustrate the point, the following poem appeared in the August 1885 edition of St. Mary Bredin's, Canterbury, Parochial Magazine.

LIFT UP THE LIGHT

Lift up the light and let it shine
Wherever darkness reigns;
It is the want of fire divine
Of which mankind complains.
Far up in Heaven the stars are set
Amid the blackest night;
But error-blinded men forget
To seek the source of light.
The earth is dark, the world is sad
Where reigns the tyrant Sin,
And men have lost the joy they had
When life did first begin:
Then lift the light and let it shine
Through all the gloom around,
Till others mark the gracious sign,
And seek what we have found.
The cottage window brightly beams
With rays of homely love,
The fireside casts its welcome gleams
To call back those who rove;
Oh! let the charm of heavenly grace
Be strong in every home,
That Christ may be our resting-place
Whenever troubles come.
We hear the crying of the lost,
Who vainly wander on
Outside, so lone and tempest-tost,
Their last hope almost gone!
Then lift the light, &c.
The lighthouse throws its piercing ray
Far o'er the tossing wave,
When fades the brightness of the day,
And winds begin to rave.
So let your light shine out afar
A beacon, clear and plain,
To prove to some a guiding star
When passing o'er the main.
How many a wreck hath perished there
On hidden rock or shoal,
That started on life's voyage fair,
But never reached the goal!
Then lift the light, &c.

No mention of the evils of drink!

In the January 1888 edition of the magazine the series of temperance notes began:

TEMPERANCE FACTS, ANECDOTES, AND FIGURES

From the Editor's Note Book

I. ELOQUENT FIGURES

Mr. Burt, who represents a large number of the working miners, in a lecture upon Temperance, hit upon a clever illustration of the great advantage which so many working men did to their own order when they saved themselves from wasting their money on drink.

'We are all wanting more work in this country, and how are we to get it? I will tell you. Every man who spends £5 spends it in something or other for his own house. If he spends £5 on shoes, £1.17s of it goes for labour. If he spends £5 in linen, £2 goes for labour; £5 in earthenware, £2.4s goes for labour; £5 in woollen clothes, £3 goes for labour — if made up into a suit, £4 goes for labour; but if he spends £5 in drink, then half-a-crown goes for labour.'

That is a curious calculation, and no doubt Mr. Burt, who is a very reliable man, had these figures from very good authority.

II. A BISHOP'S TESTIMONY

The Bishop of Bedford, in a speech in the Victoria Hall, said:

'I do not a bit believe in that sneer which one sometimes hears, which accuses those who take up this cause of making temperance or total abstinence into their religion. It is not true; they do not do so. I know very well that there are people who are not religious who take up this cause strongly. All honour to them so far as they go, but I say that a Christian man who knows what his religion is, is never in danger of such a stupid mistake. At the same time — and every day's experience proves it — unless he abstains from what is a danger and a temptation, he is not likely to rise to higher things, or lead a true Christian life.'

III. A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY

The Lancet reports a conversation with Sir Andrew Clark in which the distinguished physician said that in seven out of ten of his hospital patients disease was caused by drink, and in the three others was often aggravated by it.

Sir Andrew added:

'I have sometimes said to myself, Shall I not do more for the health of man if I give up the practice of medicine and go about the country in a crusade to prevent the use of intoxicating drinks?'

and in the March 1888 edition the following article dominated the monthly parish news:

One appropriate fixture for this season is the Temperance Sunday, March 11, when Sermons on behalf of the Church of England Temperance Society will be preached at many of the Churches in the City and throughout the Diocese. Only part of the offertory at our Church will be given to the Society, according to the practice of previous years, the rest going as usual to the Church expenses.

We would take this opportunity of again attempting to explain to some who do not seem yet to fully understand our position and purposes, what it is that we really intend to do, so that no ground of offence may remain.

But first we would say a word to explain what is often brought against us, with regard to the strong language used by some advocates of Temperance. We can remember many years ago when the subject was first coming before the public attention, what scorn and contempt was poured by many upon those who were peculiar in this respect. It was little short of persecution in some cases. Those who wished to abstain from intoxicating liquors through conscientious motives, were hardly allowed to use their freedom to do so. Cruel words, and sometimes cruel force was used to induce them to give up their singularity of conduct. This is no hearsay report. It is from our own bitter experience, and we are afraid that there are still to be met those who have to suffer from the intolerance of their friends and companions because they will not conform to the drinking customs of their home and workshop.

Is it to be wondered, therefore, that some who have felt this treatment, in themselves or others, should speak out very strongly, and even appear

to go beyond the limits of liberty, in pressing the claims of total abstinence upon others? Having hardly been formerly allowed to be free themselves to choose their own safe line of conduct, they are urgent with those whom they believe to be in danger, and will scarcely leave them the choice in this respect, in their eagerness to save them from peril. We mention this not perhaps to justify, but to account for the strong language which is used sometimes.

Let us strive then for freedom of choice on both sides, only regulated by the claims of conscience and the directing of the Holy Spirit.

As the Church of England Temperance Society does not confine itself to those who practise total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, but gladly includes amongst its members those who do not yet see it to be their duty to go as far as this in their protest against the evils of drunkenness, we shall here confine ourselves studiously to the general question of Temperance. This surely has a full right to a place among the subjects for religious consideration, when we find it occupying so large a proportion of the plain exhortations in the Word of God.

All will own that there must be a strict and constant moderation in the use of certain beverages lest they become a snare both to body and soul. Whatever be the exact limit to be set in this direction, there can be no question as to the need of such a restriction, for the sake not only of bodily health, but also still more of spiritual progress. This is a matter for each individual conscience, to be pondered prayerfully as in the sight of God, and with a view to the prospects of eternity. No binding rule can be laid down by one man for all others.

But there are certain considerations which may help us to a right judgement in each several case.

I. What is the evident bearing of God's Word upon this question of Temperance? While the Almighty has freely given us His Gifts of love. He has also warned us against temptation and the abuse of things which in the present condition of the world may easily prove pernicious to ourselves and others. We must take the whole Counsel of God into account, and obey His revealed will even when it crosses the directions of our own desires and inclinations. 'Not my will, but Thine be done!' 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' Such a prayer will never be left without light. Let God's glory be our aim, and His approval be our desire.

II. What course will have the best influence upon the world around me? How can I help the cause of Temperance amongst my family and friends? What example am I set those who are under me, and most likely to be affected by my conduct in this respect? Very subtle are the powers which thus draw us in different directions, very unsuspected sometimes is the bearing of our own regular life upon that of others. Let us keep a more careful watch over what is thus exerting its force upon the weak and the young especially.

III. What is really the best for myself? How do I find myself affected by certain courses and habits? Am I better for duty, better in strength and clearness of mind, and ability to deal with the work of life? We are all gaining experience daily, let us use that experience fairly and fully, and it will yield its blessed fruits continually.

We would commend these thoughts to the consideration of all, asking that God Himself will grant us His Holy Spirit to give us 'a right judgement in all things.'

Next month we are hoping to have a performance of the 'The Village Blacksmith' upon a very complete scale. Mr. Tench White has been bestowing a great deal of loving labour upon the preparation of his band to accompany it, and

many friends are coming forward to assist our Band of Hope in the singing. We shall endeavour to hold it in the Music Hall, on Wednesday, April 11, and the proceeds after paying expenses will be devoted to the Hospital Funds.

The month following there is to be a performance of it at Rochester, by all the united Bands of Hope in that city. We would fain hope that our own people will support our present attempt in a worthy manner. Full particulars will be given in our next Magazine.

I returned to Bath to examine the parish magazines in more detail and discovered a dramatic change in the monthly verses composed by Rev. Moorhouse. In 1889 the temperance poetry started to flow and the following poem appeared in the May edition of the parish magazine in Bath — a poem which was adopted by Bamfords and Riley Brothers and apart from the omission of one verse was reproduced word for word. Fortunately, this was one of the stories for which I have the slides and it is reproduced in its entirety below.

Whilst not all the magazines contained such outrageous propaganda I was able to establish that several of my Riley Brothers readings were directly uplifted from the parish magazines of the 1890's of St. Luke's, Bath.

This is irrefutable evidence of the power of the Temperance Societies and their influence on one minister who passed on their message in the form of poetry to his parishioners in his monthly magazines.

Whilst this perhaps answers the question of how this poetry came to be written, it does not reveal the relationship between Moorhouse, Bamfords, Riley Brothers and magic lanterns.

The February 1888 edition of his parish magazine included the following paragraph:

We hope to make our Band of Hope a rallying ground for faithful service in Temperance work, drawing the children together by bright and pleasant inducements that they may learn to love what is good and save, and become true and faithful seekers after all virtues which are God's gifts. We shall use our Magic Lantern to cast its enlivening rays upon many a scene that may contribute to this great end, enlisting in the service of Christ all things which are 'lovely and of good report.'

and hence his belief in the magic lantern as an educational medium is established.

My next point of enquiry was Church House, Westminster (at the suggestion of the present minister in Canterbury) to examine Crockfords Clerical Directories of the period. These revealed the following facts:

Rev. Matthew Butterworth Moorhouse was born in 1841, attended Queens College Oxford in 1858 and was ordained as a priest in 1864 in the Diocese of Cheshire. He held the following positions during his ministry:

1863-1868 Curate, Tintwistle, Cheshire
1868-1871 Curate, Hepworth, Yorkshire
1872-1880 Vicar, Bushbury, Staffordshire
1880-1888 Vicar, Canterbury
1888-1898 Vicar, Bath

but probably the most vital piece of information — he was the first son of Joshua Moorhouse of Holmfirth, Yorkshire — the home of Bamfords.

This article will be continued in a later edition of the Journal when it is hoped to fit a few more pieces of the jigsaw together following further rummages anywhere which offers hope!

Reproduced at the beginning of this article, together with slides, is the original find which set me on my way.



THE DUSTMAN'S DARLING

A rough man met me in the street,
With swarthy face and uncouth dress;
But in his arms a cherub sweet
Was nestling close, with fond caress.
His grimy hands seemed glorified
By the bright burden which they held,
And in his face was tender pride,
From which all evil was expelled.

I watched him pass a tavern door,
With saddened look and quivering mouth,
Where comrades crowded in before,
To rouse, not quench their fatal drouth.

That curly head had but to lean
Against his cheek so dark and grim:
Without a word, 'twas plainly seen,
'A little child was leading *him*!

I stopped him on his homeward way,
To speak a word of kindly cheer,
And ask him where the secret lay
That turned him from that danger near.
His eyes replied before he spoke,
As they bent downward to the child,
Then o'er his rugged features broke
A happy sunshine as he smiled.

'Ah, sir! you see the loving power
That snatched me from the jaws of hell!
And showed me, in my darkest hour,
A light, from Heaven that surely fell.
If you have time to hear my tale,
It shall not keep you list'ning long:
Perhaps the warning may avail
To save some friend from cruel wrong.

'You know ours is a dusty trade,
And some, who never seem to think
How easily are drunkards made,
Will almost force poor men to drink.
They bring the glass where'er we go
As if it were the one great boon
For health or sickness, joy or woe,
Till thirst becomes our master soon.

'I lost my wife a year ago,
And, in the shock of grief and pain,
It seemed as if I ne'er could know
A happy hour or thought again;
So, caring only how to drown
The fretting soreness of distress,
My feet began to wander down
The smooth, broad road of recklessness.

'Night after night, when work was past,
I sought the tavern's flaunting glare
And frenzied draughts, until at last
I felt myself the maddest there:
Yet often my deserted home
Reproached me as I there returned,
I could so vile a thing become,
Which once I scornfully had spurned.

'Last week I took my usual way
Straight to the 'Dustman's Arms', for trust—
(Ah! deadly 'Arms', indeed, are they
Which drag us downward to the dust!)
With raging thirst, made doubly keen
By hourly draughts from so-called friends,
I hastened to the final scene,
Where sense in blank oblivion ends.

'But, just outside, my bloodshot eyes
Marked something shining in the street,
And saw, with infinite surprise,
My little darling come to meet
Her worthless parent, with her hands
Outstretched to give a sweet embrace:
'Surely,' I thought, 'an angel stands,
To warn me from the fatal place!'

'I caught her to my breast with shame,
And, as we neared the haunt of sin,
She clung, not without fear of blame,
Whisp'ring, 'Please, father, don't go in!'
That word was law! Love's magic law,
Which from the throne of God doth come,
With His resistless power to draw
The wandering soul back to his home.

'And so the darling comes each day,
To guide me past the tempter's snare,
And lights my dwelling with the ray
Of joys in which we both can share.
For her dear sake I now refuse
All taste of Sin's bewitching cup;
I drink Heaven's unpolluted dews,
And gladly give earth's poison up.'

Oh! blessings on the children fair
That sweeten this grim world of ours,
Repelling evil, brightening care,
With their unconscious God-sent powers.
Be it our joy to keep their face
Undimmed by sight or touch of sin.
That we, by our dear Saviour's grace,
May feel Heaven's life on earth begin!