

# THE GIN-SHOP;

## Or, a Peep into a Prison.

LOOK through the land from North to South,  
And look from East to West;  
And see what is to Englishmen,  
Of Life the deadliest Pest.

It is not Want, tho' that is bad,  
Nor War, tho' that is worse;  
But Britons brave endure, alas!  
A self-inflicted Curse.

Go where you will throughout the Realm  
You'll find the reigning Sin,  
In Cities, Villages and Towns;  
—The Monster's name is GIN.

The Prince of darkness never sent  
To Man a deadlier foe;  
"My name is Legion," it may say,  
The source of every woe.

Nor does the fiend alone deprive  
The labourer of his wealth;  
That is not all, it murders too  
His honest name and health.

We say the times are grievous hard,  
And hard they are, 'tis true;  
But, Drunkards, to your wives and babes  
They're harder made by you.

The Drunkard's Tax is self-impos'd,  
Like every other sin;  
The taxes all together lay,  
No weight so great as GIN.

The State compels no man to drink,  
Compels no man to game;  
'Tis GIN and gambling sink him down  
To rags, and want, and flame.

The kindest husband, chang'd by GIN,  
Is for a tyrant known;  
The tenderest heart that Nature made,  
Becomes a heart of stone.

In many a house the harmless babes  
Are poorly cloth'd and fed;  
Because the craving GIN-SHOP takes  
The children's daily bread.

Come, neighbour, take a walk with me,  
'Thro' many a London Street;  
And see the cause of penury,  
In hundreds we shall meet.

We shall not need to travel far—  
Behold that great man's door;  
He well discerns that idle crew,  
From the deserving poor.



To prison dire misfortune oft  
The guileless debtor brings;  
Yet oft'ner far it will be found  
From GIN the misery springs.

See the pale Manufact'rer there,  
How lank and lean he lies!  
How haggard is his fickle cheek!  
How dim his hollow eyes!

He plied the loom with good success,  
His wages still were high;  
Twice what the Village lab'rer gains,  
His matter did supply.

No book-debts kept him from his cast,  
All paid as soon as due;  
His wages on the Saturday  
To fail he never knew.

How amply had his gains suffic'd,  
On Wife and children spent!  
But all must for his pleasures go;  
All to the GIN-SHOP went.

See that Apprentice, young in years,  
But hackney'd long in sin;  
What made him rob his master's Till?  
Alas! 'twas love of GIN.

That ferving Man—I knew him once,  
So jaunty, spruce, and smart!  
Why did he steal, then pawn the plate?  
'Twas GIN enshar'd his heart.

But hark! what dismal sound is that?  
'Tis Saint Sepulchre's Bell!  
It tolls, alas! for human guilt,  
Some Malefactor's knell.

O! woeful sound, O! what cou'd cause,  
Such punishment and Sin?  
Hark! hear his words, he owns the cause—  
BAD COMPANY and GIN.

And when the future Lot is fix'd,  
Of darkness, fire and chains,  
How can the Drunkard hope to 'scape  
Those everlasting pains?

For if the Murd'rer's doom'd to woe,  
As holy writ declares,  
The Drunkard with SELF-Murderers  
That dreadful Portion shares.

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He will relieve with liberal hand  
The child of honest Thrift;  
But where long floors at GIN-SHOPS stand  
He will with-hold his gift.

Behold that shivering female there,  
Who plies her woeful trade!  
'Tis ten to one you'll find that GIN,  
That hopeless wretch has made.

Look down these steps, and view below  
Yon cellar under ground;  
There every want, and every woe,  
And every Sin, is found.

Those little wretches trembling there,  
With hunger and with cold,  
Were by their parents love of GIN,  
To Sin and Misery fold.

Blest be those friends\* to human kind,  
Who take these wretches up,  
Ere they have drunk the bitter dregs  
Of their sad parents cup.

Look thro' that prison's iron bars,  
Look thro' that dismal grate;  
And learn what dire misfortunes brought  
So terrible a fate.

The Debtor and the Felon too,  
'Tho' differing much in sin,  
Too oft you'll find were thither brought  
By all-destroying GIN.

Yet Heaven forbid I shou'd confound  
Calamity with guilt!  
Or name the Debtor's lesser fault,  
With blood of Brother spilt.

\*The Philanthropic Society.

[Enter'd at Stationers Hall.]

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