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 worfe; But Britons brave endure, alas! A felf-inflicted Curfe.

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 fay 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 felf-impos'd,
Like every other fin;
The taxes all together lay,
No weight fo great as Gin.

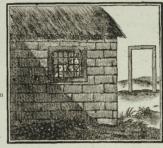
The State compels no man to drink, Compels no man to game; 'Tis Gin and gambling fink him down To rags, and want, and fhame.

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 fee the caufe 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.



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

Behold that shivering semale 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 You 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.

Bleft 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 missortunes brought So terrible a fate.

The Debtor and the Felon too,
Tho' differing much in fin,
Too oft you'll find were thither brought
By all-deftroying 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

To prison dire missortune oft The guiltless 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 fickly cheek! How dim his hollow eyes!

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

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

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

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

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

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

O! woeful found, O! what cou'd caufe, 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 fhares.

[Enter'd at Stationers Hall.]

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