

meeting with a "Brandy Bell," or a "Whisky Entrance." Then ingenuity is exhausted in devising attractive titles for the different descriptions of gin; and the dram-drinking portion of the community, as they gaze upon the gigantic white and black announcements, which are only to be equalled in size by the figures beneath them, are left in a state of pleasing hesitation between "the Cream of the Valley," "the Out and Out," "the No Mistake," "the Good for Mixing," "the real Knock-me-down," "the celebrated Butter Gin," "the regular Flare-up," and a dozen other equally inviting and wholesome *liqueurs*. Although places of this description are to be met with in every second set, they are invariably numerous and splendid in precise proportion to the dirt and poverty of the surrounding neighbourhood. The ginshops in and near Drury Lane, Holborn, St Giles's, Covent Garden, and Clare Market, are the handsomest in London—there is more silt and squalid misery near those great thoroughfares than in any part of this mighty city.

We will endeavour to sketch the bar of a large gin-shop, and its ordinary customers, for the edification of such of our readers as may not have had opportunities of observing such scenes; and on the chance of finding one well suited to our purpose, we will make for Drury Lane, through the narrow streets and dirty courts which divide it from Oxford Street, and that classical spot adjoining the brewery at the bottom of Tottenham-court-road best known to the initiated as the "Rookery." The filthy and miserable appearance of this part of London can hardly be imagined by those (and there are many such) who have not witnessed it. Wretched houses, with broken windows patched with rags and paper, every room let out to a different family, and in many instances to two, or even three; fruit and "sweet-stuff" manufacturers in the cellars; barbers and red-herring vendors in the front parlours; cobblers in the back; a bird-fancier in the first floor, three families on the second; starvation in the attics; Irishmen in the passage; a "musician" in the front kitchen, and a charwoman and five hungry children in the back one—filth every where—a gutter before the house and a drain behind them—clothes drying at the windows, slops emptying from the ditto; girls of fourteen or fifteen, with matted hair, walking about barefooted, and in old white greatcoats, almost their only covering; boys of all ages, in coats of all sizes, and no coats at all; men and women, in every variety of scanty and dirty apparel, lounging about, scolding, drinking, smoking, squabbling, fighting, and swearing.

You turn the corner. What a change! All is light and brilliancy. The hum of many voices issues from that splendid ginshop which forms the commencement of the two streets opposite, and the gay building, with the fantastically ornamented parapet, the illuminated clock, the plate-glass windows surrounded by stucco rosettes, and its profusion of gas-lights in richly gilt burners, is perfectly dazzling when contrasted with the darkness and dirt we have just left. The interior is even gayer than the exterior. A bar of French-polished mahogany, elegantly curved, extends the whole width of the place; and there are two side-aisles of great casks, painted green and gold, enclosed within a light brass rail, and bearing such inscriptions as "Old Tom, 549;" "Young Tom, 360;" "Sampson, 1421." Behind the bar is a lofty and spacious saloon, full of the same enticing vessels, with a gallery running round it, equally well furnished. On the counter, in addition to the usual spirit apparatus, are two or three little baskets of cakes and biscuits, which are carefully secured at the top with wicker-work, to prevent their contents being unlawfully abstracted. Behind are two showily-dressed damsels with large necklaces, dispensing the spirits and "compounds." They are assisted by the ostensible proprietor of the concern, a stout coarse fellow in a fur cap, put on very much on one side to give him a knowing air, and display his sandy whiskers to the best advantage.

Look at the groups of customers, and observe the different air with which they call for what they want, as they are more or less struck by the grandeur of the establishment. The two old wash-women, who are seated on the little bench to the left of the bar, are rather overcome by the head-dresses and haughty demeanour of the young ladies who officiate; and receive their half-quartern of gin-and-peppermint with considerable deference, and prefacing a request for "one of them soft biscuits," with a "just be good enough, ma'am," &c. They are quite astonished at the impudent air of the young fellow in the brown coat and white buttons, who,

ushering in his two companions, and walking up to the bar in as careless a manner as if he had been used to green and gold ornaments all his life, winks at one of the young ladies with singular coolness, and calls a "kervorten and a three-out glass," just as if the place were his own.

Observe the group on the other side: those two old men who came in "just to have a dram," finished their third quartern a few seconds ago; they have made themselves crying drunk, and the fat comfortable looking elderly women who had "a glass of rum-srub" each, having chimed in with their complaints on the hardness of the times, one of the women has agreed to stand a glass round, jocularly observing, that "grief never mended no broken bones; and as good people's wery sence, what I say is, make the most on 'em, and that's all about it;" a sentiment which appears to afford unlimited satisfaction to those who have nothing to pay.

It is growing late, and the throng of men, and women, and children, who have been constantly going in and out, dwindles down to two or three occasional stragglers—cold wretched-looking creatures, in the last stage of emaciation and dillense. The knot of Irish labourers at the lower end of the place, who have been alternately shaking hands with, and threatening the life of, each other for the last hour, become furious in their disputes; and finding it impossible to silence one man, who is particularly anxious to adjust the difference, they resort to the infallible expedient of knocking him down and jumping on him afterwards. Out rush the man in the fur cap, and the pot-boy: a scene of riot and confusion ensues: half the Irishmen get shut out, and the other half get shut in; the pot-boy is knocked in among the tubs in no time; the landlord hits every body, and every body hits the landlord; the barmaids scream; in come the police, and the rest is a confused mixture of arms, legs, staves, torn coats, shouting, and struggling. Some of the party are borne off to the station-house, and the remainder slink home to beat their wives for complaining, and kick the children for daring to be hungry.—*Cham. Ed. Jour.*

## Canada Temperance Advocate.

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor do any thing by which thy brother is made to stumble, or to fall, or is weakened." Rom. xiv. 21.—*Maccnight's Translation.*

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER, 1837.

ALCOHOL A POISON.—*Evidence of Facts.*—Of all the tragedies enacted by intemperance, the following tale of horror seems entitled to the precedence:—

A—— practised as a barrister in one of the towns of Upper Canada, and, by his talents and gentlemanly accomplishments, placed himself at the head of his profession. He married a young lady, connected with one of the first families in the place, who, in respect of beauty and female excellence, was all that a husband could wish. But in a short time she *took to drink!* The discovery filled A. with wretchedness; and after several ineffectual attempts to reclaim her, he determined to send her back to her relations for a time, to see what effect a temporary separation might produce. But they could not live apart; and the poor husband, finding that he could neither be happy without her nor with her, and driven almost into a state of frenzy, *took to drink also.* Ruin now came upon them with rapid strides—character, employment, peace, health, and every thing valuable departed,—the thirst and remorse of the drunkard alone remained.

One evening the whole family were drunk—husband, wife, and servants were drunk to insensibility. The