



THE CAUSE OF LONDON WANT AND WOE. SATURDAY NIGHT IN A LONDON BAR-ROOM.

I saw women go in with babes in their arms, looking as if they had been born to suffer and gasp and die, poor, pallid, rheum-eyed wretches, drinking their liquor. I saw little bundles of rags standing on tiptoe to put the money on the counter, and receiving whisky in exchange. One little girl had but one garment on her, but she had her bottle filled and took it away. I saw everything, from a blacking-bottle to a tin pail, brought there to be filled with liquor.