

5. Because it would, in our opinion, hopelessly postpone the reformation we seek. And we do solemnly conjure your honourable body, by all the considerations we have suggested, and by your own responsibilities, to prohibit the accursed traffic in *tears, and blood, and death.*

ISRAEL HUNTINGDON, *Chairman.*

GERRIT SMITH,

JAMES MUNROE,

ZEBULON OSTROM,

IRA COBB,

J. W. ADAMS, D.D.

HIRAM PUTNAM,

OLIVER TEALL,

ABIJAH FITCH,

Executive Committee of the New York State Temperance Society.

THE GIN-PALACE.

The gin-palace is generally at the corner of two intersecting streets in a gin-drinking neighbourhood: it towers, in all the majesty of stucco pilasters, in genuine Cockney splendour, over the dingy mansions that support it, like a rapacious tyrant over his impoverished subjects.

The doors are large, swinging easily upon patent hinges, and ever half-and-half—half-open, half-shut, so that the most undecided touch of the dram-drinker admits him. The windows are of plate-glass, set in brass sashes, and are filled with flaming announcements in large letters—‘The Cheapest House in London!’—‘Cream of the Valley!’—‘Cream Stout!’—‘Brilliant Ales!’—‘Old Tom, fourpence a quarter!’—‘Hodge’s Best for mixing!’—and a variety of other entertainments for the men and beasts who make the gin-palace their home. At night, splendid lights irradiate the surrounding gloom, and an illuminated clock serves to remind the toper of the time he throws away in throwing away his reason.

Within the splendour is in keeping with the splendour without—counters fitted with zinc, and a long array of brass *Taps*; fittings of the finest Spanish mahogany, beautifully polished; bottles, containing cordials, and other drugs, gilded and labelled, as in the apothecaries’ shops. At one side is the bar-parlour, an apartment fitted up with congenial taste, and usually occupied by the family of the publican: in the distance are *vistas*, and sometimes galleries, formed altogether of huge vats of the various sorts of liquor dispensed in the establishment. Behind the counter, which is usually raised to a level with the breasts of the toppers, stand men in their shirt sleeves, well-dressed females, or both, dispensers of the ‘short’ and ‘heavy’; the under-sized tipplers, raising themselves on tiptoe, deposit the three-halfpence for the ‘drop’ of gin, or whatever else they require, and receive their *quantum* of the poison in return; ragged women, with starving children, match and ballad-venders, fill up the foreground of the picture. There are no seats, nor any accommodation for the customers, in the regular gin-palace; every exertion is used to make the place as uncomfortable to the consumers as possible, so that they shall only step in to drink, and pay; step out, and return to drink and pay again. No food of any kind is provided at the gin-palace, save a few biscuits, which are exhibited in a wire-cage for protection against the

furtive hand; drink, *eternal* poisonous drink, is the sole provision of this whitened sepulchre.

There is not in all London a more melancholy and spirit-depressing sight than the area of one of the large gin-palaces on a wet night. There the homeless, houseless miserable of both sexes, whether they have money or not, resort in numbers for a temporary shelter; aged women sellings ballads and matches, cripples, little beggar boys and girls, slaving idiots, piemen, sandwich-men, apple and orange women, shell-fishmongers, huddled pell-mell, in draggled confusion. Never can human nature, one would imagine, take a more abject posture than is exhibited here; there is a character, an individuality, a family likeness common to the whole race of sots; the pale, clayey, flaccid, clammy face, pinched in every feature—the weeping ferret-like, lack-lustre eye, the unkempt hair, the slattern shawl, the untidy dress, the slipshod gait, too well betray the confirmed drunkard.

The noises, too, of the assembled toppers are hideous; appalling even heard in an atmosphere of gin. Imprecations, execrations, oburgations, applications, until at length the patience of the publican, and the last copper of his customers, are exhausted, when, rushing from behind his counter, assisted by his shopmen, he expels, *vi et armis*, the dilatory mob, dragging out by the heels or collars the dead drunkards, to nestle, as best they may, outside the inhospitable door.

Here, unobserved, may you contemplate the infinite varieties of men self-metamorphosed into beasts; soaker, tippler, toper, muddler, dram-drinker, beer-swiller, cordial-tippler, sot.

Here you may behold the barefoot child, hungry, naked, clay-faced, handing up on tiptoe that infernal bottle, which made it, and keeps it what it is, and with which, when filled, it creeps home to its brutal father, or infamous mother, the messenger of its own misery.

Here the steady *respectable sot*, the good customer, slides in, and flings down his throat the frequent dram; then, with an emphatic ‘ha’ of gratification, drops his money, nods to his friend the landlord, and for a short interval disappears.

Here you may behold a row of miserales seated by the wall, whose voices are husky, while they implore you to treat them with a glass of ale, or supplicate for the coppers they see you receive in change from the barman; and who are only permitted that wretched place of rest that they may beg for the benefit of the publican, and for his profit poison themselves with the alms of others.—*Physiology of London Life.*

TO HIS EXCELLENCY EARL CLARENDON, LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

MY LORD,—I will not waste time in apologizing for this intrusion on your Excellency’s time, because I feel assured that my motive will be, to your enlightened and benevolent mind, my sufficient excuse.

I believe you are anxious to ameliorate the present forlorn condition of the people of Ireland. I think I have it in my power to suggest a few ideas which may enable your Excellency to carry forward your benevolent designs.

In the remarks you made at the Lord Mayor’s dinner