Blackfriars' Wynd analyzed / by George Bell.

BLACKFRIARS' WYND

ANALYZED

BY

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BLACKFRIARS' WYND ANALYZED.

We once heard a man ask, "What is the use of studying the condition of the poor?" He was what is called a charitable man, for he gave to the poor; he was a feeling man, for he could not view distress unmoved; and, moreover, he was a good man, for he feared God. The question was one of ignorance, for he had never reflected on the subject, and consequently knew little or nothing about it. He doubtless imagined that the condition of the poor is a simple one, consisting essentially in a want of money. He knew, perhaps, that they get little gospel teaching—that they get little secular education—that they are not very comfortably lodged—and that they are more obnoxious to disease than the class to which he himself belonged. This probably was the sum of his knowledge about the condition of the poor. He certainly had no experimental knowledge of the under grades of society—of the depth of depravity in which masses of the population are sunk—of the completeness which characterises their ignorance—of the horrors which invest their abodes—of the disease which afflicts and slays them. Had he had a perception of these things, he would not have asked the question, "What is the use of studying the condition of the poor?" He would, perhaps, have undertaken the task himself, when he would have very soon discovered that the subject, instead of being simple, is very complex, and difficult to be understood. For instance, it is difficult to understand why so many thousands of our countrymen are as ignorant, squalid, and savage, as the Bosjesman tribe, or the aborigines of New South Wales. Yet such is the case, as any one may learn experimentally any day in the wynds of Edinburgh. Perhaps the very first person the inquirer will meet with, will be an Irish immigrant—the father of a large family—a man with young subjects of the Queen under his charge, who does not know the name of

our gracious Sovereign. A dangerous fellow this to himself and others; more to be feared and pitied than to be blamed. We have met with many such beings, and found it to be a hard task to converse with them. They don't understand, we might say they *cannot* understand; their minds are like those ungainly waterlogged boats that we see wasting within tide-mark on the banks of the Clyde. They are aground in the mud, full of fermenting bilge-water, and inert. We once met with a man—the father of six children—newly arrived from Roscommon, who did not know any thing at all. He was comparatively well off, for he had not a farthing, and consequently could not be received into one of the cesspool-like dens inhabited by his countrymen. What could we make of this man and his family? We could do no more than give them bread to eat, and cause them to be sent back to Ireland. In six weeks, however, they were in Edinburgh again, having never got beyond Belfast, where they were reshipped and returned with a cargo of beggars. It is something to know that there are thousands of Irish beggars in Edinburgh, and that the importation of them is going on daily. But the immigrant Irish beggar is only one fact—though a very puzzling fact too—in the compound subject of inquiry.* If we could only make a bargain with him to stay away—not to crowd the place—then we should have more space to look about; to see, and possibly to understand what we see. As matters are, however, it is very difficult, and requires much perseverance to see what we want to see; for ever and anon as we are looking, down comes the Irish curtain, and we lose sight of the object that was coming into view. What's the use of studying the condition of the poor, indeed? Why, if such study issued in nothing else than the discovery of means whereby our country should be freed from the Irish epidemic, a great benefit would be conferred on Great Britain. Knowing the power of petitions, we have sometimes thought, that if we petitioned Parliament to petition the Irish steamboat companies (accompanying the petition by a gift), not to ferry over beggars to England and Scotland, the ground on this side of the channel would be tolerably cleared for action; and recently we have imagined the window-tax repealed, and an Irish tax levied in its stead, to be expended on education, and the purchase of property in Ireland, to be tilled by the Irish people. We have imagined that such a tax would indirectly cause a

* See Appendix.

great saving to the country, for at present the Irish mightily enhance our poor-rates; they draw largely upon the hospital and other charities;—and their police and jail account! what is that? But we must proceed to our subject.

On a former occasion we gave a slight sketch of what is lying concealed in the low parts of the city of Edinburgh, and we ventured to say, in a somewhat direct manner, that what can be done should be done to freshen putrid districts, and raise the men who are therein entombed. The whole city had been our field of observation, and upon this generality we based our remarks. We now propose to go a little into details, and we shall do this by limiting ourselves to one wynd.

We had considerable difficulty in selecting a wynd for analysis, the difficulty being to discover what may be fairly considered an average. We at length fixed upon Blackfriars' Wynd, as being much better, in all respects, than many closes in the Grassmarket—somewhat better than Toddrick's Wynd, and others which adjoin it; and, on the other hand, as being worse than many wynds and closes either in the neighbourhood or elsewhere. We selected it, because in our opinion it is as near as may be an average wynd, both as regards the condition of the population and that of their dwellings.

Blackfriars' Wynd was burned in the general conflagration in 1544, so that the oldest house in it has not seen more than three hundred years. At a subsequent period it became the headquarters of ecclesiastics, for at the bottom of the wynd the notorious Cardinal Beaton had a mansion, which still remains; and the Abbot of Melrose and the Pope's legate resided in the immediate vicinity. There were two Roman Catholic chapels in this wynd, of which something more than the mason-work persists. They were sacked, but escaped burning, at the time of the Gordon riots. The first Episcopalian chapel, and the first Cameronian meeting-house, were both situated in Blackfriars' Wynd. Seventy years have sufficed to change the whole aspect and character of this once-famous locality. From being a place where men of degree resided, it now contains no inhabitant above the rank of an operative—and not many of them—and the "lands" are filled almost to bursting with a population below both the rank and the worth of paupers.

We have taken considerable pains to learn the real condition of this wynd, and have not been contented with merely visiting

it, and looking at what looked or stared at us. This latter course might have sufficed had our object been simply to get material out of which to weave a story. Any one can any day in one hour's time see, hear, and smell enough to justify his writing the most touching and horror-inspiring tale. Such a tale would contain sad information, but it would not convey much instruction. It might move a few to take pity upon the miserable, but it would not help any to think intelligently about a cure for the complex disorder to which the story refers. What we want is a complete and not a partial knowledge of the case. There were twenty thousand needlewomen in the metropolis, half-starving and labouring like slaves to retain the fraction of life that remained to them. These unfortunate women constituted a fact—they were evidence of something that could not be removed by removing them. The question is, what is that something? and to discover this is, or ought to be, the object we have in view when we investigate the case of the needlewomen. No one thinks of attributing the excess of mortality in certain districts, to something peculiar *existing in* the inhabitants of these districts, but to a cause *acting on* these people. The inquiry we have to make with a view to lessening the mortality is, what is this cause? We might remove all the inhabitants out of these districts, and thus save many of their lives; but others would go and inhabit the vacated places, and there would be no gain of life to the nation. The excess of mortality would only be transferred, as it were, from one section of the people to another. The same is the case with the poor needlewomen. Send them all to New South Wales, and their place in the metropolis will soon be occupied by twenty thousand successors, unless the cause that produces them is disabled or removed. Sending a pauper to the workhouse will not prevent another man becoming eligible for the same favour, just as giving a dose of physic to a sick man will not prevent another man from becoming ill during an epidemic. In like manner, open-handed philanthropy will not tell effectively upon the condition of the needlewomen of London. And if the heavens were to rain gold upon Blackfriars' Wynd it would not better the people. The question is, why? In order to aid in answering this question we undertook the analysis of the wynd.

The first observation we have to make is, that a number of the tenements in Blackfriars' Wynd are altogether unfit to be

the habitations of men. The walls of them are ruinous, and the internal parts are decayed. Despite this, however, they are crammed full of people. Some of the tenements are substantial, and, by a little wisely directed expenditure, might be made, if not altogether suitable, at least safe habitations for the labouring poor. Finally, at the top of the wynd there are several tenements of comparatively recent origin. These are good houses, but they are crowded.

There is not a drop of water in the wynd that we have been able to discover,—excepting in one "*land*" of a comparatively new tenement at the top of the wynd—but all must be carried from the well situated in the adjoining close. This is a great evil, and tells in a variety of ways.

There is no drain in the wynd, and consequently all the filth of the place remains on the surface. The wynd, indeed, undergoes a kind of scavenger cleansing; but this cleansing is a sorry business, and the locality is from year's end to year's end a diffused dunghill.

There are two vacant stances on the east side of the wynd, that were occupied until recently by tenements like those to which we first alluded. These stances are the property of the hundred idle urchins that infest the locality. The scavenger's besom can do nothing here, and therefore they are caked over with filth. We have heard that there is an intention of erecting public places on these vacant stances! Most certainly there is no necessity to add to the filth and disgusting miasm of this wynd. It is said that a person is to reside in an apartment above this erection! A precious sanitary proceeding this! It would be as wise to make use of these spaces as graveyards for the inhabitants of Blackfriars wynd.

The first person we visited was an old woman—a returned convict, and now a pauper. She resides in a minute garret-chamber, with hardly any furniture in it. She now professes to be religious, and we hope she is so.

The next chamber is inhabited by a cinder-woman. She was a member of a respectable family; but she eloped with a sweetheart, who deserted her. She subsequently married a shopkeeper in Edinburgh. Her husband died, and she immediately took to drinking. As her business left her she drank the harder: her furniture was pawned, and then her clothes—her all was converted into whisky. She was obliged to leave her house,

and, moving from one place to another, she ultimately settled in the wretched abode which she at present inhabits. What an abode! it is hardly six feet square, has no fireplace, and is lighted by a small skylight. The floor is full of holes, and the walls are creviced; and altogether it is such a place as an owl might inhabit for the sake of the mice and other prey which have a domiciliary interest in the tenement. There is not a stick of furniture in this chamber; but in one of the corners we observed some stones arranged so as to inclose a space, which was filled with straw and covered with an old mat. This served as a bed for the cinder-woman by night, and for her cat by day. On the occasion of our first visit to this garret, we found the tenant of it engaged in arranging a quantity of papers of all shapes, sizes, colours, &c. She had gathered them off the streets in the morning, and was preparing to sell them to the fish-venders. We observed some garbage on a plate in a corner of her cage which she had found in an ash-backet, and told us was for the cat. We believe, however, that the cat preferred mice and rats, and that she devoured the garbage. Although this woman forcibly reminded us of the Parisian chiffonnier, she is worse than that human vulture—for she is drunk every day.

At the end of the low and narrow passage out of which these chambers open, we found another minute room, of irregular shape, inhabited by three women and a dog, which savagely attacked us. One of these women is twenty-three years of age, and has been married for six years. Her husband has deserted her several times, and she has not seen him for two years. He is now in Glasgow working; but he never sends her any money. The mother of this young woman kept a dram-shop, and she acted the part of servant. Three months after the death of her mother, her father married again, and the stepmother and step-daughter began to quarrel. The stepdaughter says that she has beat her stepmother several times, broken the windows, and smashed the crockery; and she justifies these proceedings on the ground, that the stepmother now possesses what, she thinks, ought to belong to her—namely, her late mother's property. In the mean time, she has been turned out of doors; but her child, which is eighteen months old, is taken charge of by her father. She can read, write, and sew, and declares that she is a very sober and well-disposed person. She looks, however, what she is—a vindictive and depraved young woman. She knows

what is right, and professes to have a desire to do well; but it is all too evident that her desire is in the opposite direction, and that her knowledge of right is subordinate to her will to do wrong. We found that this young woman is well known in the wynd—that she is shamefully wicked—that she is a notorious drunkard—and that she has been several times in custody. An old woman over whose head many years of cinder-gathering have passed——who is now literally clothed in dust and ashes—who "taks a dram hersel', but no' to do her ony ill," held up her mole-like hands, and said with an expression of, we know not what—for it was hid under accumulated deposits of dirt and smoke—that this young person "is a drucken blackguard woman, and that she can have no *correspondence* with her." The sentiments of this old woman, it may be supposed, are not very refined, and the subject may well be regarded as a very bad one, who is contemned and spurned by her. This ancient cinder-woman deserves to be noticed somewhat approvingly. She is the widow of a soldier, and has an only daughter, whose early misconduct was the cause of the old woman's descent to the lowest level. The mother would not desert the daughter, and therefore her customers deserted her. From being a respectable washerwoman, she has gradually sunk to the position which she now occupies, and, instead of being supported by her daughter, she supports her daughter's natural child, a girl fifteen years of age, whose origin and present position are barriers in the way of her getting employment. In addition to this, she has lately taken one of her grandsons, born in wedlock, under her protection. The tatters and starved look of the little lad proved that his grandmother could do but little for him; and learning that he had never been at school, and seeing that there was no prospect of his being sent, we transplanted him from the wynd into the Original Ragged School, where we hope to see him grow up a good and useful member of society. The garret which this old woman occupies is very small, and very wretched; yet it shelters two adults and three children. On a small bed in the corner—the only bed in the chamber—we saw a poor little palsied girl lying, and an old woman feeding it. The girl is the child of a person in the wynd, and has been under the charge of this woman for some years.

After several fruitless attempts, we succeeded in finding the cinder-woman's daughter, who lives in the wynd. She is a

wretched creature, and in the last stage of depravity. She learned to drink at an early age; and the vice was carried to such an extent that her husband was obliged at length to leave her. He now sends her five shillings every Saturday, which is consumed in two days in whisky, and in the "redeeming" from the pawnbroker of any piece of necessary clothing which she may have pledged during the week. This wretched woman and her younger children are lodgers in a small dismal chamber, inhabited by the wife of an Irish labourer and her children, an Irishman and his wife, and two single women.

In a minute airless abode, that enters from a small, filthy, pestilential court, we found three young women residing. One of them is twenty-two years of age, and, like the wretched creature last alluded to, is the hopeless victim of intemperance. She is the daughter of a sergeant-major of dragoons. She married a spirit-dealer, learned to drink, and, as in the former case, her husband left her. The relations of her husband have adopted her children, and this poor creature is left to sacrifice herself to the demon of vice.

In a neighbouring tenement we found two women hard at work; one binding shoes, and the other sewing. It was a piteous sight to behold these pale, toilworn women, deprived of the power to fulfil their duty to their children by the viciousness of their brutal husbands, both of whom were absent dissipating the proceeds of their well-remunerated labour.

In a small room opening into a narrow passage in this ruinous tenement, we found six adults and four children, one of whom was dying of consumption. One of the adults, a very aged Irishwoman, who could not speak a word of English, had arrived a short time ago to see two of her sons who have got employment in Edinburgh. The villains, however, disowned their aged mother, and she was preparing to return to the Green Island. The other inhabitants of this chamber were Irish, and could not explain how they live. Among the number was a man with his wife and family, recently arrived from Sligo. He had occupied a small farm of nine acres, which yielded enough to keep him. The potato disease came; he was starved out of his holding; and the acres he once tilled are now grazed by cattle. If this fellow does not get work soon, he will take up some small trade, and his children will be added to the long list of Edinburgh beggars. In the immediate vicinity of this Irish establishment, and occupying

a comparatively large room, which was clean, we found a very respectable-looking lad, a shoemaker, and the only son of his mother, mending his coat. He had been recently discharged from the Infirmary, and was still unfit for work. This lad is an example of the hope-inspiring truth, that a virtuous parent *may* rear a virtuous offspring even in the wynds of Edinburgh. By dint of active guardianship on the part of his mother, he has escaped contamination; and, *if he lives*, will exemplify a virtue that prevailed in Scotland before the feeling of the people was chilled by the poor-law and other deadening influences. He will be the protector, supporter, and comforter of his mother.

An old blind woman, whose appearance must be familiar to most of the inhabitants of Edinburgh, and who has been for several years missed from the New Town streets, where she used to exercise a tuneless organ, is still alive, and resides in Blackfriars' Wynd. Old Rosa's chamber is a pattern for cleanness and comfort, and she is contentment itself. She is no longer able to grind her organ, and is now a pauper. The most fastidious housewife and critical laundress could find no fault with old blind Rosa's domestic arrangements and cleaning operations. Rosa is a rigid Roman Catholic, and when we visited her she had charge of a little girl at the United Industrial School. The little orphan was as clean as Rosa.

Not far from Rosa's abode we found a hale and very aged man, with his fourth wife, inhabiting a chamber equally remarkable for cleanness and comfort as the one to which we have just referred. This old man had been a coachmaker, and worked till he could work no longer. He, per force, became a pauper; but having saved a few pounds, he paid it into the parochial treasury. In addition to these, we found a number of respectable people scattered through the wynd—among whom we may instance a journeyman shoemaker, his wife, and four children; two slipper-makers, with their wives and families; a widow, who keeps a small shop and supports her children; and an old shoemaker, with his invalid wife and daughter. These, and some dozen of others, constitute what may be called the salt of the wynd, but it is very far from being sufficient to flavour the place.

Occupying a small and dirty chamber in this wynd, dwells the type of a class of women with which all large towns abound,—a widow with three young children, the youngest of which is a natural child. This young woman is a pauper, and

very much dissatisfied with the amount of aid afforded to her. It is questionable whether she should receive any aid at all, for what she receives is given on account of her deceased husband's children; and her being the mother of a natural child suggests a question concerning her title to be the guardian of legitimate citizens, whom she either will not, or cannot support, and to whose benefit she does not apply the means provided to her by the public. This is one of the kind of mothers who furnish the towns with *ragged* children. It is miserable to think that the rate-paying public are involuntarily parties to the production of a class for which they must again pay in a variety of ways.

We looked into a room that was very scantily furnished. A tolerably well-dressed old woman was standing near the window, and a well-dressed young man was seated, smoking a pipe, before the fire. The old woman owned the young man as her son—said he was out of work, gave him a very good character, and finally admitted that he had no trade. The old woman, of course, gave herself a good character; but the young man having no trade, made us doubt them both. Our doubt was well founded. This old woman takes lodgers—these lodgers are harlots, and therefore thieves. How came this young man to be so well dressed?

> "But more herein to speak, I am forbidden;
> Sometimes, for speaking truth, one may be chidden."

In a vault or cave—an open sepulchre, let us call it—under a large tenement, reside an old man, his invalid wife, and his two daughters, one of whom has a natural child, and the other of whom is a paralytic. The man has an air of respectability about him, but the family has no visible means of living. The mother of the child, indeed, sells fagots; but the profits of this small trade is not sufficient to support a family. We got a clue to the solution of the problem, by observing that there were three beds in the vault; and on investigating the matter, found that the said vault is a lodging-house, and is often tenanted to repletion. This man is the type of a class who live by subletting their miserable and dark abodes to as many as can be crammed into them. These lodgers are for the most part Irish, who have been set adrift from their own island, and have been washed ashore on ours. The cinder-women and hawkers say that their trade of cinder-sifting and selling of trash is not what it was before the Irish invasion. In another vault in the wynd we found a very

fat Irishwoman, a widow, a pauper, and the mother of six children, one of whom is married, has two children, and lives in the wynd. The only complaint that this old woman made was, that she is breathless, and that the wynds are steep. She hawks herrings at one season, vegetables at another, and fruit at another, in which she is assisted by one of her daughters. By her own confession she occasionally takes in a lodger—in reality, however, she accommodates two or three all the year round. Here and there, up-stairs and down-stairs, we find a young man, a vicious creature, with an ill-favoured visage, who does not work because he won't. He is dressed in a threadbare, long sharp-tailed coat, broken at the collar, torn or ill-patched at the elbows, deficient in buttons, and saturated with dirt and smoke. He wears a fancy waistcoat—the pattern doubtful—and his quondam black trowsers, slipper-soled wellingtons, and bruised hat, are all of them brown beyond recovery. This is the type of the male adult thief and desperado.

In one room we found a man originally of good character, but this character was beginning to be disfigured. He had not been regularly employed; and the power of disappointment, enhanced by temptation and example, to obliterate the stamp which formerly marked him, was in progress of being evidenced. He sold his coat, and the proceeds were spent on bread; at length he sold his hammer, and the proceeds were spent on whisky.

In another room were found half a dozen young women; some making dolls, and one stitching a shirt, and another binding a shoe—and all struggling for life.

Those to whom we have thus shortly alluded represent classes of people who inhabit the wynd; and if there were no more, the houses would be sufficiently tenanted. But during our visitations we found a host of others; we found painters, bakers, broom-makers, carpenters, tinkers, a confectioner, a pavier, scavengers, needlewomen, &c. In addition to these, there are nine low eating-house keepers,—(would that Soyer could see them in their kitchens!)—five brothel-keepers, whose houses are full; and five "wee pawn" brokers. "Wee pawn" brokers are jackals—providers for the lions of the city. They are the aides-de-camp of the grand *night*-templars who tyrannize over the enslaved inhabitants of the wynds. We allude, of course, to the dram-sellers —those inveterate destroyers of the people. The wynds and closes are so many lodges, and these are the master masons.

The police are aware that much whisky is sold to the inhabitants of the wynd by unlicensed parties; and we know that very lately much was disposed of at unlawful hours on Sabbath. The manner in which the law was evaded on Sabbath was this: a servant went round with a jugful of whisky, and supplied the customers at their dwellings. In this way the great general debauch that commenced on Saturday was continued through Sabbath, and each Monday found the wretched victims of whisky collapsed, and their children starving. The young eagles cry for food, but their parents don't heed their cry; so they are driven out by necessity to get it for themselves; and their means of acquirement are begging, lying, and stealing. Nine-tenths of the class now known by the appellation of "Ragged children," are the offspring of drunkards.

At present there are fourteen children belonging to this wynd in the Original Ragged School, and twice as many more are eligible for admission, either into it or into analogous schools. When it is considered that Blackfriars' Wynd contains, say a fiftieth of the population of the low districts of the city, an idea may be formed of the condition of the children of the wynds. If our estimate is near the truth, then, by a simple arithmetic, we arrive at the conclusion that there are 2100 children in Edinburgh, between five and fourteen years of age, who ought to be at the ragged schools. But these 2100 children represent twice as many more; for, according to our experience—and it has been ample—it seldom happens that a child is admitted into the ragged school who has not a brother and a sister either too young or too old for admission. Thus the 2100 children who ought to be at the Ragged School, represent a population infantile, juvenile, and adolescent, amounting to about 6300. These children have, on an average, one parent alive; and therefore the above-mentioned 2100 represent a population amounting to 8400 individuals. These are outcasts, and very expensive to the State. But they constitute only *one* item in a huge vital and moral account; and a knowledge of this item imposes a tremendous responsibility on society. Go into the wynd, and you will see a class treading upon the heels of this one. This second class is represented by the children whose parents can, but won't, send them to school—it is a class that prefers indulgence in vice to aught else—a class in which appetite is uncurbed either by morals or affection. This class is constantly recruit-

ing, or rather adding to the outcast class; and the children that belong to it are *de facto* on a level with the Ragged boy.

Such is the general account we have to give of Blackfriars' Wynd and its inhabitants. How many people inhabit Blackfriars' Wynd? and how do they live? are questions that have been repeatedly proposed to us by friends who knew that we were endeavouring to acquire a knowledge of the place, and of the dwellers therein. We have already partially answered the second of these questions, and shall say more about it presently. In the mean time we will answer the first question, and add a few remarks on the space which they occupy.

Mr Thorburn, inspector of out-door poor, kindly furnished us with some observations which he made in February 1849.

According to Mr Thorburn's examination, the number of persons inhabiting Blackfriars' Wynd was 597; viz., 390 above, and 207 below, fourteen years of age. This examination *can* include only the renters of the dwellings in the wynd and their families; for, according to the estimation of the residenters, the houses are not crowded at present—and we find that at this date (April 1850) there are 1025 individuals inhabiting the wynd. This difference is to be accounted for by the fact, that a very large proportion of the renters of the dwellings take lodgers, the number of whom varies according to the season, &c., being greater in winter than in summer. The number we have stated may be taken as the average amount of population in Blackfriars' Wynd.

There are 142 buildings in the wynd, which contain 193 chambers.

The average cubic contents of each chamber is 1000 cubic feet; and the whole cubic contents of the dwellings in the wynd are, therefore, 193,000 cubic feet.

Hence it follows, that the cubic space that falls to the share of each of the 1025 inhabitants is only 188½ cubic feet.*

This crowding, or, in other words, this inhalation of contaminated air—a contamination that is mightily enhanced by the stifling gases, the product of fermenting filth—is one of several efficient causes of the low state of health which characterises the inhabitants of the wynd, and of the disease which prevails

* Even the felons' cells, for separate confinement, in the modern prisons, contain not less than 800 cubic feet each, and these are provided with a perfect ventilating apparatus. What a contrast this is with the provision for the poor!

among them. It helps to explain why they are so obnoxious to typhus fever. We find that between October 1847 and October 1848,—

71 were admitted with fever into the Royal Infirmary.
18 were attended by the physicians of the New Town Dispensary, and about—
27 were attended by the physicians of the Royal Public Dispensary.

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Thus 11·3 per cent. of the inhabitants, *at least*—for there must have been some cases attended by other physicians, and some that were not treated at all—were the subjects of typhus fever; and it cannot be doubted that three or four times this number were the subjects of other diseases. We can get no information worth having concerning the mortality in the wynd, there being no registration of deaths.

Mr Thorburn ascertained the weekly income of 130 renters in the wynd. We give his table entire:—

Renters.	Income each per Week.			Total per Week.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
9	1	0	0	9	0	0
1	0	16	0	0	16	0
5	0	15	0	3	15	0
1	0	14	0	0	14	0
28	0	12	0	16	16	0
4	0	10	0	2	0	0
2	0	8	0	0	16	0
22	0	7	0	7	14	0
18	0	6	0	5	8	0
4	0	5	0	1	0	0
6	0	4	0	1	4	0
10	0	3	0	1	10	0
20	0	2	6	2	10	0
130	Average 0	8	10	53	3	0

The income of the 130 renters, therefore, was £2763, 16s. per annum.

But there were 140 renters in the wynd, and these represented a population of 595, say 600 individuals, which gives 4·28 to each family; and the 130 whose circumstances regarding finance

were ascertained, represented a population of 557 individuals. Now,

Individuals.			Individual.		
557	:	£2763, 16s.	::	1	: £4, 19s. $2\frac{3}{4}$.

It appears, then, that £4 : 19 : $2\frac{3}{4}$, say £5, was the annual income of each individual; and calculating on this basis, £5125 is the probable income of the 1025 inhabitants of the wynd. Assuming that $2\frac{1}{2}$d. is the smallest cost per diem at which a human being can feed himself, then the sum necessary for providing the 1025 inhabitants of the wynd with food, is £3897 per annum. This leaves only £1228 for rent, lodging, fuel, clothing, education, &c.

The average rent actually paid for the 140 dwellings is 1s. $\frac{1}{2}$d. per week for each, which is £7 : 5 : 10 for the whole per week, or £382 : 16 : 8 per annum. But the lodger pays at least as much as the renter; and therefore it is not an overestimate that £650 are paid annually by the 1025 inhabitants of the wynd for rent and lodging. This leaves only about £578 for clothing, fuel, soap, education, &c.

Thus, what appeared to be a large sum of money is in truth a small one; for it is not manifestly enough to feed, lodge, clothe, warm, cleanse, and educate the people.

The question suggests itself, Can it be that £5125 is *in reality* the income of the inhabitants of Blackfriars' Wynd? and we don't hesitate to avow our belief that it is not. Their income *must* be much greater; for, with few exceptions, the adults in the wynd are large consumers of whisky; many of them are intemperate; and drunkards are the reverse of being scarce. But the adults are not the only consumers of whisky. Mothers give the poison to their babes! and we have often found boys and lads in the dram-sellers' traps, destroying themselves, and being encouraged in doing so by men! From the toothless infant to the toothless old man, the population of the wynds drink whisky. The drunken drama that is enacted on Saturday night and Sabbath morning beggars description. The scene is terrible, and the music dreadful. It is impossible to say how much is expended on the chronic drinking, or everyday consumption, of whisky; and how much on the weekly exacerbation, or grand infernal orgie. The sum *must* be great. We have already

alluded to several of the actors in the drama—to the cinder-woman, who is drunk every day—a state to which she cannot attain at a less cost than 3d. per diem, or £4, 11s. per annum; to the old woman's daughter, who confesses that she spends at least 3s. per week, or £7, 16s. per annum, on whisky; to the lady of crockery-smashing fame, who is a steady customer of the dram-seller; and to the sergeant-major's daughter, who is another of the same. Then there are the harlots—every one of these drink. And the male section of the population, how many of these *don't* drink? The consumption of whisky by the inhabitants of Blackfriars' Wynd is immense. We are willing to believe that they consume a third less than the inhabitants of Glasgow; whose allowance per annum, according to Sheriff Alison, is six gallons to each man, woman, and child. If we estimate that the quantity consumed in Blackfriars' Wynd is in the proportion of four gallons to each inhabitant, and that the retail price of whisky is 10s. per gallon, then £2050 per annum are expended by the people in the wynd on drink. What are we to make of this? Where does this money come from? Is it a sum over and above the £5125 to which we have referred, and to be added thereto? or is it to be deducted from the said £5125, which we have shown to be scantily sufficient to maintain the people in the necessaries of life? We think that a *portion* of the £2050 belongs to the £5125, and we have two reasons for thinking so. In the first place, the living of many of the inhabitants is not what their means warrants; and, in the second place, a decent old woman who kept a dairy, lost all her cows from disease three years ago, and now keeps a minute victual-shop in the wynd, told us that she has suffered great loss by giving her customers credit. Many who could afford to pay her saved money at her expense, and disposed of it in the dram-seller's shop. For these reasons, we think a portion of this whisky money belongs to the general income. The whole of it cannot belong to the general income; for if it did, it would of necessity belong to that portion of it which we have set apart for the feeding of the inhabitants. If we deduct £2050 from £3897, there would be only £1847, or one penny a-day for each inhabitant to feed himself with, which is semi-starvation and death in a given time. We should be willing to credit the £3897 with a half of the dram-fund, if it were not easy to find other sources for the unacknowledged surplus. These sources

are begging, theft, and robbery in the infamous houses in the wynd. They are most prolific; and if we learned that they yield £2000 per annum to the wynd, it would in no degree surprise us, but, on the contrary, we should give the statement immediate credence.* For instance, in one night, and in one house in this wynd, upwards of £100 were got by

* Dr Greville has made the following curious and interesting calculation, which shows how amazingly Scotland loses by the accursed system that is fostered in the country:—

"The sum expended by Scotland *annually* upon ardent spirits *alone*, amounts to about £2,500,000, and would be sufficient to

Buy One million yards of linen, at 1s. 3d. per yard,	£62,500
—— Twelve hundred thousand yards of printed calico, at 5d. per do.,	25,000
—— One million yards of check, at 6d. per do.,	25,000
—— Twelve hundred thousand yards of stuff, at 10d. per do.,	50,000
—— One million yards of flannel, at 1s. 6d. per do.,	75,000
—— One million yards of cerduroy, at 1s. 3d. per do.,	62,500
—— Five hundred thousand yards of broad cloth, at 5s. per do.,	125,000
—— Five hundred thousand yards of grey cloaking, at 3s. per. do.,	75,000
—— Five hundred thousand pair of stockings, at 1s. 6d. per pair,	37,500
—— Three hundred thousand pair of shoes, at 6s. per do.,	90,000
—— Five hundred thousand hats, at 5s. per hat,	125,000
—— Two hundred thousand pair of blankets, at 10s. per pair,	100,000
—— Four million eight hundred thousand quartern loaves, at 5d. per loaf,	100,000
—— Four million two hundred thousand pecks of oatmeal, at 7½d. per peck,	131,250
—— One hundred thousand tons of coal, at 9s. per ton,	45,000
—— Twenty thousand cows, at £11 per cow,	220,000
—— Fifty thousand sheep, at £1, 5s. per sheep,	62,500
—— Fifty thousand pigs, at 10s. per pig,	25,000
Pay One thousand ministers of the gospel, £300 each,	300,000
—— Five hundred home missionaries, £80 each,	40,000
—— One thousand first class schoolmasters, £100 each,	100,000
—— Two thousand second class do., £80 each,	160,000
Give to two Normal Schools, for the training of teachers, £3,000 each	6,000
—— For Foreign Missionary purposes,	200,000
—— A copy of the Bible to every family in Scotland, 500,000 copies at 1s. 6d. per copy	37,500
—— To infirmaries and dispensaries,	50,000
—— To hospitals for incurable patients,	10,000
—— To fifty resident teachers of practical and scientific agriculture, £700 each,	35,000
—— As premiums, in connection with the above, to the poorer classes, for improved agricultural and domestic management,	15,000
—— For a public library of five hundred volumes, in each of the thousand parishes of Scotland. Five hundred thousand volumes, at 4s. per volume,	100,000
—— To five district museums of the natural productions of the kingdom, including regular courses of lectures on the subject, £2000 each,	10,000
Balance to spare,	250
	£2,500,000

—*Letter to the Marquess of Clanricarde, Postmaster-general*—Johnstone & Hunter, *Edinburgh.*

robbery. We think, then, that if we credit the victualling fund with a *fourth* of the sum expended on whisky, we do all that the probabilities of the case permit, and that about £6600 at least is the annual income of the 1025 inhabitants of Blackfriars' Wynd.

Among the people about whom we are writing, there are thirty paupers; and these receive, on an average, 2s. a week each, or £156 per annum among them from the public purse. This is the interest of £3120, at 5 per cent.; and therefore less than the interest at 5 per cent. of the sum spent on whisky in two years by the inhabitants of the wynd. To extend this observation, and put it in another form—if the inhabitants of the low districts of the city of Edinburgh consumed a *half* less whisky than they now do, and paid the price of the other half for a period of four years to the treasurer of the Parochial Board, a fund would thereby be provided, the interest of which, at 5 per cent., would suffice for alimenting the whole of the out-door paupers of the city of Edinburgh. It would do more than this, for whisky makes paupers; and therefore, while on the one hand a fund would be raised adequate to meet the case of a maximum supply of paupers, the supply of paupers would, on the other hand, diminish annually in arithmetical progression, and this in virtue of the *mode* in which the provision for out-door paupers would be made.

Whisky makes paupers—that is most certain; and it is not less certain, that if there were fewer dram-sellers there would be less of the pauper-making stuff consumed. We have elsewhere* expressed this at length; and, we think, demonstrated the fact. Every other drunkard we have interrogated laments the temptation to which he is exposed. If he goes this way, *there* the bottle and glass are before him, and the familiar sound of carousers ascends from the cellar: if he goes that way, the same temptation meets him. And as the old spavined and broken-winded nag on the common, when he sees the liveried field of huntsmen, and hears the music of the pack, snorts, pricks his ears, half wheels, then circles, and, unable to resist, joins the chase; so the drunkard who has resolved to be sober, when he sees the pewters, bottles, and barrels in array, and hears the well-known cry of the Bacchanals, his resolution to feed and

* *Day and Night in the Wynds of Edinburgh.*—Johnstone and Hunter.

educate his children vanishes, and once again he steeps himself in vice. Here, and there, and every where, these snares are placed; so that if he advances he is caught, and if he walks backwards, he reels or tumbles into one of them. How tremendous the responsibility of those who, in granting licenses, multiply and perpetuate the dram-shops! There is no escape; for, go what way a man will, there stand the snares ready to receive him.

As the bird is fascinated and swallowed by the serpent, so is the poor irresolute wretch tempted and destroyed by the dram-shop. Unlike Christian in the allegory, instead of running away from destruction, he is enchanted by it, and spellbound. He cannot help himself, he has been mesmerized, and must do what the devil's agent wills; accordingly he glides into the dram-shop, and is once more the victim of whisky.

Every groat that clinks in the till of the dram-seller is, as it were, a bell announcing the starvation of a child, and the eternal ruin of its parent. Listen to the echo of the said clink—how the sound has grown as it travelled! The response is the sobbing of a mother, and the hunger-cry of her children, away up in a dismal garret, into which the pitying eye of man seldom looks, and at the door of which his ear seldom listens.

Sure we are, that if we could pack up the inhabitants of a High Street close, and the dram-sellers of the surrounding district, and convey them to the House of Commons, the decree would soon go forth from the Legislature, that nine-tenths of the dram-sellers should cease to sell whisky.

All the Wynds and Closes in Edinburgh are what we have briefly described Blackfriars' Wynd to be. They contain the same kind of houses and the same kind of inhabitants. All the wynds are equally deficient in drainage and supply of water, and all the houses they contain are circumstanced alike, as regards ventilation, &c. Blackfriars' Wynd is an epitome of the low districts of the city; for, it contains large samples of all the items which, in the mass, constitute the evidence of the evils that are undermining society. The very ground is so filthy that torrents of rain wont clean it, and it will remain filthy until the dwellings of the people are improved—until drains and sewers are constructed—until water in abundance is supplied to the inhabitants, and, we will add, until the schoolmaster and religious teacher have got effective entrance to the wynds. The tenements tell their own story, and they almost chuckle when

they tell it. They speak in a kind of irony—"Look at us," say they; "we are not deficient in architectural beauty, but we are old and incompetent, we cannot stand upright, we are all cracked and creviced, and the frailer we get the fuller we are filled, not with those whom we were designed to shelter, but with those whom we are in no way fitted to accommodate." The houses speak the truth; for even if they were new, and all sound from top to bottom, instead of being, as most of them are, rotten from the foundation to the garret, they would not be *adapted* for the population that inhabits them. But these houses are not only ill adapted for the population that inhabits them, they are likewise crammed to bursting with said population.

By curious and clumsy contrivance, rooms have been converted into dens and sepulchres for living men. Now, nothing is more true than, that when a man gets into such a place, and is surrounded or enveloped by miasm and filth which he has no power of removing, his moral state soon becomes assimilated to his physical condition. The only comfort we have when we reflect on this truth, results from our knowing that when a man is emancipated from this physical degradation, and exposed to air and light, his feelings are elevated, his health improves, his whole nature expands, and then, if there be the seeds of goodness in him, they swell, burst, grow, flower, and bear fruit.

We are amazed that Edinburgh, and the other great cities of the kingdom, are permitted to be in the state in which they are. The condition of the tenements in the low districts of the city, is a *wonderful* fact. We don't care at present to endeavour to expound its meaning; what we desiderate is its destruction. Nature's advocates, the deterioration of the health, and lowering of the morals of the people, were not attended to; so she sent her Chancellor and Chief-Justice to assert the dignity of her laws, and they for a time were partially heeded. Fever and Cholera told what they can do; and they more than warned us to bury our dead, and not lodge them among the living—to unpack the bundles of living men half-squeezed to death in dens and caves, to scatter the same and let them feel the influence of the air and light of heaven—to remove from houses and streets, and bestow upon the soil that which by natural right belongs to it—to separate between men and brutes—and above all, to let in the light of knowledge, without which all the rest were worth little to ignorant, miserable, and enslaved sons of Adam.

Draining, supplying water, preventing burials in towns, &c., are reforms which the legislature can effect by direct means, and which, we are happy to know, they will effect some day in spite of municipal opposition; but the providing of suitable dwellings for the poor is a matter for society to deal with, and it is one which society is bound to take in hand, both for the sake of the poor, and for their own. There are thousands of tenements in Edinburgh, now inhabited, that should be razed to the foundation; and there are as many more that ought to undergo what is called thorough repair. Many of these houses have no owners, but the great majority have; and the owners of them are content to let them remain as they are, heedless of their condition, so long as they get tenants. Now, the legislature could facilitate the operations of society in improving the dwellings of the poor, by enacting that the proprietor shall do what is required, or that he shall sell at a valuation, and permit the public to do what is essential in order to its own protection.

We have remarked upon the houses in the wynd: what are we to say of the people who inhabit them? We *feel* the impossibility of telling their story. The houses speak for themselves, but these people cannot tell what they are. Ask a cinder-woman who and what she is; she will tell her name, mention her occupation, and assert that she is a neglected, honest, sober, and industrious woman. All this *may* be true, she *may* be honest and sober; but cinder-women possessed of these virtues are scarce. A cinder-woman is a woman who values cinders and rubbish, drinks whisky, and lives in a garret or cellar. What is the meaning of this caricature of Eve? There is surely a meaning in her occupation, in her contentment, in her vice, and in her habitation. Why is there a cinder-woman—a woman who values trash? why does she drink whisky? why does she live in a garret as dark as a cellar, or in a cellar as dark and dank as a cave? Where did this modern representative of the ancient hag come from? is she as she was originally? or is she a transmutation? She is a transmutation, she has undergone a terrible chemistry; sugar, perhaps, in the days of her youth, she is now a deadly acid. Who was the chemist that transmuted her? what agents did he employ? how did he use them? These are questions for our friend who asked, "What is the use of studying the condition of the poor?"

Who is this woman's neighbour? an Irish beggar. Who and what is he? He is what he is, and his name is Patrick or Dennis. The force of this definition will be felt by those who know the creature. He is a squalid, apathetic, cringing, importunate beggar—he smokes, drinks, swears, and kills, and he lives in a garret or cellar. There is a meaning surely in this imported pest—in his vermin, his rags, apathy, ignorance, viciousness, and brutality, and in his flounder-like love of mud. There is a marked difference between him and his neighbour; and it is this,—he is not a transmutation.

The creature has a moral part, but it is petrified by superstition, and crusted over by ignorance. Did Pagan Rome produce aught to compare with the boys of Connemara, or those of Leitrim and Roscommon? The cinder-woman can read, this man can't—she was once respectable, he was always the reverse—she was formerly independent, he has been a slave since he was born—she is a responsible being, he can't understand the meaning of a law.

Then who and what is that young brawny unscrupulous wretch, who seems to live on oaths, obscenity, and whisky? There is a meaning in this object too, and we ask, Where did she come from? how does she exist? what is the fate of the harlot?

The vast majority of these trebly unfortunate women are the daughters of depraved and drunken parents. Their destiny is transportation as felons, or death at an early age. The death of a creature belonging to this class is an awful subject of contemplation. Even before the spirit has fled from the already half-corrupted tabernacle, the drunken minstrels, her sisters in disgrace, have come, impatient to celebrate the event, by making themselves for a time as insensible as the dead. She who is gone was at once a slave and a pirate—she was the cub of a tigress, and she early tasted blood. Her lair by day was in the wilderness of the city—she prowled at night, and never missed her prey. She died young, but was not missed; for ere her body was committed to the ground, her place among the living was supplied. Who supplied her place? one of the elder sisters of the Ragged School girl.

We have not space to make special comments on all the sections which, in the mass, constitute the population of the low districts of the city. It is our duty, however, to take advantage of this opportunity to say a word about, and in behalf of Ragged children—the children proper of the wynds.

The most affecting sight that a humane man can witness is innocence and helplessness in the clutch of wickedness and cruelty. Instead of resting in its mother's arms, and telling by its smile—a language more expressive than words—of its felt comfort and security, the infant of the depraved most touchingly declares that already it is familiar with the sorest evils that are incidental to humanity. The iniquity of the diabolonian parent began to be visited on the child as soon as it was born, and the subject of the eternal justice of God was at its birth an object for the kindest humanity of man. The little creature soon acquires an expression that does not belong to infancy. It looks sad and careworn. If it survives, it early creeps out into the street, there to begin a life that will probably end where it began. It learns to speak—but what is the language? It sees and hears—but what does it see and hear? The reader knows. Such is its infantine education—an education that is unmixed, untinged even by the words of a good vocabulary. It does not know the meaning of *lie*, because it has never been taught the meaning of *truth;* nay, it has been taught to lie, and truth has been sedulously concealed from its mind. Anon, it is instructed in the art of pilfering, and in the hellish rhetoric of the wynds. When he is four or five years of age, he attracts the attention of the policeman, who "marks him as his own;" and he appears before the magistrate an experienced thief at the mature age of six years. How much this urchin knows! He knows all the obscene words, and all the oaths, simple and compound, which are the pith and marrow of the language in the wynds. He knows all the highways and byways—the outs and the ins—the nooks and the crannies of the city. He knows the value of things. He knows the most approved methods of appropriating what belongs to another. He is acquainted with the "wee pawn" broker; and he knows the dram-seller, for whose sake he is an outcast. We say that this boy as little deserves to be condemned for traversing the law, as the red-deer deserves to be slain for crossing the march upon the snow-clad hill, descending into the valley, and satisfying his appetite on the turnips of an upland farmer. Look at and consider the boy-thief and his little doomed sister. On the 23d of March a policeman came to the Original Ragged School, accompanied by a little boy, and bearing the following note from our esteemed and respected friend Sheriff Jameson:—

"EDINBURGH POLICE COURT, *March* 23, 1850.

"The little boy, —— ——, *eight* years of age, has been brought before the Court this day for stealing a waistcoat from a shop-door. He has been made a witness in the case, in order to obtain evidence against a man charged with resetting the waistcoat. The boy has been *twice* previously convicted of similar thefts, and has been twice whipped. He says that he was taught to steal by an older companion, and that he is willing to go to the Industrial School. His mother, with whom he stays, bears a bad character. The only hope of saving him from utter ruin is his being received into the Industrial School. His father is dead.

(Signed) "ANDW. JAMESON."

We were thankful to receive the little fellow into the school; and we have high pleasure in being able to state, not only that he is an attentive scholar, but that the training to which he is subjected is already telling on him with effect.

Had it not been in the power of our wise and humane Sheriff to make this boy a witness against the "wee pawn" broker, in virtue of its being his third offence the case must have gone before a higher court, and the jail would have been his sentence. Once in jail, he seldom would be away from it, until the law wearied, and transported him as a felon to Norfolk Island.

This little boy has a sister five years of age, who has likewise committed theft.

The father of these children is dead, and the mother is married again; but her husband cannot live with her. This is not surprising, for we understand that she retains the character which she bore when she kept a brothel in the Grassmarket.

We made an effort to get the little girl to school, and we succeeded; but in a short time the mother repented of allowing the infant to have a chance of its life (so to speak), and removed her from under our care, in spite of all remonstrance. This wretched infant will probably appear, on some not very distant day, before the magistrate, who, let us hope, will exercise a wise discretion, and, instead of sending her to prison, will send her to the Ragged School. In such event, it will be our business to protect her from her accursed parent, and she will not be yielded up without a warrant from the magistrate who committed her to our care. In acting thus we may infringe the *letter*, but we will do in accordance with the *spirit*, of just protective law.

Reader, are these fit objects for the wrath of man and the vengeance of human law? No one who is not assimilated in

mind and heart to the infamous Jeffreys, and the equally brutal Porteous, will say "yes" to this interrogatory; but, on the contrary, will declare that they are entitled to our strongest compassion. What is wanted is, that all who feel this would exercise their mercy.

The juvenile may be saved—the adult can scarcely be reclaimed. The Ragged School can effect what the jail has always failed to perform. The motto of the one is, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it;" the motto of the other has been, and always will be true,

—— "Facilis descensus averni,
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras;
Hic labor, hoc opus est."

If John Pounds alone saved ragged children by the dozen, surely society can save them by the thousand. If the active mercy of an obscure cobbler did so much, what may the mercy of a nation not effect? What is wanted is, not that society in the mass should agree that it is right these children should be saved—for society has agreed on this; but that each individual member of society should prove that he feels the obligation as lying upon himself to do what he can in order to achieve this.

We might now conclude, and leave these details and passing comments to produce their own effect on the mind of the reader. But our object is to have a change wrought upon the section of society about which we have been writing. We wish to have that which is broken and corrupt mended and sweetened, and therefore we may be excused if we add a few sentences on this all-important subject before we lay down the pen.

Great moral and economic principles have been traversed and set at nought—hence the existence of the misery, physical and spiritual, which we have attempted to illustrate. This twofold misery cannot be removed or even ameliorated, unless those principles are reinstated, so to speak, and energetically applied. Education, secular and religious, has been allowed to drop half a century behind the population, and thus one principle has been disregarded. The arrangements of man, in reference to the exercise of industry, have run counter to the laws of nature, and thus another great principle has been traversed. The product of these gigantic sins are the idleness and ignorance of masses. Artifice has been employed to counteract, but it has served only

to stimulate these negations, and the effect of the stimulation is the terrible positive referred to in these pages.

It is a law of nature that a certain proportion of mankind should be incompetent; and it is a law of the God of nature that these should be provided for by their fellows. It is contrary to the laws of nature that the competent should be idle; and it is contrary to all reason and religion that these should be a burden upon the industrious. Now the fact is, the competent are idle, and the industrious are obliged to feed them. Men talk of the difficulties with which the latter-day subject, called pauperism, is beset. If there are difficulties, they are of man's creation and upholding, for they have no independent or individual existence. The subject is not difficult, but easy; for the causes of the state called pauperism loudly announce themselves, and what they are is known. The remedy for pauperism is the removal of these causes. If only *one* of these causes were removed, how much smaller would the fungous excrescence that is growing out of society become? If the supply of whisky to the people were diminished, the supply of paupers to the workhouse would be lessened. That is as true as truth itself; and every body, including the licensing justice, knows it to be true. Yet, in the face of this truth, almost any man can get a licence to sell drams in any place in the city of Edinburgh. One man is charged about the same amount for the privilege of killing *men*, that another man is for the privilege of killing *birds*. The license of the former entitles him to sport where he likes; the license of the other entitles him to sport only where the owner of game permits. What right has the justice to let loose a blood-hound on the people? A road trust is in debt; ergo, the man at the toll-bar is licensed to sell drams! The reason is not concealed, and the effect of the licence is known to every observer. But we cannot pursue this subject.

There is much distress in the country, but the distress is associated with physical power. What is the meaning of this? We are told that the people *cannot* live; but we answer that they *do* live, and this, moreover, without working. If they cannot live, why is it that they don't die? It is not the poor-rates that keep them alive, for these are not shared by a tithe of those who, we are told, cannot live; and, let us add, that those who do share it, are in the gross injured thereby, for much, very much, of this money is deposited in the till of the dram-seller. The

question is, How is life retained by the people who cannot live? These live upon the life or industry of others. Begging, for instance, is one of the most prolific sources of gain. The beggars of Edinburgh consume more beef and mutton than the same number of any other class of the inhabitants, rich or poor. If the money and food that is worse than wasted on these people by the good citizens of Edinburgh, were given to the managers of Ragged Schools, all the ragged children would be educated, and afterwards provided for, either at home or in the colonies. It is afflicting to think that means wantonly bestowed on unworthy objects, cannot be diverted to such a grand nation-raising purpose as this. How often daily are we almost impelled to arrest the hand that is about to bestow alms on creatures whom we know to be unworthy of aught but the treadmill or cat-o'-nine-tails? Kind lady! these twin children are only twins for the time being. They are not related to each other; and the wretch who carries them knows next to nothing of their parentage. Their mothers are—but we cannot describe them—and they, little innocents, if they live, will be ragged children. You, kind lady, are feeding vice, and heaping cruelty upon these sad and truly miserable infants. If you love virtue, don't give alms to that beggar—if you pity the child, don't feed the vice of the woman who rents, and of the mothers who "let" them.

This subject was deemed worthy of being pressed upon the attention of the public by the "first journal in the world."

The *Times* says:—"If those benevolent persons who permit themselves to be fooled out of their money by the noisy demands or whining petitions of the various beggars who frequent the streets of London, would follow them into their haunts and resting-places for the night, their tendency to bestow alms would become sensibly diminished. The paint is washed off the fictitious sore, the splint removed from the broken arm; the lame man cuts his caper, and the 'poor blind' recovers his sight in a manner so expeditious as would astonish our most skilful surgical practitioners. The pallid hue of sickness gives way before a basin of hot water and a glass of gin toddy, and fun and revelry become the order of the night. We have before us a report which shows, that in one small district alone there were to be found 250 persons known to be professional beggars, independently of others who were daily passing through it to and fro from other districts. Upon a particular Saturday evening it

was determined to ascertain how these persons were employing their time, and the result was as follows:—They were found scattered over twenty-nine lodging-houses, four public-houses, and three eating-houses. The majority were in the lodging-houses. The men were busy with their suppers, which were of the most substantial and comfortable kind, such as beefsteaks, eggs and bacon, &c., and they were washing down these eatables with copious draughts of porter. The ladies—the agonized mothers with the two hired infants—were enjoying their tea, which they flavoured with many a relish and many a rasher. Every thing was as comfortable as the purest philanthropist could desire. In the eating-houses were twenty-three beggars refreshing themselves after the toils of the day with soup, meat, and potatoes. In the public-houses it was still better; fifteen professional gentlemen and ladies were there making a night of it with gin and beer, and indulging each other with the recital of the tricks they had practised in the course of the day on the public, with tales of the old gentlemen they had followed in the Park, and of ladies whom they had chased even to their own door-posts in Belgravia. Next day, being Sunday morning, the investigation was pursued in the same district. The revellers of the preceding night were found refreshing themselves with tea and coffee, while an abundance of provisions stood before them in the shape of eggs and bacon, &c. The rogues had even arrived at such a pitch of refinement, that nothing less than 'fish' prepared in various savoury fashions would serve them for a relish. Now, as in a case of this sort, simple facts are a thousand times more valuable than declamation, we will briefly give the result of a similar search in another district.

"Late on the same Saturday night the investigation was made. There were ascertained to be 270 professed beggars in the district. Of this number ten were found at public-houses drinking rum, gin, beer, &c. The other 260 were distributed among twenty-six lodging-houses. They were found to be busy cooking and eating beefsteaks, eggs and bacon, bread and butter, and drinking coffee; others were drinking beer and smoking. The next day, being Sunday morning—and to this fact we would call particular attention—between the hours of nine and eleven o'clock, another search took place. Pretty nearly the same number of persons were present, who were engaged in preparing or partaking of an abundance of good food of a similar

character to that which formed their supper on the preceding night. Those amongst the men who had finished their meals, were smoking and playing cards with boys and youths."

It appears, then, that giving alms to beggars is the reverse of a remedy for that which it is the intention of the alms-giver to relieve.

> "Blessed is he that *wisely* doth
> The poor man's case consider."

These, with all the idle, vicious, and criminal, should be deprived of their present liberty to plague and hurt society. At home or abroad, they should be set to work under an unflinching master.

What are we to say about the Irish beggar? We presume, that, as the question concerning him is not now confined to Ireland, but is in every town in Great Britain, it will erelong receive a definite portion of a definite and definitive answer. We presume that the day is approaching when the cloud of beggars which has settled upon us will be wafted back to Ireland, and bid no more return. We presume that the people of this country will determine this—nay, we regard it as a fixed and settled point that they will do so. When this will happen, we cannot say; but already we see indications of it. We detect a trace of it in the coming agitation on the poor-law; and we see it reflected from the fact, that society has resolved to do justice to the industrious classes of this country. What else is the meaning of the earnestness with which all seeing and reflecting men are considering the subject of education? What else is the meaning of the devotion which the wisest and the best men in the country are exhibiting, in connection with this essential requirement? Does this earnestness and this devotion mean nothing? Do these constitute or manifest a craze? Are they not almost an action, evidencing a true and efficient belief that ignorance has degraded whole sections of the people, and a determination that it shall be arrested before it utterly destroys them?

There is a difficulty in the way of the dispensation of knowledge which all practical educationists experience, especially in the towns. The difficulty is, to get the children of the lowest classes to go to school. The mere establishment of a school in a locality, will not secure the attendance of the children of these people. But these are the children about whom we are especially solicitous; for if these, the progeny of the indifferent, idle,

vicious, criminal, and base, be not timeously rescued, they will certainly become what their parents are. The offer of education will not suffice; and whether men see this or not, they are beginning to act as if they had a perception of it. For example, the legislature is moving against several physical obstructions that stand in the way of the moral and social reformation of the people—society is organizing to suppress the dram-shop nuisance —sections of the upper and middle classes are designing the improvement of the dwellings of the poor—and all the orthodox churches, priesthood and laity, are daily exhibiting more and more of the missionary spirit. In this we think there is evidence enough that the all-important work of bettering the condition of the poor has begun where it ought to begin—to wit, at the beginning. If this compound action is vigorously carried on, the country will soon cease to be vexed with small questions, and the people will rise in spite of mock philanthropists and demagogues.

We believe in the giant power of a sound religious education to raise the people, but it must be preceded by the reformatory processes to which we have alluded. Without these aids, education, secular and religious, cannot reach the population—cannot reach it to the effect of successfully antagonizing the terrible influences that are eating out all the virtue which is the strength and beauty of a nation. It argues well for our country, that the work has begun to begin at the beginning.

A voice once cried in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight;" and we are now loudly invoked to prepare the way of education and the gospel. John's mission was to prepare men for the advent of God enshrined in the framework of humanity; and the true mission of society is to make an entrance for the schoolmaster and the gospel teacher. Leave Blackfriars' Wynd as it is, and send all the children it contains to school—How much better would they be? They might learn to read and write; and there is an end of the matter. The moral lesson imparted by the teacher cannot remain with them, for that lesson is as delicate as down. The wynd being a furnace, the lesson is destroyed instanter—it is sublimed, and flies back again to heaven, whence it came. It can't remain with those to whom it was given. The mustard-seed won't germinate in vitriol. In order to a lesson availing, that lesson must be protected; and this can in no other way be effected than by guarding him in whom it is deposited. Con-

trast a ragged school boy (we don't say his circumstances are the *best* that can be imagined), but take such a boy and contrast him with a child of the wynd who goes to a day-school. The one has lost the wynd expression, the other has kept it; and this in virtue of the one having been all day under a benign moral influence, while the other passed, soon after mid-day, from a similar influence to one that is diametrically the reverse.

Something must be done *in* the wynds ere education and religious teaching can tell upon them with effect. The physical obstructions that stand in the way of the schoolmaster and missionary must be removed. We are aware that the people can be made to remove some of these barriers themselves. Chalmers made them do it, and Buchanan* and Tasker† are making them do it. The glory of these achievements, in our estimation, consists in this,—the demonstration of the fact, that the people *can* be redeemed from moral death. Our question is not, *Can* the thing be done? for we know it can; but our question is, Why are the successful efforts exceptional? Why is success not the rule? What is required in order to make success the rule? Give us as many Chalmerses and Buchanans as we require, and success will be the rule, taking matters as they at present exist. The power of the enlightened and energetic human mind to purify and exalt the nature on which it operates, would then receive a national demonstration. But we can't get what we require in order to this demonstration, and therefore sanitary and other physical and social reformers must prepare the wynds for the entrance of the schoolmaster and the messenger of God.

Education, in the highest and fullest sense, is the alone force that can permanently raise the people, and our duty, therefore, is to apply this power; for, *most certainly* it is the only power that can elevate man, and uphold him after he is raised.

But we say again that the way must be prepared, otherwise neither the schoolmaster nor the gospel messenger can get effective entrance to the wynds. This is true of Blackfriars', and it is emphatically so of the wynds in and about the Grassmarket and elsewhere. Circumstanced as these places and

* See a very valuable pamphlet, entitled "The Schoolmaster in the Wynds," by Robert Buchanan, D.D., Glasgow, for a description of what *can* be done by the energetic religious educationist.

† See Appendix, No. II.

their inhabitants now are, the men who would do the work of educationists and evangelists in them must be men of high devotedness, stern decision, and of that kind of perseverance that is proof against disappointment. Moreover, they must be Legion. In these wynds and closes whole communities are caged, and generate a steam, physical and moral, that revolts both the senses and the mind. Suppose a schoolmaster planted in Aird's, Burt's, or Jamieson's Close. How is he to begin? He or an agent goes up that stair to persuade brutal parents to permit him to confer a boon upon their children. In one room—these are memoranda of events—in one room, perhaps, he will find the mother of the children he wishes to get to school lying on the floor weltering in her blood, the victim of her husband's drunken rage. The schoolmaster can do nothing in this tenement to-day—the police, rather, are the functionaries that are required. The police, accordingly, are summoned; but, before they arrive, the savage has fled. He dipt his hands in the blood that he shed, smeared his face, and accused his wife of having assaulted him. He detected incredulity in the countenance of him to whom he lied. He sprung from the miserable bed on which he had cast himself, dashed through the window, and disappeared. Nothing can be done in this tenement—in this wasps' nest—until the wasps have settled. Two days after, the schoolmaster or his agent returns to the charge. He has succeeded in getting a hearing from the parents of some children, when the conference is disturbed by screams proceeding from a room hard by. They go to see what is the matter—the schoolmaster or his missionary friend goes, to render what aid he can to the unfortunate and wounded. Two sisters have quarrelled. The elder broke a basin on the head of the younger; the younger cut off the nose of the elder; and now both are on the floor tearing each other with their teeth and nails. The tiger-cats are separated, and Grassmarket silence—that is, silence largely adulterated with curious sounds—is restored; when suddenly the said silence is broken by loud cries of "murder" in the adjoining room, where a savage father is bruising a drunken daughter. The menagerie is in an uproar, and nothing can be done this day.

Again these devoted men return to the charge, but the pestilence is before them, and has already broken ground. They enter

a chamber, and the father of a wretched family is lying on his death-bed, and is cursing his wife and children. Typhus is now the schoolmaster, and his scholars are—not these masses of wretched people—but those whose duty it is to do for the wretched what they cannot do for themselves. All this doing may be summed up and packed into one expression; to wit, "make the way clear for the schoolmaster and evangelist." We have indicated what this action is, and until it is performed, the education of the people in the wynds will be found to be impracticable. False and paltry economy must give way before large and enlightened policy, and pigmy municipalities must yield to great nationalities.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

ABSTRACT OF LETTER TO THE "MORNING CHRONICLE" OF MAY 20, 1850, ENTITLED "THE BURDENS UPON TOWNS—IRISH PAUPERISM."

"THIS rich, enterprising, and increasing town is oppressed with pauperism, and contains moreover a large population of working men but little removed above pauperism, in daily danger of sinking into it—discontented with their lot— living precariously at most times—dependent upon the wind for the chance of procuring a subsistence; and forming a class which, though naturally laborious, honest, and well inclined, needs but little provocation, of ill treatment on the one hand, or of severe distress on the other, to become dangerous. Liverpool is furthermore oppressed by a grievous, if not intolerable burden, which bears with almost fatal weight upon the middle classes, who form the great majority of the rate-payers, and with much severity even upon the richer class of inhabitants. Though not the nearest it is the most convenient, and by far the richest port towards Ireland. *The consequence is, that the wretched people of that country, to whom a shilling a day is high wages, swarm into England by way of Liverpool, and inflict the injury of their presence upon that town in the first instance. They stay as long as they can in search of work or charity, thence spread themselves through England when work fails, and ultimately return to Liverpool to be maintained as paupers, or to be re-conveyed, at the expense of that town, to their own country.*

"In my inquiries into the state of 'Labour and the Poor,' in Liverpool, the Irish question must be the first in importance. The town of Liverpool feels, through the sensitive medium of the pocket, that it has to pay a large price for the privilege of being the greatest port in the west, and that its advantages in being the outlet to America are nearly counterbalanced by its disadvantages in being the inlet from Ireland. The 'Irish difficulty' may puzzle statesmen, and increase the National Debt; *but the people of Liverpool, in addition to being as much, if not more puzzled than statesmen*, and in addition to paying their share of the general taxation which provides for the interest on the National Debt, have their own peculiar burden in bearing a larger share of the support of Irish pauperism than any town in England. I shall pass no opinion upon the matter, but confine myself to the bare statement of the facts of the case —facts collected and verified with the utmost possible care, and with the most earnest desire to state the simple truth, and no more.

"The subject has many ramifications. *First*, there is the cost in the workhouse of the Irish poor who may be considered to have a real industrial settlement; *secondly*, there is the cost of out-door relief to the Irish poor; *thirdly*, there is the cost of sanitary arrangements—no inconsiderable item—which the pressure of vast numbers of Irish living in the extreme of dirt, disease, and misery, entails upon the town; *fourthly*, there is the expense of Irish vagrants, tramps, and casual poor; *fifthly*, there is the distress caused among the steady labourers of the town, many of them householders and rate-payers, by the overwhelming numbers of utterly superfluous Irishmen that compete with them for bread, and sometimes force them upon the parish; *sixthly*, there is the largely increased amount of expenditure for the police force and the criminal judicature, consequent upon the crime that is the result of the extreme poverty and degradation of this mass of unemployed men and women; *seventhly*, there is the expense of annually passing over to the nearest port in Ireland vast numbers of Irish, who congregate in Liverpool from all parts of the kingdom for the express purpose of being sent home again at the public expense. I have no means of arriving at a strictly accurate estimate under all these various heads. As regards some of them, no estimate is possible; but as regards two or three of them, the statistics are precise enough, and will be precisely stated. Whenever a speculative approximation is made in default of sufficient data, I will state that it is an approximation only, and leave the reader to decide upon its probable correctness.

"Upon the first head I am enabled to speak exactly, having been favoured with extracts from the parochial books, and with other authentic information. I should premise that these figures relate to the parish of Liverpool only, and not to the entire borough, within the boundaries of which are included the large and populous parish of Toxteth-park. The population of the parish of Liverpool, in 1841, was 223,054, and at present is calculated at 270,000. The net cost of the in-door pauperism of this large parish for the six months ending the 24th of March 1849, was £6,451 : 5 : 6¾; and for the six months ending on the 22d of September in the same year, £5,405 : 12 : 8¼; making a total for the year of £11,856 : 18 : 3. From the quarterly summaries, drawn up by the governor, I learn the proportion of Irish paupers in the workhouse at four different periods of the year. Of 2,370 paupers in the house at the end of the first, or Lady-day quarter, 1,066 are entered as Irish, Scotch, and foreigners. Of 2,308 in the house at the end of the Midsummer quarter, 1,052 were Irish, Scotch, and foreigners. Of 2,194 admitted between Midsummer and Michaelmas 1849, the number of Irish, Scotch, and foreigners was 878. In the last quarter of the year, out of 1,798 paupers, 742 were Irish, Scotch, and foreigners. These figures give a total for the year of 8,670 admissions, of which 3,738 were Irish, Scotch, and foreigners. The Irish, therefore, form a fraction more than 43 per cent of the whole number.

"The proximity of this town to Ireland has led to a system which, in its operation, forms a very peculiar burden upon its patience as well as its resources. It has of late years become a regular practice amongst a portion of the poorer orders of Irishwomen, resident in Ireland, married as well as unmarried, to come to Liverpool in the last month of their pregnancy, for the purpose of being confined and attended to during and

for some weeks after this delicate period, at the expense of the generous and charitable English of Liverpool. *The deck fares from Dublin, by some of the steam-boats, are often as low as sixpence a head. Provided with that sum, and a crust of bread, the pregnant Irish pauper woman of the class who have learned this secret, leaves her native land to try her fortune in Liverpool.* Immediately on her arrival, she applies at the gate of the workhouse for relief. It is in vain for the authorities to attempt to get rid of the infliction by the payment of another sixpence to send her back in the way she came. The medical officers of the parish must first certify whether she is in a fit state to be removed. I cast no imputation upon the character or motives of the medical men upon whom this duty devolves, but I state the fact, as told by the parochial authorities—that it is a very rare case indeed for a medical man to certify that such a pauper is in a fit state to be sent back again before her *accouchement*. The medical officers of the parish derive no inconsiderable portion of their professional incomes from the fees payable for this service—ten shillings for an ordinary, and as much as two guineas for a difficult case. Under such a system the result stated is not at all surprising. The Irishwomen who come to Liverpool upon this errand, ignorant as they may be in other respects, have sense enough to comprehend very clearly that, once in the streets of that town in an advanced state of pregnancy, there is no difficulty before them. They are sure of subsistence, shelter, and medical attendance until two or three weeks or a month after their *accouchement*, and then the parish gets rid of them as fast as it can, and is only too happy to pay their passage to the place from whence they came. Many of them spread themselves over England as tramps and beggars, and some return to Ireland at the parish expense, to favour Liverpool with another visit whenever they find themselves in the same situation. In the first quarter of the year 1849, the number of women confined in the workhouse was 61, of whom 26 said they were married; in the second quarter the number confined was 65, of whom 30 declared they were married; in the third quarter of the year the number was 42, of whom 12 declared they were married; and in the last quarter of the year the number was 58, of whom 22 claimed to be married. It is not asserted that all these women were Irish, nor have I been able to ascertain what proportion the immigrants of the class alluded to bore to the whole number. To state it at two-fifths, or even one-half, would not in all probability be an exaggeration.

"The second ramification of the Irish burden is the cost of the out-door relief afforded to the poor. During the year ending on the 28th of February 1850, it amounted in money and food to £34,429 : 6 : 6, of which £26,132 : 9 : 2 was given in money, and £8,296 : 17 : 4 in kind. The cases of settled poor relieved during the year were 147,941, including 302,034 individuals; but as many of these are several times entered in the books, and appear again and again whenever necessity compels them, the numbers are not to be taken as the numbers of habitual and professional paupers. The number of strictly Irish cases relieved with money during the year was 57,832, including 165,379 individuals of all ages. In addition to these, 35,648 cases, including 94,621 individuals having no settlement, received out-door relief, of whom at least one-half were estimated to be Irish. The sum of £8,296 : 17 : 4, administered to the poor in food, was divided between the Irish and all other applicants. I

leave out of the calculation the cost of the vagrant sheds, which will form the fourth head under which the subject will be treated. The proportions of this total sum of £34,492 : 6 : 6 for the out-door relief of the poor, classified under these various items, would be for the Irish alone, as follows:—

For the Irish poor claiming to have a settlement	£5,464
One-half of the total cost of relieving with money the poor having no settlement.....	1,697
One-half of the relief administered in kind	4,148
	£11,309

"Under the *third* head of the expense devolving upon Liverpool by the presence of so many permanent poor Irish, and by the fluctuating visitations of the wandering poor of the same country, it will be impossible to state with precision what portion of the total expense of carrying out the provisions of the local sanitary act is caused by their wretchedness and dirt—both of habitation and of person. During the year when fever and cholera swept so many thousands of the poor people into their graves, more than one-half of the extraordinary expense of sanitary regulations and of fever hospitals was incurred for the Irish. The expense of the sanitary operations of the borough—not the parish—for the year ending the 31st March 1849, to which time the last published accounts are made up, was £149,696 : 10 : 9½. The total receipts for sanitary purposes derived from rates on the inhabitants, and from a few other sources of revenue, was £149,766 : 18 : 11½. The filthy cellars and courts, inhabited by the Irish, that abound in the poorer districts of the town, with the lodging-houses of mendicants and thieves, and of all the distressed labourers who are burdensome to the parish but who are not yet driven into the workhouse, are a continual source of expense, on account of the periodical visitation to which it is necessary to subject them, in order to preserve the town from the constant scourge of a desolating fever. Upon this head I shall enter more fully in a subsequent letter, when I shall give a full detail of the sanitary state of the borough. At present, and considering it merely as an Irish burden, it may be estimated, without exaggeration, that fully one-third of the whole expense is rendered necessary by the enormous number of the lowest class of Irish. *This would make the burden under this head no less than* £49,898 : 16 : 11. Many gentlemen in the town to whom I have submitted the estimate, consider that two-thirds—rather than one-third—would be the proper calculation.

"The *fourth* subdivision of expense is the evil of the 'Vagrant Sheds,' or Refuge for the Destitute. This is a considerable item in the annual charges of the town of Liverpool. For the week in which I visited the establishment, the total number of persons who had been accommodated with beds, and with a piece of bread at night and in the morning, was—men, 681; women, 541; children, 284; total, 1,506. The night when I visited the sheds was considered a 'slack' one, there being a great fair at Halifax in Yorkshire, to which large numbers of the regular tramps and vagrants had gone, begging and plundering on their way.

"The annual expense of the vagrant sheds at Liverpool amounted, for the year ending on the 28th of February 1850, to £4,274 : 2 : 3. Two-fifths of this sum, or £1,709 : 12 : 11, is the proportion fairly charge-

able by Liverpool to the accident of her position as the nearest large port to Ireland.

"The *fifth* branch of the subject is one which it it utterly impossible to bring to the test of figures, but the evil comprised in it is keenly felt by vast numbers of the labouring population—many of them Irish themselves—who might do tolerably well, were it not for the daily influx of raw and unskilled labourers, called "Grecians," who think 1s. a-day high wages, and who will often labour for 6d. or 9d. a-day rather than not get a job. In fact, the labour market of Liverpool is cruelly overstocked; yet every week, and every day, the sixpenny deck-passengers from Dublin and elsewhere pour in their multitudes, at the imminent risk of pauperizing thousands of men who have hitherto managed to earn a decent subsistence. Upon this subject I shall enter into fuller particulars when I come to treat of the dock labourers and the operative porters—a very important branch of my inquiry.

"The *sixth* diversity of the Irish burden is the increased police force, and other expenditure for the prevention or punishment of crime, which is rendered necessary by a population into which has been infused so large an element of Hibernian misery. Upon such a point it is impossible to speak with accuracy. There are no sufficient data upon which to form an estimate. I will, however, show as nearly as I can, the total expenditure of the borough under the various items into which its criminal charges are resolvable; leaving the candid reader to estimate the amount chargeable to the Irish population, at such per centage as may seem fairly due, considering their numbers on the one hand, and their poverty and demoralization on the other:—

The net expense to the borough of Liverpool for the constabulary force, after deduction of watch-rates, and other receipts for the year ending the 31st of August 1849, was	£22,670	11	8
For maintaining bridewells and police-stations ...	2,205	7	10
Stipendiary magistrate	1,600	0	0
The Borough-jail	13,208	13	1
Prosecutions at the assize and sessions	5,838	0	11
On account of the new Assize Courts	12,588	6	1
	£58,110	19	7

"Under the *seventh* head—the expense of the Pass-office, for passing Irish paupers to their own country and maintaining them in the interval between the granting of the pass and the departure of the vessel which is to convey them—I am enabled to speak with more precision. A weekly record of the arrival of Irish paupers and immigrants in Liverpool was kept by the police from the 1st of January 1847 to the 19th of July 1848, when for some reason or other it was discontinued. On the 3d of November 1848, finding a large and unusual number of Irish paupers in the town, the vestry requested that the head-constable would resume the account, through the police, of the daily arrivals of deck passengers from Ireland, and, as far as the officers could judge, of their business in Liverpool, under the two heads of immigrants and jobbers, and of paupers. By jobbers are meant pig-drivers, and men and boys in charge of oxen, sheep, or horses.

"A portion of these pig-jobbers and others might fairly be classed amongst the paupers. It is not an uncommon thing amongst this class to hire a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age to come over to Liverpool and look after the animals on deck, under the superintendence and orders of the regular driver or jobber. The fee for this service is sixpence, to be paid as soon as the animals set foot on the quays of Liverpool. The sixpence of course is soon spent, the boys are utterly destitute, and either linger about the town to beg or steal, taking refuge at night in the vagrant sheds, or disperse themselves through the country in search of work, or go as regular tramps and vagrants. Many of them soon make their re-appearance in Liverpool, and are passed over to Ireland at the expense of the parish.

"During the dreadful year 1847, the number of Irish paupers removed from Liverpool was :—

To Ireland	15,020
To Scotland	531
To the Isle of Man	20
Total	15,571

"The cost of their removal, including food after application, their passage money, their food during the voyage, and sixpence each in money, was £4,633 : 16 : 6.

"In 1848 the numbers were not so large, being 7,600 only. The cost was £2,214 : 15 : 6. In 1849 the numbers were :—

To Ireland	9,509
To Scotland	543
To the Isle of Man	19
Total	10,071

"I have now detailed, with as much accuracy as possible, the nature and amount of the burdens borne by the parish and borough of Liverpool, on account of the Irish poor. These burdens are not so severe at present as they were in the year of the great potato famine, when Irish paupers arrived in the town at the rate of 10,000 or 15,000 per week, for many weeks in succession. If such a state of things had continued until now, Liverpool, rich as it is, and supported by £100,000 of town dues levied upon the general commerce of the country, must have been made bankrupt by the infliction. But though happily the evil has much diminished, the number of Irish paupers that pass into or out of the town and become a charge upon it, or that stay within its bounds as a permanent residuum of misery, is a curious feature in the modern history of the poor, and one that merits the attention of all who are interested in the social welfare of the great masses of the people."

No. II.

Since the preceding was in type, we have received the following very important letter from the Rev. W. Tasker, minister of Chalmers' Territorial Church, West Port. The letter was not intended for publication; nevertheless we don't feel entitled to withhold it.

15 Graham Street, Edinburgh, *May* 1850.

My dear Doctor,

I beg to assure you that I gladly hail every contribution for arousing public attention to clamant social evils of our plebeian districts. On every Christian and patriotic consideration these demand a remedy.

Many physical obstructions remain in the West Port that retard, if they do not frustrate, the good that our territorial operations would otherwise secure.

In the face of these I feel warranted in stating, that the whole of the youth of the resident families is at this moment under Christian education. Of course I except the children of vagrant vagabonds, who prey upon the soft sentimentalism of the wealthy, from whom they abstract, by well-planned tales of woe, a rich revenue, to sustain their expensive nightly orgies.

I have instances before me of such parents even refusing pay to allow their child to attend the Ragged School, so much more profitable do they find it daily to send him forth to the New Town to beg. I know no cure for this but a clause in the new Police Act, to be honestly enforced, that every lady or gentleman convicted of supplying such beggars shall be fined one guinea for each offence.

In every land or tenement we have those who contribute to fill our church with their families every Lord's day. We have a library of seven hundred volumes, and three hundred readers—we have a savings' bank, into which the deposits for the last year amounted to between two and three hundred pounds—and a few weeks ago a news and reading room has been opened, with upwards of sixty members, with a president, a secretary, and a treasurer, and a committee elected from among themselves. We have had, during the winter, courses of lectures on various subjects very well attended; and altogether we have great cause for satisfaction that the inhabitants generally appreciate our labours—religious, educational, and sanitary—for the elevation of the district. But we are reluctantly compelled to complain, that the authorities not only suffer physical and social evils to obstruct us, but even *actively* throw barriers in our way. Unprincipled provision-dealers may be seen vending their goods every Lord's-day under the eye of the police, by any who choose to walk along our street; whisky-houses may be seen blazing with gas, with men and women crowding out and in every evening; and low lodging-houses gather the refuse of the population, especially at the lower end of the Port—the parties whom the benevolent, *who will not learn*, have supplied and daily supply with the means of polluting the West Port, and tormenting the industrious and well-disposed families. And, as the best proof at once of our progress and the obstructions with which we have to contend, I conclude

with one simple fact. When Dr Chalmers organized our territorial operations there were twenty public-houses, or about one for every twenty families. We had closed one, and a second, and a third, more than six months ago, by no pressure from without, but simply from want of sale. We have been looking hopefully at this term for the closing of the fourth, until gradually these manufacture-houses of paupers and criminals should be extirpated. Conceive our horror to find, that the authorities have *restored* the licence to the most offensive of the three; and now the public may see it again, every Lord's-day evening, sending forth upon our otherwise quiet street its wonted quota of intoxicated fiends and savages. It was at once melancholy and pleasing to find, when we met the inhabitants next day,—for the day on which the suicidal deed was done we were absent on professional duty,—one after another crying, "Oh sir! what a pity that you were from home, for they have again licensed that fearful house!" Verily, averse as we are to meddle with public or civic regulations, had we been at home we would have gone at the head of the inhabitants, and implored our rulers to abstain from adding this gratuitous addition to our social evils, which are already wellnigh crushing; and we fondly hope that the prayers of decent, sober, and industrious fathers and mothers would not have been in vain. The deed, however, is done; but you will judge by the manner in which the West Port families received the legalized destroyer among them, how much they unite with me in wishing you every success in your most praiseworthy attempts to reduce, and ultimately to annihilate, our social abominations.—I am, my dear Doctor, ever faithfully yours,

W. TASKER.

Dr George Bell,
17 *Alva Street.*

THE END.

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