

The evils of England : social and economical / by a London physician.

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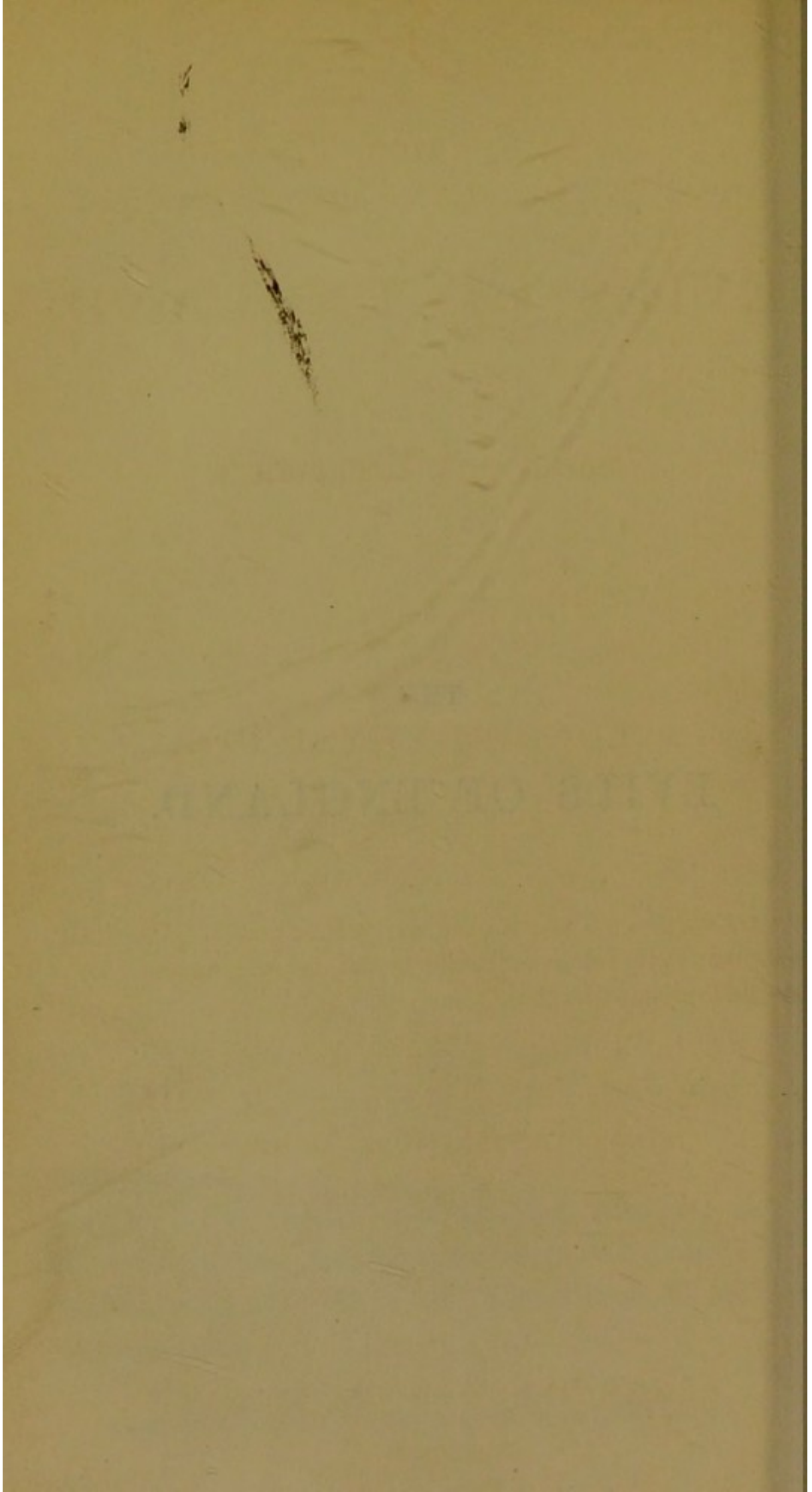
Volume
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THE
EVILS OF ENGLAND

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THE
EVILS OF ENGLAND.



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THE

EVILS OF ENGLAND,

Social and Economical.

BY

A LONDON PHYSICIAN.

“Do well unto him that is lowly, but give not to the ungodly : hold back thy bread, and give it not unto him, lest he overmaster thee thereby.”—ECCLESIASTICUS xii. 5.

SECOND EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

LONDON:
HENRY RENSHAW, 356, STRAND.

MDCCCLXV.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

A NEW EDITION

REVISED BY RICHARD H. S. JONES

IN TEN VOLUMES

LONDON: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO. 1845

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THIS book was first published in 1848, when France, tired of the dull life she was leading under Louis Philippe, indignant at his preference of family to national interests, and ready to run the risk of any change which should give her a chance of glory after the old homicidal fashion, with the pleasure of disturbing and perplexing the nations, and the profit of adding to her territories, drove out the Orleans dynasty. True to her own precedents, she must needs proclaim some new and startling theory; and this time it

was the "right to labour," embodied in the *Ateliers Nationaux*. True also to her Celtic instincts, she charged the extinct government with all the misery which the idle, vicious, helpless, and improvident part of her population had brought upon themselves.

We, too, here in England were agitated and perplexed; and though the Chartists were put down on the memorable 10th of April, an angry feeling pervaded the working classes. They thought themselves oppressed by their employers, and the best of them sulked into Christian Socialism. But happily the Government had not set itself up as a Providence to the people, except by maintaining the Poor Laws, and so escaped with little damage to its character.

Still the Celtic delusion, that the misery of individuals is always chargeable to governments, had spread among us, and was doing mischief; and the first edition of this work

was written under a strong sense of the danger of this delusion, and with an earnest wish to dissipate it. It accordingly expresses in almost every page the opposite view, that individuals are really responsible for almost all the misery ignorantly attributed to the State ; and it especially proclaims the fact that the vice of indiscriminate almsgiving indulged by one set of individuals is the true and direct cause of the crime of begging committed by another set ; that the "soft" vicious section of the dangerous classes bears to the hard criminal section the relation of cause and effect ; that the mendicant-thief community is the loathsome and dangerous product of a mean and disloyal self-indulgence, not a whit more reputable, and many times more mischievous, than intemperance itself. Against this unseemly form of selfishness, the more to be deprecated inasmuch that it pretends to a religious sanction, the first part of this book

one continued protest,—a protest to which the experience of sixteen years has added force and fervour.

Nor have the opinions expressed in the later pages of this work undergone any change. I cannot regret having scoffed at turnpikes, lamented the pollution of our rivers and the waste of the sewage of our towns, condemned the blockade of the African coast, depreciated the study of Latin and Greek, magnified the evils of debt, reviled the Poor Law, showed scant respect for many forms of charity, and still less, if possible, for trial by jury as the most expensive, tedious, and uncertain mode of arriving at truth, as giving importance to the meanest and basest of mankind, and as tempting the members of a noble profession to conscious efforts to defeat the ends of justice. What aid and comfort the very thought of it gives to unsound commercial speculations, scores of Jeremy

Diddlers with Bogus Patents, and hundreds of promoters of El Dorados, could tell us if they would.

But the main object of this work has been to promote to the place now usurped by a spurious imitation of Mercy that noble and beneficent form of Justice which should be the strength and pride of nations; that Justice which is satisfied when he who kills another suffers death himself, when he who inflicts torture is made to suffer pain, when the thief and the cheat are compelled to make restitution; that Justice which, while it views with calm composure the merited sufferings of the idle, the careless, and the vicious, melts into tender compassion at the thought of the wrongs and sufferings of their unoffending victims; that Justice which is mocked and outraged by laws, and forms of law, and modes of trial, devised to weary, perplex, and impoverish all who are so un-

fortunate as to suffer wrong or so rash as to seek redress.

In this edition some chapters are rewritten and others added, but the bulk of the book remains what it was in 1848, a collection of short essays on subjects suggested by the condition of Europe and of England at that eventful period, and especially by the unsound public opinion which would persist in charging upon governments the miseries really due to the pleasant vices of individuals, among which the vice of indiscriminate almsgiving holds the first place—first in the hollowness of its pretences, first in the baneful character of its results. This is the charity of which it has been truly said that it is “twice cursed;” these the acts of which the consequences, “if foreseen, might alarm the conscience of a buccaneer.”

May, 1865.

P R E F A C E.

THE object of the Author in these pages is, to enter a strong and earnest protest against Mendicancy, under all its disguises; against Charities, in many of their forms; against Poor Laws, in every possible or conceivable shape; and against all kinds of waste. To give force to his protest, the Author has spoken throughout in the first person singular. With the same view, he has aimed at brevity, at the risk of being deemed superficial or obscure; and has abstained, with rare exceptions, from the suggestion even of those remedies which were present to his

mind. His object throughout has been rather to provoke discussion than to convince. If his views are sound, they will lack neither facts nor friends.

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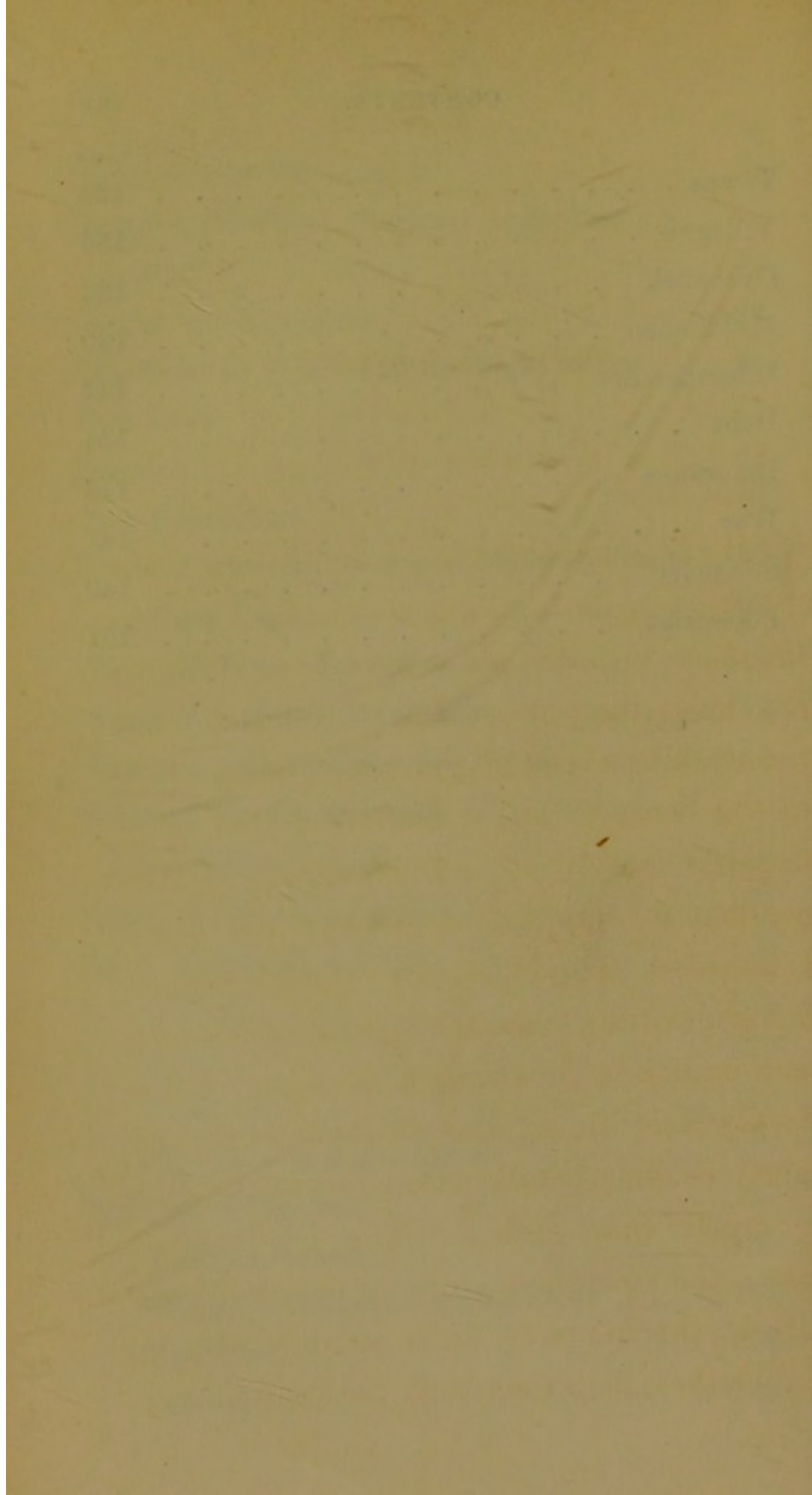
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INTRODUCTION.

I HAD some thought of dedicating these pages to the working men of England, as the class to which the views here set forth are most important; but I reflected that the working class, in the usual acceptation of the term, is but a section of that large majority which, in all countries, is dependent for support on its own exertions. I therefore abandoned my original design, being unwilling to make a separation between men united by so strong a bond, and being deeply sensible of the inconvenience and injury which have arisen from recent attempts to create that schism. The professional man, the merchant, the tradesman, the artisan, the labourer, differ as they may in the clothes they wear and the places they

inhabit, have this in common, that they are submitting themselves to the great primæval sentence which condemned man to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. If they do this with cheerfulness, they have it in their power to convert the curse into a blessing.

The common lot of labour, then, is, and must always be, a tie which no trifling differences can loosen or sever, especially when it is considered that these differences are not of man's making, but of God's. If those who are disposed to envy or to blame their fellow-labourers in a higher sphere, would only consider who made men thus to differ, and how very difficult it would be, born and bred as men are to the positions they occupy in society, to be anything but what they are, a more tolerant and contented spirit would reign among us. If the humblest of working men could know all the penalties paid for exchanging the labour of the body for the labour of the mind, they would view their own lot with more complacency and bear their own trials with more fortitude.

And if the whole body of those who live by labour could know the misery of idleness to which wealth and rank condemn so many of the higher orders of society, they would be deeply grateful to the Good Providence which had thrown them upon their own exertions for support. These opinions will perhaps be more favourably received from one who is no mawkish sentimentalist, as every page of this little work will abundantly prove, but the upholder of strong and stern doctrines, revolting to careless good nature, running counter to the habits and prejudices of ninety-nine in every hundred Englishmen, and opposed to the views so powerfully enforced by the most influential organ of public opinion in this or any other country. Still I do not despair of convincing numbers of that large industrial class for whom these pages are mainly intended, that what I advocate is merciful, though stern, and the only safe foundation of individual and national prosperity.

If I thought it worth while to abandon

the incognito under which I write, I could easily rebut the charge, which I have no doubt will be brought against me, of hard-hearted indifference to suffering in any of its forms. To borrow an illustration from my own profession, my apparent indifference to suffering is that of the surgeon who performs a painful operation, that he may save the life of his patient. Palliatives, though administered with a gentle hand, would but have prolonged suffering, and brought life prematurely to a close. Another charge which will certainly be brought against me is, want of orthodoxy. All hypochondriac Christians, who cherish, as food for their unhappy malady, the thought that the poor shall never cease out of the land—all careless Christians, who confound the poor man with the beggar—all Popish and Romanizing Christians, who patronise idleness in rags, idleness in cowls, and idleness in veils—all ambitious Christians, who would transfer the Poor-Law system from the hands of the State to those of the Church,

as the great and orthodox giver of alms—in a word, ninety-nine in a hundred of the whole Christian community, will blame me as the promulgator of unsound religious doctrines. I answer by an appeal to the results of large systems of charity, improperly so called; and by a simple question which I would earnestly commend to the attention of all Christian men, whether alms-giving, as commonly practised — by which is here meant the careless palliation of existing evils—may not be the destructive letter of the Divine command of which prevention is the life-giving spirit? The duty of alms-giving is not intended to be called in question; but I do contend that it is a duty requiring to be most cautiously exercised, so as never to offer a temptation to idleness, drunkenness, carelessness, or waste. Its performance in a slovenly manner is, in any case, a fault; but if we estimate it by its consequences, a great crime.

and other things, which are
 in a word, very nice, but I do not
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THE
ECONOMICAL AND SOCIAL
EVILS OF ENGLAND.

THE CONDITION OF ENGLAND
QUESTION.

WHAT if, after all, this question should turn out to be a simple one, in spite of its apparent difficulty and complexity! What if it should resolve itself mainly into the alternative of a right or wrong appropriation of the Labour-fund! It may be that under a right use of this fund a fair share of prosperity is attainable by all classes of our people, but that a wrong or mistaken use of it is the secret of the appalling misery and destitution that meet us at every turn. To produce so large a result, several causes must combine; but is it not possible that the

neglect of the great Christian precept, "If any will not work, neither shall he eat," may lie at the root of nine-tenths of all the wretchedness that distresses, perplexes, and appals us? Might not the rigid and unbending application of that precept, extended even beyond the mere letter, so as to embrace with the vice of idleness the kindred vices of intemperance, want of reasonable forethought and provision for the future, and wilful waste, bring about a perfect change in our present sickly condition? Nay, might we not go much farther with advantage, and with a result at which every humane man would have reason to rejoice, by substituting for the "*will not work*" the more practical "*does not work*," for "*will not save*" *does not save*," admitting no exceptional cases but those of obvious incapacity, bodily or mental, and consigning these primarily to the care of friends or relatives in whatever rank of life they may happen to be, and these failing, to the Christian charity of wealthy individuals?

To the working man the condition of England question is more important than to all the rest of the world put together. The wreck of wealth or competency may suffice to ship other men to Canada or Australia ; but all the money he has in the world, if he have any at all, will rarely cover the expense of a fifty-miles' journey. In bad times, he always suffers most, because he is always much nearer to the starvation-point than his more fortunate neighbours. This question, of such vital consequence to the working man, forces itself upon us more and more every day. It will not be put off. Revolution and rebellion in other countries, and disaffection in our own, are awful protests against the indifference which would postpone the consideration of it. They have had their effect in hastening the appearance of this attempt to grapple with it. Indeed, but for those events, the attempt would probably never have been made. They have strengthened sentiments previously entertained, and added arguments of no little force to those

which observation and reflection had long since suggested. The present time, moreover, appears peculiarly appropriate to an effort of this kind.

The signal defeat of those brawling Chartists, who hid their moral cowardice under the bravado of physical force—the not less signal discomfiture of those blustering incapables, the Irish Repealers—and the conviction that is fast forcing itself upon all of us, that political panaceas can no more set England to rights, than Morison's pills, or Holloway's ointment, or homœopathy, or hydropathy, or any other of the thousand and one infallible remedies or systems can cure us of our bodily ailments—have left us a little breathing time, during which a sober man may gain a hearing for his pleadings in favour of the great industrial classes of this great industrial country. When I think of the lot of the largest section of that class, I must confess that my blood boils within me as I see the honest and hard-working English labourer, with an Irish rebel on one

shoulder, an English pauper on the other, a dead weight of taxation on his back, and a crowd of beggars, thieves, and vagrants pulling at his skirts and picking his pockets. How he stands up under it I do not know. That he does contrive, Atlas-like, to bear up this world of difficulties, and, more than that, to so use his hands and arms as to make this England of ours the richest, most prosperous, and most powerful empire the sun ever shone upon, is to me the wonder of wonders. I know nothing half so marvellous. Some people will explain it all by talking of our "glorious constitution;" others will discourse learnedly about the "Anglo-Saxon race;" but, for my part, though I admit that the constitution has something to do with it, and that race has something to do with it, I must express my own conviction that England is what she is much more through hard work than from all other causes put together. If we had been an idle people, England would be what Ireland is; if Ireland had been industrious, she would be now what we are.

It is the habit of industry, and the virtues that grow out of it, and cluster about it, which has made our glorious constitution possible for us. The inveterate idleness of Ireland is fast making any government but downright tyranny impossible for them; and bluster and threaten as she may, Ireland will not enjoy English rights till she condescends to imitate English virtues. This question, too—the condition of Ireland question—is emphatically the working man's question; because, as I have said, the working-man is nearer to starvation point than the rest of the community. Of this we may be sure, that we must either starve Ireland into industry, or she will starve us into the loss of our liberties. There is no alternative. Starvation, discontent, sedition, rebellion, coercion—such are the steps; and such the sure effects of indulging in the luxury of feeding the Irish, or, what is more easy, attempting to feed them. Soup-kitchen philanthropists, and the whole brood of indiscriminate alms-givers, who fill our streets

at home with ragged rogues, will exclaim, "But are the Irish to starve?" "Yes, if they will not work. Why not?" St. Paul had no mercy on idlers. Why should we? The reason of his severity is obvious. He was too good a political economist not to know that no nation or community, however rich, can afford to feed those who will not work. He knew well enough that you can no more feed the idle without starving the industrious, or putting them, at least, on very short commons—and, in so doing, exposing them to die of disease instead of starvation—than you can pour water out of one vessel into another without emptying the first in exact proportion as you fill the second. This truly merciful doctrine of starvation as a punishment for idleness is, of course, revolting to that ingenious form of self-indulgence which displays itself in soup-kitchen philanthropy. I doubt whether even the reflecting portion of the working-class is prepared for the expression of my firm belief that the condition of England

will never be a healthy one, and its people secure from the fear of starvation and the gripe of destitution, till one and all of us—from the Prime Minister down to the poorest labourer who works for seven shillings a-week—swell into one loud and hearty chorus the sternly merciful precept of St. Paul—“If any will not work, neither shall he eat.” What additions of our own we must make, if this precept is to bear its full fruit in practice, I have already briefly indicated. I shall hereafter have to speak of our individual patronage of beggars, our national creation of paupers, and such like acts of folly. If we could but shake off from the shoulders of Industry the Irish rebel and the English pauper, and drive off that crowd of beggars and thieves, who pull at his skirts and pick his pockets; and if we could but ease him somewhat of the dead load of taxation which now presses on him, what an England might this not be. The first step to make her what her vast resources fit her to become is to brand Idleness, Drunken-

ness, Carelessness, and Waste as great parent crimes, whose proper and expedient punishment is Starvation, from which if any man be rescued, it must be, not by the nation, as a right, but by the individual as an act of unmerited kindness. If the nation attempt it, it must do gross injustice to the entire industrious class, and irreparable injury to those whom it thus snatches out of the hands of Providence.

WHAT HOPE OF ENGLAND?

MUCH hope, every hope, if we follow St. Paul, and act in the true spirit of his precept, eschewing certain popular teachings in the matter of the Poor-law, and in one or two other points. I do not fear to express my belief, that if we do this, destitution may be made to disappear from among us, without the destruction of one human life; and that poverty will be brought within such manageable limits, that the present amount of spontaneous charity shall more than suffice to meet every demand made upon it. I am aware of all the prejudices which such an expression of opinion is calculated to shock; and even of the scriptural arguments which will be brought against it. First and foremost, there is that great stumbling-block in

the nation's way, the 11th verse of the 15th chapter of Deuteronomy. I speak from experience. Whenever I have expressed my own firm conviction that England's misery and destitution are not of God's, but of man's making, and when I have added my sanguine hope that the day will come when destitution shall be unknown, and poverty be reduced to those narrow limits within which spontaneous charity, without state-help, will be amply sufficient for all our necessities, my mouth has been closed by the passage I have just referred to, "The poor shall never cease out of the land." Now, I do not believe that one in a hundred of those who quote this text as a damper to the efforts of the real friends of the working class, know whether it is to be found in the Old or the New Testament; by whom it was spoken, or to whom it was addressed; and I as firmly believe that not one in a thousand ever read, with the most ordinary degree of attention, the whole chapter from which it is taken. If they had done so, they would

have found matter for thought, and ground for hope in the fourth verse, where the law-giver of Israel speaks of times when there might be no poor among the people. From this it would appear that though the existence of poverty was the rule, that rule was not without its exceptions; and I am disposed to draw the conclusion that the poverty spoken of was not the extreme destitution which our Poor-laws were made to patch up, as a compensation for having first occasioned it, but such a degree and amount of poverty only as the spontaneous alms-giving of the people was fully adequate to relieve. It is most likely, too, that in those early times the indiscriminate almsgiving, which in our days is raising up an increasing army of beggars, to bring their dishonest idleness into competition with honest industry, had not yet been invented; nor did any Poor-law then exist to encourage idleness, drunkenness, and carelessness, at the expense of those whose capital gives the labouring man the food he eats. I am quite willing to

forego the benefit of the doubt that might fairly be raised whether the 11th verse of the 15th chapter of Deuteronomy be really applicable to all nations and all times. It was addressed to the Jews, and I hope that I shall not be deemed a bad Christian if I hesitate to believe that the inspired Lawgiver was then laying down principles for the whole world. He was certainly not giving laws to the entire world, but only to the Jews. Am I then straining Scripture on the Procrustes' bed of a theory when I venture a doubt that the words to which I allude were spoken to all nations of all times? I am aware that the words of our blessed Saviour, "the poor ye have always with you," have also been forcibly wrested from the context, to serve as an argument for the necessary existence of destitution and the need of a Poor-law: I content myself with referring to the context in refutation of the strained meaning put upon the words. But the abstract question, whether destitution may or may not be made to disappear,

and poverty be brought within narrow and manageable limits, only becomes a practical question when the text of Scripture is used as a damper to our efforts for the improvement of the condition of the people. It is our duty, at least, not to suffer it to cripple our energies. I have brought it under discussion, because I know that it is often so employed by very worthy people, who are too idle and listless to exert themselves in any other way than in creating beggars, and perpetuating the race of paupers. So long as such a policy is persevered in, it is my sincere conviction that England may *exist*, but cannot *live*. The nation cannot stand all this depletion. Nothing but the steady and sturdy industry of the great industrial class has enabled us so to bear up under it as to have something of the show of health and vigour. Once more, let us not be daunted or dispirited. There is yet hope of England.

STREET BEGGARS.

I NEVER could understand what had become of the London beggars when, at the Peace in 1815, the Emperor of Russia is reported to have propounded the strange question, "But where are your poor?" The rogues must have been keeping holiday like the rest of the lieges, and feasting, as is their wont, at the expense of the working man. I say *at his expense*, for who does not see that beggars always live at the expense of the working class. Rich noodles who drop pence into hands held out in the street, and dignify their folly by the name of charity, take much credit to themselves,—as if they were giving away their own money. And so they are in one sense. It is their own money. But religious men are very ready to speak

of themselves as stewards, and their wealth as a trust. I agree with them; but I contend that they are the stewards of the working man, and that their wealth flows as naturally into the channels of industry as the water of a river into the bed it has worn for itself. To divert the golden stream into the hands of beggars is to turn the living waters of a flowing river into the pestilential stagnancy of a marsh. All the money that is spent comes into the hands of labour, and, except for very good and sufficient reasons, ought not to be taken from them. To give it to beggars is an injury to the honest workman, and a curse to the nation—a curse, the depths of which no mortal man can fathom. I might say something of the injury which the national character sustains by the filling of our streets with masqueraders in rags. Foreigners come over here, and on the strength of the crowds of beggars they encounter, grow indignantly eloquent on the vast disparity between the wealth and luxury of one class and the squalid wretchedness

of another; and thus dear Old England gets a bad name. One cannot wonder that the mere spectators of this sham misery should misunderstand it, when the guilty parties who foster and encourage it are so unconscious of the real nature and tendency of their acts. But I will not lay more stress on the opinion of foreigners than it deserves. Most of our critics manage their own affairs so badly, that we can afford to disregard their strictures. Not so, however, with the evil itself. We cannot afford to treat that lightly, for it is said, I know not with what truth, that in this metropolis alone no less a sum than *one million two hundred thousand pounds* a year is taken out of the pockets of the working class by their dishonest competitors. If this be true, what must be the amount of the spoliation in all England and Wales? *Three millions*, perhaps. Three millions spent in absolutely unproductive—in worse than unproductive, idleness! It is a thought to make one weep. And then to think that these miscreants are living in filthy luxury

and debauchery on money, the want of which is reducing the poor tradesman and ill-paid artisan to destitution and the work-house! Of course the careless creatures who drop their pence into the streets have some excellent reason for what they do. They have a text to justify their folly. They are to "give to him that asketh," to which my answer is very concise—the Saviour of mankind did not preach to idiots and imbeciles, but to men with heads upon their shoulders, and could never have intended that his precious commands should be carried out without thought and without discretion. He who taught that the law was to be obeyed in its spirit, and not merely in its letter, intended, doubtless, that his words should be interpreted in the same way. This is one of the strongholds of indiscriminate almsgiving. The other is the pious horror of starvation. It is possible (none of these people are foolish enough to deem it very probable) that some of these beggars might starve. Well, and what then? As I said of

the Irish so I say of the beggar, who, by the by, is very apt to belong to that nation, if you do not starve him he will starve you. None but a soup-kitchen philanthropist or a Lady Bountiful believes that a penny *given* to an idle man can do more, or go farther, than a penny *spent* with an industrious one. And what is true of the penny is true of the pound. Even if there were nothing disgraceful in begging, and a mendicant and an honest working man were quite on a par, and equally entitled to receive money at the hands of others, there would be this great advantage in spending it—that a very considerable part of it must be laid out in reproductive industry. It is notorious that the beggar gets better paid for his idleness than the honest workman for his industry, and that what he spends does the least possible amount of good to society at large, because he lays out nothing on his wardrobe and little on his lodging, while the balance is squandered on riotous living and the congenial amusements of the Gin Palace. What I

mean is this,—that the money now squandered on beggars would serve to support, in comfort and decency, perhaps twice the number of industrious and honest workmen. The end of the beggar is the parish. The filth he lives in breeds fever, and fever fills the workhouse, to the punishment of the rate-payer, whose rates, again, are taken out of the workman's pocket. What, then, is to be done? I answer, the whole class of beggars must be rooted out of the land, and the whole industrious class must combine to do it, and see it done. If rich men will rob labour to give to beggars, the labourer must insist on their being fined for their folly. As to the beggars themselves, flog the men and boys wherever you find them; and as to the women, cut their hair close for the first offence, and shave their heads for the second. This, or any other act of wholesome severity, for the sake of the honest workmen of England, would be welcome.

HOUSE BEGGARS.

I HAVE not yet sounded all the depths of mendicancy. The only way to understand it thoroughly, is to look at it as a case of supply and demand. It is not to be expected that those whose blundering injustice defrauds the labourer of the money which must otherwise be his, should take this simple and obvious view of their own misdeeds. But the intelligent working man will soon see how the matter stands. He knows well enough that if the tastes or habits of the public create a demand for any article of manufacture or merchandise, the supply is sure to follow; he knows that when the manufacturer wants hands, men are sure to offer themselves; he knows that if a skilled mechanic or artisan of any kind is wanted

anywhere in England, in France, in Germany, in Russia, he finds his way there, in spite of difference of language, and the many obstacles which might be supposed to deter him; and doubtless he has heard that where charities abound there notoriously the needy and the destitute congregate. Now, does it not stand to reason that a nation of careless spendthrifts, whose notorious habit it is to drop pence into hands held out to receive them, does by that very habit create a demand for beggars which is sure to be supplied? How should it be otherwise? And accordingly, from every nation under the sun, from every point of the compass, the beggars come flocking to us. Ireland leads the van. The farthest east brings up the rear. Bavaria, Savoy, France, press forward to prefer their several claims to be fed at the expense of the English labourer. True, we are very angry with the monsters who import boys and white mice from Savoy. There is scarcely any punishment we could not inflict upon such hardened wretches. Virtuous

patron of beggars, the back on which the scourge should fall is that which thy own coat covers. But thou art always innocent, thou plunderer of the honest working man; and when thou journeyest through the pleasant valleys of Piedmont, thy heart bounds, and thy conscience is at rest, when thou reflectest that that neat cottage and trim garden were purchased with English pence—the pence of thyself and of thy co-conspirators, thou patriot. For my part, the sight would bring a blush to my cheek and a scalding tear to my eye; for the squalid home of the English labourer—squalid for the want of that which we have squandered on the foreigner—would present itself unbidden to my mind. Between the conduct of the men who club their pence to buy comfortable cottages in Savoy, and that of the wicked men of rank and wealth who lavish fortunes far from home in France or Italy, I can see little difference. I cannot speak of either in measured terms of indignation and contempt. And these same men who

create the demand for foreign beggars are loud in their outcry about over-population, and stanch supporters of emigration. Consistent philanthropists! Patriotic citizens! The replacement of an honest, hard-working emigrant by a dancing, grinning Savoyard, is truly a wise and a patriotic deed; but it is not the way to diminish population. Another application of the principle of supply and demand is to the case of House Beggars—the subject of this essay. I have shown how the swarms of street beggars are created; we can be at no loss for a receipt to hatch a brood of house beggars. We have only to ask the first Lady Bountiful we meet. She is mistress of the happy secret. A liberal stock of provisions, a few chaldrons of coals, a score or two of blankets, and an assortment of coats and petticoats, duly distributed wherever houses are dirtiest, rooms most denuded of furniture, and clothing most ragged and filthy, will work wonders in this way. Poor innocent soul! she does not know that the votaries of gin are always

thus scantily provided, and that whenever Ladies Bountiful are about, it pays them to continue so. If tracts form part of the lady's outfit, it is surprising what aptitude these destitute folk exhibit for religious teaching. Whether they profit by all they learn, deponent saith not.

BEGGING LETTERS.

IT would be endless to enumerate all the possible and actual applications of the economic doctrine of supply and demand to the case of mendicancy; but the begging-letter tribe must not be forgotten. The demand in this case is created by certain wealthy and philanthropic lords and gentlemen who are in the habit of believing all they hear, and all they read in print or manuscript, from the wonderful virtues of Morison's pills, and the incredible infinitesimal doses of Hahnemann, down to the pathetic story of the bereaved widow or shipwrecked mariner, duly delivered by that gigantic purveyor of fugitive literature, the penny post. A ten pound note, for the want of which, perchance, some honest creditor is

starving, or some deserving tenant rotting in filth-created fever, is forwarded without delay, and without a single misgiving as to the identity of the petitioner, the truth of the story, or the propriety of the proceeding. Minute details are no part of my present object, or I might tell some pleasant stories of the filial piety of poetical daughters supporting aged mothers by the produce of their pens, embodied in elegant volumes, sold, for charity's sake, at four times their value; and still more instructive histories of impostors contriving to live in comfort and luxury on promises doomed never to be performed. All this would be vastly amusing, but for the slight drawback that the amusement takes place at the expense of the working man—sometimes with money due to his employer, and in all other cases with money which, in the natural course of things, would have come into his hands.

VAGRANTS.

VAGRANTS are beggars on their travels, and what I have said of the class holds good of the species; but with this addition, that the vagrant is even more mischievous than the resident beggar, inasmuch as he serves to convey one of our great social and economic enemies, the fever, from place to place. The pains we have taken to provide these vagabonds with a night's lodging in those hotels of idleness, the union workhouses, is a proceeding thoroughly English. For my part, I cannot see why such gratuitous accommodation should be confined to this class. The preference given to vagrants is certainly extremely unjust. Why should not briefless lawyers, and feeless doctors, and poor curates, and the younger sons of

the nobility, be indulged with lodging free of cost when they are upon their travels?

This is the place to speak of the houseless poor, of whom we have heard so much of late. These people perversely keep themselves as destitute of shelter as of clothing, and to avoid trouble take their chance at the doors of unions or nightly refuges. They obey the letter of the Divine command, to take no heed for the morrow, in the spirit of the evil one; in which respect they do not differ much from those who clamour on their behalf. For these worthies, who will not have households of their own, we are taxed to provide board and lodging; for these creatures, who have but one object in all their wicked and perverse lives—to exist without work at the expense of their industrious neighbours, tramping about begging and thieving, till at length they grow old, stiff, and rheumatic, and come to prefer to the assaults of the elements the restraints of those last resorts of all that is vicious and depraved, the union workhouses.

CROSSING SWEEPERS.

ON this subject, too, I shall be brief. The crossing sweeper is a beggar with a broom in his hand. Some persons, who will not give to a common beggar, give to him, because, as they say, he does some work. Some work certainly, but the whole day's labour put together, including what is technically called "shutting up shop," would not fetch in the market a poor farthing. Every one knows, however, that a crossing is often as lucrative as a fat sinecure under Government. The sham activity which heralds the approach of a gentleman with clean boots, or a lady with long flounces, is about on a par with the occasional stroke of the official pen; and the sham in both cases is handsomely paid for. I feel a sort of compunction when

I think of the serious injury which the study of ethnology must sustain from the displacement of the dark gentlemen in white garments who condescend to exhibit themselves at the corners of some of our streets, refreshing us with the anomalous spectacle of a clean beggar. As for the Irish boys, they are wanted at the ragged schools, and the women at home, where there is much work for the needle and scrubbing-brush. I can part with them without any sort of compunction. And as our crossings ought to be swept, the local authorities must be got to appoint working men, with fair wages, to keep, not one crossing only, but groups of crossings clean. This is one way, and a very feasible one too, of providing additional work for the unemployed. That it would be much cheaper, is obvious, but the money would not come out of the same pockets. If this is a practical plan, why is it not supported by those eminently practical folk, the parochial authorities?

STREET MUSICIANS.

THERE is a tyranny in mendicancy, which unprotected females and aged persons know to their cost. But for a grinding tyranny commend me to the street musician; and for suffering in its most acute and helpless form, to the victim of brain disease or severe nervous disorder, under the open window of whose sick chamber, in some narrow street, in the dog-days, a Savoyard lets off his box of noise, or a German band its brazen burst of sound. Heartless vagabonds! Heartless abettors of noisy nuisances! Heartless legislators, supremely indifferent to this worst infringement of our liberties! All honour to the one brave philosopher who vindicates our right to possess our homes in peace and quietness! May he live to complete his analytical machine to the honour of the nation, and to see our streets cleared of wandering minstrels to his comfort and ours.

MENDICITY SOCIETIES.

THESE societies belong to a different category from the charities about which I shall soon have occasion to write. They were established, as charities always are, with the very best intentions, but in ignorance of the class with which they deal. They have issued, as almost all charities do, in creating a demand for their own objects. They aimed at combining a detective and repressive police, with a machinery for relieving real distress, the moving power with them, as with the creators of street beggars, being that Englishman's bugaboo, the fear of starvation. No one can deny that they have done some good. Some of the noblemen and gentlemen who honour drafts upon their credulity by punctual

cheques of ten pounds have found out their mistake, and not being willing to abandon the luxury of doing good in that fashion, have employed the Mendicity Society as their detective police, to the soothing of their consciences and the protection of their pockets. It was not in their natures to adopt the strong course of saying No to all unknown applicants, so they had recourse to the mendicity societies. Another class to whom mendicity societies have proved a great comfort and relief consists of ladies who have the misfortune to be encumbered with carriages, for which it is not enough that they should be heavily taxed by government, (which is, of course, a pleasure,) but they must submit to pay blackmail to the fraternity of beggars, (which is not so agreeable.) Now some of these ladies have consciences. They do not think it right to expend all the halfpence they take in change, in encouraging the competition between idleness and industry, nor do they adopt the more aristocratic course of

giving an invariable sixpence or fourpence to all who ask an alms. No. They have consciences, and mendicity tickets are the exact salve to suit them. That polite heap of walking rags which is bowing on one side of the carriage door, while the powdered footman is standing in all his stately finery on the other, must not starve, and cannot, if he will use this magic "Open Sesame," to the soup-kitchen and stone-yard in Red Lion Square. But your genuine beggar likes the soup without conditions, if he condescend to such poor diet at all; and he has a perfect horror of wounding his fingers at the degrading occupation of breaking stones. Pat especially, however ragged and dirty, never abandons the pride of a *gentleman*, and work, you know, is not made for that class. So the ticket for soup is politely declined. It is of no use; and it does not suit Pat's purpose to go about looking for a new comer, with whom to change it for its current value, a glass of gin. In the immediate neighbourhood of a mendicity society the tickets

are much more in request. The demand has been met with a supply of the right sort. If the polite request for a ticket is answered in the affirmative, the ticket has its value in the market, and finds its way into the hands of a new comer, whose squalid raggedness has not yet become familiar to the officers of the charity, or into the hands of the keeper of the low lodging-house, who uses it as a bait for strangers. But, in the absence of a ticket, a penny is always acceptable; and so in one way or other Church Lane, St. Giles's, is pretty well filled with a population in keeping with its humble pretensions to decency and its superabounding filthiness. At first, the charity of Red Lion Square was of that comprehensive character, that all the beggar world, resident and migratory, was welcome to the soup-kitchen, the oakum-room and the stone-yard, on presenting the pass, and submitting to conditions; but somehow or other, the whole system of imposition had become so thoroughly organized, and the Irish immigration assumed such an

overwhelming magnitude, that it became necessary to restrict the operations of the charity to residents of six months. This wise resolution was doubtless precipitated by the indiscretion of the Irish mendicants in infecting the entire establishment with typhus fever, in exchange for benefits conferred. There was gratitude in this, and everybody knows that the Irish are a very grateful people. How the new system will organize itself on the part of the six months' residents time will show ; but I will venture a prophecy, that the demand will create its supply, and that the reports of the society will be highly satisfactory to those who have faith in these things. After a time, the society will find out its mistake, and will devote the residue of its funds to some real work of prevention, or take to publishing the results of its experience, for the warning of those who may be tempted to follow its example. In the meantime, let the society forthwith forward a copy of these essays to each of its subscribers.

THE GAUGE OF CHARITY.

IT is true of all money, from a golden sovereign down to a bronze farthing, that it cannot be in two places at the same time, and that we cannot both give it away and spend it. Moreover, as money spent does good by sooner or later passing into the hands of the most needy of the working class, the good we achieve by giving must be subject to a deduction of the good which would have been effected by spending the same amount. If beneficence were a science, as it ought to be, this would be its leading axiom. It stands to reason then that the best works of charity are subject to a serious drawback, and that they can be justified only by real urgency in the recipient, coupled with the best motives and the most scrupulous care in the donor.

DOUCEURS.—CHRISTMAS BOXES.

THE conclusion of my last essay reminds me that I ought to say something on the subject which forms the heading of this. All men like to be paid twice for their work. It is quite natural that they should; and considering the numbers in all ranks of society who will consent to receive money without fairly earning it, it is not to be wondered at that the footman and the tradesman's messenger, the cabman and the dustman, should look for a douceur over and above their regular pay. The beadle who summons a doctor to an inquest will deduct, if he can, the silver constituent of the fee, and feels aggrieved if it be withheld. The butler who is paid for attending to his master's guests is unusually civil on the

morning of their departure; the tradesman's boy is a perfect model of punctuality about Christmas; and as to the servants at an hotel of the old school, they are quite overwhelming in their final attentions. The cabman's fifty per cent. is the extreme case of all. I shall not soon forget the blush that overspread the cheek of a common soldier in France, when, after showing me round the citadel of Vincennes, I, Englishman-like, offered him a *douceur*. I wish that such a blush were more frequently to be seen on the faces of my own countrymen in the same grade of life when similarly tempted. There is something very refreshing in unbought civilities; something very wholesome in the gratitude of the superior to the inferior. That would be a revolution worth making. And, then, the cruel injustice to which this system leads. The appetite for *douceurs* becomes so gross and ravenous, that one working man will demand it as a right of another. The scavenger refusing to remove the fever-threatening filth of his

poor fellow-workman without a bribe—what an illustration this of the true tendency of the whole system! Then, again, the form in which the bribe is commonly embodied. It is to drink the donor's health. Think of this, friends of temperance. This form of the drinking usages is well worth your attention. But it is not in its moral aspects, mainly, that I now treat this or any other question. I wish to show that this system of *douceurs* and Christmas boxes, like that of indiscriminate alms-giving, militates against the true interests of the working classes. It puts into the pockets of men, already provided for by fair and sufficient wages, money which, if spent by the donor, would go directly into the hands of labour, or of the immediate paymaster of the labourer. The remedy for this evil is very much in the hands of the honest and independent working man, and of the recipient generally of this misplaced bounty. If we gentlemen were every now and then to meet with a firm and respectful rebuff, it would do us

much good. If the railway porter, tempted to disobey his positive orders, as, I am sorry to say, he too often is, were to reprove the offender as he deserves, this, too, would have a good effect. The evil is, in the very nature of things, beyond the reach of national legislation. The master and the employer, therefore, must enact their own laws, and, as far as in them lies, see that they are observed. But it is for the working class, whose independence of character, no less than the well-considered interest of their entire body, is at stake, to crush the evil. The disuse of this degrading custom would, I am convinced, go far to civilize the people. There can be no genuine politeness where all the services of one class are paid for by the other. Reciprocity is an essential element of refined intercourse. I am inclined to hazard the opinion, that the proverbial politeness of the French and German peasant is due to the absence of the bad habit which I have been condemning; and I must confess that I despair of witnessing

politeness where it would be most pleasant to see it—among our working men—till this bad custom of *douceurs* and Christmas boxes shares the fate to which I trust that of indiscriminate alms-giving is doomed.

THIEVES.

I HAVE a theory, to which I attach some importance, that in a large number of instances the trade of the thief would not pay unless it were combined with that of the beggar. In the person of the vagrant-beggar, or tramp, the two callings are notoriously combined, as the farmer knows to his cost. If I am right, it must follow that the patron of beggars is unconsciously the friend of thieves. Every one who knows anything of the haunts of the filthy and ragged population of our large towns, knows that the thieves' den is also the beggars' dwelling. If they are not always the same persons, they are to be found pigging together under the same roof. What a system of mutual instruction ! What an interchange of

experiences! What pleasant ridicule of the credulity of the genus Verisopht. What outpourings of that gratitude which has been so bitterly defined as the expectation of favours to come! Would that those who do all this unconscious mischief could hear and see what any man with an atom of fancy can imagine! There is much of broad farce and low comedy, doubtless, but there is also in begging and thieving an element of the tragic which it is not safe for a nation to overlook or disregard. In the shocking brutality which figures almost daily before our magistrates—in the murderous onslaughts on the police, and in the desperate acts of resistance to authority, the sturdy beggar emulates the thief. Not many months since, for instance, a policeman, who was taking into custody a beggar, fresh from the neighbourhood of Red Lion Square, was set upon by the combined forces of Church Lane, St. Giles', and murdered on the spot. Were the peripatetic almsgivers of Russell Square innocent of the blood of that man? And

what think you would have been the history of the 10th of April, if the physical force men had got the upper hand only for a moment? I will tell you. The beggars and thieves of the metropolis would have rushed by thousands to the fight, and would have celebrated their drunken orgies by the flames of a burning city. Had the riot grown to the huge dimensions of a revolution, the men and women whose thoughtless and ill-judged liberality had called the race of beggars into existence, might have expiated their misdeeds in blood, or have been doomed to mourn over the destruction and confiscation of the property of which they had been such careless and unjust stewards. If any one is disposed to doubt the justice of these remarks, and to believe in the harmlessness of a race whose trade is idleness, I would refer him to Ireland for a proof. The first great attribute of the Irish is idleness, and around this constitutional weakness of character cluster all the vices which deform an individual or ruin a people—low cunning, habi-

tual falsehood, mean suspicion, fawning sycophancy, base ingratitude, with a fatal aptitude for learning lessons of mischief, and perpetrating deeds of blood. These are the people whom a government, emulating the example of the friends and patrons of the race of beggars, fed, or tried to feed, at the expense of the hard-working men of England; and, scared by the self-same bugbear of starvation, plunged them, whom those wasted millions would have saved, into that destitution of food, raiment, and decent shelter which constitutes the sure forerunner of fever. The Registrar General's reports record an increase of from forty to fifty thousand deaths in England and Wales concurrently with that act of folly. Was that fearful mortality a mere coincidence, think you? Is it not rather a proof of my position, that you cannot feed one class of people except by starving another class, or by putting a still greater number upon a dangerously short allowance? Let the working classes look to it, or their food will still be taken out of their mouths

to feed beggar-thieves in England and mendicant rebels in Ireland. Let the working men of Ireland look to it. The war against industry, temperance, and forethought has been proclaimed. Ireland has a Poor-law.

PRISONS.

AMONG the ingenious contrivances which we have fallen upon for emptying the pocket of the rate-payer, and diminishing the labour fund, the multiplication of prisons is deserving of a prominent place. A little urchin of ten years of age robs his school-fellow of a sixpence, and spends it. The schoolmaster insists upon repayment, reads him a lecture on the sin he has committed, selects the best of his birch rods or a well-waxed cane, administers a little wholesome corporal punishment, and sends him back to his studies. The boy either repents of the experimental essay in appropriation, or, if the propensity be too strong, he is expelled the school. But the State is so enamoured of costly punishments, that she

sends even the juvenile offender to prison ; that is to say, she consigns him, for a month or more, to a very clean, airy, and comfortable building, where, in exchange for loss of liberty, he is well fed and decently clothed. In a word, he is introduced into a scene which contrasts in every respect most favourably with the pigstye in which his parents found shelter, and, in all human probability, experiences at least as much kindness as has ever been shown him elsewhere. Every one who reads the newspapers knows that the prison is made so much more comfortable than the workhouse, that it is well worth the while of the pauper tramp to break a few windows that he may enjoy the welcome change. Now all this is very preposterous. The cheap punishment of the rod, or the cat o' nine tails, according to the age of the offender, is the right punishment; but justice to the rate-payer and to the honest working man imperatively demands that their money should no longer be spent in this preposterous feeding and lodging of

mischievous children and worthless lads. So also with all acts of barbarity, all brutal conflicts with policemen, all beatings of wives, all gin-bred violence, all Chartist outbreaks or inflammatory speeches, all acts of sedition—the scourge is the right punishment for the whole class. The very thought of the degrading punishment put a stop to the fashion of firing at the Queen. I do not think that Irish rebels would like flogging. I would strongly recommend the same wholesome chastisement for all beggars and vagrants, and the entire class of impostors. As to feeding such creatures at the public charge, it is the height of absurdity. But flogging is cruel and inhuman! What! more cruel and inhuman than starving the honest working man to keep these rogues in prison—starving, which the extreme humanitarians look upon with such intense horror, that a gigantic system of workhouses is established to render it impossible. And it is degrading, too! What! degrading to thieves, beggars, drunkards, and vulgar rebels! Away with such

maudlin sentimentality. I contend that the rod and the scourge have every recommendation which the prison wants—promptitude, efficiency, and above all, economy. But what shall we do with female offenders? I acknowledge the great difficulty here; but I do not see why we should incur the expense of putting them in prison. The hair cut short for slight offences, and the head shaved for heavier ones, as already suggested, would probably answer the purpose. Women do not like losing their hair. Flogging, then, I venture to suggest, as the proper punishment for nine-tenths of all our crimes. Mind, I speak only of State-punishment. I am not now talking of reformation. That is a very different thing. But upon this subject, too, I have an economical and otherwise wholesome suggestion to make. It is embodied in the one word *restoration*. Under our present preposterous system of punishment, no provision whatever is made for the restoration of stolen property. Apply this mode of proceeding to the case of the boy robbed by his

schoolfellow. Would he not think it very hard if the master did not insist on the repayment of the stolen money? Would not the moral sense of every boy in the school be outraged by the omission? To be sure it would. Well, then, apply this to the case in point. The citizen who has been robbed has a right to demand restoration to the uttermost farthing. And here your prison comes into play for all crimes attended with loss of property or with its wilful injury. I, for my part, can conceive no moral discipline equal to this discipline of restoration. It would be infinitely more efficacious than sermons or personal exhortations of any kind; and as restoration could only take place by labour in prison, you would get that too. But a necessary condition of this system of labour in prison, for the purpose of restoration, must be that the prisoner shall earn not merely the means of repayment, but the cost of his board, lodging, and clothing. This expense must be first paid, and the restoration of the stolen property must come

out of the surplus. From this surplus fund, too, ought to come all the estimated cost of the apprehension of the offender, including the time of the policeman, and an allowance to witnesses. The food supplied to each prisoner ought to cost a defined fraction of the money earned by him, whatever that might be. The work done should be as various as possible, that it might suit the capacities, previous employments, or habits of life of the culprits; and, in order not to compete with the labour of the rest of the community, should be devoted to the reclamation of waste lands belonging to the State. The slight loss sustained by the labouring class, in consequence of this displacement of labour, would be amply compensated by the money thus paid back to the nation's labour-fund. It can scarcely be necessary to state, that the wages paid for all prison labour should be the fair current rate of wages for the same work performed elsewhere. There are some crimes which must be dealt with after a different fashion from

that here recommended, such as murder and rape, and perhaps arson; and there are others, again, in which imprisonment may be necessary as a measure of precaution. To this class belong sedition, aggravated cases of personal violence, and crimes arising out of a dangerous state of exasperation or excitement, where lapse of time becomes an element in individual and national safety. Flogging, then, as the great State punishment, and restoration, as the great moral discipline, with lengthened terms of imprisonment in certain cases just indicated, is the new system which it is the especial interest of the industrious classes to advocate. I have yet something to say on the trial of offenders.

THE POLICE OFFICE.

ENGLAND is as reckless of the time of her industrious classes as she is of their money. A thief is brought before a magistrate; the stolen property is found in his possession; and no one doubts that he has committed the crime with which he is charged. The proper course would be to admonish him of the sin he had committed, and to put him without delay under the hands of the beadle, who should administer the prescribed number of lashes. He owes a small sum to the policeman for the trouble to which he has put him, and that he would have to earn in prison. It might not amount to sixpence, but it should be rigidly exacted. If the theft were equally proved, but the property not forthcoming, a longer imprison-

ment would be necessary, the same State punishment being inflicted. But what does this sapient nation do? The thief is sent for trial, and, in the meantime, is kept in prison, at the expense of the rate-payers, and to the injury of the working man. When the time of trial arrives, twelve industrious tradesmen are taken away from their lawful occupations, to sit in judgment upon this delinquent, who is found guilty in due form, and again fed for a specified period at the public expense. Now, why such crimes as this, and nine tenths of all the offences brought before the police magistrates should not be at once summarily disposed of, I cannot understand. Does any rational Englishman, in these days, place such implicit faith in trial by jury, as to think it necessary to the liberty of the subject, or the proper administration of justice? Everybody knows that the twelve good men and true who waste their time in the witness-box, were originally witnesses and not judges, so that the wisdom of our ancestors is not

in question any more than the liberty of their descendants. The public is perfectly protected by the press, which is a good and sufficient substitute for the trial by jury. A magistrate, with the eyes of the public upon him, the reporters of the press present, and all his proceedings taking place in open day, with the power of consulting his brother magistrates in difficult cases, gives us all the guarantee we can require. And then, what a blessing to get rid of those dear and unequal contests of wit and cunning, which are now deemed necessary preliminaries to a verdict! The county courts point the way to the destruction of the whole system of time-and-money-wasting imposition; and, if I am not misinformed, their records will show how little confidence the English people really put in the trial by jury—how rarely any honest man, convinced of the justice of his cause, avails himself of his privilege of calling a jury. Twelve obtuse tradesmen afford a chance to the skilful advocate, which the dishonest plaintiff or

defendant does not willingly throw away ; but the honest man can dispense both with counsel and jury, and willingly leaves his case in the hands of the court. Depend upon it the press is the best and cheapest, and all sufficient Palladium of our liberties. How much time and money might we not save if we would trust to it ! If the working classes have really any dislike to the classes above them, they have here a good opportunity of diminishing their number. A good sanitary bill would have the same effect with the members of another profession. Most of our barristers, and some of our doctors, would make good schoolmasters ; and I dare say that they would find new employments, as the coachmen did who were displaced by the railroads.

CHARITIES.

EVERY nation has its weak point, accessible to the attacks of pride and vanity. Even England is not exempt from the universal failing. But it has often struck me as very strange, that the points in which a nation is most apt to pride itself, are generally anything but its strong points. France, for instance, in her overweening self-conceit, boasts herself the centre of civilization, and even amid the wrecks of a revolution, which gives the lie to the vaunt, cannot forego the claim to the initiative in that work of refinement. Ireland, too, is very vain of her "finest pisantry," than whom a more wretched crew never existed. England, in her turn, is very proud of her charities, the very things of which she ought

to be ashamed. Proud of the thousand forms in which she has reduced her population to dependence upon alms! She might almost as consistently pride herself upon the number of her street beggars. I do not say that the supporter of charities is so culpable as the creator of beggars. Very far from it. I do not even say that it is not the obvious duty of the rich, as things now are, to subscribe largely to charitable institutions. During the period of transition, which must intervene between the first and last step in the abolition of the Poor-Laws, this duty may become even more imperative than it is now; but the subscriber to our charities, instead of feeling a pride and inward satisfaction in his act, should look upon it as a painful penance, imposed by the necessity of the case; as a repayment in the coin of mercy, of the debt contracted in the currency of justice. Individual and national injustice to the working man, has rendered our charities necessary. It is because that injustice cannot be repaired in a day or a

year, that some of our charities, at least, must still be supported. It is very important that we should determine which. Let us see if we can establish anything in the shape of a guiding principle.

FOUNDLING HOSPITALS.

THERE is something very dreadful in the thought that destitution, whether of means or principle, should lead a mother to abandon her own child to starvation; but there is something, to my mind, infinitely more dreadful in the idea of a foundling hospital, where lingering disease must take the place, and that on a large scale, of the more speedy and more merciful death by want of food and exposure combined. In the one case, we have the death of an unconscious infant in half an hour, or an hour at furthest; in the other, we have children in every intervening age, from birth to one, two, or three years, and with constantly increasing sensibility to pain, lingering and pining away for want of a mother's care,

and the nourishment which no other source can supply. There is a foundling hospital in Paris, where these poor abandoned children may be seen lying by scores before the fire, wrapped up like mummies, moaning and screaming in every note of the infant gamut of suffering, which not all the kindness and gentleness of the Sisters of Charity has the art to still. They ought to have been lying upon mothers' laps; they ought to have been pressed to mothers' breasts; and nine out of every ten would have been there but for the subtle temptation of the hospital. And then the mortality—it has been something positively appalling, and it is still very high, as compared to that which obtains even among the children of the poorest inhabitants of the towns in which the hospitals are situate. It will scarcely be credited, that at the close of the last century the mortality of foundling hospitals in the principal cities of Europe, in the first year of life, ranged from forty to ninety-one in the hundred. It was in Dublin that this last

fearful rate of mortality prevailed. Out of every hundred admitted, at the end of the year nine survivors! As I have said, things are greatly improved since that time, and the mortality in foundling hospitals now approaches nearer to that of children without their walls. Still, under the very best of circumstances, what is a foundling hospital but a subtle temptation to the abandonment of children, a subtle encouragement to vice, and a means of multiplying every death in the streets of towns not cursed with such establishments, by tens, hundreds, or even thousands? That this is so may be proved by figures, which, contrary to my custom in these essays, I must adduce. In France, in the five years from 1829 to 1833, from 33,000 to nearly 36,000 children annually were abandoned by their parents; every twenty-eighth child in the whole population was so deserted, and one in every two of those born out of wedlock. While this gigantic crime was being perpetrated, child-murder did not decrease, and it is an instructive fact, that the proportion of child-

murders is greatest in the countries which are cursed with these establishments. One other fact is worth recording, that the abandonment of children is not confined to the mothers of illegitimate offspring, but is largely practised by married women, and by vast numbers of females in good and even affluent circumstances. I have chosen this illustration of the fatal issue of misguided charity, partly because it is a striking one, and partly because the English people practically admit the force of it. This form of charity, at least, they will not tolerate in England. With the exception of the single Foundling Hospital in the centre of London, they will not hold out any other encouragement to the abandonment of children than that which the open doors of the workhouse afford. And they are right. To understand the true operation of charity, we must view it in this its exaggerated form. The French Widow Legras, who privately and unostentatiously took up poor abandoned children from the streets, acted a Christian part and

a wise one, at least, so long as her right hand knew not what her left hand did ; or, in other words, so long as her charitable actions did not obtain publicity. But when she publicly converted her house into a foundling hospital, and endowed it with her wealth, the signal for the wholesale murder of the innocents was given ; and happy would it have been for France had not the gross mismanagement of the institution, and the sale of the poor children at twenty sous a-piece, attracted the notice of St. Vincent de Paul. France might then have escaped the cruel infliction of foundling hospitals. In what points some charities resemble, and others differ from these institutions, I shall now endeavour to show.

SOUP-KITCHEN PHILANTHROPY.

I BROUGHT forward the Foundling Hospital as a type of charities in general, and as displaying in an exaggerated form the evils of organized systems of almsgiving, and I promised to make one or two distinctions of some importance to a right understanding of this great subject. To give a basin of soup to a poor neighbour, whom you know to be in distress, is a real charity; to give the same to a stranger, who merely says that he is in distress, is a piece of unjustifiable self-indulgence. To organize a soup-kitchen in the centre of a large town, is to be guilty of this imprudence on a large scale. To do it in a village, where every inhabitant is well known to each subscriber, is very doubtful policy. Many persons very

well to do in the world, are very ready to avail themselves of soup and coal tickets. No Irishman below the rank of a gentleman can resist them. The publican is especially interested in all such institutions, because that which is saved in the shape of soup and coals is very apt to be expended in the class of creature comforts in which he deals. Soup-kitchens, then, belong to the same class of charities as foundling hospitals. But perhaps I shall be able to illustrate this subject better, by taking the case of hospitals and dispensaries, which have some peculiarities worth noticing.

HOSPITALS AND DISPENSARIES.

THE soup-kitchen and coal-ticket system, when carried out on a large scale, is, as we have seen, open to the very serious objection, that persons who are not actually in want will dishonestly avail themselves of the proffered bounty. This lesson was taught us on a gigantic scale in Ireland, when we robbed our own labour-fund to feed worthless rebels, replenish the Irish savings-banks, and recruit the purse concealed in the thatch, or wrapped in filthy rags around the person. It is to be hoped that we have repented of that crime, and shall commit it no more. Now, this same evil clings to hospitals and dispensaries, and is inseparable from them. Just as the fine ladies of France did not feel it beneath their

dignity to drop their children, legitimate or illegitimate, into the *tours*, to languish in the foundling hospital at the public expense, so a sprinkling of wealthy and fashionable people in England, a considerable body of flourishing tradesmen, and multitudes of the better class of artizans, do not hesitate to swell the crowds of poor who throng the doors of our medical charities; and have no insuperable objection to occupy beds within their walls. "Then you ought to have been ashamed of yourself, ma'am!" was the just reproof of a gentleman, as he indignantly bade a formal adieu to the wealthy mistress of a gay establishment, in answer to her boast that she had dressed herself in her shabbiest clothes that she might get advice at an hospital. Hundreds do not take even this precaution, and persons, to all appearance gentlemen, will drive up to the doors of these much-abused charities in their own gigs; a fact which, I confess, leads me to doubt the justness of the Norfolk definition of respectability. These

people often satisfy their own consciences by saying, that they only go to the hospital to get the "best advice." If so, why not present themselves at the houses of the medical men whose skill they value so highly? It may be said that these abuses might be guarded against by the medical men themselves. In extreme cases they might; but who is to guard against the lady masquerader, or the ragged mechanic earning his fifty shillings a week—a really richer man than the poor unpaid doctor himself, but clothed in rags, because he prefers the carnal indulgences of the inner to the decent clothing of the outer man; or that wretched Irish lessee of filthy hovels, whose fortune counts by thousands, ay, by tens of thousands, but who works among his own bricklayers, and, of course, applies to an hospital for advice? All this is too true, and very unpleasant to think of; but there is this point in favour of this class of charities—a man must be really ill before he can benefit by them; whereas it is by no means neces-

sary that a man should be really starving, or even hungry, or in any way in want, in order that he may become an object of the feeding, clothing, and warming order of charities. One other advantage there is, which is so great as to form a set off against a host of abuses—I mean that the hospital especially, and the dispensary to a certain limited extent, is an important, and even an essential school for teaching the most difficult, and with the exception of the church, the most important of all professions. I am speaking now of general and not of special hospitals. I shall have something to say of the latter class presently.

HOSPITALS FOR FEVER, SMALL POX, AND CONSUMPTION.

IF the governors of the London Fever Hospital were imbued with the true spirit of the coming era, they would expend the large funds at their disposal, in destroying the fever nests of the metropolis, and building upon their sites decent dwellings, at moderate rents, for the poor; this would soon prevent more fever cases than the hospital can possibly accommodate within its wards; and if the rents were annually appropriated to the erection of new buildings, the same sort of benefit would be conferred on the working classes which has long been extended to the inmates of our prisons. Surely if an Act of Parliament were wanted for this purpose, it might be easily obtained.

As to the Small-Pox Hospital, a stringent law, making the omission on the part of a parent to have a child vaccinated, a punishable offence, would enable us to dispense with that. Its funds might then be devoted to the exclusive practice of vaccination, to the saving of the pockets of the rate payers, on whom the greater part of the expense now falls. The Hospital for Consumption belongs to a different category. That disease, though caused in part by intemperance, and in part by the crowded and unwholesome condition of houses, shops, workshops, and factories, and the system of over-work, occurs but too often in those who are far removed from all such influences. It is, therefore, as worthy of support as any other institution devoted to the treatment of special maladies not altogether admitting of prevention, such as Ophthalmic Hospitals and Dispensaries, Lunatic Asylums, and so forth.

QUACKS AND DRUGGISTS.

I HAVE a very few words to say on this head. I would merely warn my friends of the working class, that it is very bad policy, and very bad economy, to consult quacks, or to put themselves in the hands of druggists. They ought to know that the first are unmitigated impostors, and that the last make a very dishonest pretension to understand the treatment of disease, while their proper function is to compound and sell drugs, and nothing else. The secret of the success which seems to attend the prescriptions of these fraudulent folk, is the secret of part of the success which attends the treatment of the educated medical man; namely, that a great number of diseases get well of themselves. In the case of all others,

quacks and druggists are very dangerous people. Half the mischief arises out of the bad habit into which the medical profession has fallen, and which it is striving to get rid of as fast as it can, of making its living by drugs. The secret is not in the drugs, so much as in the advice a man gets for his money. The patient pays through pills and draughts, for skill and experience ; but he has fallen into the error of attributing a virtue to the physic which belonged to the physician. The belief in drugs, except as instruments in the hands of educated, skilful, and experienced men, is the essence of all quackery. Of course the same observation applies to all the so-called *panaceas*, or universal remedies. There is not so much objection to my Lord Verisopht patronising quacks and quackery. He would probably spend his money very foolishly, whatever he did with it ; but I confess that it pains me as much to see the honest working man plundered by quacks and druggists, as it does to see him sacrificing his independence

by attending at hospitals and dispensaries, when necessity does not compel him to seek the aid of charitable institutions. But perhaps the medical attendant is more to blame than the patient. He ought to reflect more than he does upon the unnecessary expense to which he often puts the poor man.

THE RIGHT TO WORK AND THE RIGHT TO EAT.

THERE *was* a "mote" in the eye of France—the Right to Labour; there *is* a "beam" in the eye of England—the Right to Eat. Each could see the defect in the vision of the other, but was unconscious of its own. Very strange this, if it were not so common. When France, in the height of her late disorder, in the very paroxysm of fever, in the frenzy of delirium, wildly proclaimed the Right to Labour, mingling her ravings with muttered words of strange and unsettled import, such as Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, John Bull shook his wise head, shrugged his brawny shoulders, and from the sublime heights of his political philosophy, looked down in pity on the mad mistake.

France has since repented of her folly. England, in her turn, asserts the right of all her children to be fed, while France, conscious of the blunder, and fearful of the effect the bad example may have on herself, exclaims with all her might against it, the voice of Louis Blanc and of his opponent Chevallier swelling the chorus of reprobation. The history of this English right is very different from that of the French. When John Bull first proclaimed the right, he was neither in the throes of a revolution, nor under any peculiar excitement. The malady under whose disastrous influence this strange right sprang into existence, is a chronic disease, known to physicians by the name of hypochondria; a disease characterised by great despondency and strange hallucinations. In this particular instance, the turn the morbid fancy took was the horror of starvation, and this fancy has clung to the patient with a tenacity without a parallel in the history of this mournful malady. If he could but shake it off, he would be as hale

and hearty an old gentleman as ever lived. I wish I could hope that any reasonings of mine would influence him; but, at all events, I must try what I can do. In the first place, I cannot see, for the life of me, what difference there is between telling a man that you will always find him work, happen what may, and that you will always feed him. You undertake, in either case, a very mischievous obligation. An individual may fulfil it by displacing the labour of another man, or by taking the food out of his mouth. What can a nation do more? There is a national labour-fund, consisting of the combined capital of all the owners of property, and this fund is of a definite, though not an ascertainable amount. The nation has no purse of Fortunatus, which fills as fast as it is emptied; but a purse very much like that which we all carry in our pockets, containing simply the balance between what we put in and what we take out. Now, if the Government takes it into its wise head that it will employ all the people who are out of work,

it must diminish the people's labour fund by every farthing it spends for that purpose. So also, if it determine to feed the people—the food can only be bought with money taken out of the pockets of those who, by giving employment, are already feeding at least the same number of persons in a less circuitous and wasteful way. Is it not plain, then, that all Labour-laws and all Poor-laws must be sheer delusions; ingenious contrivances to transfer money, with much loss of time, from one pocket to another; utterly powerless to effect a balance of good; and equally sure to occasion a balance of evil? The establishment for a short space of the *ateliers nationaux* in France brought the nation nearly to the brink of ruin: the Poor-laws in England constitute one of the prime causes of that valetudinarian prosperity which shocks us by dropsical fulness in one part, contrasted with the leanness of famine in another. But the Poor-laws of England must have at least one chapter to themselves.

P O O R - L A W S.

ONE chapter, did I say? A whole blue book of essays would not do the subject justice. It is a subject as vital as it is vast, as difficult as it is important. Truly, a great theme. And he who dares dispute the perfect wisdom which framed these laws, and the humanity which maintains them, must be prepared to encounter Heaven knows what of obloquy. No matter. The battle must be fought, though the giant *Times* were to arm itself for the contest in all its terrors, and though one shout of indignation were to burst forth from all the soup-kitchen philanthropists of England. First, then, as to general principles; is it necessary that I should repeat the opinion just expressed, that just as an individual of

fixed income, and living up to it, cannot undertake to supply a man with work or food, except at the expense of those already employed and fed, so a nation can maintain Labour-laws or Poor-laws in no other way than by diminishing the labour fund by which the people are already employed and fed. The effects of the abstraction must be, firstly, that a certain number of men are thrown entirely out of work; secondly, that the wages of sundry others are lowered; thirdly, that the money which, if left where it was, would have circulated briskly from hand to hand, is subject to certain inconvenient arrests in the hands of the tax-gatherer; and, fourthly, that the struggling rate-payer, who is barely keeping soul and body together, is reduced at last to depend on the very fund by which he has been ruined. Say that the money annually expended on the poor in England and Wales amounts to five millions, the labour fund is diminished to that extent, and five millions' worth of misery is created in the persons of the most

honest and industrious members of society. If we take the families of the labouring class in England and Wales at two millions five hundred thousand, each family would lose, on an average, two pounds a year, or about ninepence farthing a week—a by no means unwelcome addition to the average earnings of our industrious population. I say, then, that it is not possible that Poor-laws should effect a balance of good. But I go much further, for I contend that if these five millions had been left in the hands of the rate-payers, a certain portion of it would be necessarily employed in reproductive labour, by which the wealth of the country would be augmented. This cannot be affirmed of any part of the money expended by the Poor-law authorities. Poor-laws, then, are wasteful laws. They are also unjust laws, if it can be shown that the people whom they relieve in workhouses are less deserving than those whom they deprive of their resources out of it. Now, I know that the workhouse population and the subjects of

out-door relief form a very motley group of honest and dishonest, deserving and undeserving, able bodied and infirm, young and old; but I do not scruple to affirm that, taken altogether, it is the very scum of the English people. The best of them have been made paupers by that very abstraction of the labour-fund of which I have been speaking; the worst have been ruined by the temptation to idleness and dissipation held out by the immoral and anti-Christian doctrine embodied in the law itself. As to the race of tramps, they are the joint creation of the empty-headed patrons of beggars and the Union Workhouses. But the moral aspect of the Poor-laws is infinitely more revolting than its economical side. I do not know how to characterise the atrocious teaching of a part of the daily press. Did the most rabid Jacobinism ever go farther than the spurious humanity of the *Times* newspaper? The horrid doctrine has been actually broached that, if necessary, all the land of England must be mortgaged, to feed all the poor

of England; and broached with all the pomp and circumstance of a great moral dogma. What does this mean, but that the industrious working men are to be starved by the utter exhaustion of the labour fund, in order to feed the idle, the careless, and the profligate? It means nothing short of this. I shall be reminded, that large numbers of our paupers are aged and infirm men and women. I am aware of it. But what, I ask, made them paupers but wretched wages diminished by the previous abstraction, year by year, of five millions from the labour fund, and still further reduced by the operation of that brick-and-mortar-threat, the Union Workhouse; added to the debasing doctrine embodied in the very idea of a Poor-law, that one class, and one class alone, of our population shall be exempt from the obligation of providing for such of their aged and infirm as previous improvidence, or inadequate wages, may have brought down to destitution. I protest, then, against the Poor-laws, because they are in-

effectual to produce any balance of good ; because they are wasteful ; because they give an unjust preference to the worst part of the population over the best ; because they are immoral ; and because they are insulting to the working man. But I have not yet exhausted all that it is necessary to say of this unjust, inhuman, and un-Christian law. One more chapter, at least, will be required to do it any degree of justice.

P O O R - L A W S.

CONTINUED.

I HAVE not yet exhausted the list of wrongs and indignities heaped upon the honest working man by these atrocious laws. As if it were not enough to rob him of his labour-fund, and thereby so to diminish his wages and restrict his employment that he has not the means to support his own aged and infirm, and the orphans of his near relations, you must make a serf of him by your law of settlement. Just think, for a moment, what this constituent of a poor-law is; mark its effects; analyze its workings; and I shall be indeed surprised if you do not condemn it as the greatest cruelty and injustice that was ever practised under the guise of humanity. It is barbarism in its

essence, it is truly barbarous in its operation. Under the plausible pretence of local self-government, you draw an enchanted circle round a population, call the district so limited a parish or a union, and therein proceed to perpetrate the following enormities. You offer to landed proprietors a temptation most difficult to resist, to pull down existing cottages and refuse to erect new ones, the direct tendency of which is to over-crowd those that remain, or to drive the rural labourers into distant villages or towns, there to be exposed to the self-same evils, fatal alike to morals and to health; while by thus driving the labourer to a distance from his place of work, you defraud him of his time and strength, and yourself of a part of his services. It has been proved, that in many parts of England it is not unusual for a labourer to have to walk four or five miles to and from his work. He is thus robbed of two or three hours of his time, and a fraction of his strength, and, as a consequence, of a fraction of his wages. While this folly is

being perpetrated in the country, a Manchester manufacturer is perhaps spending a thousand pounds to hoist his operatives from one floor to another. But the climax of rural folly and injustice is the Union Workhouse. Analyze it, and what is it? This, and nothing less,—a brick and mortar threat, fruitful of ill-will and injustice! “Such and such wages, or the Workhouse,” is the farmer’s threat; “Such labour as I please to give you, or the Workhouse,” is the peasant’s threat; “Separation from your wife or husband,” is the nation’s threat to the young and middle-aged married man or woman who presents himself or herself for admission: the society of the thief, the beggar, and the prostitute, for the young unmarried of either sex; more than a prison’s strictness and severity for all! God of justice and mercy! how long shall this wickedness continue? And this same castle of horrors, closed by such repulsive conditions to the independent working man, an open resting-place for the tramp and felon!

TAXATION.

COMPARED with that tax of five millions, or thereabouts, raised every year for the purpose of pauperising and degrading the people of England, all other imposts and impositions fall into utter insignificance. Even the thought of the money spent in augmenting the horrors of the African Slave-trade scarcely affects me in comparison with that. The million or two which, without impairing the efficiency of any of our state-establishments, may be saved, by a cautious but resolute economy, I think of with comparative indifference. Every idea of waste and extravagance conjures up the vision of that gigantic imposture. Of a truth, the Poor Law is England's Frankenstein, formed by a bungling workman in a fit of ill-directed enthusiasm,

animated with the spirit of a demon, the well-merited scourge and torment of its infatuated creator. Of other taxes it will be sufficient to observe, that they have this in common with the Poor's Rate, that they exhaust the labour-fund, arrest the flow of money, and withdraw certain sums from reproductive employment; but they are innocent of inflicting any direct degradation upon the working classes. Customs' duties have the further disadvantage of wasting time: Excise duties add to this last evil, that of placing a serious obstacle in the way of invention and improvement. On the necessity of economy in our public establishments of every kind, it is quite unnecessary that I should insist.

OVER-POPULATION.

POOOR Malthus, true son of hypochondriac John Bull, what a strange infatuation was his! How very odd, that he should be able to see the folly and injustice embodied in a Poor Law, and yet not to see how much that very law contributed to give a semblance of reality to that uncomfortable theory of his. In these days, any man with a grain of sense in his composition, can give a ready receipt for making a thinly-peopled nation seem over-populated. I am rather averse from Latin prescriptions; I will, therefore, give one in the mother tongue.

1. Take one-tenth of your population, and feed it at the expense of the rest of the community, either in Union Workhouses, or by out-door relief.

2. Take 22,000, or thereabouts, and confine them, for offences against the laws in prisons built and supported also at the expense of the public.

3. Take about the same number, tempt them to pass their lives in holding out their hands in the streets and highways, and fill them liberally with the wages of industry.

4. Take another five per cent. at least, and smite them with fever, small-pox, scrofula, and consumption, by poisoning God's pure gifts of air and water, shutting out his great revealer of filth and choice purifier—the light of heaven, and withholding, or not insisting on, the use of that merciful physical revelation—the cow-pox.

5. Take from 10 to 20 per cent. of the whole working population, and steep them to the lips in brutal ignorance.

6. Take from the people as much money in the shape of taxes as you can squeeze out of them, and spend it very profusely and very carelessly.

7. Take of the people's time as much

as you can, and waste it by laws of settlement, tardy justice, trial by jury, custom houses, excise laws, and turnpikes.

8. Take the liquid refuse of your farmsteads and drain it into ditches, and pour the offscourings of your towns into rivers, so as to waste the raw material of the people's food.

Mix these ingredients well together with ample measures of beer and gin, and you have a panacea which, perseveringly applied, will bring on that dropsical fulness known by the scientific name of over-population. But as to a healthy over-population—over-population taking place under circumstances the reverse of those indicated in the above prescription—I do not believe in it. This England of ours, so far from being over-peopled, does not contain one-half, or one-third, perhaps not even a tithe, of the people it is capable of supporting. Look at its lands already under culture, and point, if you can, to ten estates in the three kingdoms thoroughly well cultivated, according to our

existing knowledge, theoretical and practical—well drained, well manured, sown with a minimum of seed, furnished with the best implements and machinery. Millions of acres actually in cultivation are not producing a half or a third of the crops that might be, and ought to be, grown upon them. Tens of millions of good soil are not yet reclaimed, and other tens of millions are set down as irreclaimable, merely because we have not yet fully learned the lesson that, with proper and suitable manure, blowing sands and barren wastes may be converted into luxuriant pastures. Even in this variable climate ten good crops of Italian ryegrass, and six good cuttings of common grass, have been grown in a year on wretched soil, by the free application of liquid manure. After this, what may we not hope for? Look, again, at the market-gardens in the neighbourhood of London. What expenditure in manure, in water, in labour—and what crops!

Malthus held that all past experience proved his theory of the pressure of popu-

lation upon food to be true. Yes: but Malthus overlooked one important circumstance in the history of nations. Not one of them had regarded human beings as stock, or cities as farmsteads. All the nations of which we have any accurate knowledge, with the solitary exception of the Chinese, have wasted their native stores of manure, or have but partially economised them. England has carried this waste to its extreme. But, if we will learn what value there is in the refuse of our towns, and will be wise enough to save it, we may banish all fears of over-population. The food we have eaten must be re-produced with scarcely any loss; while the necessaries and luxuries imported from foreign parts, and the mineral manures dug up from the bowels of the earth, or reclaimed from the sea—to say nothing of guano, and other fertilizers, imported from abroad, or of articles of clothing worn out, and fit only for manure—will more than compensate such moderate waste, and more than feed

the annual additions to our numbers. With the stimulus offered by free trade in corn, and the admission of other articles of food at moderate duties, a careful use of our own resources will make England the richest agricultural country in the world; independent, under ordinary circumstances, of supplies of food from abroad, and capable, in its turn, of supplying the wants of its neighbours. When the nation shall have the sense and courage to throw all its people, without exception, on their own resources, five years will not elapse before the theory of Malthus will be laughed at as an empty bugbear, and men will wonder that they ever thought it possible to have too large a population. When that time arrives, there will be an importation of people as well as of commodities: industrious and skilful men, from every quarter, will flock in to share the blessings, and augment the wealth, of the most prosperous nation in the world. Be it recollected, however, that, to prevent over-population,

we must have no waste and no idleness. Our streets must be cleared of beggars; our highways of vagrants; our workhouses must be sold for what they are worth; our prisons be supported by the labour of their inmates; and our police force be maintained, at least in part, by those whose crimes have called it into existence.

WASTE OF MATERIAL RESOURCES.

MANURE — SMOKE.

WASTE is the great cause of national as of individual impoverishment—waste of material, waste of money, waste of labour, waste of time. The most monstrous waste of material yet committed by any nation is that just pointed out—the waste of the refuse of our large towns, and of the liquid matters which drain away from our farmsteads. Taking the former at the rate of one pound a head, and the town population of England and Wales at only eight millions, we have an annual waste of eight millions' worth of the best manure in existence. The waste committed in Scotland and Ireland would, in all probability, add another four or five millions to the amount.

As to the wasted manure of our farmsteads, it has been estimated, that one tithe of the liquid thrown away would pay the income-tax of the whole farming community. Another material at present allowed to go to waste, is the unconsumed fuel which escapes from the chimneys of our factories and steamers in the form of smoke, and which entails upon the inhabitants of towns a large extra expense for washing, and for the increased wear and tear of all articles of furniture, to say nothing of the serious damage sustained by the more delicate works of art. Perhaps we may hereafter find that it has been bad economy to allow the smoke even of our household fires to escape into the air. The waste of gunpowder in firing salutes has been lately pointed out as worthy of consideration. The waste of ammonia in the liquor discharged from our gas-works has been put a stop to, or is in the course of being prevented. Doubtless, the introduction of liquid manure for farming purposes will lead to a vast economy of resources, as

there are very few refuse matters which may not be advantageously added to the more productive constituents of the sewage of our towns.

WASTE LAND.

Waste land, by millions of acres—some, according to the old nomenclature, reclaimable, some irreclaimable; sturdy emigrants, by tens of thousands, leaving our shores; and the best of all manures, in the best and most available of forms, to the value of several millions a year, flowing into the sea,—what a picture of national extravagance! What better could be expected of a nation which believes in Poor Laws? But the time is at hand when we shall bitterly repent us of our folly.

WASTE OF TIME.

ROADS AND TURNPIKES.

I HAVE already glanced at our waste of money, labour, and time; and I might, if it suited my present purpose, say much more upon each of these subjects. The present management of our roads seems, however, to demand a few lines. I think that the roads of a country ought to be in the hands of the government of the country, and that the system of road management ought to be made subservient to the reclaiming of waste lands, and to the formation of an efficient rural police, and of a militia force. The details of this plan I may hereafter develop. At present, I shall content myself with pointing out the inevitable waste of time, labour, and money, which must attend the local

management of such matters. What an ingenious contrivance, too, that turnpike is, for wasting time and money! It may seem a small thing to stop a coach, a carriage, a cart, or a wagon, for an average space of a fraction of a minute; and not a great matter to cause sundry short-sighted rustics to go a few miles out of their way, on by-roads out of repair, to avoid a toll; but, as pounds are made up of pence, so hours and days and years of time not to be recalled, are but aggregates of wasted moments, and those days and hours, and years, have their value in money. Here, then, we have an example of waste of time, money, and labour, on the large scale, and an opportunity of effecting a great and much-needed economy of each and all. Some idea of the waste of time, converted into its value in money, may be formed by the aid of an estimate, put forth by the late Mr. Butler Williams, that the two hills of Holborn and Ludgate cost the country, in this shape, one hundred thousand pounds per annum.

WASTE OF LABOUR.

TREADMILLS.

IT is very bad policy to grind the air; and worse policy, if possible, to make even the criminal to feel that, in punishing him for his offence, you are wasting his time. This would be unnecessary, if we adopted the principle of restoration already insisted upon. Most of our crimes are crimes against property, and these would find their natural punishment in this way. Many crimes against the person might also, with great propriety, be punished by fine, to be paid by the produce of labour in prison, imposed with even-handed justice, on rich and poor alike. This is the true way to equalize fines. Great injuries might take half a lifetime to work out. The greatest, murder, would be beyond the reach of restitution.

WASTE OF TALENT.

 LATIN AND GREEK.

THE worship of dead men—their words, thoughts, and works—is very natural, if not very reasonable. It is always pleasant to turn aside from the sad realities of the present to the more agreeable abstractions of the past or future; from the visible vice, folly, and misery, which shock us now, to the misty virtues of the middle ages, or the promised peace and prosperity of the twentieth century. But to indulge in such pleasing prospect and retrospect, is to leave present painful duties unperformed. What better does he do who, without a direct practical aim, such as scriptural interpretation, gives a life to the worship of the Latin and Greek tongues? What more reasonable course does the nation pursue which fills up nine-tenths of the

precious time of boyhood and youth with the study of dead languages, the composition of Latin and Greek verses, and the perusal of the disgusting details of a monstrous mythology. The advocates of this preposterous system have a hundred excellent arguments in its favour. They claim for it every distinguished man who happens to have passed through the classical curriculum, forgetting that no opportunity has been yet offered of fairly comparing this system of education with any other. They attribute to it all the graces and charms of style which have distinguished our best English authors, wilfully overlooking some of the purest writers, to whom the classics have been sealed books. They enlarge upon the excellent training of the mind which the study of an acknowledgedly perfect language, such as the Greek, affords, especially by preparing it to appreciate that probable evidence with which the mathematics do not deal; overlooking the obvious fact, that in all the business of life the exercise of the senses, which all abstract

studies must tend to blunt, and deductions drawn from things seen, are of paramount importance; in a word, that life is a course of observation and experiment reduced to practice, for which the study of verbal refinements is a most inadequate preparation. Then we are told of the models of patriotic virtue which the classic times afforded, as if the Greeks and Romans were the only people who have produced heroes. Again, the study of Latin and Greek has the credit of making gentlemen; as if it were not notorious that clean hands, clean faces, and clean linen, and the comforts and luxuries which surround the future classic scholar from his cradle, and attend him through life, with the access to good English books, and good English society, were not all-sufficient for the purpose. The restraints of the nursery and the drawing-room, and the discipline of the school and college, if English were the only language studied, and arithmetic, history, and a selection from the sciences of observation and experiment made up the

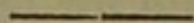
rest of the boy's pursuits, would be quite as competent to make a gentleman out of him, as Latin and Greek poems histories and plays, with prose and verse compositions into the bargain. One consideration which weighs with me, in thus undervaluing the study of the dead languages as instruments of refinement, is the remarkable civilization of the Greeks themselves, who do not appear to have studied any other language but their own. Perhaps their chief misfortune was, that they attached too much importance to style, and were only too apt to be blown about by every wind of eloquence.

After all, it is possible that the large use made of Latin and Greek in the education of the higher and middle classes may be a mere accident. To the clergy, the dead languages are most important, as instruments of interpretation; and, as they have been very naturally called upon to conduct the education of the young, it is not surprising that they should have deemed the knowledge, so essential to themselves, to be equally adapted to the wants of the rest of

the community. By these observations, I would not be supposed to condemn the study of the dead languages altogether. The Latin tongue, as the parent of several languages spoken on the Continent, has its practical uses ; but it admits of doubt whether boyhood is the best time for learning it.

The undue study of Latin and Greek reacts on the prosperity of England, by weakening and stunting the intellects of the gentlemen of England—the possessors of so large a proportion of the property of the country—and by taking place of those sciences of observation and experiment, the pursuit of which has so obvious a tendency to encourage precision of thought, and the formation of habits of business. To the same cause may, perhaps, be attributed, the preference of the past to the present, the worship of the middle ages, and the disgraceful patronage extended to every form of quackery by men of education. Happily, we are fast escaping from the tyranny of Greek and Latin, to the mixed government of art, literature, and science.

WASTE OF POWDER AND SHOT.



THE BLOCKADE OF THE AFRICAN COAST.

THE mantle of the knight of La Mancha must have fallen upon John Bull. The bootless attempt to suppress the Slave Trade looks very like the attack upon the windmills. Surely, nothing but national madness could prompt an attempt to suppress by force a traffic yielding from one hundred to two hundred per cent. Nothing short of insanity can account for that strange indifference to the sufferings of our own fellow citizens, implied in the abstraction of half a million a-year from the labour-fund, and the exposure of thousands of brave men to the ignoble dangers of pestilential fevers. Add

to all this, the fearful overcrowding of the slave-ship, the mortality, the crippling for life, the throwing overboard of the living cargo in the emergency of the chace, and the cannon ball carrying death and destruction among the poor wretches whose lives we profess a desire to save—and who shall venture to characterize the mood of mind which has made these things possible, by any term short of insanity?

WASTE OF MEN.

EMIGRATION.

MEN, women, and children are the wealth of a nation: and there must be something very rotten in the social condition of that people among whom it seems to be otherwise. The emigrant ship is freighted with the very thews and sinews of the state—with its youth, health, vigour, and enterprise. It leaves behind it an undue proportion of the old, the sickly, and the shiftless. It cannot be the true interest of a nation to promote it. In England, at the present time, we have not half the population we want to make things cheap. Emigration is an index of the pressure of idleness on industry. It shows the weight of the burden of beggars and paupers, and

the extent of the drain upon the reproductive resources of the nation. With money seeking investment, barren land inviting labour, and the refuse of our towns running to waste, what excuse have we for expatriating our people? None. But the patrons of beggars and the supporters of Poor-Laws will have it so. The beggar and the pauper displace the labourer. The labourer emigrates: the beggar and the pauper remain behind.

If emigration be really expedient, either as a temporary or permanent remedy, why compel our people to travel so far? The passage money would surely suffice, under skilful superintendence, and with good management, to reclaim the wastes of England, if the first step, in every case, were to lay the land down in grass, to be afterwards broken up and converted into estates saleable in the market. The prisons and workhouses might be emptied on to these lands with vast benefit, and certain gain to the country.

WASTE OF HEALTH AND LIFE.

CHOLERA, FEVER, SMALL POX, SCROFULA,
CONSUMPTION.

TO any man of fair common sense, it must appear very strange that this practical nation should proclaim the right to eat, which it cannot possibly guarantee, but that it does not proclaim the right to health, which, to a very considerable extent, it might secure. When I say that the nation does not guarantee the Health-right, I do not forget all that it has done, and is doing, to preserve and improve the health of the people. But it has certainly not spoken out upon this subject, as it has upon the Poor Law. Now, as a general rule, I would rather speak of men's duties than of their rights.

It is a much more practical course. But as we are driven, in these times, to discuss this knotty subject of the rights of man, let us not be afraid of dealing with it. The principle upon which all rights rest is, to my comprehension, a very simple one. Whatever God has given to man in such abundance, that each man may have all that he requires, without at all diminishing the common stock, and without requiring any co-operation on man's part to procure it, may be fairly regarded as a right. Now, I know of only two things which belong indisputably to this category. I mean, light and air,—the first of which Government shuts out by a window-tax, and the second man restricts and pollutes by a thousand negligences. The government perseveres in its outrage on sense and justice, and almost all the employers and landlords in the kingdom keep it in countenance by their bad customs. The government will not repent of its own sin, or punish, as it should do, the negligence of its subjects. Hence the

ravages of cholera, fever, small-pox, and the whole brood of contagious and epidemic diseases, of scrofula and consumption; of which, fever and small-pox might certainly be rooted out, cholera be prevented from getting a footing among us, and the remainder be greatly diminished in frequency and fatality. In the same category with *air* and *light*, but differing somewhat, inasmuch as it is less abundant, and less universally diffused, and can only be procured—in many situations at least—by man's co-operation, is water. To the enjoyment, therefore, of an unlimited, or even a sufficient supply of water, man has no absolute right. The right is limited by the cost and difficulty of procuring it. So also with food. There can be no indefeasible right to food, because food is not merely the gift of God, but the result of a co-operation of man's labour with God's natural ordinance. If any man withholds his labour, he forfeits his right. So with clothing; so with shelter. And so is it, to pursue the matter further, with liberty and suffrages, and the whole string of so-

called political rights. There can be no right to liberty, for if every man asserted and used his liberty to the utmost, without let or hindrance, he must encroach on the liberty of his neighbour. There is no fair analogy between liberty and air or light. Freedom comes in the same category with water, food, shelter, and clothing. As to the suffrage, it is a mere question of political expediency, and, so considered, ought to be extended to every good citizen. What the tests of good citizenship should be, it is not for me to point out. They would certainly exclude beggars, thieves, paupers—so long as the nation breeds them—and all men of loose and unsettled habits of life. For my part, I like the idea of a savings'-bank suffrage. It has some obvious advantages over household suffrage; and would act as a direct encouragement to prudence and forethought. I feel that I am wandering a little from my subject, and must return. The best plan will be to say a few words on each of the diseases placed at the head of this chapter.

CHOLERA.

This is a very mysterious disease, about which the two things we know best are, happily, the most important for us to know. The one is, that its haunts are the haunts of fever; the other is, that nobody knows how to cure it. As its haunts are also the haunts of fever, we have this satisfaction in dealing with it,—that the predisposing causes being the same, every effort we make to banish the one helps to rid us of the other. The advantage attending our ignorance of the proper treatment is, that we shall be induced to give more attention to the prevention of it. Like fever, it must be washed and blown away, and kept at arm's length by a more than usually careful attention to all the means of preserving health; namely, pure air, plenty of light, cleanliness, moderation in labour, pleasure, and food, by no means eschewing ripe fruits and wholesome vegetables, or any other ordinarily wholesome articles of diet.

FEVER.

Typhus fever! We want a new name for this pet plague of ours. Who would think by the way we encourage and promote it, that it kills from 16,000 to 60,000 a-year of us, and stretches upon beds of loathsome and lingering sickness from three to forty times as many more; while the much and properly dreaded Cholera will, in all probability, not destroy a tithe, or sicken a twentieth part of the number. But fever has this to commend it: It fills the union workhouses, and the parochial infirmaries, which are the pride and glory of infatuated England.

SMALL POX.

This, too, is one of our prime pets—very loathsome, very fatal to life, to beauty, and to sight, but very dear to old England. One Jenner lived a life of protest against it, and bequeathed a very cheap and portable

preventive. But Jenner has no open air monument to this day: there is not a civilized nation under the sun which sets so little store upon his priceless gift to man: even our Jewish fellow-countrymen love it, and use it better than we do. If any one would know how fatal Small-pox is, let him read the facts and figures of the Registrar General. Suffice it to say, that in some years it rivals typhus fever, in prevalence and fatality.

SCROFULA AND CONSUMPTION.

Hypochondriac John Bull, of course, regards these as English diseases, just as he took a gloomy pleasure in looking upon suicide as a national propensity, and as he still takes a strange satisfaction in regarding Union Workhouses as a national necessity, and ground of satisfaction. But, painful as it may be to him to be reassured, he ought to be told, that Scrofula and Consumption are very often, though by no means always,

fairly traceable to the impure air of crowded rural sties, over-peopled by the unerring operation of the law of settlement, and equally crowded civic shops, workshops, and factories, filled to overflowing by the law of selfishness. The total number of victims to these two diseases may be some 60,000 a year; of which, perhaps, from a fifth to a fourth part might be saved.

THE AGE OF PIGSTIES.

WE are much cleaner in our houses and persons than our ancestors were ; but still very dirty, and very tolerant of dirt. The poorer class, and especially that brood of beggars we so tenderly cherish, is still housed in filthy structures, which it is scarcely an exaggeration to designate as sties. The village of Hilton and Church-lane, St. Giles', equally justify the title. The chief difference between the immortal and the pig, is the difference between rags and straw. In all other respects, the analogy is only too complete. The thoughtlessness which creates the beggar, and the ignorance which gives birth to a Poor-law, are about on a par with the carelessness which invites fever and cholera to take up their abode with filth.

LODGING-HOUSES.

In the low Lodging-houses, where beggars and vagrants meet their kindred criminals the thieves, the resemblance to the pigsty reaches its climax. There filth, fever, and crime herd together, and concoct their combined assaults against the pockets of the lieges, the property of the rate-payers, and the prosperity of the nation. It is worthy of remark, that many of these fever-factories belong to noblemen, and gentlemen of fortune, and patriotic members of town councils. It is also a very curious circumstance, that when the prisons of England were private property, they were in the same filthy condition, and as guilty of the gaol fever, as these low lodging-houses now are of typhus. In many districts the workhouse combines the worst features of the prison of the eighteenth and the low lodging-house of the nineteenth century.

SHOPS, WORKSHOPS, AND FACTORIES.

The shopkeepers and manufacturers of England, as a class, are determined not to be behind the nobility and gentry of England in the patriotic task of filling the hospitals and workhouses. The aristocracy takes typhus fever under its peculiar patronage; the trading and manufacturing interest adopts consumption. The rate-payer pays for both. Overcrowding is the means to the end in either case; but in the shop and factory, gas-lights take the place of the pleasant odours of the reeking dunghill, or the pestilential effluvia of the foul ditch close to the door of that abode of rural innocence, the peasant's cottage; while the artisan's long hours of work compensate for the labourer's unnecessary walk of three or four miles. If we could invent a civic equivalent for the Game-laws, there would be little difference between town and country. At present the towns have the advantage in morals, and the country in health.

BARRACKS.

The government also is determined not to be outdone; so it takes good care that its barracks shall vie with the house and the workshop, if not in filth, at least in overcrowding. Surely the government ought to have found out that this system does not pay. However, it is showing signs of consciousness, and holding out some hope of amendment. All honour to the hero who shall reap the first laurels on this new field of glory.

SCHOOLS.

Impure air is dealt out with rare impartiality to all alike. The first practical lesson taught at school, is the art of packing a maximum of human beings in a minimum of space. If the school is to prepare us for the world, it answers its purpose admirably in this respect.

TOWNS.

I cannot think of the towns of England as they are without blushing. A few showy thoroughfares, a few handsome buildings, half a dozen really noble bridges, sundry spacious squares, three or four public parks, a sprinkling of monuments, and an attempt at a fountain or two, make up the sum of objects of commendation, even in the capital city. Labyrinths of filthy streets and courts, with road-ways on a par with the interiors of the houses—the best streets often ankle-deep in mud—the air thick with smoke or foul with rank odours—the river a reservoir for the *debris* of a population of two millions, and a source of water to a large fraction of its inhabitants—such are the salient points on the other side of the account. Ten thousand deaths a-year above a moderate city mortality bear awful witness to the effects of civic negligence. If this is the condition of the capital, what must be the state of the provincial towns?

VILLAGES.

The rural population of England has long ceased to supply a theme for pastoral lays. The English peasant no longer sits to the painter as a model of health, innocence, and simplicity. The Poor-law has done its work. Filth, with its attendant fevers and sicknesses, and overcrowding, with its train of indecencies and crimes, have made the village worse than the town. But the nation would have it so. What else could it reasonably expect from a law which has the degrading spirit of serfdom in it? from a law which transfers the money from the productive labourer in the field to the unproductive pauper in the workhouse? Till England repents of this accursed law, there is little hope for her rural population, and not much more for the inhabitants of her towns. Unhappily, it is very hard for a nation to repent. If it were not so, we should not now be sacrificing the lives of brave men in a worse than useless crusade upon the African coast.

OVERWORK.

NOT long since, it was a grave question in America, whether it paid better to treat their slaves well, and so preserve their health and strength till they reached the age of other mortals, or to get the utmost amount of labour out of them while they were young, supplying their place by new importations from the slave-breeding states. The English employer seems to have settled this matter to his own satisfaction, without the trouble of discussion, and to have adopted the less humane of the two alternatives. As a mere question of pounds shillings and pence, he would seem, at first sight, to be in the right; but if he would look a little closer into the matter, he would probably see reason to

change his opinion and his policy. It is true that the English employer does not pay a price for his workmen, as the American does for his slaves. He can, any day, pick up a substitute in the market, without paying for him. He does not incur even the moderate expense of the government on enlisting a soldier. But it is by no means clear that his pocket does not suffer in the long run. Coals and gas wasted; work spoiled, or badly done, from sheer exhaustion; time lost in training new hands; unexpected and most inconvenient absences from illness; ignorance, intemperance, and augmented poor's-rates; — all these levy their several compensations. Ask a master baker, who has abolished night-work, whether he profits by the change, and he will tell you that he does. Ask the master draper whether early closing lessens his profits, and he will tell you that it does not. Ask a commander-in-chief whether he approves of forced marches: he will assure you that

nothing but necessity can reconcile him to the loss of life which they occasion. On the other hand, what do the journeymen or the shopmen say to this system? Does it pay them? Assuredly not. Whatever it may be to the employer, health is the only stock in trade of the employed. A single severe illness will soon swallow up all the money gained by over-work. The workman, therefore, has no interest in the continuance of this system. "But," say the opponents of a change, "if the shopman or the artisan had these hours at his disposal, he would waste them in idleness, or, worse than waste them in dissipation." Possibly. But what then? Does the debtor withhold money justly due because his creditor is in the habit of expending all his earnings in drink? Would such a plea avail him before the magistrate? Certainly not. If moderate hours of labour are the workman's right, let him have them. On him be the responsibility of making a proper use of the

concession. He must have a very mean opinion of human nature, and especially of that admirable class, the working men of England, who would fear to trust them thus far.

MIDDLEMEN.

MUCH of the distress and misery which we see around us is traceable to the interposition of an agent between the original proprietor and the tenant, and between the original employer and the employed. In some cases, this arrangement may be necessary, in others expedient, but in the large majority of instances, it is disastrous. Wherever rents are highest, and houses most filthy and dilapidated, there you may be sure that this system is at work. Wherever wages are lowest, there, too, you may look for it. The profit of the middleman is, in most instances, the difference between high and moderate rents, between sufficient and insufficient wages. The formation and increase of companies for building

houses for the poor, and for buying up and sub-dividing overgrown estates, will constitute the cure for the evil, in two cases in which its pressure is most severely felt.

INTEMPERANCE.

I BELIEVE that the nation might bear up against beggars, vagrants, thieves, debtors, swindlers, and poor-laws, pay heavy taxes, and be guilty of great waste of all sorts, and yet be tolerably prosperous, if it were not for the health-destroying, and poverty, crime, and madness-producing habit of intemperance. Thirty millions of pounds sterling are said to be spent, by the working classes of England alone, in intoxicating liquors; and if we allow half that sum as the expenditure of temperate men, who never drink to excess, the other half may probably be looked upon as engaged in producing every degree and form of every conceivable physical and moral evil which flesh or spirit is heir to. Say that only five

millions of this large sum is spent in excess, bordering upon or actually amounting to intoxication; that only five millions are withdrawn from reproductive employment, to be squandered in this brutal and degrading way, which Satan himself would be ashamed of; and what an awful vision of waste, misery, disease, cruelty, crime, and madness does the thought conjure up! This great subject, however, is in such able and energetic hands, that I shall not dwell upon it at greater length. I will content myself with these two questions addressed to the advocates of the right to eat:—1. Is not the proper punishment for the drunkard that starvation to which his habits naturally and inevitably tend? 2. And if you revolt from this punishment, why are you so indifferent to the starvation to which these wretches devote all who depend upon them for support?

D E B T.

I HAVE a distinct recollection that, a few years ago, an American state was strongly censured for proposing to strike the word Debt out of its legal vocabulary. People confounded this prudent policy with repudiation, and were accordingly greatly scandalized. It struck me as a very wise proceeding, and one which it would be well to imitate. Debts formally contracted on security ought to be exempt, as they belong to a class by themselves; and the law might advantageously remain as it now stands, with regard to every form of written obligation. But if debts for goods delivered, or provisions supplied, in the common transactions of retail trade, were either altogether abolished, or restricted within the narrowest

possible limit of time, incalculable good would be effected. It is not only at our universities that the system of credit, which has wrecked the fortunes of many a parent, and marred the prospects of many a promising young man, requires to be done away with. The wholesome precaution ought to be extended to the entire country, and to every class in it. No credit for articles of dress, furniture, &c., and a week's credit for food, would be a great boon to the whole trading and working community. Long credit means the enhancing of the price of every commodity to meet the interest on its cost to the retailer, and the risk of dishonesty or failure in the purchaser; it means embarrassment of the tradesman, who wants money to pay his weekly bills; starvation of the workman, who is obliged to wait; waste of time, waste of money, waste of temper, and the nuisance of unnecessary litigation. Prompt payment, enforced by the impossibility of recovering a debt, would be a great boon to every class of society.

IGNORANCE.

IGNORANCE of nature, ignorance of the means and instruments of social intercourse, ignorance of duty, ignorance of religion, combine to wreck the temporal and eternal interests of millions of our fellow-subjects. But what of that? We are amply repaid by our adherence to our principles, to our political and sectarian prejudices. Disease, destitution, intemperance, brutality, treason, and infidelity, fill the land; but the Church, until lately, looked on, in calm complacency, from behind its bulwark of orthodoxy—the voluntary principle still triumphs in its independence—while the gin-shop, the hospital, the prison, the madhouse, and the workhouse, open wide their portals.

W A R.

I MUST confess that, humanity aside, the money abstracted from the labour-fund to be spent upon fine dresses, guns and gunpowder, and to be blown away into the air, is even worse than money dropped into the street, or invested in the creation of paupers. War taxes are, certainly, the most unsatisfactory of imposts ; but they may still be necessary for a century or so. The time seems to be approaching, when it will not pay any nation to fight with another. It is a very bad use of the labour-fund, and reproduces nothing but a rank crop on battle-fields, and a supply of teeth for the dentist. Every one must admit, that it is a very ingenious way of enriching the countries made the theatre of war, by a large expenditure in

provisions, when war is mercifully carried on; but England has never had this doubtful advantage conferred upon her. She has always sent her own gold away to be expended elsewhere. If she must make war, may it be always thus. But how infinitely better that she should beat her sword into a ploughshare, with all convenient speed. It is with her domestic foes — idleness, improvidence, and waste; and their correlatives — indiscriminate almsgiving, Poor-laws, and undue taxation; that she is called upon to fight. In this holy warfare she may crown herself with unfading laurels, unstained by blood.

SUMMARY.

THE upshot and summary of the whole matter is this, that England has systematically and perseveringly fostered idleness and discouraged industry ; that she has picked the pockets of the industrious to sustain all sorts of worthless vagabonds in filthy luxury ; that she adopts every form of ingenious contrivance for exhausting the labour-fund ; and that she has put herself in the false position of palliating the evils which she should have prevented. The remedy is as plain as the disease. It consists in declaring open war against the whole race of beggars and indiscriminate alms-givers, in abolishing the Poor-laws, discouraging every form of waste, and holding out the threat of

starvation as the just punishment for idleness, drunkenness, and improvidence. This theory is as merciful as our present practice is cruel and unjust. How this theory may be carried out, and by what successive steps we may most safely and speedily arrive at the total abolition of the Poor Law, it does not consist with my present limited object to explain. An early opportunity may perhaps be afforded me of treating this momentous subject. In the meantime, individuals may do much to discourage by example and precept every form of indiscriminate alms-giving. This instalment of justice to the working class would be felt through every grade of the great industrial community.

POSTSCRIPT.

THERE is one point upon which I am most anxious not to be misunderstood or misrepresented. Though I am a confirmed sceptic as to nine-tenths of our social and economical arrangements, I have a perfect horror of being claimed as an ally by any section of political radicals. I wish to bear my humble testimony to the excellence of our mixed constitution, and the expediency of maintaining in all their integrity the Throne, the two Houses of Parliament, and the Established Church. For the Throne, my wish and prayer is, that it may long continue to be filled by our present gracious and exemplary sovereign; for the House of Peers, I desire a more frequent initiative in the work of legislation; for the

House of Commons, less talking, and more attention to business; for the Church, a more practical spirit; and for the People at large, relief from the heavy burdens imposed upon them by the great cardinal vices—idleness, intemperance, improvidence, and waste. If the English constitution ever grows unpopular, it will be in consequence of the pressure of severe distress, brought on the middle and lower classes by the exhaustion of the labour-fund. A people enriched by its own industry is the true safeguard of national institutions. Beggar-creating habits, and pauper-producing laws, are full of peril, and fraught with disaster.

THE END.