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old women were endeavoring to soothe wailing infants, which belonged, as they said, to girls who *were out*. And about midnight, from all quarters, these poor wretches were seen skulking homewards to these wretched hovels; some drunk and hilarious; others weary and cold, and miserable; and, in one instance, we saw one turned out of doors with her child a few weeks old, because she had failed in raising the money to pay for her board. What a spectacle these two solitary ones formed, wandering through these cold deserted streets on Christmas morning. We visited one block of buildings, the notorious Colenso Terrace, which was externally one mass of moral corruption. In the first den we saw the stove had been overturned in the revels, the house was full of smoke; and there, making strenuous efforts to repair the accident, were four women, who, with their smutty faces and their horrible execrations, looked amid the gloom more like demons than human beings. In the next apartment we found six of these creatures, who so filled the small place as almost to prevent our entering. One was smoking an old pipe; another was wild with liquor, and frantically cried for more drink; another, with an imbecile look, sat by the stove with a poor sickly child on her lap; while a fourth, in a state bordering on delirium tremens, gave vent to the most fearful oaths, and heaped maledictions on the head of the villain who had brought her to this—maledictions so awful and earnest as made one's flesh creep to listen to. Crawling up a broken staircase, we entered another small attic, and here were three more of the same class. One was about sixteen years of age, bashful and shame-faced, who had signalized the Christmas eve of 1868 by fleeing her service, and entering upon her horrible career. Another, a girl of most prepossessing appearance, with stately form and large lustrous eyes, sat brooding alone. When addressed, she was sulky and refused to speak, but when we remarked what a pity it was to see a girl like her in such a