

# TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

PLEDGE.--We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not use intoxicating Liquors as a Beverage, nor Traffic in them; that we will not provide them as an article of Entertainment, nor for persons in our Employment; and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use throughout the community.

Vol. XIX.]

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 1, 1853.

[No. 19.

## Madalina; the Rag-Picker's Daughter.

"Sir," said the door-keeper, to Mr. Pease, one night, "little Madalina; the beggar girl, is at the door, crying bitterly, and says she wants to see you."

"Tell her to go away, I cannot see her to-night, it is eleven o'clock, and I am very tired. She must come to-morrow."

The fellow turned upon his heel to go away, but as he did so he caught the glimpse of his hand and motion of the coat sleeve across the eyes.

"Tom," said he, "Tom, my dear boy, what is the matter?"

Tom did not turn round as he had been taught, and usually did, so as to look him full in the face when he answered; in fact he did not answer readily; there was a choking sensation in his utterance which prevented the words from coming forth distinctly.

Now, this boy had been about three months in "the Home," and perhaps a more squalid, wretched, drunken boy, cannot be found in the purlieus of the Five Points than he was when he was actually dragged out of the gutter, brought in, washed and dressed, before he came to, so as to be conscious of the change that had come over him. Yet this outcast, who cared for nothing human, not even himself, now stood vainly trying to choke down his grief for the sorrows of a little beggar girl.

"Tom," said he, springing up, forgetting all fatigue, "I will go, and see what is the matter. Who is this Madalina?"

"She is an Italian rag-picker's daughter, Sir—they live in Cow Bay—I used to lodge with them sometimes. That is, the mother picks rags and the father goes with the hand organ and monkey."

"Ah, that is where the little tamborine girl came from that we have now in school. There is a quarrel, I suppose, and the little girl has come for me."

Tom went down stairs with a heart as light as his step, which, said Mr. P., I followed, I must acknowledge, rather heavily, for I did not quite relish the idea of being wakened out of a comfortable evening nap, to do police duty in Cow Bay, and I fear there might not have been quite as much gravity in my tone and manner toward the rag-picker's daughter, as we ought to use when speaking to these poor children, for I recollect the words were, "What do you want, girl?" instead of "What can I do for you, my child—come, tell me, and don't cry any more."

"I don't want to be a beggar girl. I want to be like my cousin Juliana."

"Juliana—Juliana. I don't know her."

"It is the little tamborine girl, sir," said Tom.

"Oh, I see now. Juliana is your cousin, then. Come here, Madalina; let me look at you, and I will talk about it."

He drew her forward into the light, and I think, said he, I never saw a finer formed set of features in my life. Her

hair, which, as a matter of course, was black almost as the raven's wing, and subsequently, when cleaned of dirt and its accomplishments, became almost as glossy, overshadowed a pair of the keenest, yet mildest black eyes I have ever met with. Her skin was dark, partly natural, and partly the effect of the sun upon its unwashed, unsheltered surface. Her teeth, oh, what a set of teeth, which she afterward told me she kept clean by a habit she had of eating charcoal. She was about twelve years old, slim form, rather tall, but delicate structure. Her dress consisted of one dirty cotton frock, reaching a little below her knees, and nothing else. Bare-footed, bareheaded, almost naked, at 12 o'clock of a cold March night, a little, innocent child, wandering through the streets of New York, vainly plying the words, "Please give me a penny, sir," to well-fed, comfortably dressed men, whose feelings have grown callous by constantly hearing such words from such objects, to whom to give is not to relieve, but rather encourage to continue in the pursuit of such ill-gotten means of prolonging life, without any prospect of benefit to themselves or their fellow creatures.

"Then you don't want to beg, Madalina! Why not?"

"Because people push me, and curse me, and to-day one man kicked me, right here, sir," and she laid her hand upon her stomach, and groaned with pain.

"Kicked you; what for; were you saucy?"

"No, sir; I am never saucy. My mother says if I am saucy, men won't give me anything. I must be very quiet, and not talk any, nor answer any questions."

"Then how came he to kick you?"

"I don't know, Sir, I did not say a word, I only went into one of those nice rooms on Broadway, where they have such beautiful glass bottles and tumblers, and looking glasses, and such a sight of all sorts of liquor, and where so many fine gentlemen go and sit, and talk, and laugh, and drink, and smoke; and I just went along and held out my hand to the gentlemen, when one of them told me to open my mouth and shut my eyes and hold my hand and he would give me a shilling. Now look what he did—he put his cigar all burning in my hand and shut it up and held it there."

Horrible! she opened her hand, and showed three fingers and the palm all in a blister.

"Oh, Sir, that is nothing to what the other one did. He put a great nasty chaw of tobacco in my mouth, and then I could not help crying; then the man who sells the liquor, he ran out from behind the counter, and how he did swear, and caught me by the hair and pulled me down on the floor, and kicked me so I could hardly get away. But he told me if I did not he would set the dogs on me and tear me to pieces."

"What did you go into such a place for?"

"I had been all day in the streets and only got three pennies, and I wanted to go home."

"Well, why did you not go?"

"My mother said if I did not get sixpence to-day she would whip me, and so I went in that place. I did not