

# ROUGE ET NOIR.

Vol. VIII.

TRINITY COLLEGE, MARCH, 1887.

No. 3.

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## "THAT THE CONDITION OF THE LABOURING CLASSES IS UNJUST."—(Concluded.)

Now let us see what things are like, on our side of the sea. Let us look at the city that has just erected a huge statue of Liberty. "A room on the attic floor of a wretched old rookery on Hester street. . . . the room was possibly ten feet square. The ceiling was low and slanting, and its only source of light was through the begrimed glass of a small gable window. In these cramped quarters were six women, and four sewing-machines. Piled up on the floor were stacks of cloaks ready to be put together. The air was stifling to one not acclimatized to a temperature well up in the nineties, and odoriferous with sewer gases. They were working as if driven by some unseen power, but when I learned that they were enabled to earn but fifty cents for sixteen, and perhaps more, hours labor per day, it needed no further investigation to convince me that the 'unseen power' was the necessity for bread for their own and for their children's mouths." The cloaks were sold "at from thirty-five dollars to seventy-five dollars each. Two of these women could manage, by long hours and the most diligent application to turn out one cloak per day and the price they received from the contractor, or more properly "sweater," was one dollar—fifty cents apiece. Inquiry elicited the fact that the strong smell of sewer gas, which seemed to permeate every crevice of the broken plaster that still clung in patches on the walls and filled the room with a sickening stench, came from a sink in the adjoining apartment. Curiosity led me to venture within this "inside" room. It was without ventilation or light save what came through the door connecting it with the front room, and it was only after standing several minutes that I could distinguish the black lines of the walls and sink from which rose in clouds the deadly gas. Upon the floor was spread a mattress which, in appearance, partook of the general filth to be found throughout the whole building from cellar up; and it was upon such a bed and in such quarters that three cloak-makers tired and weary with the long day's work, and with scanty, if any supper, threw themselves down to sleep and awaited the coming day's awful toil for bread. Hundreds of a similar and even worse character are to be found scattered through the city of New York, no words of mine certainly can convey to the public any adequate conception of the truly awful condition of thousands of these suffering people."

## TOMMY CROOKS.

There never was a better boy  
 Than little Tommy Crooks.  
 To help poor mother was his joy,  
 And read improving books.

With gladness beaming in his face  
 He went to Sunday school  
 In class he held the foremost place,  
 And never broke a rule.

While other boys would push and fight,  
 Or bulls-eyes suck and play,  
 He sat and heard with calm delight  
 What teacher had to say.

His pence had never wasted been ;  
 As regular as clocks  
 They went for Sunday magazine  
 And missionary box.

He never fought, he never swore,  
 He never told a lie ;  
 His clothes he never soiled and tore,  
 Or made another cry.

The parson called him model lad,  
 And, save in being slim,  
 He said he should be very glad  
 If all would copy him.

Most good boys die before they're men,  
 And leave their friends to weep,  
 But Thomas at three score and ten  
 Was hung for stealing sheep.