

long, long day, when she would be left nearly alone—perhaps quite so—locked in this dreadful room—while men and monkeys, organs and tamborines, beggars and rag-pickers, were all away plying their trades in the streets of the city. It was no use; she was inexorable. The *padre* was a very good doctor—the *padre* was good for her soul—the *padre* would pray for her; and if she was to die, she should not die in the house of a heretic. So we parted. It was a hard parting, for she clung to each one as she said, “Good bye,” and said, “I wish I could go with you, but my mother—you have taught me to obey my mother, that all good children obey their mothers—so good-bye—good-bye, Tom. You will bring me another drink to-morrow—yes, I knew you would, if I asked you, you are so good to me.”

There were tears at parting, and they were not all tears of a sick child, or good boy, but strong men wept.

“Tom,” said the feeble, sobbing voice, after we had almost reached the door, over the careless sleepers on the floor, “Tom, come back a minute, I want to—want to—say—what if I should not see you again? I want to send something to Mrs. Pease; she was so kind to me; I wish I had something to send her to remember me by, but I have got nothing—nothing—yes, I will send her a—a little nearer—and she put her arms around his neck and imprinted a kiss upon his lips—there, I will send her that, it is all that I have—it will tell her I love her, for I never kiss any but those I love.”

Poor Madalina! Poor Tom! What must have been his feelings at that moment, with the kiss of that angelic dying girl burning upon his lips and running streams of lava down into his young heart, while those words, “I never kiss any but those I love,” are thrilling through his brain like words of fire.

What he felt we cannot tell. We will not tell what we felt, after the first flow of scalding tears had passed away, but we fear there was an unforgiving spirit in our heart; and if the foot which crushed that tender flower had been there then, it would have followed its moving power head-long down those long, steep and narrow stairs, to the pavement—less hard than its guiding heart. “We must not kill,” said Tom, as we reached the street.

Had he divined our thoughts, or was it the response to his own?

“We must not kill those who sell the rum, or kick little children to death, or make brutes of their mothers, but we will kill the business, or else we will prove that all are not good men in this world who pretend to be.”

“It is greatly changed,” we said to the missionary, as we came down upon the street, “since you have lived here; two years ago we should not like to walk alone through these streets at the midnight hour; now we have no fear. Good night.”

“It will be better two years hence, if you and I live. Good night.”

“Good night. Heaven protect you, and bless your labors. Good night, Tom.”

But Tom heard it not. “I never kiss any but those I love,” was ringing in his ears. He heard nothing—thought of nothing else. Poor Tom! He carried a heavy heart to a sleepless bed that night.

Back up Anthony to Centre, then up that one block, and we stood and contemplated that great somber gray stone building which fills a whole square, looking down gloomily upon the multitude who reek in misery on the opposite side of the street, or pursue their nefarious schemes of crime within the very shadow of “the Tombs.” Alas! prisons prevent not crimes, nor does incarceration work reformation upon such as dwell in such tenements as we have just visited.

“It is but a step from the palace to the tomb.” True, and so it seemed this night; for ere we had fairly

realized the fact that we passed over the short step of two squares between the city prison—the Tombs—and Broadway, we stood looking into that great palace hall on the corner of Franklin street, known as Taylor’s Saloon.

Was ever eating and drinking temptation more gorgeously fitted up? How the gilt and carving, and elaborate skill of the painter’s art glitters in the more than sun-light splendor of a hundred sparkling gas burners. Are the windows open? No. The ten-feet long plates of glass are so clear from speck, it seems as though it were open space. Look in. It is midnight. Is all still? Do the tired servants sleep? No. They are sitting up and down with noiseless tread to furnish late suppers, and health-destroying luxuries to a host of men and gay dressed women. ’Tis the palace of luxury—’t is but a step beyond to the home of “the Rag Picker’s Daughter”—’t is here that the first step is taken which leads to infamy like that of that daughter’s mother. ’T is here that he, whose trade is seduction, walketh unshamed at noon-day, or prowls at midnight, to select his victims. ’T is here that mothers suffer young daughters to come at this untimely midnight hour to drink “light wines,” or eat ice cream, drugged with passion-exciting vanilla. “Ha, ha, ha!” laughed the fiend as we passed on, “rag-picking mothers are not the only ones who traffic away the virtue of young daughters in this rum flooded city.”

“What,” said we, as we passed on, if all the mis-spent shillings, worse than wasted in this palace, were dropt into the treasury of the House of Industry?”

“Cow Bay, Farlow’s Court, and Rotten Row, would be no more, and my occupation would be gone,” said the fiend, “It must not be. Dry up rum, and murder would cease and misery have no home here. It must not be. Our trade is in danger; I must alarm my friends!”

And he clattered his cloven foot down the steps of a near by cellar, where there were loud sounds of blasphemous words; the noise of jingling glasses, and much ranting.

Then we understood why he said “our trade,” for none but devils deal in it.

“It was late next morning,” said Mr. Pease, “when I woke up, and then I lay in a sort of dreamy reverie, thinking what a world of good I could do if I had plenty of means, until near ten o’clock. Finally I heard an uneasy step outside my door, and at length it seemed to venture to approach, and then their was a timid rap.”

“May I come in?”

“Yes Tom, come in. What is it Tom?”

“If you please, Sir, I want to go away to-day.”

“Oh no, Tom, don’t go away to-day, you remember what you promised to do for Madalina.”

“Yes Sir, and I am going to do it, I am going to see where they put her, and then I will plant a flower there, and I will water it too, and that is not all that I am going to do with water either, before I die. I am going to learn people to drink it and not drink rum.”

“Going to see where they put her?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Tom, do I understand you?”

“I don’t know Sir, she did.”

Tell me, my boy, what you mean. You seem a little wild, your eyes are very red. Did you sleep any last night?”

“Sleep! could you sleep, with those words ringing in your ears all night? Her last words—She never spoke again.”

By this time I reached the window. I looked out There was a “poor house hearse” in Cow Bay. A little coffin was brought down and put in, and it moved away. It carried “The Rag-Picker’s Daughter.”