

as an historian, venerate thee as an anti-
christian, extol thee as a philosopher, but
as a Christian.
"And for myself," said Sir Geoffrey, "here
I am, driven from my ancestral home, to
live, like an outcast, with the dying and the
dying. And for what? he demanded, carried
away, as usual, with the sublimity of
his "for having chosen to seclude
myself from the society of my time
in order to devote my time
to the advancement of human knowledge. I
collected more scraps of tradition, cor-
rected more traditions of the fathers, and
discovered more traditions of ancient kings,
and coins, classified more fables in my
own collection, and the *sceleratus* of
the *malacopteryx subbrachius*, inclusive,
by any other living man. And as regards
homology, have I not proved beyond ques-
tion, in my treatise on insects, that the
family of the *aphides* are viviparous only in
the summer? and also that the viviparous have
nostrils, no lungs, and therefore no
blood, and consequently can neither sing,
sigh, cry, grieve, nor cough, like other ani-
mals? As for the beetle casting his shell, I
never will admit it—never could reconcile it
with my conscience to deceive the world with
his absurd theory. Hewson's bat, a fool,
with all his experiments, as I shall prove by
my treatise on *crustacea*. Ah! that reminds
me of the death of that two-year-old, who
died was the cause of destroying. O dear!
never again see such a butterfly.
And all this comes of persecuting
an old man for his faith. Well, as I said,
I shall reward have I to expect from the world
all I've done for its enlightenment? No,
perhaps a halter, or a prison. And my
piousness, how will the world compensate
for them? Every insect in them
confound them for angels! O, confound them,
confound them for angels! they have ruined
kind in general, and myself and my
laughter in particular. That Plimpton vil-
lains my angels more than my Alice,
and she again, confound the angels! And
Sir Geoffrey started up indignantly in his
seat, and repeated the words in such a voice
as to reach the ear of Brother Felix.
"That's blasphemy," said the monk, in-
terrupting his writing, and peering over the
edge of his desk.
"A blasphemy!" replied Sir Geoffrey, rising
from his pallet, shoes and all, and sliding
the handkerchief over his head, as he turned
to look at the monk.
"Ay, thou'st been cursing the ministers of
God."
"Ha, ha! ministers of the devil, rather,
there be more angels than good angels, I
dare say. But—father Peter—where hath he and
the dwarf gone?"
"Both left us last night, and may not re-
turn for a time," replied the monk, quiting
his desk a moment to lay some breakfast
before Sir Geoffrey.
"Ah, methought I saw him leave with a
very small and very despicable specimen of
human kind, after midnight. And whether
underneath he, brother Felix?"
"It's somewhat of a journey, I ween," re-
plied the monk; "for he hath taken the
next quarter's Breviary with him, and the
sacred vestments."
"O dear! O dear! and left he sought
of counsel for me?" inquired the knight.
"That thou remain here until the departure
of Sir Thomas Plimpton from the neighbor-
hood of Brocton; nothing more."
"What! here among the graves?"
"Ay, if it so please thee."
"Nay, I bar that, good brother, when night
comes, I'll steal home to Brocton. My
daughter, Alice, thou must know, is there
sitting in a lonely cell, and will expect me.
She's a tender heart, poor little thing, very
fond of her old father, and can ill bear the
separation."
"Two days' retirement will place thee be-
yond the danger of arrest," modestly pursued
the monk; "and then thou mayest return in
safety. I pray thee be concealed by thy
father's confessor, who loveth thee most truly,
and will surely take ill of thee to travel
in his directions, and thereby expose thyself
to danger."
"Ah! but Alice," replied the old man.
"She's in safety," pleaded the monk.
"Safe from violence, mayhap; but I know
well her heart is sick and sorrowing for her
old father. Poor child; she thinks I'm so
simple, and thriftless, and careless, that I may
wander about and neglect myself. O, she's a
very tender little girl. Hast never seen
Alice?"
"Nay; but I can judge of her fortitude
from what father Peter saith. She can bear thy
absence better than thou thinkest for."
Sir Geoffrey shook his head.
"Two days make but a little time, meth-
inks," persisted the monk.
"Ay, marry, for those who measure time
by the length of their manuscripts; but little
Alice hath never been from her father's
side one hour, save when she went to Paris
to see Mary Stuart; and then—hem—
and then—O! it would never do at all!" he added,
flung from the table and leaving his break-
fast almost untasted. "I must see her to-
night."
"And pray, good Sir Geoffrey, how long
staid the maiden at Paris?"
"How long? O, a long time; a very long
time, indeed," and he shuffled about, en-
deavoring to evade the question.
"Nay, thou seemest unwilling to answer
me," said the monk with a faint smile on his
thin lips. "Pray, didst not follow her thy-
self after only a few days' absence, and bring
her back with thee, notwithstanding the
earnest entreaties of the princess to the
contrary? Ah, Sir Geoffrey, it's thine own
heart feeleth most the pain of absence, I
trow."
"Marry comes up with thee, man; and
what knowest thou of the matter?" responded
the knight, somewhat annoyed at seeing his
safety for thy tale, brother, it little becometh
thy office to know so much of the secrets be-
tween father and child. So haste thee, and
upon the pillar above, that I may see what
hath become of the box. I will return with-
out delay, and remain here patiently till
nightfall."
"I may not contravene my orders, Sir
Geoffrey," replied the monk, respectfully,
"and would supplicate thee to remain here
as thy good friend and father confessor di-
rected."
"But my books, man, my books!" persisted
the knight, plucking the breast of the monk's
cassock, to impress on him the importance
of the matter; "my books are in the box,
and how know I but these troopers may
have carried them off? And Biddy, he may
have fled and left them to the mercy of the
elements."
"Thy books are of small account, compared
with thine own safety, Sir Geoffrey."
"What! man?" ejaculated the latter, step-
ping back and looking with astonishment at
the monk. "I tell thee thou'rt crazed!
Why, St. Augustine, St. Thomas, St.
Bernard, and St. Jerome are there in that
very box! Paugh! man, they're worth a
thousand such lives as mine!"
"There they are," said the monk, pointing
to the lower shelf of a bookstand on the op-
posite wall; "thou mayest have them, if thou
remainest here as directed."

"Where?" muttered Sir Geoffrey stepping
over and taking up one of the large folios;
"let's see the edition. Why, gads my life,
man, this is the last Mentz edition.
Fool, poor! brother Felix, it's but a bawble,
a mere adit of zealous; marry, man, thou
mayst buy this for money. Fehaw! it's as
plenty as Schoffer's Bibles. But dost not
comprehend me when I tell thee I have the
edition containing the homilies, and smaller
works from the wooden tables, with
marginal notes in manuscript, the real
original typographic copies; breath of life,
man; every letter in them's worth all the
typographies of Gutenberg and Schoffer, and
Faust, in the whole universe." And the
knight threw back the volumes contemptu-
ously on the shelf, and laughed heartily at
the simplicity of the monk.
"And what difference maketh it to the
writings of the saint," demanded the monk,
"whether they reach us through wooden
carvings or leaden types?"
"Humph!" ejaculated Sir Geoffrey, smiling
compassionately on his companion. "Indeed
I pity thee if thou'rt serious in asking such a
question. So haste thee, haste thee, and let
me away from thy company. I would rather
sit in the ruins above, and decipher the tombs-
stones, than converse with one who hath such
little respect for the precious relics."
"And yet," replied the monk, "we have
even the manuscript copy there on that shelf
above, from which this was printed. And
so, as thou valuest antiquity so much, verily
thou mayest have it."
"Ay, truly, brother; but hath not every
manuscript in France, Italy, and Germany,
copies of the same? Hocum, I would not
barter mine for a million such paltry things.
So get thee up, and let's steal among the old
walls; haste thee and don't thy look oloak,
while I look after my pictures."
And the old man hurried away to find his
treasure where he had left it.
It seemed the knight to find some difficulty
in finding his pictures, and was detained among
the tombs by some untoward cause; for he
was absent longer than the monk ex-
pected. And when, at length, he
did reappear, his countenance seemed con-
siderably discomposed from its usual quiet
expression; his breath came thick and short,
and his hat was pressed down flat upon his
head, giving him the look of one who had
been struggling with an antagonist.
"Look at that!" said he, handing a scroll
of parchment to the monk.
"And what may it be, good Sir Geoffrey?
or hath it been injured, that thou seemest
so ill at ease? Ah! it's thy classification
of insects; truly, yes—of it I
see, have been meditating with it. They
have eaten up one or two of thy besties;
verily, these rats are unconscionable ani-
mals."
"Cuss the rats!" vociferated Sir Geoffrey,
striking the desk; "they've ruined me!"
"Hut, hut! Sir Geoffrey; be not so angry
about so small a trifle."
"A trifle, sir! a trifle! the only specimen
of the tribe-winged beetle in England. A
trifle! I say again, cuss the rats, sir." And
he indignantly buttoned up his doublet to
the chin, and struck the desk a second time
with his clenched fist. "Perdition catch
the whole accursed race! they've robbed me
of the grandest specimen of the seven-spir-
ated three-winged beetle in Europe. Ay,
there's my daughter's drawing, which she la-
bored many an hour to accomplish, now in
the stomach of the pest of humanity. Look
ye here, sir monk; an thou'lt catch me
that thieving villain, and rip me the beetle
from his scurvy stomach, I'll befriend thee
to the death."
The monk smiled, and looked deprecating-
ly at the baronet.
"Soul of my body, monk; dost mock at my
misfortune?"
"Misfortune?"
"Ay, by my hallome; and no ordinary
misfortune. Have I not been writing a
treatise for the last two years on the consti-
tution of insects? and here's the one by
which I was to prove the existence of
bronchitis, or tubular respiration, destroyed
by that infernal vermin. Sir, the original
was found fifteen years ago, and
sent me as a most precious gift,
by Sir Toby Fitzgump, of Fitzgump Castle,
in Strathclyde. And now, sir, both copy and
original are gone, eaten up, devoured by the
zealous of the brute creation. Come,
brother, I must quit the place instantly; and
see thou carry that, or—or I might lose
my temper."
"But, good Sir Geoffrey, wilt not —"
"What, stay till the villain eat my ven-
erable pictures also? ay, faith, not leave a
feature on their faces. Fehaw! what a rank
smell's in the tomb! Methought once, last
night, I had never been able to endure it."
"So the rats stole the parchment from the
altar," observed the monk, moving along.
"Ay, the sacrilegious vermin; and had
carried it well nigh into their burrows. By
my center, I was almost suffocated. Paugh!
I pray them not their hunting grounds."
When brother Felix reached the door in
the broken pillar, he paused for a moment
ere he turned the key. "Sir Geoffrey," said
he, "I have a request to make."
"Make it promptly," replied the knight;
"we have no time to tarry; my books may
be lost while we babble here."
"I feel I must soon quit this place."
"Marry, the paring should cost thee but
little regret, methinks," responded the knight.
"And wouldst thou see Father Peter once
more, to receive from him the last lights of
our holy church," continued the monk; "or
if he may not come, peradventure the pil-
grim, whom men call the Gabletangle, might
visit his old amanuensis. Say to the first
thou meetest, that brother Felix would crave
his ghostly office, about the end of June, ere
he quits this old totem for another coun-
try."
"Where thou mayest meet me with more
social companions than the rats and wasps
eh?"
"Nay, I mean not the vault, but a tenement
frailer, far. This poor, old empty,
broken shell, not worth a shroud to cover it.
And yet, as thou has spoken of the old place,
I will confess to thee, Sir Geoffrey, I could
never well dissociate the idea of my
existence from these walls. I've fancied,
showest, that the monk and his
cell should crumble together; and were
it God's will, I would rather die here,
amongst the ruins, than live out my few re-
maining days elsewhere."
"But the rats," said Sir Geoffrey; "art not
afraid of the rats, when sickness cometh, and
thou'rt unable to speak or move thy hand to
drive them away? Ah, paugh! the very
thought maketh me shiver."
"They know me," replied the monk, "and
would harm me not."
"Know thee, man?"
"Ay, truly do they, and come at my call,
except, indeed, when the priest is here."
"Sorry companions, methinks."
"They're living things, at least," responded
the monk, "and even that's sometimes a
comfort to the recluse."
"Old man," said the knight, laying his
hand familiarly on the monk's shoulder, "I
cannot part thee,—mayhap forever, for we
know not what a day may bring forth in
these troublous times,—I must not part thee
without again entreating thee to come and
spend the remainder of thy days at Brock-
ton."
Brother Felix shook his head. "Nay, Sir
Geoffrey," he replied, "it must not
be. I know not how it is, but I love the
old place and its associations so
well that I cannot bear the thought of quit-
ting it. Here I took my first vows; here I
have lived almost since my childhood; every
stone of the ruin is familiar to me; they
seem like old acquaintances, whom I should
not abandon. Nay, nay, I will die as I lived,
in the ruins of Glastonbury."
"Hearken, brother," urged the knight, "I
must tell thee right roundly, I cannot recon-
cile it with my conscience to leave thee here;
indeed, thou must accompany me to Brocton,
and I promise and pledge thee on the honor
of a Christian man, neither to disturb thy
study, nor meddle with thy habits. Thou
shalt have thine own way in all things. Not
even Biddy Connor shall be suffered to in-
trude on thy privacy."
"Haven't reward thee, Sir Geoffrey, for thy
professed kindness to a worn out, worthless
being, who hath no claim on thy bounty.
But it cannot be; I'll draw my last breath in
the old place. I feel that I'm a fixture here,
which cannot be removed. My heart still
clings to the old consecrated walls,
and he who would take me away
should wrench every fibre in twain. Fare
thee well, Sir Geoffrey, and the blessing
of a grateful old monk be with thee. Send
me a priest to assist me ere I fall into the
grave, for I could ill bear the thought that
my unanointed bones should mix with the
sainted remains of our holy brotherhood.
Fare thee well," he continued, unlocking the
secret door, "and may God deliver thee and
thy daughter from the hands of thy
enemies. Ah, but stay; I had almost
forgotten," he added, "Should I die ere
the priest comes, thou'lt not fail to remember
that my old manuscripts will be found under
the altar, in the vault. So, *pro vobiscum*,
peace be with thee," he concluded, embracing
the knight, "and may the Holy Virgin guide
and guard thee forever." So saying, the
monk of St. Dominic opened the mar-
ble door, and Sir Geoffrey, with quivering lip
and moistening eye, reluctantly left him to
return to his gloomy cell.
"He'll die down there all alone," muttered
the knight to himself; "I foresee all that
this morning, when I awoke and beheld him
writing at his desk. 'Twas as plain to me
as the light of day. I always said so, he con-
tinued, stepping from stone to stone, and
looking warily round, lest some spy might
take him in the shadow of the old walls to arrest
him in his exit from his hiding-place."
Sir Geoffrey felt, at the moment the monk
had locked him out and retired to the vault,
that he was exposing himself to the danger
of detection, and well knew if Sir
Thomas Plimpton, or any of his fol-
lowers, did but succeed in capturing
him, the second tender of the oath
would be instantly made, and his
daughter and himself dragged to London
to suffer for their obstinacy, and Brocton
Hall become the reward of the captors. Yet
in face of this danger, he could not overcome
the anxiety he felt about his favorite copy
of the holy fathers; and even then, were the
alternative offered him of retiring to some ob-
scure corner of England, with his books, his
besties, his instruments, and his gentle
Alice, he would have accepted it thank-
fully, and, much as he loved the
venerable mansion of his ancestors, would
have abandoned it forever. His library was
his world, and Alice was the light of his life
and his book of reference when his memory
faded him. Of both these was his existence
made up, and to separate him from either
would have broken his heart. When the
good old knight, after many a stumble
over rotten timbers and slippery stones,
had at length reached the portico of
the church, he peeped out cautiously
through the breaches in the walls, to see if
any of the purloinings remained on guard in
front of the abbey, to prevent his escape, or
if he could see any traces of his books or
Biddy Connor; but not a living thing was
visible. All was as silent as the grave, if we
except, indeed, the occasional chirp of the
sparrow, sitting up there on the eaves of the
broken window, plucking the chickenweed, or
the twitter of the swallows about their nests
under the eaves.
As he turned away, satisfied he had no im-
mediate danger to apprehend, he saw that a
dead cricket had stuck to the palm of his
hand, which had been resting on the ground,
and looked sadly down on it.
"What a sight!" he muttered, nodding
his head contemptuously; "the very crickets
are dead and gone. Poor fellow! thou, too,
wert driven from thy hearth, where many a
time after the midnight hour had struck
thou wast sung the merry roundelay, in
concert with the monks at their matin
hymns. Ay, verily, thou wert a chorister
in thine own way, and did thy best
to worship God according to thy ability;
albeit, as my theory runs, thou'rt not gifted
with lungs. And moreover, thou wert al-
ways a good Catholic; ay, faith, a right staunch
old inmate of the cells and convents. In-
deed, there's a character of antiquity about
thee; a multitude of venerable asso-
ciations connected with thy family, that
would ill become thee otherwise. So
thou hast followed the fortunes of thy ven-
erable friends, and chosest rather to die than
tune thy voice to strange psalmody. Ah,
dear me! dear me! and they cut thy very
head off," continued the knight, turning over
the cricket with the end of his cane; "twas
poor revenge,—a sorry deed. One would
have thought it enough to banish thee, mur-
der thee; but thus to outrage thy poor re-
mains —" Here the knight caught a
glance of some object falling over the
spot where the cricket lay, and looking up,
beheld a large black spider making a rapid
descent upon its prey.
"Ay, ay," said the knight, "there it is;
there's the illustrious of the spirit of the
times. He hath already taken his life,
and now comes to tear asunder and scatter
his bones. But to thy work—to thy work;
it's thy instinct; begotten of the
devil, thou must needs gratify thy lust.
Nay, thou needst not fear me. I will leave
thee to thy profession; thou canst not re-
fuse him now; he is beyond thy reach. O,
the—the—gloomy despot," muttered the
old man, and moving slowly through the
portico. "What a picture he presents of
power of human passions, and O, dear me!
how can thou tell the old recluse of Brocton
Hall may one day meet the fate of the poor
cricket?"

lost diamond after a long search, the old man
sprang forward to clutch it, and ascertain if it
had suffered any injury. Alas! the treas-
ury was broken open, and two of the
books gone. Looking round, he saw
one of them lying open among the rub-
bish near the wall, and the other at some
distance beyond; the latter having two of its
leaves torn out and flying round with the
breeze. As Sir Geoffrey plucked up the leaf
next him, and hurried along to secure the
other, he tripped and fell among the loose
stones; and as he rose again, regardless
of his hat and cane, both of which he dropped
in his eager haste, he had the mortification
to see the precious paper whirled up and
lodged in an aperture of the wall, some ten
or twelve feet from the ground. He looked up
wistfully for a few minutes, expecting the
next breeze would dislodge it; but finding it
still remained fixed there, he returned to the
box, restored the two volumes to their
places, and again nailing it down securely, car-
ried it in his arms, placed it beside the wall,
immediately under the lost leaf, and stepped
out. But, alas! it was too low. He then
tried to reach it with his cane, and then with
his sword; both were too short. Perceiving
some holes in the wall where the stones had
been picked or fallen out, he bethought him
of climbing by these footholds, and thus
reach the leaf even at the risk of
falling. With this intention he
had just inserted his right foot in the
step, and caught hold of a projecting stone
above, when, all of a sudden, he felt a man's
arm pass round his body, and lifting him
gently, but firmly, set him on the ground.
"Nay, nay," said the newcomer; "and tak-
ing up the box, he carried it off, and hid it in
a corner where the nettles grew thick and
rank."
Sir Geoffrey turned, and gazed after him
with astonishment, unable to utter a word of
reproach, so confounded was he by the
suddenness of the act. "Dear me," said he
at length, "that's very surprising."
The stranger, having secured the box, re-
turned and boldly approached the knight.
"A villain, villain!" cried the old man, un-
sheathing his sword.
"Why, Sir Geoffrey, don't ye—"
"Begone, thou rascal of Jezabel, or thou'lt
find this old man strong enough yet to teach
thee better manners. Away, sirrah! and pro-
voke me not, or I might be tempted to do
thee injury."
"Hut, hut!" laughed the stranger; "begone,
he don't know me."
"What, churl, wouldst mock me, eh?
wouldst mock me?" repeated the knight; and
he advanced a step, as if
to drive off the intruder. "Away
with thy tunder and thy warst, and tell thy
employer I'll be both; begone, or by my
hallome, I'll hit thee like a canon."
"Why, thou'rt an ages, don't ye know
me?" shouted the stranger, who was no other
than Biddy Connor, after leaving the troops
some six or eight miles off on the road to
Hoxley.
(To be continued.)

SCOTCH NEWS.
The number of deaths in Leith last week
was 14, equivalent to the low mortality of
11.55 per thousand per annum.
Miss Ada B. Clark, student of the Edin-
burgh Association for the University Educa-
tion of Women, has passed the final examina-
tion of the University of London, B.A. de-
gree, and has been placed in the first division
of successful candidates.
A widow named Margaret McCallister of Bat-
chelor, residing in Blenheim street, Dundee,
committed suicide on Saturday by hanging
herself in her own house by a rope which she
had fastened to a nail in the door of a cup-
board. The body was discovered by a neigh-
bor.
REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S REPORT.—During the
quarter ending with the 30th September, 1883,
there were registered in Scotland 30,057
births, 16,537 deaths, and 5,890 marriages.
The birth rate was 0.276, the death rate 0.133,
and the marriage rate 0.096 below the average
of the ten years immediately preceding.
The dead body of a woman was discovered
on Saturday morning on the private road
leading to Craigheld farmstead, Blantyre.
It was taken charge of by the Inspector of
Poor, and was afterwards identified as that of
Susan Eagon or Carroll, a widow, residing at
Dalton, Cambuslang. She was 55 years of
age, and was generally engaged as an out-
door worker. Dr. Grant states that death
was caused by exposure.
A man named John Mitchell died at
Broughty Ferry on Saturday after having al-
most attained the age of 99 years. Had he
lived another day he would have been 99,
yesterday having been his birthday. De-
ceased, who was a native of the parish of
Alyth, and in his early life followed agricul-
tural pursuits, enjoyed remarkable immunity
from ill-health, and his faculties were unim-
paired almost to the last.
The marriage of Mr. Michael Hugh Shaw
Stewart, eldest son of Sir Michael Shaw
Stewart, Bart., Lord-Lieutenant of Renfrew-
shire, to Lady Alice Thynne, daughter of the
Marquis and Marchioness of Bath, took place
on Wednesday in St. George's Church, Han-
over Square, London. Among the present
were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. The event
was made the occasion of public rejoicings in
Greenock and throughout Renfrewshire gener-
ally.
THE BEN NEVIS OBSERVATORY.—On Mon-
day Mr. Sydney Mitchell, architect, accom-
panied by Mr. Hay, surveyor, and the con-
tractor paid a final official visit to the Observ-
atory on Ben Nevis. The path to the lake
(1,800 feet) is still open, and might have been
traversed by ponies; but beyond that point
it had been completely obliterated by the
snow, which on the summit had attained the
depth of four feet. The ascent was conse-
quently very fatiguing.
FACTORY ACT PROSECUTION.—Before Sheriff
Cowan, at Paisley, on Tuesday, Messrs. J. &
W. Campbell, dyers, Cogan street, Pollok-
shaws, were charged at the instance of Mr.
James S. Maitland, Her Majesty's Inspector
for Glasgow and the West of Scotland, with
having contravened the 72nd section of the
Factory and Workshop Act, 1873, by employ-
ing young male and female persons without
the usual certificate of fitness for employment.
The charge was found proven after evidence
had been led, and a fine of £10, with £2 11s
of expenses, imposed.
PARTY FEELING IN COATBRIDGES.—During
the late trials of the rioters at Coatbridge,
Inspector Oralkshanks, in reply to Sheriff
Maist, stated that "party feeling still ran very
high, and that the police had to watch both
parties night and day, when a party of
young Orangemen caught sight of
a group of Catholics, one of them
shouting out, "Look at the Fenian —"
let's at them." A rash was made, and before
a blow could be struck they had three of the
aggressors in custody. These were brought
up at the Justice of Peace Court at Aldrie
on Monday, and sent to prison for 15 and 20
days, without the option of a fine.

HORRORS OF LONDON SLUMS;
A WEEK UNDER A BLACK CURTAIN.
HORRIBLE IMMORALITIES!
UNTOLD POVERTY AND MISERY
REVELATIONS ALMOST INVISIBLE.
LONDON, Nov. 9.—The Bitter Cry of Out-
cast London. Such is the title of a pam-
phlet, says the correspondent of the *Hartford
Times*, just issued by one of the religious de-
monstrations, containing the results of these re-
velations among the abject poor of this met-
ropolis. This little book, so full of startling
disclosures, is undoubtedly the sensation of
the day. The newspapers are discussing it,
philanthropists are weeping over the tale of
sorrow it tells, and even the Government is
aroused. It is as much talked of as the
dynamite horror, and the condition of things
it lays bare is considered by thoughtful peo-
ple to present a greater danger than the latter
to this mighty city's welfare. Over the spec-
tacle it holds up to view tears might well be
shed, not only by Londoners, but by the en-
tire civilized world. In the interests of hu-
manity, and in the hope that their sympathies
may be drawn out toward the poor and suffer-
ing at their doors, I will give your readers
A PEEP AT THE PICTURE.
Naturally, being the work of a religiousist, the
pamphlet deals first with the non-attendance
of these poverty-stricken masses at public
worship. Out of 2,290 persons living in
consecutive houses at Bow Common, only 87
adults and 47 children ever attend a sanctu-
ary under any circumstances; and many
of these go only once or twice a year. One
street, off Leicester square, contains 246 fam-
ilies, and only twelve of these are ever re-
presented at church, while in St. George's in
the East the proportion of church-goers is 39
out of 4,235. These, however, are trivial
facts compared with others that are
given; and, considering the condition
in which these miserable people live,
the wonder is that religious inspira-
tion is not entirely extinct among
them. Tens of thousands are crowded
together amidst horrors which call to mind
what we used to hear of the middle passage
of the slave ship. To get into their abodes
you have to penetrate corridors reeking with
poisonous and malarious gases arising from
accumulations of sewage and refuse scattered
in all directions, and often flowing beneath
your feet—courts, many of them, which the
sun never penetrates, which are never visited
by a breath of fresh air, and which rarely
know the virtues of a drop of cleansing water.
You have to ascend rotten staircases which
threaten to give way every step, and which,
in some places, have already broken down,
leaving gaps that impel the limbs and liver
of the unwary. You have to grope your way
along dark and filthy passages
SWARMING WITH VERMIN.
Then, if not driven back by the intolerable
stench, you will enter dens compared with
which the lair of a wild beast would be com-
fortable and healthy. Eight feet square is
the average size of these rooms. Walls and
celling are black with the accretions of filth
which have gathered upon them through long
years of neglect. It is exciting rough cracks
in the boards overhead; it is running down
the walls; it is everywhere. What goes by
the name of a window is half of it stuffed
with rags or covered with boards to keep
out wind and rain, and the rest is so be-
grimed and obscured that scarcely can light
enter or anything be seen outside. As to fur-
niture, you may perchance discover a broken
chair, the tottering relics of an old bedstead
or the mere fragments of a table; but more
commonly you will find rude substitutes for
these things in the shape of rough boards
resting upon bricks, an old hamper or box
turned upside down; or, more frequently still,
nothing but rubbish and rags. Every room
to these rotten and reeking tenements har-
bors a family, and often two. In one cellar
a sanitary inspector reports finding a
father, mother, three children and four
pigs. In another room a missionary
found a man ill with small-pox, his wife just
recovering from her eighth confinement, and
the children running about half naked and
covered with dirt. Here are seven people
living in one underground kitchen, and a
little dead child lying in the same room.
Elsewhere is a poor widow, her three chil-
dren, and a child who had been dead thirteen
days! Another apartment contains father,
mother and six children, two of whom are ill
with scarlet fever. In another nine brothers
and sisters from 29 years of age downwards,
live, eat and sleep together. Here is a
mother who turns her children into the
street in the early evening because she lets
her room for immoral purposes until long
after midnight, when the poor little wretches
creep back again if they have not found
some miserable shelter elsewhere.
IMMORALITY
Is but the natural outcome of conditions like
these. Marriage, as an institution, is not
popular in these districts. Ask if the per-
sons living together in these rookeries are
man and wife, and your simplicity will cause
a smile. Nobody knows; nobody cares; no-
body expects that they are. In exceptional
cases only could your question be answered
in the affirmative. Incest is common; and
no form of vice causes surprise or attracts at-
tention. Those who appear to be married are
often separated by a mere quarrel, and they
do not hesitate to form similar compani-
onships immediately. One man was pointed
out who for some years had lived with a
woman, the mother of his three children.
She died, and in less than a week he had
taken another woman in her place. A man
was living with a woman in the low district
called "The Mint." He went out one morn-
ing with another man for the purpose of
committing a burglary, and by that other
man was murdered. The murderer returned
saying that his companion had been caught
and taken to prison, and that same night he
took the place of the murdered man in her
embraces. The only check to communism
in this matter is jealousy, not virtue. The
vilest practices are looked upon with the
most matter-of-fact indifference.

of those who try to live honestly in these
districts is said to be utterly appalling. A
child seven years old is known easily to
make ten shillings and sixpence a week
little over two and a half dollars by thiev-
ing; but what can he earn by such work as
box-making, for which two or three far-
things a gross is paid, the maker having to
find his own fire for drying the boxes, and his
own paste and string? Before he can gain
as much as the young thief he must make
50 gross a week, or 1,296 a day, which,
of course, is impossible, for even adults
can rarely make more than half that number.
Women, for the work of trousers finishing,
receive two-pence half-penny a pair, and have
to find their own thread. Ask one of these
how much she can earn in a day, and she will
tell you a shilling (25 cents), and for this she
has to work from five in the morning to
ten at night—seventeen hours! For making
men's shirts these women are paid two-pence
a dozen; lawn-tennis aprons, three-pence
a dozen; and babies' boots from one
shilling and sixpence to two and
sixpence a dozen. In St. George's in
the East large numbers of women
and children, some of the latter only 7 years
old, are employed in sackmaking, for which
they get a farthing (half a cent) each. In
one house there is a widow and her half-
blind daughter making polices at one penny
three farthings each. Here is a woman who
has a sick husband and a little child to look
after. She is employed at shirt-finish at
three pence a dozen, and by the utmost effort
can only earn twelve cents a day. With
such a life, comparatively speaking, no
wonder. "My master," says one, "gets
a pound for what he gives me three
shillings for making." For a pair of fishing-
boots, which are sold at three guineas, the
poor workman receives five shillings, or less
than one-twelfth. An old tailor and his wife
are employed in making policemen's over-
coats. They have to make, finish, lay-press,
put on the buttons and find their own thread,
and for all this they receive about 70 cents
per coat. By working from half-past six in
the morning to ten at night they just manage
between them to make one of these garments
in two days. What adds enormously to
THE MISERY OF THESE PEOPLE
is the exorbitant demand made upon them for
rent. The rack-renting of Ireland was
merciful by comparison. If by any chance a
reluctant landlord can be induced to execute
or pay for some long-needed repairs, this be-
comes the occasion for new exactions. In
one room visited, a hole as big as a man's
head had been covered with a piece of board
from an old soap box, and for this three-pence
a week more had been put upon the rent!
Another case given is worse even than this.
An old couple had lived in one room for
fourteen years, during which time it has only
once been partially cleaned. The landlord
has undertaken that something shall be done
shortly, and for the past three months has
been taking six-pence a week extra for rent,
on the strength of his good intentions!
SCENES OF HEART-BREAKING MISERY
are depicted. A poor woman in an advanced
stage of consumption, reduced almost to a
skeleton, lives in a single room with a
drunken husband and five children. When
visited she was eating a few green peas, and
the children had gone to gather some sticks
to make a fire with which to boil four potatoes
that were lying on the table, and which would
constitute the family dinner for the day. An-
other case is as follows: The husband had
gone to try and find some work. The mother,
29 years of age, was sitting on the only
chair in the room in front of a fireless grate.
She was nursing a baby six weeks old who
had never had anything but one old rag
around it. The mother had nothing but a
gown on, and that dropping to pieces; it was
all she had night or day. There were six
children under 13 years of age. They were
barefooted, and the few rags on them scarce-
ly covered their nakedness. In this room,
where was an unclothed infant, the ceiling
was in holes. An old bedstead was in the
place and seven sleep in it at night, the
oldest girl being on the floor. A mother,
whose children are the cleanest and
tidiest in the Board school which they at-
tend, was visited. It was found that
though she had plenty of children of her
own, she had taken in a little girl whose
father had gone off tramping in search of
work. The woman was propped up in a chair
looking terribly ill, but in front of her, in
another chair, was the wash-tub, and she
was making a feeble effort to wash and wring
out some of the children's things. She was
dying from dropsy, scarcely able to breathe,
and enduring untold agony, but, to the very
last, striving to keep her little ones clean and
tidy.
Those few instances out of many will give
you a faint idea of "The Bitter Cry of Out-
cast London." The information in this
pamphlet, we are assured does not refer to
selected cases. It simply reveals a state of
things which is found in house after house,
court after court, street after street. As to
exaggeration, the author says, "So far from
making the worst of our facts for the pur-
pose of appealing to emotion, we have been
compelled to tone down everything, and
wholly to omit what most needs to be known,
or the ears and eyes of our readers would have
been insupportably outraged."
A FREEZER.
A German savant named Genselhaub, profes-
sor of chemical science in the University
of Upsala, has been devoting a considerable
time to perfecting an apparatus to freeze liv-
ing people and keep them in a torpid con-
dition for a year or two. In any case, he an-
nounces that he will undertake by his pro-
cess to freeze up any lady or gentleman
willing to submit to the experiment, and be-
neath them, depositing them to all appearance
of vitality, by giving his word to bring them
round again at the expiration of a couple
of years, with no prejudicial effects to
mind or body. As no adventurous person
has come forward to supply the savant with
the desired opportunity, he has submitted his
invention to the Swedish Government, with
a request that a criminal condemned to death
shall be provided to enable him to demon-
strate the efficacy of his discovery.
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