

I felt that sore spot in my breast grow more and more painful; I looked up: *it was the man who kicked me*; the other was the one who put the tobacco in my mouth."

"What did you do?"

"I stood a little behind my mother while she held out her hand for the money, and when their eyes were turned I run. I only heard them say, 'why, dam her, she is gone.' Yes, I was gone, and here I am. Oh, I am so sick and so faint; do let me lie down, and don't let these men have me. Oh, dear, the thought of it will kill me."

So it did. A cruel blow had fallen upon a tender plant. The beggar girl might not have felt it. The little seamstress did. A taste of virtue, civilization, christianity, friendship, love, had given the food of sin and shame a hated taste. Sold by a mother to a libidinous brute—to a miserable rum-selling—worse than rum-drinking—wretch, who wears gentlemanly garments, and kicks, burns and gags little beggar girls. It was too much for human nature to bear, and it sunk under this last blow, worse than the first.

Madalina went to bed with a raging fever—a nervous prostration. We did, said he, all we could, but what could we do for the body, when the heart was sick?

Next morning her mother came, and insisted that she should go home. They begged, plead and promised in vain; go she must.

"Never mind," said the little sufferer, "it will be only for a little, little while. I shall be well—at least all will be well with me in a few days. I cannot endure this pain in my breast. You will come and see me. Goodbye. Tom, you will." It was an honest, manly tear that Tom turned away to hide. Poor fellow, he need not have been ashamed of it. Such is nature.

"She is worse, Sir," said Tom next morning, "and no wonder. I wish you would go to see her, she wants to see you once more. Such a place to be sick in, oh dear! how did I ever sleep there. I wish you would go with me to-night about ten o'clock, when they are all in. You will see life as it is."

"Very well, Tom, I will go. Call for me at ten, or when you are ready."

It was our fortune to drop in on that very evening and form one of the company to that abode of misery and home of the city poor, so that we are able to describe it in our own language. The place where Madalina lived, is a well-known Five Points locality, called "Cow Bay." As you go up that great Broadway of wealth, fashion, luxury and extravagance of this great city from the Park and its marble halls of justice, you will pass another great marble front—it is the palace of trade, where the rich are clothed every day in fine linens, where they go "shopping at Stewart's." Further along are great marts where velvet covering for the floor are sold; for there are some who have never tread upon bare boards. You need not look down Duane-st., unless you have a curiosity to see the spot where a miserable mother would sell the virtue of her child to a wretch whose trade is seduction. Don't look into that little old wooden shanty at the corner of Pearl-st., it is a "family grocery." The little ragged girl you see coming out with a rusty tin coffee-pot, has not been there for milk for her sick mother—her father is in the hospital on the opposite side of the way—his arm was broken in a "family quarrel." You will pass the Broadway Theatre before you reach the next corner, with its surroundings of fashionable "saloons," into any of which you may go without fear of losing caste among genteel brandy-smashers and wine-bibbers. Perhaps you will be amused with a small play, such as burning, kicking, or vomiting a little beggar-girl; for nice young men are fond of theatrical amusements. Don't go into that place of "fashionable resort," the theatre, if it is a hot evening; for it is worse ventilated than the black-hole of Calcutta, and if the

fetid air does breed a fever, it will be a feverish thirst, which will tempt you to quench it in potations of poison. Probably that is why it was thus built.

A few steps beyond is Anthony-st. Stop a moment here and look up and down the great thoroughfare of New York before you leave it. A hundred pedestrians pass you every minute, almost without an exception, every one of them richly dressed men and women, smiling in joy and happiness. Here certainly there is an exception. A woman in poverty's garb, with a bundle of broken boards and old timbers, from a demolished building, that would be a load for a pack-horse. She is followed by two little boys, with each a bundle, crushing their young years into early decrepitude. They have brought their heavy loads all the long way from Murray-st. They turn down Anthony; look where they go. If they live in that street, it cannot be far, for there in plain view stands a large frame house, corner-wise toward you, right in the middle of the street. No, it only looks so, it is beyond the end of it. Yet look, note it well, the corner of that house so plain in view, pointing toward you, is one of the world-wide known Five Points of New York. "What! not so near Broadway? Right in plain sight of all who wear silks and broadcloth, and go up and down that street every day. Surely that is not the place where all those bad, miserable poor outcasts live, that the newspapers talk so much about."

"The very spot, my dear lady."

"Really, this must be looked to. It is quite too bad to think that place is so near our fashionable street, and in sight too. I thought it was away off somewhere the other side of town. If I thought it would do any good I would let Peter take a few dollars and some old clothes, and go down with them to-morrow."

"Try it, madam. Better go yourself. Let Peter drive you down; see for yourself what has been done and what is yet to do. Lend your hand to cure that eye-sore, which will pain you every time you pass, for you cannot shut it out of sight now you know where it is, so near your daily walk or drive to Stewart's, or nightly visit to the theatre, or weekly visit to the Church. Go to-morrow; don't put it off till next week."

In the meantime, reader, let us follow the woman and two boys with their heavy burden, on their homeward way to-night. We will go and see where they live.

So we followed down Anthony; passed some very old rat-harbor houses, filled with human beings almost as thick as those quadruped burrow in a rotten wharf; so on they go across Elin; now they stand a moment on the edge of Centre, for one of the little boys has taken hold of his mother's dress to pull her back—for she cannot look up with her load—with a sudden cry of "Stop, old woman! Don't you see the car is coming? Why, you are as blind as a brick. That is black Jim a-driving, and he had just as soon drive over the likes of you as eat. Hang you for a fool, han't you got no sense, old stupid? There now, run like thunder, blast ye, for here come another of the darned cars—run, I tell you!"

She did run with her great load till she almost dropt under its overwhelming weight. Why should she thus labor—thus expend so much strength to so little purpose? She knew no other way to live. Nobody gave her remunerative labor for her strong hands; nobody took those two stout boys, and set them to till the earth, or taught them how to create bread, and yet they must eat, and so they prowl about the pulled down houses, snatching everything they can carry away—a sort of permitted petty larceny that learns those who practice it how to do bigger deeds; and those old timbers they split up into kindling wood and peddle through the streets.

Poor uncared for fellow creatures; working and stealing