

umbrageous recess had its scene of elegance and comfort : the homes of the poor had alone remained stationary, and worse than stationary ;—they had sunk below the level of semi-civilization. But we are building perhaps on a solitary instance,—attempting to found a grievance on a needle point. Would that it were so ! Our description is far above the average, however exaggerated it may seem. Take, by way of proof, from a very admirable little work on the subject by the Rev. Dr W. S. Gilly of Norham, a description of the hovels on the Border, deemed quite good enough by the proprietary of the country for their own and their tenants' hinds. He selects a single group as a specimen of the whole.

“ Now for a more detailed description of that species of hut or hovel—for it is no better—which prevails in this district. I have a group of five such before my mind's eye. They belong to the same property, and have all changed inhabitants within eighteen months. The property, I may add, is tenanted by one of the best and most enterprising farmers in all England. They are built of rubble, loosely cemented ; and, from age and the badness of the materials, the walls look as if they would scarcely hold together. The chinks gap open in many places, and so widely, that they freely admit every wind that blows. The chimneys have lost half their original height, and lean on the roof with fearful gravitation. The rafters are evidently rotten and displaced ; and the thatch, yawning in some parts to admit the wet, and in all parts utterly unfit for its original purpose of giving protection from the weather, looks more like the top of a dunghill than of a cottage. Such is the exterior ; and when the hind comes to take possession, he finds it no better than a shed. The wet, if it happens to rain, is making a puddle on the earth-floor. This earth-floor, by the by, is one of the causes to which Erasmus ascribed the frequent recurrence of epidemic sickness among the cottars of England more than three years ago. It is not only cold and wet, but contains the aggregate filth of years from the time of its being first used. The refuse and dropping of meals, decayed animal and vegetable matter of all kinds, these all mix together, and exude from it. Window-frame there is none. There is neither oven, nor copper, nor shelf, nor fixture of any kind. All these things the hind has to bring with him, besides his ordinary articles of furniture. Imagine the trouble, the inconvenience, and the expense, which the poor fellow and his wife have to encounter before they can put this shell of a hut into anything like a habitable form. This year I saw