

a family of eight,—husband, wife, two sons, and four daughters,—who were in utter discomfort, and in despair of putting themselves into a decent condition, three or four weeks after they had come into one of these hovels. In vain did they try to stop up the crannies, and to fill up the holes in the floor, and to arrange their furniture in tolerably decent order, and to keep out the weather. Alas, what will they not suffer in the winter! There will be no fire-side enjoyments for them. They may huddle together for warmth, and heap coals on the fire; but they will have chilly beds and a damp hearth-stone; and the cold wind will sweep through their dismal apartment; and the icicles will hang by the wall, and the snow will drift through the roof, and window, and crazy door-place, in spite of all their endeavours to exclude it.”

Great as they may seem, however, these are merely physical evils; and they are light and trivial compared with the horrors which follow. These miserable cabins consist, in by much the greater number of instances, as in the cottage of the poor old hind, of but a single room. We again quote:—

“And into this apartment are crowded eight, ten, and even twelve persons. How they lie down to rest, how they sleep, how unutterable horrors are avoided, is beyond all conception. The case is aggravated when there is a young woman to be lodged in this confined space who is not a member of the family, but is hired to do the field-work, for which every hind is bound to provide a female. It shocks every feeling of propriety to think that in a room within such a space as I have been describing, civilized beings should be herding together without a decent separation of age and sex. So long as the agricultural system in this district requires the hind to find room for a fellow-servant of the other sex in his cabin, the least that morality and decency can demand is, that he should have a second apartment, where the unmarried female and those of a tender age should sleep apart from him and his wife.”

The following simple story places the degradation to which the poor hind and his family are subjected, in consequence of the wretched accommodation provided for them, in a light painfully strong. We may truly remark with the poet, in this case, without metaphor, that misery makes strange bed-fellows.—

“Last Whitsuntide, when the annual lettings were taking place, a hind who had lived one year in the hovel he was about to quit called to say farewell, and to thank me for some trifling kindness I had been able to