

Immigrant Life in New York.

A writer in the Tribune, who draws pictures to the life, gives the following sketch of the immigrants who land at New York:

Thirty-two thousand seven hundred and odd immigrants arrived in New York, during the month of May. In June, thirty-three thousand and forty-seven, and in July, August, and September, the number will probably be increased to forty thousand per month; while, during the winter, there will probably not be so many.—Taking the whole year together, we may estimate that we shall receive an addition to our population from emigration alone, of some three hundred thousand souls, at this single port. Of this immense mass of human beings, less is known than of any other class of inhabitants—partly from the indifference which all feel about what does not immediately concern themselves, and partly from the difficulty of obtaining reliable information. Until the passage of the recent law respecting the licensing of immigrant runners and agents, there were over seven hundred persons engaged in the business—many, if not most of them, making large sums of money by deceiving, lying to, and swindling the poor immigrants, under all sorts of scandalous pretenses. The main business, however, was decoying them into cheap boarding houses, and then extorting extravagant prices until their money was nearly gone, and finally defrauding them of the remainder by a forged ticket of conveyance through to Buffalo, St. Louis, Chicago, or wherever else they wished to go, and which would only take them up the river as far as Albany, or some intermediate landing—where they would be left utterly penniless and destitute on the shore, without a friend, and with no possible means of redress, often being unable even to speak a word of our language.

The "emigrant boarding-houses" into which these people are inveigled upon their arrival here are for the most part tolerably fair buildings, and decently kept, but many of them are the vilest and most abominable sties ever inhabited by swine. They are generally located in the streets nearest the wharves, on either side of the city—built of brick, and in the narrowest and most sordid fashion—utterly destitute of wholesome space in rear, dry cellars, or needful ventilation—cut up into little rooms, or rather stalls, floor above floor, into which whole families are thrust to swelter, and corrode, and grow abhorrent—overrun from basement to garret with cockroaches, fleas, bed-bugs, wharf-rats and every other sort of vermin, indigenous or possible to the climate, and never cleansed from the time they are built until they tumble down. In the ground story, is generally a "family grocery and provision store," supplied with a few magotty hams and shoulders, half a dozen bunches of lard candles melted into one, some strings of dried onions, a barrel of No. 3. mackerel, some pipes and tobacco, and above all, two barrels of whiskey—one colored red with oak-juice, and sold for "first rate Cognac brandy," and the other answering, with the most limpid assurance to the various demands for gin, Monongahela, or schnapps. Down cellar there is a cooper's shop, a "fence," or a coal-yard, and in front, you can buy for sixpence stale oysters, more than you would eat for an eagle.

For the "apartments" in these delectable dwelling places, various prices are demanded, according to the size of the immigrant's pile, from three dollars down to fifty cents a week—which must be paid, like the subscription to a new paper, "punctually in advance." The great source of profit, however, to the keepers of these establishments, is the "store." Here whiskey which costs twenty-five cents a gallon, is dealt out at sixpence the half pint, (with a big thumb in the bottom of the measure, all for the good of the temperance cause,) and molasses is dribbled away by the three cents worth, until it costs the consumer a dollar and a half a gallon. In such economical expenditure, and such sumptuous temptation, of course the immigrant's money soon finds the level of the money drawer in the "grocery," no matter in what story he may lodge.

There are in New York some eighteen hundred or two thousand houses of this description the keepers of which drive a regular trade, in conjunction with the agents and runners, and wring from the poor immigrant, either in extortionate charges for the occupancy of their wretched dens, or for fraudulent passage-tickets every cent he brings into the country, and which

properly applied, would have saved him from want, and given him abundant time and means to leave the city and obtain employment in the country where it is so much needed. In fact, a very large majority of the immigrants bring money enough with them to pay their way; and few of them would become burthens upon public charity, were it not for the rascality of those who lie in wait for them, clutch hold of them the instant they set foot on shore, and never lose sight of them as long as there is a sixpence in their pockets. Thus three quarters of the "foreign pauperism" we hear so much about in certain quarters, is the direct consequence of the villainy of those who should assist and protect the honest strangers who seek our shores, bringing with them their little store and fully determined to labor honestly for a free and independent existence, such as our country practically holds out the promise of, to every son and daughter of Adam.

What appears to us to be incontestably the duty of the Municipal Government—or of some government—is first to purify the abominable pest-houses, known as "Emigrant Boarding Houses"—compel the landlords to have them well ventilated and regularly cleansed, and supplied with Croton water in every floor—and to absolutely prohibit the sale of ardent spirits or intoxicating drinks of any description on the premises. Next, if such a thing be practicable, there should be public agencies or intelligence offices established, free, for the purpose of furnishing farmers in the country, and others, workmen or workwomen from the immigrants. It is a fact, not perhaps generally known or believed; that there is an actual demand at this very moment, for thousands of farm laborers in the vicinity of New York, who would receive comfortable food and good pay for a reasonable amount of labor, which any man can learn in a few hours.

The Sabbath in Haying Time.

'Yes,' says a farmer, 'working in the manufactories on the Sabbath is wrong, and ought to be stopped. But what shall be done in time of haying? The weather has been bad, and much hay is out. For a number of days it has been rainy; the Sabbath comes, and is a fair day. What shall be done? Shall the farmers rest, as on other Sabbaths, attend public worship, and let the hay lie; or shall they go into the field, take care of the hay and secure it? Let them rest, attend public worship and perform the appropriate duties of the Sabbath. Let them be contented with what hay they can secure in six days. 'Six days shalt thou labor,' and in them, saith Jehovah, 'do all thy work.' Remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy; in it do no work.' God makes no exception for haying time.

'But it may rain on Monday, and the hay be injured, perhaps spoiled.' That is true. It is also true that a man may be sick on Monday, and he may die. If he does not work on the Sabbath, he may not be able to work at all. On the other hand, it may not rain on Monday, and the man may be alive and well, and better fitted to work than he would be, should he labor on the Sabbath. Or, if it should rain on Monday and Tuesday, and his hay be injured, or even spoiled, that is no good reason why he should work on the Sabbath. God did not say, Thou shalt not do any work except in haying time, or unless it is likely to rain on Monday; and men have no right to make that addition. He that addeth to the word of God, or taketh from it, will fall under his curse.

Men have no right to gain any more property, or secure any more, in their ordinary business, than they can by keeping the Sabbath day holy. In that way, they can get all that they need, or have any right to possess.

But it is said, 'If a house is on fire, you will allow a man to put it out. If visited with a sudden and unexpected inundation, which threatens to sweep away his house, you will allow him, if he can, to secure it, though his family might flee from it, and thus not lose their lives, if it should be carried away.'

These are sudden provinces, against which no foresight or prudent care during the week, can guard. They do not come under the head of ordinary business; and what is done, must be done at the time when the providence occurs, or not at all. This is known. Very different is it with the tending or getting in of hay. That is a part of a man's regular employment. There is no

certainly that if he does not do it on a particular Sabbath, he cannot do it at all. Facts show that it ordinarily may be done on other days, and as well done; nay, that in the long run, it may be better done, and often more may be secured, by not working, than by working on the Sabbath. It is, on the whole, better for this world, as well as the future, *not to violate this day.*

A number of men, at one time, had mowed a large quantity of hay. For a number of days, it had been rainy. The Sabbath came, and was a remarkably pleasant day. One man stayed at home, opened his hay, took care of it, and in the afternoon got it into his barn. His neighbors did nothing of the kind, but went as usual with their families to the house of God. On their return, one of them met the man who had been getting in his hay, who expressed his regret that his neighbors should be so superstitious as to go off, and leave their hay exposed to be again wet. He said that he had been more wise and secured his. 'Now,' said he, 'it may rain again on Monday, and you not be able to get in yours.' That was true. His neighbors knew it. But they concluded to leave that with God. One thing was certain, that it would not rain without good reasons for it. Another thing was equally certain, that if it should rain, and the hay be injured, or even spoiled, that would not be so great an evil as to do what they knew to be wrong. Monday came, and it rained. It rained also on Tuesday, and on Wednesday. Thursday was remarkably pleasant. All who had hay out, went busily to work. Friday was fair, and also Saturday. All the hay that had been out in the rain was thoroughly dried and housed.

The Sabbath came. The first part of it was pleasant. In the afternoon a cloud arose, looked dark and scowling. It extended and moved on towards the barn into which, on the previous Sabbath, the man had put his hay, and where he thought he had 'secured it.' The lightning darted here and there, and by and by went down into the barn. 'I knew,' said a man who was near, 'that it struck, from the feeling. I started up and ran to the window, and the smoke was issuing from that barn. They rang the bells, got out the fire-engines, and did all in their power, but they could not stop the fire. They saw that the barn must go. Nor was that all: his neighbors' barns on each side were so near that it seemed impossible to prevent them from being burned. But as the flames burst out, and the sparks began to fly, the rain poured down in torrents, which, with the engines, kept those barns so perfectly drenched with water, that neither of them took fire, and the Sabbath breaker's barn was burnt out between them.' 'Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work.'—That man did not gain anything by disobeying God, nor did his neighbors lose anything by obeying him. There is that gathering at a time and in a way that is not meet, and it tendeth to poverty. Men are dependent upon God, in the keeping of his commands there is great reward. Regard to his will about the Sabbath, as well as other things, is profitable.—Dr. Edwards.

The Two Worst Evils.

Italy has two evils, either of which would be enough to break down the most vigorous nation—if a vigorous nation would not have broken both, ages ago. These two are the nobles and the priesthood—both ruinously numberless, both contemptibly idle, and both interested in resisting every useful change, which might shake their supremacy. Every period of Italian convulsion has left a class of men calling themselves nobles, and perpetuating the titles to their sons. The Gothic, the Norman, the papal, the "nouveaux riches," every man who buys an estate—in fact, every man who desires a title—all swell the lists of the nobility to an intolerable size. Of course, a noble can never do anything—his dignity stands in his way. The ecclesiastics, though a busier race, are still more exhausting. The kingdom of Naples alone has eighty-five prelates, with nearly one hundred thousand prelates and persons of religious orders, the monks forming about one fourth of the whole! In this number the priesthood of Sicily is not included, which has its own share no less than three archbishops and eleven bishops. Even the barren island of Sardinia has 117 convents! Can any rational mind wonder at the prodigality, the idleness, and the dependence of the Italian Peninsula, with such examples before it? The Pope daily has between 2,000 and 3,000 monks

loitering through the streets of Rome. Besides these, he has on his ecclesiastical staff, twenty cardinals, four archbishops, ninety-eight bishops, and a clergy amounting to nearly five per cent. of his population. With these two mill-stones round her neck, Italy must remain at the bottom. She may be shaken and tossed by the political surges which roll over her head, but she never can be buoyant. She must cast both away before she can rise. Italy priest-ridden and noble-ridden, and prince-ridden, must be content with her fate. Her only chance is the shock, which will break away her encumbrance.—*Blackwood's Magazine for June.*

English Government and Puseyism.

The present administration deserve no little credit for their thorough course of dealing with Puseyism. In the case of the Bishop of Exeter against Mr. Gorham, it was said that the government had backed out of the quarrel by giving the exiled Mr. Gorham another parish. But this is a mistake. A motion has been decreed in the Court of Arches, calling upon the Bishop of Exeter to show cause why he refuses to institute Mr. Gorham to the living of Brampton Speake. The *duplex querela* is therefore, fairly launched from Paul's Wharf, and we shall now look with interest to the bishop's answer. The question will be ultimately referred to the archbishop, in due course of proceedings, and his grace agreeing with Mr. Gorham in doctrine, the bishop's position will not be the most comfortable.

There is another case as follows:—Lord Palmerston, as Foreign Secretary, had appointed a Mr. Lowe to the office of Chaplain at Maderia. His Lordship, it appears, in all such cases, allows the residence to nominate the gentleman to be appointed; and it has hitherto been the custom, in order to insure respectability in the party presented, for the latter to obtain a license from the Bishop of London. Under this arrangement, Mr. Lowe became chaplain at Maderia; he was chosen by the residence, appointed by the Foreign Secretary, and licensed by the Bishop. Mr. Lowe proving a Puseyite, however, the congregation grew dissatisfied with him, and refused to vote him his salary. He was admonished, but in vain; and Lord Palmerston then called upon the residents to choose another chaplain, but the Bishop of London refused to revoke Mr. Lowe's license, and to issue another for his successor.—Upon this, his Lordship, entertaining no doubt that "a license was an incident arising from an dependent upon the Secretary of State," dispensed with a fresh license; and his Lordship further informed the House that henceforth he intended to dispense with licenses altogether. It will thus be seen that Lord Palmerston is not a whit behind Lord John Russell in enforcing the rights of the Crown over "the Church."

Influence of Colleges.

The very able discourse of Professor Haddock before the "Society for promoting Collegiate and Theological education at the West," (just published by T. Marvin,) is enriched with facts and sentiments that cannot fail to interest the best friends of such institutions. Speaking of their moral influence, he says:—

"A larger proportion of professors of our holy religion, are found among the under graduates of the New England colleges than among any other class of men in the community. From a third to one half, in many cases, perhaps on an average, belong to the church of Christ, and unite with reverend age and earnest manhood to celebrate, from time to time, the communion of the body and blood of their crucified Redeemer. In the course of their four years' residence at college, it is not extravagant to say, that as many at least are led to a serious devotion of themselves to the service of Christ as among the same number of persons any where else. Seasons have not been uncommon, in the American colleges, within the last thirty years, in which large numbers, by a common, heavenly impulse, have simultaneously joined themselves to the people of God. Not few of the best scholars and most eminent men of this generation, among us, trace back their Christian experience, the spirit that still animates their toils, and the sweet hope that brightens life even as it hastens to its decline, to some season of spiritual refreshing among the groves and by the altars of their Alma Mater. And many a heart, long after it bade adieu to those altars and those groves, has found in the faithful memories of the bygone scene, a much needed guide, a priceless peace."