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of the defences which still guard the Protestant purity of our Church, it is not a little alarming to notice how comparatively few and weak those defences are. The Protestant prejudices of the multitude may be cajoled and overcome; the anti-Romish instinct of the House of Commons may give way before the self-will of a powerful Minister; accumulated difficulties may drive the bishops into a false step, and so one after another of the fortifications may crumble and fall. But there still remains one buttress—the great body of Evangelical clergy and laity—on which, as we trust, reliance may be placed. Upon their staunch fidelity to the principles which gave them their party name, and upon the wisdom and unanimity of their combined action, depend in no slight degree the safety of our Reformed Church and her unscathed deliverance from the fierce ordeal which it has pleased the Great Head of the Church that she should undergo.

LEWIS T. DIBDIN.

ART. V.—"HER MAJESTY'S PRISONS."

Her Majesty's Prisons: their Effects and Defects. By ONE WHO HAS TRIED THEM. Two vols. Sampson Low & Co.

IN writing this narrative, says the Preface, the author has been desirous of exposing the ill-treatment and petty tyranny existing in some of our prisons, and, at the same time, of pointing out what appeared to him the weak points in the present system of conducting local prisons. Putting all personal considerations on one side, he has desired to set down "the simple and *exact* truth." It will be admitted, without question, that he has "spoken out plainly." To admit that his allegations are well-founded is another matter.[1]

Why, where, or for what he was arrested, he says, "matters not to the reader." Having been committed for trial, he was sent to the county gaol; and there he stayed for some three weeks.

All the arrangements for unconvicted men, he states, are infinitely worse than for the duly convicted prisoners. Now, inasmuch as about twenty per cent. of the men sent for trial are

[1] Some of his stories are serious in the extreme. He charges certain prison officials with dishonesty, gross neglect of duty, and brutal ill-treatment. His language about magistrates seems to us rash as well as rough.

The narrative relates only to two of "Her Majesty's Prisons," county gaols. It differs materially, therefore, from such books as "Five Years' Penal Servitude."

acquitted, this condition of things, taking for granted that his statements are correct, is very hard on the twenty per cent. To take, in illustration, a single point. The exercising of the men awaiting trial, he says, "consisted of a daily march of from a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes round the wretched little airing-ground." Talking was not permitted.

The author describes his first walk and his introduction to the chaplain in the following words :—

In about a quarter of an hour Johns told me it was time to go in, as he had work to do; so up I went to my cell again, looking in at the various cell doors as I passed with curiosity. Each door had a card, fitted into a little tin frame in the centre of the door, containing the prisoner's age, name, trade, and religion, and sentence, and above it a larger card, showing what work he was employed on and the number of marks he had earned since his conviction. My dinner to-day consisted of three-quarters of a pint of a thick kind of pea-soup, with one small lump of fat and several strips of cabbage leaf floating about in it (it was not so nasty as it looked, and I managed to eat some of it); six ounces of potatoes, consisting of one fair-sized potato and a half; and a tiny roll of sawdust bread. The soup was served in a small circular pint tin, and this was covered by a larger oblong-shaped tin, which fitted down into it, keeping the soup hot, and preventing it being spilled—the upper tin serving also as a receptacle for the potatoes and bread. I had read my paper through and through, and was considering what on earth I could do to kill the time, when my door was jumped open in the usual sudden manner, and the warder said, "The chaplain come to visit you."

I got up, and as I did so the chaplain entered. He was a short, slight, gentlemanly looking man, apparently between fifty and sixty years of age, his clean-shaved, deeply-lined face giving him a priestly and, at first sight, rather unpleasant appearance; but when one had time to study his face a little, and saw the kind, earnest eye, and the broad, clever forehead, and felt all the fascination of the sweet smile that would at times play round the mobile mouth and light up the whole face, all idea of its being a disagreeable countenance quickly passed away, and one felt irresistibly drawn to this good old man. And he was in every sense of the word a good man, far older than he appeared (he was, I believe, over seventy), with twenty-five years' experience of prisons and prisoners and, what was of far greater importance, a thorough knowledge of the world. Many a man looks back with heartfelt gratitude to the earnest, kindly sympathy of the good old chaplain. An extremely High Churchman, he had the misfortune to be placed where Dissent was rife, and the majority of the civil prisoners Nonconformists of some sect or the other, the consequence being that he was far too much inclined to preach up forms and ceremonies than simple faith in Christ, Dissent being to him like a red rag to a bull. It was the one great mistake he made, and caused many to pay far less attention to his teaching and advice than they otherwise would have done. He had also an unhappy knack of think-

ing that every prisoner committed for trial was guilty of the offence with which he was charged; and I well remember how, on his first visit to me, he stirred up everything that was bad in my nature, and left me thoroughly irritated and annoyed with him and everybody else, kind and courteous though he was in everything that he said and did during the interview. I mention this, as it was the first and last time that the chaplain ever did annoy me. In all his future visits he cheered and helped me more than words can tell, and I consider it a great proof of his wonderful knowledge of character and fitness for his post that this should have been the case. He came into my cell with a quick, nervous step, and, prison-cell though it was, doffed his hat with a quiet, unostentatious courtesy that I thoroughly appreciated.

"I have to visit all persons sent here for trial," he said. "I regret exceedingly to see a man in your position in such a place as this."

As he said this he laid a large book on my little table, and, producing a pen and ink, informed me that he should have to trouble me to tell him my Christian name, age, profession, &c., in fact, all information that I had already supplied to "Old Bob," as the Government, for some unknown reason, requires the chaplain to keep this special register, and obtain all this information for himself, when, if the necessary orders were only given, it might all be obtained from the prison register, and copied in for the chaplain by the schoolmaster. This would be in every respect a far better arrangement, as the chaplain would then know, before going to visit a man, something of his past life, and be able to consider what line of argument to use with him. A prison chaplain has a great deal to do, and if he does his work conscientiously, more even than he can well make time for, and this, I believe, is the principal reason why the Commissioners insist upon the chaplains keeping these registers for themselves; for it is a well-known fact that the more a man has to do in the prison service, the more he will be given to do.

Our interview lasted some twenty minutes, and, before leaving, the chaplain informed me that I was entitled to the use of any books in the prison library, and promised to send me up the catalogue, so that I might choose what books I should like. "You will, however," he continued, "find our library a very, very poor one, and I am afraid it mostly consists of elementary reading-books and childish stories; but if there are any books in my private library that you would like to have, I shall be happy to lend them to you."

I thanked him heartily for this offer, and, after a few more earnest, kindly words, he left, and I was once more thrown upon my own resources. The chaplain was as good as his word, and shortly after his departure a warder told me that if I would put a pencil-mark against the names of the books I should like to have, the chaplain would see they were sent up to me. I soon found that the chaplain's description of the library was, alas! too true, the library consisting of only some 120 volumes, and far the greater number of these were the most awful rubbish. The only readable books in it seemed to be the *People's Magazine* (four volumes), White's "Natural History of Selborne," Paley's "Christian Evidences," "Robinson Crusoe,"

Lord's "Physiology," and three or four elementary scientific works by Tomlinson. However, it was Hobson's choice, and the only thing was to get what I could out of what there was. I eventually obtained a volume of the *People's Magazine*, and so got on pretty well, as I found it contained a good deal of interesting reading and a clever serial story. It seemed to me to be admirably suited for a prison library, as it was evidently written with a view of better educating the middle and lower classes; but it was not, I believe, sufficiently High Church in its views to suit the chaplain, and he would not allow any more volumes to be added to the library. They were really the only readable books in the library, and I afterwards discovered that they were in tremendous request.

At the second visit the chaplain brought some books from his private library. "He stopped and chatted with me," says our author, "for some time; and very mild and kindly he spoke." Again. "The chaplain frequently visited me during the three weeks I passed here, and long and seriously did the good old man speak to me on more than one occasion; it is with deep and earnest gratitude that I look back and remember his many kindnesses."

While Z—— prison, we read, was in the hands of the county authorities, it was about as bad as it could be. Now that the prison had come into the hands of the Government, a fresh governor had been appointed and a large number of new officers. To Z—— prison our author was sent from Xshire to await his trial at the assizes. With the governor he was much pleased. The governor "did his work in a quiet, gentlemanly way that won the respect of all:" he was strict, but kind, and just. There "was a wonderful difference in the discipline and general morale of the two prisons."[1] In the Xshire Prison the governor left "the supervision to his inferiors."

Sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour, the author was dressed in prison clothes and made subject to all the regulations for convicted prisoners. Of these rules he complains that some are vague, while others—binding on the officials—are disregarded.

Concerning punishment, which may be inflicted either with a cat-o'-nine-tails or a birch, as the magistrates may direct, he writes thus:—

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[1] The chaplain in the Z—— gaol came drifting into my cell with a helpless kind of air, and after considerable hesitation asked, "What is your name?" I told him.

"You belong to the Church of England?"

"Yes," I answered.

"You will be defended, I presume?"

"Oh, yes," I said; though what on earth this had to do with his previous question, I could not make out. . . . . He was not, however, the regular chaplain.

Flogging ought, I am sure, only to be used as a last resource, and I think strict orders ought to be sent round to the different visiting committees to be exceedingly chary of inflicting this punishment. There are, no doubt, some brutes in human shape to whom you can appeal in no other way, but it is very rarely that you find them ir prisons; they usually go to the penal establishments, having previously graduated in various gaols till they are reduced to the brutalized state I have mentioned above. In stating this I am not speaking rashly or thoughtlessly, but because I know that in the present prison system there are many rules and regulations—or, rather, I should say that there are many abuses, the results of the manner in which the present regulations are carried out—that simply tend to crush all hope and better feelings out of the man, and until this is seen and appreciated by the higher authorities, all hopes of reforming the criminal are useless.

Much depends upon the warders:[1]—

The reformation of the criminal is now theoretically, and ought to (and must in future) be in reality, the one great object of our prison system. Men come into our prisons, as a rule, young in years and still more generally young in vice, and there is the opportunity of scotching at the outset the rank, pernicious growth of evil, and sowing the good seed that shall hereafter bear fruit an hundred-fold. The prison chaplain is, of course, a great power for good or evil in this way; but greater, far greater, in reality, is the power of the individual warder under whose care the man is placed. If the warder works with the chaplain, the latter can do an immensity of good; if he pulls against him, the chaplain can do little or nothing. By the warder working with the chaplain, I mean if he treats the prisoner kindly, patiently, and straightforwardly, and speaks when he has the opportunity a quiet word in season; and there ought to be special permission given to every one to do this, as otherwise some chaplains get cranky and order the warders "to mind their own business, and let them mind theirs."

There are at present in some of our prisons warders performing their daily duties, and quietly and unostentatiously doing an amount of good of which it is impossible to foresee results—of which we shall never see the result—till that last day when God shall reward "every man according to his works." If, on the contrary, a warder bullies, swears, and illtreats the prisoners, all the worst passions are brought into play, the man becomes reckless and desperate, and all the efforts of the chaplain naturally fail; for remember the warder sees the man every day, and all day, while the chaplain sees him perhaps once in two months.[2]

[1] Under the Government scale the pay of chief warder has been considerably increased. At the first-class prisons the chief warders get £150 per annum, and a house and uniform. At Xshire Prison (rated as second class) the salary begins at £100.

[2] There are various ways in which prisoners are imposed upon, he says, that might be entirely prevented if the authorities would plainly state in the regulations what the prisoner's punishment was to consist

About the services on Sunday in the gaol chapel, the writer of the work before us makes some sensible suggestions. When there is no organized choir, he says, the singing will be chiefly noticeable for its noise and the determined manner in which time and tune are alike disregarded. "Imagine between three and four hundred men and some fifty or sixty women shut up day by day, week after week, and forbidden, under the severest pains and penalties, to open their lips, and then, twice every seventh day, being permitted to shout as loud as they please for some five or six minutes: you can then form some conception of the noise that was made and the temptation there was to make it." "With a good choir the shouting tendency could be kept within bounds."

The deputy-chaplain, previously described as inoffensive-looking and unfitted for such a post, preached what must have been, if the description be at all exact, a singularly odd and inappropriate discourse:—

He read it from a little blue-covered tract (let it be mentioned in his favour that he made not the slightest attempt at concealment). . . . . It commenced with a weird description of a gloomy church and snow-covered grave-yard, with a realistic picture of glistening tombstones, skulls, and cross-bones. This opened the way for the appearance of a fearful ghost. . . . . There was no attempt at showing how the past might be redeemed—no hopes held out to the sorrowing penitent—all God's righteous judgment against persistent, impenitent sin was set forth in its coldest and most merciless light, while His attributes of love and the infinite mercy that forgives unto "seventy times seven" were never even hinted at. . . . . Fancy, then, the effect such a sermon was likely to have upon those to whom it was addressed; some of them in prison for the first time, and with broken, contrite hearts, touched to the quick with the terrible result of hasty impulses uncontrolled, sudden temptation weakly yielded to, and whose aching spirits longed and quivered for some message of loving mercy, some gentle, kindly word of encouragement for the future. Think what it was to those grown hardened in sin, and of the utter recklessness it would produce. Think what it was to those who had never before heard of God—and there were some to whom the Bible was an unknown book—and then wonder, as I did.

The chaplain of a prison, it is truly said, "wields an enormous power for good or evil." "The authorities ought to spare neither trouble nor expense in endeavouring to obtain competent men."[1]

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of. At present the prisoner "is entirely at the mercy of any unscrupulous warder." The instance the author gives is, a warder keeping one particular man on the wheel longer than anybody else: when the ordinary change takes place, if the warder does not call out that man's number he has to stay on the wheel.

[1] "The remuneration, in such cases," says the author, "is exceedingly small, considering the nature of the work to be done. . . . . Here, at the

A "clever, earnest" man, doing his Master's work quietly, patiently, and in a spirit of self-sacrifice, "striving by all means in his power to win souls to God," may do great things.[1]

Sent back again to Xshire, the author describes his journey and reception :—

Once more I found myself in front of the gloomy portals of the Xshire Prison, and after the usual preliminary bell-ringing and parleying we were admitted by the gate porter. . . . . The schoolmaster produced the key of our handcuffs, and after opening them handed us formally over to the custody of the chief warder. . . . . Tired out by the journeying, I seated myself on the stool, and resting my arms upon the table wearily laid my head upon them, and tried vainly to conjecture how I should get through the twelve long months that lay before me. I had already done eight days of my sentence, for the time is calculated from the day the assizes commence, not from the day you are convicted. . . . . Still there were 358 days more to do (it was leap-year), and oh, what a time it seemed to look forward to! My meditations were interrupted by the sharp click of the trap-door, and turning round I saw a grinning face stuck in the aperture, while the small portion of red and grey cap that I was enabled to see told me that it was one of the prisoners who had managed somehow or other to unfasten my trap-door. After another introductory grin, the fellow said in a hurried whisper,—

"Hie, governor, have you got a bit of baccy?"

"I have not got any," I replied.

"Oh, all right," he answered; and after a moment's hesitation was commencing to ask me some further questions when, I suppose, the sound of some approaching footsteps warned him somebody was coming, for he hastily closed my trap and disappeared.

Old Bob was very kind to me that night. . . . . A little later on, Bob bustled into me again, and after placing a large mess-tin full of tea, and a huge piece of cake on the cell-shelf, turned towards me and after sundry winks, nods, and various expressive jerkings of his thumb over his shoulder towards the tea, hurried out. . . . . Feeling naturally very grateful to him, I commenced to put my gratitude into words, but I no sooner began to speak than he put up his hands in horror, and with a most impressive "hush—sh—sh" muttered, "Only going to forget them here by accident; swallow them up as quick as you can," and darted out of the door.

About seven o'clock the doctor arrived, and . . . was shown into my cell by Old Bob.

Z—— prison, I do not know what the salary was; but at the Xshire prison it was £225 per annum, and a house and garden. . . . . The best part of his mornings and afternoons were fully employed."

[1] "The Church chaplains," it is asserted, "are too much given to trying to proselytize Nonconformist prisoners." The "one weak point" of the Xshire prison chaplain, "an ultra-High Churchman," was his intolerance where Dissenters were concerned.

The doctor had evidently dined, and I fancied a slight unsteadiness of gait was perceptible as he entered the cell.

"Well, how are you getting on?" he asked.

"I am not very well, thank you," I answered.

"Oh, ah! to be sure—to be sure. Well, I shall be able to exempt you from first-class hard labour, as the state of your heart and chest precludes your being engaged in hard bodily labour. . . . . By the way," he continued, "Did they exempt you from first-class labour at Z——?"

"Why, certainly, sir," I replied. "Didn't you see from my medical papers that I had been exempted from hard labour, and ordered my bed, and milk and white bread?"

I could see from his face that he had never looked at my medical papers at all; but he said, "to be sure, to be sure. Well, you must try and get along as well as you can." And with this parting injunction he pulled himself together and shambled off.

Shortly after eight o'clock the bell rang for going to bed:—

A plank boarding, some six feet long by two feet and a half wide, raised about six inches from the ground by wooden trestles, was lying sideways across the wall, and brought home to my mind the unpleasant fact that the doctor had not after all made any order about my bed, and that I should be obliged to pass the night as best I could on this plank abomination . . . . I set to work to try and make the best bed I could with the sheets and blankets, retaining one blanket and the quilt as bedclothes, and making the best mattress I could out of the rest. There was a round wooden ledge at one end of the plank to do duty as a bolster, the government pillow, stuffed with cocoanut fibre, and about the size of a pincushion, being placed on this somewhat slippery shelf . . . The attempts at sleep were unavailing.

According to the county regulation, it seems, only men who have been previously convicted were obliged to sleep on a plank for the first twenty-eight days; a man in prison for the first time got his bed at once. Other sensible reforms introduced by the county authorities have been abolished by the Government.

One instruction given to the author by his warder was to keep his cell clean and tidy:[1]—

"The governor goes round every morning after breakfast to inspect the men and their cells, to see that everything is in its place at that time; and be sure you have your stock on, and your cap off, as the governor is very particular on these points . . . "You'll soon

[1] The Governor's pet inquiry was made the subject of the following doggerel, which was repeated to each new-comer by prisoners:—

"Your cell may be dirty, and ragged your suit,
Just stand to attention and salute;
Then if your stock you don, and your cap you doff,
The Governor 'll easily let you off."

manage right enough . . . Are you well?" he continued, after looking fixedly at me.

"No," I replied, "I'm not in good health."

"Oh, very well; I'll move you over to the other side of the corridor, it's the sunny side."

Easy work was given to the prisoner; cocoa-nut fibre cord was to be "picked." The labour was purely mechanical, but it served to occupy his attention, and take his mind from "bitter, burning, regretful thoughts:"—

"Unbidden and unwished for," he says, "the pale spectres of the past would come trooping into the lonely cell; and the life that might have been, lay stretched before my eyes with an intensity of plainness that was wellnigh maddening. I have often wondered since how I managed to retain my senses; and if it had not been for the kindness of the chaplain, who visited me almost daily at this time, I should have gone out of my mind without a doubt. Why Government cannot allow men convicted for the first time the use of library books at once instead of making them go without for the first eight weeks of their sentence, I cannot make out. . . . The Sundays were fearfully long; there was nothing on earth to do, and once afternoon chapel was over, one was shut up for five mortal hours ere the welcome bell at eight o'clock rang out permission to go to bed. One is allowed no exercise for the first twenty-eight days."

After the first three months were over, the prisoner was "eligible for employment of trust" in the gaol; and he was eventually employed in office-work. This gave him opportunities for an insight into the management of the prison.

Art. VI.—NORTHERN PALESTINE.

1. *HADRIANI RELANDI Palæstina ex Monumentis veteribu illustrata.* Tom. i. et ii. Trajecti Batavorum. 1714.
2. *Le Pays d'Israël, collection de cent vues prises d'après Nature dans la Syrie et la Palestine.* Par C. W. M. Van de Velde, Ancien Officier de la Marine des Pays Bas, Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, etc., pendant son voyage d'exploration scientifique en 1851 et 1852. Paris. 1857.
3. *Map of Western Palestine, from Surveys conducted for the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund.* By Lieutenants C. R. Conder and H. H. Kitchener, R.E. London: Stanford. 1881.

"FROM Dan to Bethel"—this historic phrase (a phrase very full of a sad and serious meaning) may serve to define the range of country which is to be included here under the descrip-