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Author: James Dabney McCabe

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THE SECRETS OF THE GREAT CITY

A Work Descriptive of the Virtues and the Vices, the Mysteries, Miseries and Crimes of New York City

BY

EDWARD WINSLOW MARTIN

CHAPTER I.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

The City of New York is the largest and most important in America. Its corporate limits embrace the whole of Manhattan Island, on which it is situated, and which is bounded by the Hudson, the East and Harlem rivers, and by Spuyten Duyvil creek, which last connects the Harlem with the Hudson. Being almost entirely surrounded by deep water, and lying within sight of the ocean, and only sixteen miles from it, the city is naturally the greatest commercial centre of the country. The extreme length of the island is fifteen miles, and its average breadth a mile and a half. The city lies at the head of New York Bay, which stretches away for miles until the Narrows, the main entrance to the harbor, are reached, presenting a panorama unsurpassed for natural and artificial beauty. The people of New York are very proud of their bay, and justly regard it as one of the most magnificent in the world.

The city was originally settled by the Dutch, toward the close of the year 1614, and called by them

New Amsterdam. In 1664, it passed into the hands of the English, and was named New York, which name was also given to the whole province. The first settlement was made at the extreme lower part of the island, on the spot now known as the Battery. A fort was erected, and the little hamlet surrounded by a strong stockade as a protection against the savages. The first settlers were eminently just in their dealings with the red men, and purchased the island from them, giving them what was considered by all parties a fair price for it. They felt sure that their new home was destined to become a place of importance in the course of time. Its commercial advantages were evident at a glance; the climate was delightful, being neither so rigorous as that of the Eastern colonies, nor so enervating as that of the Southern. The hopes of the founders of New York are more than realized in the metropolis of to-day.

The city grew very slowly at the beginning. In 1686, it was regularly incorporated by a charter. In 1693, the first printing press was set up in the city by William Bradford. In 1690, New York contained five hundred and ninety-four houses and six thousand inhabitants. In 1790, one hundred years later, the city had a population of thirty-three thousand. It was not until the beginning of the present century that it commenced that wonderful growth which has given it its present importance. At first it spread more rapidly on the east side than on the west. As late as the close of the Revolution, what is now Chambers street was the extreme upper limit, and its line was marked by a strong stockade, built across from river to river, with gates leading to the various country roads which traversed the upper part of the island.

The City of New York now extends from the Battery to the Harlem river and Spuyten Duyvil creek, and is built up with great regularity as far as One-hundred and Thirtieth street. Harlem, Yorkville, Manhattanville, Bloomingdale, Carmansville, and Washington Heights or Fort Washington, were all originally separate villages, but are now parts of the great city. The island comes to a point at the Battery, and from this extremity stretches away northward like a fan. It attains its greatest width at Fourteenth and Eighty-seventh streets. Broadway is the longest street, running from the Battery to Spuyten Duyvil creek, a distance of fifteen miles. It is lighted with gas along the entire line. Street railways and omnibus lines connect the various parts of the city, affording cheap and rapid transportation within its limits. Ferry boats ply constantly between the island and the neighboring shores, and railroads and steamboats connect it with all parts of the world.

THE POPULATION.

The population of New York is over one million of inhabitants. This does not include the immense throng of visitors for business and pleasure. It is estimated that forty thousand of these arrive and depart daily. During times of more than ordinary interest—such as a national convention of some political party, the meeting of some great religious body, the world's fair, or some such special attraction—these arrivals are greatly increased. During the recent session of the Democratic National Convention, in July, 1868, the number of strangers present in the city was estimated at two hundred thousand. The amount of money brought into the city by these strangers is astonishing. Millions are spent by them annually during their visits to the metropolis.

The population is made up from every nation under Heaven. The natives are in the minority. The foreign element predominates. Irishmen, Germans, Jews, Turks, Greeks, Russians, Italians, Spaniards, Mexicans, Portuguese, Scotch, French, Chinese—in short, representatives of every nationality—abound. These frequently herd together, each class by itself, in distinct parts of the city, which they seem to regard as their own.

Land is very scarce and valuable in New York, and this fact compels the poorer classes to live in greater distress than in most cities of the world. The whole number of buildings in the city in 1860 was fifty-five thousand, which includes churches, stores, etc. In the same year the population was eight hundred and five thousand, or one hundred and sixty-one thousand families. Of these fifteen thousand only occupied entire houses; nine thousand one hundred and twenty dwellings contained two families, and six thousand one hundred contained three families. As we shall have to recur to this subject again, we pass on now, merely remarking that these "tenement sections" of the city, as they are called, are more crowded now than ever, the increase in buildings having fallen far behind the increase of the population in the last eight years.

This mixed population makes New York a thorough cosmopolitan city; yet at the same time it is eminently American. Although the native New York element is small in numbers, its influence is very great. Besides this, numbers flock to the city from all parts of the Union, and this constant influx of fresh American vitality does much to keep the city true to the general character of the country.

It has been well said, that "New York is the best place in the world to take the conceit out of a man." This is true. No matter how great or flattering is the local reputation of an individual, he finds upon reaching New York that he is entirely unknown. He must at once set to work to build up a reputation

here, where he will be taken for just what he is worth, and no more. The city is a great school for studying human nature, and its people are proficient in the art of discerning character.

In point of morality, the people of New York, in spite of all that has been said of them, compare favorably with those of any other city. If the darkest side of life is to be seen here, one may also witness the best. The greatest scoundrels and the purest Christians are to be found here. It is but natural that this, being the great centre of wealth, should also be the great centre of all that is good and beautiful in life. It is true that the Devil's work is done here on a gigantic scale, but the will of the Lord is done on an equally great, if not a greater, scale. In its charities New York stands at the head of American communities—the great heart of the city throbs warmly for suffering humanity. The municipal authorities expend annually seven hundred thousand dollars in public charities. The various religious denominations spend annually three millions more, and besides this the city is constantly sending out princely sums to relieve want and suffering in all parts of our broad land.

The people of New York are the most liberal of any in America in matters of opinion. Here, as a general rule, no man seeks to influence the belief of another, except so far as all men are privileged to do so. Every religious faith, every shade of political opinion, is tolerated and protected. Men concern themselves with their own affairs only. Indeed, this feeling is carried to such an extreme that it has engendered a decided indifference between man and man. People live for years as next door neighbors, without ever knowing each other by sight. A gentleman once happened to notice the name of his next door neighbor on the door-plate. To his surprise he found it the same as his own. Accosting the owner of the door-plate one day, for the first time, he remarked that it was singular that two people bearing the same name should live side by side for years without knowing each other. This remark led to mutual inquiries and statements, and to their surprise the two men found they were brothers—sons of the same parents. They had not met for many years, and for fully twelve years had lived side by side as neighbors, without knowing each other. This incident may be overdrawn, but it will illustrate a peculiar feature of New York life.

Strangers coming to New York are struck with the fact that there are but two classes in the city—the poor and the rich. The middle class, which is so numerous in other cities, hardly exists at all here. The reason of this is plain to the initiated. Living in New York is so expensive that persons of moderate means reside in the suburbs, some of them as far as forty miles in the country. They come into the city, to their business, in crowds, between the hours of seven and nine in the morning, and literally pour out of it between four and seven in the evening. In fair weather the inconvenience of such a life is trifling, but in the winter it is absolutely fearful. A deep snow will sometimes obstruct the railroad tracks, and persons living outside of the city are either unable to leave New York, or are forced to spend the night on the cars. Again, the rivers will be so full of floating ice as to render it very dangerous, if not impossible, for the ferry boats to cross. At such times the railroad depots and ferry houses are crowded with persons anxiously awaiting transportation to their homes. The detention in New York, however, is not the greatest inconvenience caused by such mishaps. Many persons are frequently unable to reach the city, and thus lose several days from their business, at times when they can ill afford it.

We have already referred to the scarcity of houses. The population of the city increases so rapidly that house-room cannot be provided for all. House rent is very high in New York. A house for a family of six persons, in a moderately respectable neighborhood, will rent for from sixteen hundred to twenty-five hundred dollars, the rate increasing as the neighborhood improves. On the fashionable streets, houses rent for from six thousand to fifteen thousand dollars per annum. These, it must be remembered, are palatial. Many persons owning these houses, live in Europe, or in other parts of the country, and pay all their expenses with the rent thus secured.

In consequence of this scarcity of dwellings, and the enormous rents asked for them, few families have residences of their own. People of moderate means generally rent a house, and sub-let a part of it to another family, take boarders, or rent furnished or unfurnished rooms to lodgers.

Furniture is expensive, and many persons prefer to rent furnished houses. These are always in demand, and in good localities command enormous prices. Heavy security has to be given by the lessee in such cases, as, without this, the tenant might make away with the furniture. Many persons owning houses for rent, furnish them at their own expense, and let them, the heavy rent soon paying a handsome profit on the furniture.

Persons living in a rented house are constantly apprehensive. Except in cases of long leases, no one knows how much his rent may be increased the next year. This causes a constant shifting of quarters, and is expensive and vexatious in the highest degree. It is partly due to the unsettled condition of the currency, but mainly to the scarcity of houses.

Many—indeed; the majority of the better class of inhabitants—prefer to board. Hotels and boarding houses pay well in New York. They are always full, and their prosperity has given rise to the remark

that, "New York is a vast boarding house." We shall discuss this portion of our subject more fully in another chapter.

To persons of means, New York offers more advantages as a place of residence than any city in the land. Its delightful climate, its cosmopolitan and metropolitan character, and the endless variety of its attractions, render it the most delightful home in America. That this is true is shown by the fact that few persons who have lived in New York for twelve months ever care to leave it. Even those who could do better else where are powerless to resist its fascinations.

[Illustration: Broadway, as seen from The St. Nicholas Hotel.]

CHAPTER II.

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.

The City of New York has been regularly laid out and surveyed for a distance of twelve miles from the Battery. It has over two hundred miles of paved streets. Most of the streets in the old Dutch city are crooked and narrow, but above that they are broader, and better laid on; and after passing Fulton street, they become quite regular. Above Fourteenth street, the city is laid off in regular squares. First street is located about a mile and four fifths above the Battery. From this the cross streets extend to Two hundred and twenty-eighth street.

The lengths of the blocks, between First and One-hundred and twenty- first streets, vary from one hundred and eighty-one to two hundred and eleven feet eleven inches.

Those between the avenues (which run at right angles to the streets), vary from four hundred and five to nine hundred and twenty feet.

The avenues are all one hundred feet wide, excepting Lexington and Madison, which are seventy-five, and Fourth Avenue, above Thirty-fourth street, which is one hundred and forty feet wide.

The numerical streets are all sixty feet wide, excepting Fourteenth, Twenty-third, Thirty-fourth, Forty-second, and eleven others, north of these, which are one hundred feet wide.

There are twelve fine avenues at parallel distances apart of about eight hundred feet. They begin about First or Fourth street, and run to the end of the island. Second and Eighth are the longest, and Fifth and Madison the most fashionable.

BROADWAY.

The most wonderful street in the world is Broadway. It extends, as we have said, the whole length of the island. But its most attractive features are between the Bowling Green and Thirty-fourth street—the chief part of these being below Fourteenth street. The street is about sixty feet wide, and is thronged with vehicles of every description. Often times these vehicles crowd the streets to such an extent that they become "jammed," and the police are forced to interfere and compel the drivers to take the routes assigned them. The scene at such a time is thrilling. A stranger feels sure that the vehicles cannot be extricated without loss of life or limb to man or beast, and the shouts and oaths of the drivers fairly bewilder him. In a few moments, however, he sees a squad of policemen approach, and plunge boldly into the throng of vehicles. The shouts and oaths of the drivers cease, the vehicles move on, one at a time, according to the orders of the police, and soon the street is clear again, to be blocked, perhaps, in a similar manner, in less than an hour. Twenty thousand vehicles daily traverse this great thoroughfare.

It is always a difficult matter to cross Broadway in the busy season. Ladies, old persons, and children, find it impossible to do so without the aid of the police, whose duty it is to make a way for them through the crowds of vehicles. A bridge was erected at the corner of Broadway and Fulton street, which is the most crowded part of the city, for the purpose of allowing pedestrians to cross over the heads of the throng in the street. It proved a failure, however. Few persons used it, except to see from it the magnificent panorama of Broadway, and the city authorities have ordered it to be taken down. It disfigures the street very much, and its removal will be hailed with delight by the native population.

Broadway properly begins at the Bowling Green. From this point it extends in a straight line to Fourteenth street and Union Square. Below Wall street, it is mainly devoted to the "Express" business,

the headquarters and branch offices of nearly all the lines in the country centering here. Opposite Wall street, on the west side of Broadway, is Trinity Church and its grave-yard. From Wall street to Ann street, Insurance Companies, Real Estate Agents, Bankers and Brokers predominate. At the corner of Ann street, is the magnificent "Herald Office," adjoining which is the "Park Bank," one of the grandest structures in the country. Opposite these are the Astor House and St. Paul's Church. Passing the Astor House, the visitor finds the Park, containing the City Hall, on his right. Across the Park are Park Row and Printing House Square, containing all the principal newspaper offices of the city. Old Tammany Hall once stood on this Square, but the site is now occupied by the "The Sun," and "Brick Pomeroy's Democrat"—*Arcades Ambo*.

Beyond the City Hall, at the north-east corner of Chambers street and Broadway, is "Stewart's marble dry goods palace," as it is called. This is the *wholesale* warehouse of A. T. Stewart & Co., and occupies the entire block. The *retail* department of this great firm, is higher up town. Passing along, one sees, in glancing up and down the cross streets, long rows of marble and brown stone warehouses, stretching away for many blocks on either hand, and affording proof positive of the immensity and success of the business transacted in this locality.

Opposite Pearl street is the New York Hospital, standing back amidst its noble old trees; the yard is cut off from the street by an iron railing. Crossing Canal street, the widest and most conspicuous we have yet passed over, we see the handsome establishment of Lord & Taylor, rivals to Stewart, in the retail dry goods trade; on the corner of Grand street. The brown stone building opposite, is Brooks' clothing house, the largest and finest in the country. Between Broome and Spring streets, are the marble and brown stone buildings of the famous St. Nicholas Hotel. On the block above, and opposite, is Tiffany's, too well known to need a description. On the corner of Prince street, is Ball & Black's, a visit to which palace is worth a trip to the city. Diagonally opposite is the Metropolitan Hotel, in the rear of which is the theatre known as Niblo's Garden. Above this we pass the Olympic Theatre, the great Dollar store, the Southern Hotel, the New York Hotel, the New York Theatre, and Goupil's famous art gallery. On the corner of Tenth street, is a magnificent iron building, painted white. This is Stewards up town, or retail store. It is always filled with ladies "shopping," and the streets around it are blocked with carriages. Throngs of elegantly dressed ladies pass in and out, the whole scene being animated and interesting. Above this is Grace Church, one of the most beautiful religious structures in the city. On the corner of Thirteenth street, is Wallack's Theatre. At Fourteenth street, we find a handsome square, formerly a fashionable place of residence, but now giving way to business houses and hotels. This is Union Square. Passing around it, Broadway runs in a north-westerly direction, and at the intersection of the great thoroughfare with Fifth Avenue, at Twenty-third street, we see the magnificent front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. On the block beyond are the Albemarle and Hoffman Houses, with the St. James a little above. Opposite are the Worth Monument and Madison Square. Above this are several minor hotels, and Wood's Theatre. The street is but little improved above Thirty-fourth street.

Below Twenty-third street, and especially below Union Square, Broadway is built up magnificently. Marble, brown stone, and iron warehouses, extend in long rows on each side of the street. There are some old shanties still standing on the great thoroughfare, but they are rapidly disappearing, and in a few years will be entirely gone. The view from any point below Fourteenth street, ranges from Union Square to the Bowling Green, and is grand and exhilarating beyond description. The windows of the stores are filled with the gayest and most showy goods. Jewels, silks, satins, laces, ribbons, household goods, silver ware, toys, paintings; in short, rare, costly, and beautiful objects, greet the gazer on every hand.

There are no railroad tracks on Broadway below Fourteenth street; the public travel is done by means of omnibusses, or stages, as they are called. Several hundred of these traverse the street from the lower ferries as far up as Twenty-third street, turning off at various points into the side streets and avenues. At night the many colored lamps of these vehicles add a striking and picturesque feature to the scene. They are filled with all sorts of people.

The Broadway side walks are always crowded, and this throng of passers-by is, to our mind, the most attractive feature of the busy scene. Every class and shade of nationality and character is represented here. America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and even Oceanica, has each its representatives here. High and low, rich and poor, pass along these side-walks, at a speed peculiar to New York, and positively bewildering to a stranger. No one seems to think of any person but himself, and each one jostles his neighbor or brushes by him with an indifference amusing to behold. Fine gentlemen in broad cloth, ladies in silks and jewels, and beggars in squalidness and rags, are mingled here in true Republican confusion. The bustle and uproar are very great, generally making it impossible to converse in an ordinary tone. From early morning till near midnight this scene goes on.

A gentleman from the remote interior, once put up at the St. Nicholas Hotel. He came to the City on

urgent business, and told a friend who was with him, that he intended to start out early the next morning. This friend saw him, about noon the next day, waiting at the door of the St. Nicholas Hotel, surveying the passing crowd with an air of impatience.

"Have you finished your business?" he asked.

"No," said the gentleman, "I have not yet started out. I've been waiting here for three hours for this crowd to pass by, and I see no signs of it doing so."

The friend, pitying him, put him in a stage, and started him off, telling him that crowd usually took twenty-four hours to pass that point.

At night the scene changes. The crowd of vehicles on the street is not so dense, and the "foot passengers" are somewhat thinned out. The lower part of the city, which is devoted exclusively to business, is deserted. For blocks the only persons to be seen are the policemen on their beats. Above Canal street, however, all is life and bustle. The street is brilliantly lighted. The windows of the stores and restaurants, and the lamps of the theatres and concert saloons, add greatly to the general illumination, while the long lines of the red, green, and blue lights of the stages, rising and falling with the motion of the vehicles, add a novelty and beauty to the picture. Strains of music or bursts of applause, float out on the night air from the places of amusement, not all of which are reputable. The street is full of all kinds of people, all of whom seem to be in high spirits, for Broadway is a sure cure for the "blues." One feature mars the scene. At every step, almost, one passes women and girls, and even mere children, seeking for company, and soliciting passers by with their looks and manner, and sometimes by open words. The police do not allow these women to stop and converse with men on the street, and when they find a companion, they dart with him down a side street. This goes on until midnight. Then the street gradually becomes deserted, and for a few hours silence reigns in Broadway.

THE BOWERY.

Leaving the City Hall, and passing through Chatham street, one suddenly emerges from the dark, narrow lane, into a broad square, with streets leading from it to all parts of the city. It is not overclean, and has an air of sharpness and repulsiveness that at once attracts attention. This is Chatham Square, the great promenade of that class generally known as "the fancy."

At the upper end of the Square is a broad, well paved, flashy looking street, stretching away to the northward, crowded with street cars, vehicles of all kinds, and pedestrians. This is the Bowery. It begins at Chatham Square, and extends as far as the Cooper Institute on Eighth street, where Third and Fourth Avenues, the first on the right hand, the other on the left, continue the thoroughfare to the Harlem river.

The Bowery first appears in the history of New York under the following circumstances. About 1642 or 1643, it was set apart by the Dutch as the residence of superannuated slaves, who, having served the Government faithfully from the earliest period of the settlement of the island, were at last allowed to devote their labors to the support of their dependent families, and were granted parcels of land embracing from eight to twenty acres each. The Dutch were influenced by other motives than charity in this matter. The district thus granted was well out of the limits of New Amsterdam, and they were anxious to make this negro settlement a sort of breakwater against the attacks of the Indians, who were beginning to be troublesome. At this time the Bowery was covered with a dense forest. A year or two later, farms were laid out along its extent. These were called "Boweries," from which the present street derives its name. Bowery No. I. was bought by Governor Stuyvesant. His house stood about where the present St. Mark's (Episcopal) Church is located. In 1660, or near about that year, a road or lane was laid off, through what are now Chatham street, Chatham Square, and the Bowery, to the farm of Governor Stuyvesant, beyond which there was no road. To this was given the distinctive name of the "Bowery Lane." In 1783, the Bowery again came into prominent notice. On the 25th of November of that year, the American army, under General Washington, marched into the Bowery early in the morning, and remained until noon, when the British troops evacuated the city and its defences. This done, the Americans marched down the Bowery, through Chatham and Pearl streets, to the Battery, where they lowered the British flag, which had been left flying by the enemy, and hoisted the "Stars and Stripes" of the new Republic.

[Illustration: Broadway, looking up from Exchange Place.]

After the city began to extend up the island, the Bowery, which had been eminently respectable in its earlier history, lost caste. Decent people left it, and the poorer and more disreputable classes took possession. Finally, it became notorious. It was noted for its roughest, its rowdy firemen, its courtezans—in short, it was the paradise of the worst elements of New York. The march of trade and improvement

along the east side of the city has effected a partial reformation, but still the Bowery is generally regarded as one of the doubtful localities of the city.

The street runs parallel with Broadway, and is about a mile in length. It is much wider than the latter thoroughfare. It is tolerably well built up; and is improving in this respect every year. In connection with Chatham Square, it is the great route from the lower part of the island to the Harlem river on the east side. It is devoted principally to the cheap trade. The Jews abound here. The display of goods in the shops is attractive, but flashy. Few persons who have the means to buy elsewhere, care to purchase an article in the Bowery, as those familiar with it know there are but few reliable dealers along the street. Strangers from the country, servant girls, and those who are forced to put up with an inferior article from the want of a few dollars, and often a few cents, to buy a better one, trade here. As a general rule, the goods sold are of an inferior, and often worthless, quality, and the prices asked are high, though seemingly cheap. Large fortunes are made by the Bowery merchants, who, with but few exceptions, are adepts in the art of swindling their customers.

Pawnbrokers' shops, "Cheap Johns," second class hotels, dance houses, fifth rate lodging houses, low class theatres, and concert saloons, abound in the lower part of the street.

The Sunday law, which, seems to be so rigidly enforced in other parts of the city, is a dead letter in the Bowery. Here on Sunday, one may see shops of all kinds—the vilest especially—open for trade. Cheap clothing-stores, etc., concert saloons, and the most infamous dens of vice, are in full blast. The street, and the cars traversing it, are thronged with the lower classes, in search of what they call enjoyment. At night all the places of amusement are open, and are crowded to excess. Boughs, thieves, fallen women, and even little children, throng them. Indeed, it is sad to see how many children are to be found in these vile places. The price of admission is low, and, strange as it may sound, almost any beggar can raise it. People have no idea how much of the charity they lavish on street beggars goes in this direction. The amusement afforded at these places ranges from indelicate hints and allusions to the grossest indecency.

Another feature of the Bowery is the immense beer-gardens with which it abounds. We refer to those of the better class, which are patronized chiefly by the German element of the city. These are immense buildings, fitted up in imitation of a garden. Some are very handsomely frescoed, and otherwise adorned. They will accommodate from four hundred to twelve hundred guests. Germans carry their families there to spend a day, or an evening. Clubs, parties of friends, and public societies, often pay such visits to these places. Some carry their own provisions; others purchase them from the proprietor. There is no admittance fee: the entrance is free. Beer and other liquids are served out at a small cost. Guests are coming and going all the time. Sometimes as many as five thousand people will visit one of these places in the course of an evening. The music is a great attraction to the Germans. It is exquisite in some places, especially in the Atlantic Garden, which is situated in the Bowery, near Canal street.

[Illustration: City Hall]

The profits are enormous; the proprietors frequently realize handsome fortunes in the course of a few years. Were these places all the Germans claim for them; they would be unobjectionable; but there is no disguising the fact that they encourage excess in drinking, and offer every inducement for a systematic violation of the Sabbath.

Besides these, there are saloons and gardens where none but the abandoned are to be seen. These will be noticed further on.

Respectable people avoid the Bowery, as far as possible, at night; but on Sunday night, few but those absolutely compelled to visit it, are to be seen within its limits. Every species of vice and crime is abroad at this time, watching for its victims. Those who do not wish to fall into trouble should keep out of the way.

THE AVENUES.

The Avenues of New York commence with First Avenue, which is the second east of the Bowery. They are numbered regularly to the westward until Twelfth Avenue is reached. This street forms the western shore of the island in the extreme upper part of New York. East of First Avenue, above Houston street, there are five short avenues, called A, B, C, D, E,—the first being the most westerly. There are also other shorter avenues in the city, viz.: Lexington, commencing at Fourteenth street, lying between Third and Fourth Avenues, and extending to Sixty-sixth street; and Madison, commencing at Twenty-third street, lying between Fourth and Fifth Avenues, and running to Eighty-sixth street. Second and Eighth are the longest. Third Avenue is the main street of the east side, above Eighth street Eighth Avenue is the great thoroughfare on the west side Hudson street, of which Eighth Avenue is a

continuation is rapidly becoming the West-side Bowery. Fifth and Madison are the most fashionable, and are magnificently built up with private residences, along almost their entire length. The cross streets connecting them, in the upper part of the city, are also handsomely laid off, and are filled with long rows of fine brown-stone and marble mansions.

The streets of New York are well laid off, and are paved with an excellent quality of stone. The sidewalks generally consist of immense stone "flags." In the lower part of the city, in the poorer and business sections, they are dirty, and always out of order. In the upper part they are clean, and are often kept so by private contributions.

The avenues on the eastern and western extremities of the city are the abodes of poverty, want, and often of vice, hemming in the wealthy and cleanly sections on both sides. Poverty and wealth are close neighbors in New York. Only a block and a half back of the most sumptuous parts of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, want and suffering, vice and crime, hold their court. Fine ladies can look down from their high casements upon the squalid dens of their unhappy sisters.

CHAPTER III.

THE CITY GOVERNMENT.

The City of New York is governed by a Mayor, a Board of Aldermen and a Board of Common Councilmen. The Mayor has been stripped by the Legislature of the State of almost every power or attribute of power, and is to-day merely an ornamental figure-head to the City government. The real power lies in the Boards named above, and in the various "Commissioners" appointed by the Legislature. These are the Commissioners in charge of the streets, the Croton Aqueduct, Public Charities and Corrections, the Police and Fire Departments.

We do not seek to lay the blame for the mismanagement and infamy of the government of this City on any party or parties. It is a fact that affairs here are sadly mismanaged, whoever may be at fault.

In place of any statements of our own concerning this branch of our subject, we ask the reader's attention to the following extracts from a pamphlet recently published by Mr. James Parton. He says:

The twenty-four Councilmen who have provided themselves with such ample assistance at such costly accommodation are mostly very young men,—the majority appear to be under thirty. Does the reader remember the pleasant description given by Mr. Hawthorne of the sprightly young bar-keeper who rainbows the glittering drink so dexterously from one tumbler to another? That sprightly young barkeeper might stand as the type of the young men composing this board. There are respectable men in the body. There are six who have never knowingly cast an improper vote. There is one respectable physician, three lawyers, ten mechanics, and only four who acknowledge to be dealers in liquors. But there is a certain air about most of these young Councilmen which, in the eyes of a New-Yorker, stamps them as belonging to what has been styled of late years "our ruling class,"—butcher-boys who have got into politics, bar-keepers who have taken a leading part in primary ward meetings, and young fellows who hang about engine-houses and billiard-rooms. A stranger would naturally expect to find in such a board men who have shown ability and acquired distinction in private business. We say, again, that there are honest and estimable men in the body; but we also assert, that there is not an individual in it who has attained any considerable rank in the vocation which he professes. If we were to print the list here, not a name would be generally recognized. Honest Christopher Pullman, for example, who leads the honest minority of six that vainly oppose every scheme of plunder, is a young man of twenty-seven, just beginning business as a cabinet maker. Honest William B. White, another of the six, is the manager of a printing office. Honest Stephen Roberts is a sturdy smith, who has a shop near a wharf for repairing the iron work of ships. Morris A. Tyng, another of the honest six, is a young lawyer getting into practice. We make no remark upon these facts, being only desirous to show the business standing of the men to whom the citizens of New York have confided the spending of sundry millions per annum. The majority of this board are about equal, in point of experience and ability, to the management of an oyster stand in a market. Such expressions as 'them laws,' 'sot the table,' '71st regiment,' and 'them arguments is played out,' may be heard on almost any Monday or Thursday afternoon, between two and three o'clock, in this sumptuous chamber.

But what most strikes and puzzles the stranger is the crowd of spectators outside the railing. It is the rogues' gallery come to life, with here and there an honest looking laborer wearing the garments of his calling. We attended six sessions of this 'honorable body,' and on every occasion there was the same kind of crowd looking on, who sat the session out. Frequently we observed looks and words of recognition pass between the members and this curious audience; and, once, we saw a member gayly toss a paper of tobacco to one of them, who caught it with pleasing dexterity. We are unable to explain the regular presence of this great number of the unornamental portion of our fellow-beings, since we could never see any indications that any of the crowd had an *interest* in the proceedings. As the debates are never reported by any one of the seventeen reporters who are paid two hundred dollars a year for not doing it, and as the educated portion of the community never attend the sessions, this board sits, practically, with closed doors. Their schemes are both conceived and executed in secrecy, though the door is open to all who wish to enter. This is the more surprising, because almost every session of the board furnishes the material for a report, which an able and public-spirited journalist would gladly buy at the highest price paid for such work in any city.

Debates is a ludicrous word to apply to the proceedings of the Councilmen. Most of the business done by them is pushed through without the slightest discussion, and is of such a nature that members cannot be prepared to discuss it. The most reckless haste marks every part of the performance. A member proposes that certain lots be provided with curbstones; another, that a free drinking hydrant be placed on a certain corner five miles up town; and another, that certain blocks of a distant street be paved with Belgian pavement. Respecting the utility of these works, members generally know nothing and can say nothing; nor are they proper objects of legislation. The resolutions are adopted, usually, without a word of explanation, and at a speed that must be seen to be appreciated.

* * * * *

At almost every session we witnessed scenes like the following: A member proposed to lease a certain building for a city court at two thousand dollars a year for ten years. Honest Christopher Pullman, a faithful and laborious public servant, objected, on one or two grounds; first, rents being unnaturally high, owing to several well known and temporary causes, it would be unjust to the city to fix the rent at present rates for so long a period; secondly, he had been himself to see the building, had taken pains to inform himself as to its value, and was prepared to prove that twelve hundred dollars a year was a proper rent for it even at the inflated rates. He made this statement with excellent brevity, moderation, and good temper, and concluded by moving that the term be two instead of ten years. A robust young man, with a bull neck and of ungrammatical habits, said, in a tone of impatient disdain, that the landlord of the building had 'refused' fifteen hundred dollars a year for it. 'Question!' 'Question!' shouted half a dozen angry voices, the question was instantly put, when a perfect war of *noes* voted down Mr. Pullman's amendment. Another hearty chorus of *ayes* consummated the iniquity. In all such affairs, the visitor notices a kind of 'ungovernable propensity to vote for spending money, and a prompt disgust at any obstacle raised or objection made. The bull-necked Councilman of uncertain grammar evidently felt that Mr. Pullman's modest interference on behalf of the tax-payer was a most gross impertinence. He felt himself an injured being, and his companions shared his indignation.

We proceed to another and better specimen. A resolution was introduced, appropriating four thousand dollars for the purpose of presenting stands of colors to five regiments of city militia, which were named, each stand to cost eight hundred dollars. Mr. Pullman, as usual, objected, and we beg the reader to mark his objections. He said that he was a member of the committee which had reported the resolution, but he had never heard of it till that moment; the scheme had been 'sprung' upon him. The chairman of the committee replied to this, that, since the other regiments had had colors given them by the city, he did not suppose that any one could object to these remaining five receiving the same compliment, and therefore he had not thought it worth while to summon the gentleman. 'Besides,' said he, 'it is a small matter anyhow';—by which he evidently meant to intimate that the objector was a very small person. To this last remark, a member replied, that he did not consider four thousand dollars so very small a matter. 'Anyhow,' he added, 'we oughter save the city every dollar we kin.' Mr. Pullman resumed. He stated that the Legislature of the State, several months before, had voted a stand of colors to each infantry regiment in the State; that the distribution of these colors had already begun; that the five regiments would soon receive them; and that, consequently, there was no need of their having the colors which it was now proposed to give them. A member roughly replied, that the colors voted by the State Legislature were mere painted banners, 'of no account.' Mr. Pullman denied this. 'I am,' said he, 'captain in one of our city regiments. Two weeks ago we received our colors. I have seen, felt, examined, and marched under them; and I can testify that they are of great beauty, and excellent quality, made by Tiffany and Company, a firm of the first standing in the city.' He proceeded to describe the colors as being made of the best silk, and decorated in the most elegant manner. He further objected to the price proposed to be given for the colors. He declared that, from his connection with the militia, he had become acquainted with the value of such articles, and he could procure colors of

the best kind ever used in the service for three hundred and seventy five dollars. The price named in the resolution was, therefore, most excessive. Upon this, another member rose and said, in a peculiarly offensive manner, that it would be two years before Tiffany and Company had made all the colors, and some of the regiments would have to wait all that time. 'The other regiments,' said he, 'have had colors presented by the City, and I don't see why we should show partiality.' Whereupon Mr. Pullman informed the board that the *City* regiments would all be supplied in a few weeks; and, even if they did have to wait awhile, it was of no consequence, for they all had very good colors already. Honest Stephen Roberts then rose, and said that this was a subject with which he was not acquainted, but that if no one could refute what Mr. Pullman had said, he should be obliged to vote against the resolution.

Then there was a pause. The cry of 'Question!' was heard. The ayes and noes were called. The resolution was carried by eighteen to five. The learned suppose that one half of this stolen four thousand dollars was expended upon the colors, and the other half divided among about forty persons. It is conjectured that each member of the Councilmen's Ring, which consists of thirteen, received about forty dollars for his vote on this occasion. This sum, added to his pay, which is twenty dollars per session, made a tolerable afternoon's work.

Any one witnessing this scene would certainly have supposed that *now* the militia regiments of the City of New York were provided with colors. What was our surprise to hear, a few days after, a member gravely propose to appropriate eight hundred dollars for the purpose of presenting the Ninth Regiment of New York Infantry with a stand of colors. Mr. Pullman repeated his objections, and recounted anew the generosity of the State Legislature. The eighteen, without a word of reply, voted for the grant as before. It so chanced that, on our way up Broadway, an hour after, we met that very regiment marching down with its colors flying; and we observed that those colors were nearly new. Indeed, there is such a propensity in the public to present colors to popular regiments, that some of them have as many as five stands, of various degrees of splendor. There is nothing about which Councilmen need feel so little anxiety as a deficiency in the supply of regimental colors. When, at last, these extravagant banners voted by the Corporation are presented to the regiments, a new scene of plunder is exhibited. The officers of the favored regiment are invited to a room in the basement of the City Hall, where City officials assist them to consume three hundred dollars' worth of champagne, sandwiches, and cold chicken—paid for out of the City treasury—while the privates of the regiment await the return of their officers in the unshaded portion of the adjacent park.

It is a favorite trick with these Councilmen, as of all politicians, to devise measures, the passage of which will gratify large *bodies* of voters. This is one of the advantages proposed to be gained by the presentation of colors to regiments; and the same system is pursued with regard to churches and societies. At every one of the six sessions of the Councilmen which we attended; resolutions were introduced to give away the people's money to wealthy organizations. A church, for example, is assessed a thousand dollars for the construction of a sewer, which enhances the value of the church property by at least the amount of the assessment. Straightway, a member from that neighborhood proposes to console the stricken church with a "donation" of a thousand dollars, to enable it to pay the assessment; and as this is a proposition to vote money, it is carried as a matter of course. We select from our notes only one of these donating scenes. A member proposed to give two thousand dollars to a certain industrial school,— the favorite charity of the present time, to which all the benevolent most willingly subscribe. Vigilant Christopher Pullman reminded the board that it was now unlawful for the Corporation to vote money for any object not specified in the tax levy as finally sanctioned by the Legislature. He read the section of the Act which forbade it. He further showed, from a statement by the Comptroller, that there was no money left at their disposal for any *miscellaneous* objects, since the appropriation for 'City contingencies' was exhausted. The only reply to his remarks, was the instant passage of the resolution by eighteen to five. By what artifice the law is likely to be evaded in such cases, we may show further on. In all probability, the industrial school, in the course of the year, will receive a fraction of this money—perhaps even so large, a fraction as one half. It may be that, ere now, some obliging person about the City Hall has offered to buy the claim for a thousand dollars, and take the risk of the hocus-pocus necessary for getting it—which to *him* is no risk at all.

It was proposed, on another occasion, to raise the fees of the Inspectors of weights and measures—who received fifty cents for inspecting a pair of platform scales, and smaller sums for scales and measures of less importance. Here was a subject upon which honest Stephen Roberts, whose shop is in a street where scales and measures abound, was entirely at home. He showed, in his sturdy and strenuous manner, that, at the rates then established, an active man could make two hundred dollars a day. 'Why,' said he, 'a man can inspect, and does inspect, fifty platform scales in an hour,' The cry of 'Question!' arose. The question was put, and the usual loud chorus of *ayes* followed.

As it requires a three-fourths vote to grant money—that is, eighteen members—it is sometimes impossible for the King to get that number together. There is a mode of preventing the absence, or the opposition of members, from defeating favorite schemes. It is by way of "reconsideration." The time

was, when a measure distinctly voted down by a lawful majority, was dead. But, by this expedient, the voting down of a measure is only equivalent to its postponement to a more favorable occasion. The moment the chairman pronounces a resolution lost, the member who has it in charge moves a reconsideration; and, as a reconsideration only requires the vote of a majority, *this* is invariably carried. By a rule of the Board, a reconsideration carries a measure over to a future meeting—to any future meeting which may afford a prospect of its passage. The member who is engineering it watches his chance, labors with faltering members out of doors, and, as often as he thinks he can carry it, calls it up again—until, at last, the requisite eighteen are obtained. It has frequently happened, that a member has kept a measure in a state of reconsideration for months at a time, waiting for the happy moment to arrive. There was a robust young Councilman, who had a benevolent project in charge of paying nine hundred dollars for a hackney-coach and two horses, which a drunken driver drove over the dock into the river, one cold night last winter. There was some disagreement in the Ring on this measure, and the robust youth was compelled to move for many reconsiderations. So, also, it was long before the wires could be all arranged to admit of the appointment of a 'messenger' to the City Librarian, who has perhaps less to do than any man in New York who is paid eighteen hundred dollars a year; but perseverance meets its reward. We hear that this messenger is now smoking in the City Hall at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars.

There is a manoeuvre, also, for preventing the attendance of obnoxious, obstructive members, like the honest six, which is ingenious and effective. A 'special meeting' is called. The law declares that notice of a special meeting must be left at the residence *or* the place of business of every member. Mr. Roberts's residence and Mr. Roberts's place of business are eight miles apart, and he leaves his home for the day before nine in the morning. If Mr. Roberts's presence at a special meeting, at 2 P. M., is desired, the notice is left at his shop in the morning. If it is not desired, the notice is sent to his house in Harlem, after he has left it. Mr. Pullman, cabinet-maker, leaves his shop at noon, goes home to dinner, and returns soon after one. If his presence at the special meeting at 2 P. M. is desired, the notice is left at his house the evening before, or at his shop in the morning. If his presence is not desired, the notice is left at his shop a few minutes after twelve, or at his house a few minutes past one. In either case, he receives the notice too late to reach the City Hall in time. We were present in the Councilman's Chamber when Mr. Pullman stated this *inconvenience*, assuming that it was accidental, and offered an amendment to the rule, requiring notice to be left five hours before the time named for the meeting. Mr. Roberts also gave his experience in the matter of notices, and both gentlemen spoke with perfect moderation and good temper. We wish we could convey to our readers an idea of the brutal insolence with which Mr. Pullman, on this occasion, was snubbed and defrauded by a young bar-keeper who chanced to be in the chair. But this would be impossible without relating the scene at very great length. The amendment proposed was voted down, with that peculiar roar of *noes* which is always heard in that chamber when some honest man attempts to put an obstacle in the way of the free plunder of his fellow-citizens.

These half-fledged legislators are acquainted with the device known by the name of the 'previous question.' We witnessed a striking proof of this. One of the most audacious and insolent of the Ring introduced a resolution, vaguely worded, the object of which was to annul an old paving contract, that would not pay at the present cost of labor and materials, and to authorize a new contract at higher rates. Before the clerk had finished reading the resolution, honest Stephen Roberts sprang to his feet, and, unrolling a remonstrance with several yards of signatures appended to it, stood, with his eye upon the chairman, ready to present it the moment the reading was concluded. This remonstrance, be it observed, was signed by a majority of the property-owners interested, the men who would be assessed to pay for one half of the proposed pavement. Fancy the impetuous Roberts, with the document held aloft, the yards of signatures streaming down to his feet and flowing far under his desk, awaiting the time when it would be in order for him to cry out, 'Mr. President.' The reading ceased. Two voices were heard, shouting 'Mr. President.' It was not to Mr. Roberts that an impartial chairman could assign the floor. The member 'who introduced the resolution was the one who 'caught the speaker's eye,' and that member, forewarned of Mr. Roberts's intention, moved the previous question. It was in vain that Mr. Roberts shouted 'Mr. President.' It was in vain that he fluttered and rattled his streaming ribbon of blotted paper. The President could not hear a word of any kind until a vote had been taken upon the question whether the main question should be now put. That question was carried in the affirmative, by a chorus of *ayes*, so exactly timed that it was like the voice of one man. Then the main question *was* put, and it was carried by another emphatic and simultaneous shout.

POLITICAL BLACK MAIL.

Mr. Parton thus briefly exposes the system of political black mail practiced in the City government:

The plunder of the persons who are so unfortunate as to serve the public, and of those who aspire to serve the public, is systematic, and nearly universal. Our inquiries into this branch of the subject lead

us to conclude that there are very few salaries paid from the city or county treasury which do not yield an annual per centage to some one of the 'head-centres' of corruption. The manner in which this kind of spoliation is sometimes effected may be gathered from a narrative which we received from the lips of one of the few learned and estimable men whom the system of electing judges by the people has left upon the bench in the City of New York. Four years ago, when the inflation of the currency had so enhanced the price of all commodities that there was, of necessity, a general increase of salaries, public and private, there was talk of raising the salaries of the fourteen judges, who were most absurdly underpaid even when a dollar in paper and a dollar in gold were the same thing. Some of the judges were severely pinched in attempting to make six thousand half-dollars do the work which six thousand whole ones had accomplished with difficulty; and none, perhaps, more severely than the excellent and hospitable judge whose experience we are about to relate. A person known by him to be in the confidence of leading men about the City Hall called, upon him one day, and informed him that it was in contemplation to raise the salaries of all the judges \$2,000 per annum. The judge observed that he was much relieved to hear it, for he had gone so deeply into the Sanitary Commission and other projects for promoting the war, and had made so many expensive journeys to Washington in furtherance of such projects, that he did not see how he could get through the year if the inflation continued. 'Well, judge,' said the person, 'if the judges are disposed to be reasonable, the thing can be done.' 'What do you mean by *reasonable*?' asked the judge. The reply was brief and to the point: 'Twenty-five per cent, of the increase for one year.' The judge said No. If his salary could not be raised without that, he must rub on, as best he could, on his present income. The person was evidently much surprised, and said: 'I am sorry you have such old-fashioned notions. Why, judge, everybody does it here.' Nothing more was heard of increasing the judges' salaries for a whole year, during which the inflation itself had become inflated, and every door-keeper and copyist had had his stipend increased. At length, the spoilers deemed it best, for purposes of their own, to consent the salaries of the judges should be increased \$1,000; and, a year after that, the other \$1,000 was permitted to be added.

It was recently proved, in the presence of the Governor of the State, that the appointment of the office of Corporation Attorney was sold to one incumbent for the round sum of \$10,000. This is bad enough, but worse remains to be told Sworn testimony, from thirty-six witnesses, taken by a committee of investigation, establishes the appalling fact, that appointments to places in the public schools are systematically sold in some of the wards—the wards where the public schools are almost the sole civilizing power, and where it is of unspeakable importance that the schools should be in the hands of the best men and women. One young lady; who had just buried her father and had a helpless mother to support, applied for a situation as teacher, and was told, as usual, that she must pay for it. She replied that she could not raise the sum demanded, the funeral expenses having exhausted the family store. She was then informed that she could pay 'the tax' in instalments. Another poor girl came on the witness-stand on crutches, and testified that she had paid \$75 for a situation of \$300 a year. Another lady went to a member of the Ring, and told him, with tears, that she saw no way of procuring the sum required, nor even of saving it from the slender salary of the place. The man was moved by her anguish, took compassion upon her, and said he would remit *his share* of 'the tax.' It was shown, too, that the agent of all this foul iniquity was no other than the principal of one of the schools. It was he who received and paid over the money wrung from the terror and necessities of underpaid and overworked teachers. We learn from the report of the committee that the Ring in this ward was originally formed for the express purpose of giving the situations in a new and handsome school 'to the highest bidder'; and, as the opening of the new school involved the discharge of a small number of teachers employed in the old schools, the Ring had both, the fear and the ambition of the teachers to work upon. 'There was a perfect reign of terror in the ward,' says the report of the investigating committee. 'The agent performed his duty with alacrity and with a heartlessness worthy of the employers. It appears that he not only summoned the teachers to come to him, but that he called on their parents and friends as to the amount they should pay for their appointments—the sums varying from \$50 to \$600, according to the position sought.'

And who were the Ring that perpetrated this infamy? They were a majority of the trustees elected by the people, and the School Commissioner elected by the people—six poor creatures, selected from the grog-shop and the wharf, and intrusted with the most sacred interest of a republic, the education of its children.

THE RESULT.

"The result of all this plunder," continues Mr. Parton, "is, that in thirty-six years the rate of taxation in the city and county of New York has increased from two dollars and a half to forty dollars per inhabitant! In 1830, the city was governed for half a million dollars. In 1865, the entire government of the island, including assessments on private property for public improvements, cost more than forty millions of dollars. In 1830, the population of the city was a little more than two hundred thousand. It is now about one million. Thus, while the population of the county is five times greater than it was in

1830, the cost of governing it is sixteen times greater. And yet such is the value of the productive property owned by the city,—so numerous are the sources of revenue from that property,—that able men of business are of the deliberate opinion that a private company could govern, clean, sprinkle, and teach the City by contract, taking as compensation only the fair revenue to be derived from its property. Take one item as an illustration: under the old excise system, the liquor licenses yielded twelve thousand dollars per annum; under the new, they yield one million and a quarter. Take another: the corporation own more than twenty miles of wharves and water-front, the revenue from which does not keep the wharves in repair; under a proper system, they would yield a million dollars above the cost of repairs."

CHAPTER IV.

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.

The Metropolitan Police are justly the pride of New York, for the City is chiefly indebted to the force for its quiet and security. The old police system needs no description here. It was a failure in every respect. It failed to protect either life or property. Criminals performed their exploits with impunity, and were either encouraged or aided by the police in many instances. The members of the old force were too often taken from the ranks of the criminal classes, and made to serve the ends of unprincipled politicians. Finally the system became so worthless and corrupt that the best men of the City and State, without distinction of party, resolved to take the control of the police out of the hands of the Mayor and Council, and place them under the direction of a Commissioner appointed by the Legislature.

THE NEW SYSTEM.

The resolution to make the police independent of the politicians in the City government, was the last resort left to the better class of citizens, and the Legislature, appreciating the necessity for prompt action, at once complied with the demand made for a change. A "Metropolitan District," consisting of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, the counties of New York, Kings, Richmond, and Westchester, and a part of Queens county, embracing a circuit of about thirty miles, was created by law. The control of this district was given to a commission of five citizens, subject to the supervision of the Legislature. The Mayors of New York and Brooklyn were made ex-officio members of this board.

Mr. Wood, who was Mayor of New York at the time of the passage of this law, resolved to resist it, and to continue the old police in power. His conduct came near creating a terrible riot, but he was at length induced to submit to the law. The new system worked badly for some years, owing to the incompetency of the persons appointed as superintendent; but in 1860 a change was made. Mr. John A. Kennedy was appointed Superintendent of the Metropolitan Police, and the number of the commissioners was cut down to three. The law was remodeled, and besides other important changes, the duties of each member of the force were clearly defined.

The new superintendent set to work with a will, and it was not long before the benefits of his administration became manifest. He had been informed that the force was almost as incompetent and inefficient as its old time predecessor, and he resolved to stop this. He caused the creation of the grade of inspector, and the appointment of energetic and reliable men. These inspectors are required to keep a constant watch over the rank and file of the force. They report every breach of discipline, examine the station houses and every thing connected with them, at pleasure. No member or officer of the force has the right to refuse to allow such examination or to refuse to answer any question put to him concerning his duty. The effect of this new rank was most happy. The men became conscious that the eyes of their superiors were on them at all times, and that the slightest breach of discipline on their part was sure to be detected and reported. The force became attentive and efficient, as if by magic. Incompetent and insubordinate members were thrown out, and good men put in their places. Matters continued to improve, until now, after a lapse of nearly eight years, the city has the best police force in the world.

"KING KENNEDY."

Mr. Kennedy is not a popular man in New York. To say that he has made mistakes in his present position, is but to say he is human. He has had a hard task before him, but he has succeeded in accomplishing it. He has given order, security, and a sense of security to the city, and it is not strange

that in so doing he has made numerous enemies. He has often exceeded his power, and has committed acts that smack strongly of petty tyranny; but there can be no doubt of the fact that he has earnestly and faithfully labored for the cause of law and order. He makes the best chief of police this country has ever seen, and when he is gone, his place will be hard to fill.

Mr. Kennedy has Scotch-Irish blood in his veins, which may be the reason of his success. He is small in size, and quiet and unobtrusive in his demeanor. He has executive ability of a high order, but inclines rather strongly to the side of arbitrary power, which trait has earned him, amongst the masses, the title of "King Kennedy." He has infused his energy into the force, and is entitled to the greater part, if not all of the credit for the success of the new system.

THE FORCE.

The police force on duty in the city, consists of one super intendent, four inspectors, thirty-four captains, one hundred and thirty-one sergeants, one thousand eight hundred and six patrolmen, sixty-nine doormen, and fifty special policemen, making a total of two thousand and ninety-five officers and men. The men are clothed in a neat uniform of dark blue cloth, with caps of hard polished leather. They are armed with clubs and revolvers, and are regularly drilled in military tactics. In case of a riot, this enables them to act together, and with greater efficiency against a mob. The most rigid discipline prevails, and the slightest error on the part of officers or men is reported at headquarters.

There are thirty-three precincts, including the detective squad. The force is charged with the duty of guarding about three hundred day and four hundred night posts, about four hundred and twenty-five miles of streets in the patrol districts, and fourteen miles of piers. There are twenty-five station houses fitted up as lodging rooms for the men, and having room also for accommodating wandering or destitute persons, large numbers of whom thus receive temporary shelter.

During the year ending October 31, 1865, (which may be taken as a fair specimen of the work of the force,) 68,873 arrests were made. Of these 48,754 were males, 20,119 females; 53,911 arrests were for offences against the person; 14,962; for offences against property. The following table will show the status of New York criminal society.

	Total
Charge Males Females Arrests	
Assault and Battery	6,077 1,667 7,744
Assault with intent to kill	197 1 198
Attempt at rape	40 — 40
Abortion	2 2 4
Bastardy	141 — 141
Bigamy	14 5 19
Disorderly conduct	8,542 5,412 13,954
Intoxication	11,482 4,936 16,418
Juvenile delinquents	154 25 179
Kidnapping	20 5 25
Suspicious persons	1,617 440 2,057
Vagrancy	978 838 1,816
Arson	35 — 35
Attempts to steal	236 9 245
Burglary	291 3 294
Forgery	151 3 154
Fraud	104 17 121
Grand Larceny	1,675 946 2,621
Gambling	249 3 252
Highway robbery	199 6 205
Keeping disorderly house	177 165 342
Picking pockets	225 20 275
Petit larceny	3,380 1,860 5,240
Passing counterfeit money	414 46 460
Receiving stolen goods	166 51 217
Swindling	5 3 8
Violations of the Sunday laws	183 20 203

ON DUTY.

The police are mustered at a certain hour in the morning by their officers, and are marched from the

station house to their "beats." The day patrol is relieved by that appointed for night duty. The men are required to be neat in their persons and dress, and to be polite and respectful to citizens. They are required to give information to strangers and citizens concerning localities, etc., and to render prompt assistance in suppressing any kind of violence or disorder. They are instructed to direct persons not to lounge or loiter on the main thoroughfares, which are always too much crowded to permit such obstructions. Details are made for places of amusement and public resort. If the patrolman on duty at one of these places sees a known thief or pickpocket enter, he orders him to leave the premises. If the fellow refuses to obey, he is arrested and locked up in the station house for the night. By this means respectable persons, at public resorts, are saved heavy losses at the hands of the "light-fingered gentry."

The largest and finest looking men are detailed for the. Broadway Squad. The duties of this Squad are heavy, and often require not only considerable patience, but great physical endurance.

HEADQUARTERS.

The Police Headquarters of the Metropolitan District are located in a handsome marble building, five stories high, situated on Mulberry Street, between Houston and Bleecker Streets. The building is fitted up with great taste for the express accommodation of the business of the force. The greatest order prevails. Every thing is in its place, and every man in his. There is no confusion. Each department has its separate room.

The Superintendent's office is connected by telegraph with every precinct in the entire district. By means of this wonderful invention a few seconds only are required to dispatch the orders of "King Kennedy" to any part of the district. News of a robbery and description of the burglar are flashed all over the city and adjoining country before the man has fairly secured his plunder. If a child is lost a description is sent in the same way to each precinct, and in a marvellously quick time the little one is restored to its mother's arms. By means of his little instrument, "King Kennedy" can track a criminal not only all over his own district, but all over the Union. He is firm in the exercise of his authority—often harsh and too impulsive, but on the whole as just as human nature will allow a man to be.

[Illustration: A Model Policeman.]

THE TRIAL ROOM.

One of the most interesting rooms in the headquarters is that for the trial of complaints against members of the force. Every sworn charge is brought before Commissioner Acton? who notifies the accused to appear before him to answer to it. Except in very grave cases, the men employ no counsel. The charge is read, the Commissioner hears the statements of the accused, and the evidence on both sides, and renders his decision, which must be ratified by the full "Board". The majority of the charges are for breaches of discipline. A patrolman leaves his beat for a cup of coffee on a cold morning, or night, or reads a newspaper, or smokes, or stops to converse while on duty. The punishment for these offences is a stoppage of pay for a day or two. First offences are usually forgiven. Many well-meaning but officious citizens enter complaints against the men. They are generally frivolous, but are heard patiently, and are dismissed with a warning to the accused to avoid giving cause for complaint. Thieves and disreputable characters sometimes enter complaints against the men, with the hope of getting them into trouble. The Commissioner's experience enables him to settle these cases at once, generally to the dismay and grief of the accuser. Any real offence on the part of the men is punished promptly and severely, but the Commissioners endeavor by every means to protect them in the discharge of their duty, and against impositions of any kind.

Another room in the headquarters is called

THE PROPERTY ROOM.

This is a genuine "curiosity shop". It is filled with unclaimed property of every description, found by or delivered to the police, by other parties finding the same, or taken from criminals at the time of their arrest. The room is in charge of a property clerk, who enters each article, and the facts connected with it, in a book kept for that purpose. Property once placed in this room is not allowed to be taken away, except upon certain specified conditions. Unclaimed articles are sold, after being kept a certain length of time, and the proceeds are paid to the Police Life Insurance Fund.

MISCELLANEOUS.

When a man applies for a position in the police force, he has to show proofs of his good character and

capacity before he can be employed. As soon as he is appointed, he is provided with a uniform, assigned to a precinct, and put on duty. For one month after his appointment he is required to study the book of laws for the government of the force, and to be examined daily in these studies by Inspector James Leonard; who is in charge of the "Class of Instruction." These examinations are continued until the recruit is found proficient in the theoretical knowledge of his duties.

The following extract from the Metropolitan Police Law will show the care taken of the men:—

If any member of the Metropolitan Police Force, whilst in the actual performance of duty, shall become permanently disabled, so as to render his dismissal from membership proper, or if any such member shall become superannuated after a ten years' membership, a sum of not exceeding one hundred and fifty dollars, as an annuity, to be paid such member, shall become chargeable upon the Metropolitan Police Life Insurance Fund. If any member of the Metropolitan Police Force whilst in the actual discharge of his duty, shall be killed, or shall die from the immediate effect of any injury received by him, whilst in such discharge of duty, or shall die after ten years' service in the force, and shall leave a widow, and if no widow, any child or children under the age of sixteen years, a like sum, by way of annuity, shall become chargeable upon the said fund, to be paid such widow so long only as she remains unmarried, or to such child or children so long as said child, or the youngest of said children, continues under the age of sixteen years.

We do not claim, in what we have written, that the police of this city are perfect, but we do maintain that they are better than those of any other American city.

CHAPTER V.

SOCIETY.

In New York, poverty is a great crime, and the chief effort of every man and woman's life, is to secure wealth. Society in this city is much like that of other large American cities, except? that money is the chief requisite here. In other cities poor men, who can boast of being members of a family which commands respect for its talents or other good qualities, or who have merit of their own, are welcomed into what are called "select circles" with as much warmth as though they were millionaires. In New York, however, men and women are judged by their bank accounts. The most illiterate boor, the most unprincipled knave, finds every fashionable door open to him without reserve, while St. Peter himself, if he came "without purse or scrip," would see it closed in his face. Money makes up for every deficiency in morals, intellect, or demeanor.

Nor is this strange. The majority of fashionable people have never known any of the arts and refinements of civilization except those which mere wealth can purchase. Money raised them from the dregs of life, and they are firm believers in it. Without education, without social polish, they see themselves courted and fawned upon for their wealth, and they naturally suppose that there is nothing else "good under the sun."

WHO ARE THE FASHIONABLES.

The majority of the dwellers in the palaces of the great city, are persons who have risen from the ranks. This is not said to their discredit. On the contrary, every intelligent person takes pride in the fact that in this country it is in the power of any one to rise as high as his abilities will carry him. The persons to whom we refer, however, affect to despise this. They take no pride in the institutions which have been so beneficial to them, but look down with supreme disdain upon those who are working their way up. They are ashamed of their origin, and you cannot offend one of them more than to hint that you knew him a few years ago as a mechanic, or shop-keeper.

Some of the "fashionables" appear very suddenly before the world. A week ago, a family may have been living in a tenement house. A sudden fortunate speculation on the part of the husband, or father, may have brought them enormous wealth in the course of a few days. A change is instantly made from the tenement house to a mansion on Fifth or Madison Avenue. The newly acquired wealth is liberally expended in "fitting up," and the lucky owners of it suddenly burst upon the world of fashion as stars of the first magnitude. They are courted by all, and invitations to the houses of other "stars" are showered upon them. They may be rude, ignorant, uncouth in their manners, but they have wealth, and that is all New York society requires. They are lucky if they retain their positions very long. A few manage to hold

on to the wealth which comes to them thus suddenly, but as a general rule those who are simply "lucky" at the outset find Dame Fortune a very capricious goddess, and at the next turn of her wheel, pass off the stage to make room for others who are soon to share their fate.

This element is known in the city as "The Shoddy Society." During the time of the oil speculations, many persons were suddenly and unexpectedly made rich by lucky ventures in petroleum lands and stocks, and the shoddy element was in its glory; but now other speculations are found to recruit the ranks of this class. Wall street is constantly sending fresh "stars" to blaze on Fifth Avenue, and ruthlessly sweeping away others to make room for them.

The "Shoddy" element is by no means confined to those who make fortunes rapidly, or by speculations. There are many who rise very slowly in the world, and who when blessed with fortune throw themselves headlong into the arms of "Shoddy."

It is not difficult to recognize these persons. They dress not only handsomely, but magnificently. Indeed they make up in display what they lack in taste. They cover themselves with jewels, and their diamonds, worn on ordinary occasions, might, in some cases, fairly rival the state gems of European potentates. Their red, hard hands, coarse faces, vulgar manners, and loud, rude voices, contrast strikingly with the splendor with which they surround themselves. They wear their honors uneasily, showing plainly how little accustomed they are to such things. They look down with disdain upon all less fortunate in wealth than themselves, and worship as demi-gods those whose bank account is larger than their own. They have little or no personal dignity, but substitute a supercilious hauteur for it.

A DEFEAT AND A TRIUMPH.

The following incident will show how money is worshipped in New York: A gentleman, now one of the wealthiest men of the city, some years ago found himself well off in worldly goods. He was the possessor of one million of dollars. He was living at that time in a modest house, in a modest street, and was anxious to get into society. In order to do this, he resolved to give a ball, and invite the wealthiest and oldest families in New York. These people were his customers in business; and he supposed they would not object to receiving his hospitality. He was, unlike most of those who worship society, a man of real merit. His invitations were issued, and at the appointed time his mansion was made ready for a magnificent entertainment, but, though the family waited, and the rooms were kept lighted until the "wee hours of the morning," not a single one of those, to whom the invitations were sent, put in an appearance during the evening. The mortification of the would-be host and family, was intense, and it is said that he swore a mighty oath that he would acquire wealth and luxury, sufficient to *compel* the intimacy of those who had scorned him because he was less fortunate than themselves. He kept his word, and today he stands at the head of that class to which he once aspired in vain.

WHAT THEY TALK ABOUT.

A work recently published in Paris gives the following account of the topics discussed at a "shoddy" ball:

Following the advice of my companion, I listened to the gentlemen who were idling through the rooms. Everywhere that word 'dollar,' constantly repeated, struck upon my ear. All conversation had for its subject mercantile and financial transactions; profits, either realized, or to be realized, by the speakers, or the general prospect of the market. Literature, art, science, the drama, those topics which are discussed in polite European society, were not even alluded to. Another peculiarity I noticed—namely, the practice of self-commendation and praise. Egotism seemed to permeate the mind of everybody—the word 'I' was constantly on the lips of the speakers.

FASHIONABLE DISSIPATION.

A ball or a party is the place to bring out the votaries of fashion. They crowd the *salons* of the host or hostess. Frequently they pay little attention to their entertainers, except to ridicule their awkwardness and oddities, conscious all the while that similar remarks will be made about them when they throw open their own houses to their friends.

The opera draws them out in crowds, especially the *Bouffe*. Few understand the French or Italian languages, few are proficient in music, but they go because "it is the thing, you know." Opera bouffe is very popular, for those who cannot understand the language are generally quick enough to catch or appreciate the indecency of the plot or situations. The more indecent the piece, the more certain it is of a long run.

Few fashionable women have time to attend to their families. These are left to the mercy of hirelings. The titles of wife and mother are becoming merely complimentary. They are ceasing to suggest the best and purest types of womanhood. That of mother is becoming decidedly old foggyish, and to-day your fine lady takes care that her maternal instincts shall be smothered, and that her family shall not increase beyond a convenient number. Children grow up in idleness and extravagance, and are unfitted for any of the great duties of life. They are taught to regard wealth as the only thing to be desired, and they are forced up as rapidly as possible to join the ranks of the fast young men and women of New York, who disgrace what are called our "upper circles."

EXTRAVAGANCE.

Extravagance is the besetting sin of New York society. Money is thrown away. Fortunes are spent every year in dress, and in all sorts of follies. Houses are furnished and fitted up in the most sumptuous style, the building and its contents often being worth over a million of dollars.

[Illustration: A Fashionable Thief—Shoplifting.]

People live up to every cent of their incomes, and often beyond them. It is no uncommon occurrence for a fine mansion, its furniture, pictures, and even the jewels and clothes of its occupants, to be pledged to some usurer for the means with which to carry on this life of luxury. Each person strives to outdo the rest of his or her acquaintances. The rage for fine houses and fine clothes is carried to an amazing extent, and to acquire them, persons of supposed respectability will stoop to almost any thing. Of late years, a number of fashionable ladies have been detected in dry-goods stores in the act of purloining fine laces, embroideries, and other goods, and concealing them under their skirts.

A LADY'S GLOVE.

Two or three years ago the fashionable world was thrown into a state of excitement by the marriage of a Fifth Avenue belle to a gentleman of great wealth. The night before the wedding the bride's presents, amounting to a small fortune in value, were exhibited to a select circle of friends. Amongst the various articles was a magnificent diamond necklace, the gift of the groom, which attracted universal attention. After the guests departed, the bride-elect, before retiring for the night, returned to take a parting glance at her diamonds. To her horror, they were missing. The alarm was given, and a search was made. The jewels could not be found, however, but a small kid glove—a lady's—was discovered lying on the table. The bride's father was a sensible banker, and he at once "hushed up" the affair, and put the glove and the case in the hands of an experienced detective. In a few weeks the thief was discovered. She proved to be the wife of a wealthy merchant. She had stolen the diamonds with the intention of taking them to Europe to have them reset. In consequence of the return of the jewels, and the social position of the thief, the matter was dropped.

MARRIAGES.

Only wealthy marriages are tolerated in New York society. For men or women to marry "beneath" them is a crime society cannot forgive. There must be fortune on one side. Marriages for money are directly encouraged. It is not uncommon for a man who has made money to make the marriage of his daughter the means of getting the family into society. He will go to some young man within the pale of good society, and offer him the hand of his daughter and a fortune. The condition on the part of the person to whom the offer is made is, that he shall use his influence to get the bride's family within the "charmed circle." Such proposals are seldom refused.

When a marriage is decided upon, it is the bounden duty of the happy pair to be married in a fashionable church. To be married in or buried from Grace Church is the desire of every fashionable heart. Invitations are issued to the friends and acquaintances of the two families, and no one is admitted into the church without such a card. Often "no cards" are issued, and the church is jammed by the outside throng, who profane the holy temple by their unmannerly struggles to secure places from which the ceremony can be viewed. Two clergymen are engaged to tie the knot, a single minister being insufficient for such grand affairs. A reporter is on hand, who furnishes the city papers with the full particulars of the affair. The dresses, the jewels, the appearance of the bride and groom, and the company generally, are described with a slavishness that is disgraceful.

If the wedding is at Grace Church, Brown, the "great sexton," is in charge of all the arrangements. He understands every detail connected with such an affair, and will not allow any one to interfere with him. A wedding over which he presides is sure to be a success. It is needless to say he has his time well taken up with such engagements. At weddings and at parties, Brown makes out the list of persons to be

invited. He allows no interference. He knows his invitations will be accepted, and as he knows who is in town, both stranger and resident, he can always make out a full list. He directs every thing, and carries his arrangements out with the decision and authority of an autocrat. The Lenten Season is his bugbear. It is fashionable to observe Lent in New York, and funerals are then the only opportunities for the display of his peculiar talents. These he makes as interesting as possible. He charges a liberal price for his services, and is said to have amassed considerable money.

FASHIONABLE DEATH.

As it is the ambition of every one to live fashionable, it is their chief wish to be laid in the grave in the same style. Undertakers at fashionable funerals are generally the sexton of some fashionable church, that, perhaps, of the church the deceased was in the habit of attending. This individual prescribes the manner in which the ceremony shall be carried out, and advises certain styles of family mourning. Sometimes the blinds are closed and the gas lighted. The lights in such cases are arranged in the most artistic manner, and every thing is made to look as "interesting" as possible.

A certain fashionable sexton always refuses to allow the female members of the family to follow their dead to the grave. He will not let them be seen at the funeral at all, as he says "it's horridly vulgar to see a lot of women crying about a corpse; and, besides, they're always in the way."

After the funeral is over, none of the bereaved ones can be seen for a certain length of time, the period being regulated by a set decree. They spend the days of their seclusion in consultations with their *modiste*, in preparing the most fashionable mourning that can be thought of; in this they seem to agree fully with a certain famous *modiste*, who declared to a widow, but recently bereaved, that "fashionable and becoming mourning is *so* comforting to a person in affliction."

A ROMANCE OF FIFTH AVENUE.

Hollow as it is, Shoddy in New York has its romances. One of the most striking of those which occur to us is the story of a family which we shall designate by the name of Swigg. There will, doubtless, be those who will recognize them.

If Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Swigg had a weakness for any thing it was for being considered amongst that "select and happy few," known to the outside world as "the upper ten." Mr. Swigg had wealth, and Mrs. Swigg meant to spend it. She could not see the use of having money if one was not to use it as a means of "getting into society;" and though she contented herself with being thus modest in her public expressions, she was, in her own mind, determined to make her money the power which should enable her to *lead* society. She meant to shine as a star of the first magnitude, before whose glories all the fashionable world should fall. She would no longer be plain Mrs. Ephraim Swigg, but the great and wealthy Mrs. Swigg, whose brilliancy should eclipse any thing yet seen in Gotham. Oh! she would make Fifth Avenue turn green with jealousy. There was only one difficulty in the way—Mr. Swigg might not be willing to furnish the sum necessary for the accomplishment of this grand purpose: still she would attempt it, trusting that when he had fairly entered upon the joys of fashionable life, he would be too much charmed with them to begrudge "the paltry sums" necessary to continue them.

Mr. and Mrs. Swigg had not always enjoyed such advantages. There was a time when the lady might have been seen in a market stall, where her robust beauty drew to her crowds of admirers of doubtful character. She had made a wise choice, however, and after looking coldly upon these swains, had bestowed her hand upon Ephraim Swigg, a rising young butcher, who sold his wares in the same market. To be sure, Mr. Swigg was not a beauty, nor even as handsome as the plainest of the admirers she had cast aside; but he had a more substantial recommendation than any of them. He was the owner of a lucrative business, and had several thousands laid by in hard cash. So, influenced by these considerations, Miss Polly Dawkins became Mrs. Ephraim Swigg. In justice to her, be it said, she made a good wife. He was equally devoted, and they were genuinely happy. They had one child, a daughter, who, as she grew up, bade fair to ripen into a very pretty woman.

They prospered steadily, and matters went on smoothly with them until the rebellion startled the men of means with a vague fear for the safety of their worldly possessions; then Mr. Swigg, reckoning over his property, found himself possessed of a handsome fortune. He watched the course of affairs anxiously until the great disaster at Bull Run, and then, like a good patriot, set to work to see how he could help the country out of its difficulties. Mr. Swigg's patriotism was of the substantial kind—he derived the chief benefit from it. He bethought himself of taking out a contract for supplying the Army of the Potomac with cattle and other necessaries. He put his scheme into execution, and, like every thing he attempted, it was successful. The army was fed, and towards the close of the year 1864 Mr. Swigg found himself worth three millions of dollars.

Of course, with all this to "back" them, the Swiggs at once became people of note. Their entrance into society was easy enough, and no one was sufficiently impolite to remember their past lives against them. Mr. Swigg's coarse red face was attributed to his fine health, his rudeness of manner was called eccentricity, and his frequent breaches of etiquette were passed over in polite silence. Mrs. and Miss Swigg got on better. The mamma was naturally a shrewd woman, and she quickly adopted herself to the requirements of New York society, which are very few and simple to one who has two or three millions at command. The daughter had enjoyed greater advantages than her parents; she had been trained in the best schools, and as far as her naturally weak mind was capable of doing so, had profited by the efforts of her teachers. She was a weak and silly girl, and was indulged in every whim and caprice by her parents. She was nineteen years old, and having fulfilled the promise of her youth, was indeed a handsome girl. Of course she was a belle, the sole heiress of three millions could be nothing else, were she as ugly as Hecate.

Mrs. Swigg had reasoned correctly. With all his shrewdness and good sense, her liege lord shared her own weakness for high life, and readily complied with all her requests for money. He was not a stingy man at heart, and he was really glad to see his wife and daughter doing so well. Indeed they were all very good people—only their sudden rise in the world had turned their heads.

Mr. Swigg purchased an elegant mansion on Fifth Avenue, which some broken down patrician offered for sale, and the family commenced their fashionable career in a blaze of glory. They had one of the finest establishments in the city; they gave splendid entertainments, and the young bloods soon found that they could enjoy themselves at the Swigg levees very much as they pleased, as their host and hostess were too glad to see them, to criticize their conduct very closely. The worthy couple counted many celebrities amongst their guests. There were generals, both major and brigadier, colonels and captains in abundance, and occasionally some dark-skinned, bewhiskered foreigner, who rejoiced in the title of count, marquis, or lord, and who looked more like he had passed his days in the galleys, than in the courts of the old world. The warmest welcome of the host and hostess, especially the latter, was reserved for these gentlemen. Between the man in the blue and gold of his country's livery, who had daily perilled his life for the perpetuity of the institutions that had made the fortunes of the Swiggs, and the titled, suspicious-looking foreigner, of whom they knew nothing with certainty, the good people never hesitated. The preference was given to the latter.

One of these gentlemen was especially welcome. This was the Baron Von Storck, who claimed to be an Austrian nobleman of great wealth. In support of his assertion, when he appeared at fashionable entertainments, he covered the front of his coat with ribbons of every hue in the rainbow. He made his appearance in New York society almost simultaneously with the Swiggs, and from the first, devoted himself particularly to them or to Miss Arabella, the heiress of the three millions.

As might have been expected, in the course of a few months the Baron proposed for the hand of Miss Arabella, to the great delight of papa and mamma, and the 'young people' were formally engaged. After this the young lady and her mother constantly amused themselves with writing the future title of the former, 'just to see how it looked.' Such a piece of good fortune could not be kept secret; and Miss Arabella was the object of the envy of scores of damsels who had been trying in vain to ensnare the elegant foreigner in their own nets, which were not so heavily baited.

One morning the Baron waited upon Mrs. Swigg, and producing an enormous document, written in German, and furnished with a huge red seal stamped with an eagle, informed her that the paper was a peremptory order from his Government, which he had just received, commanding him to return home at once, as his services were needed. He added that he could not disobey the command of his sovereign, and asked that his marriage with Arabella might take place at once, so that they might sail for the old world in the next Bremen steamer.

Mr. Swigg was summoned, and the matter laid before him. At first he hesitated, for he did not like so much haste; but his wife and daughter at last wrung a reluctant consent from him, and the marriage was solemnized with great splendor at Grace Church, the inevitable Brown declaring, as usual, he had never experienced so much satisfaction in his life.

Mr. Swigg, like a good father, settled half a million of dollars upon his daughter. The Baron had expected more, but the old man's shrewdness came to his aid in this instance, and he declared to his wife that this was money enough to risk at one time. His suspicions were very vague, and they were roundly denounced by his better half. He held his tongue, and after the marriage handed the Baron bills of exchange on Paris and Vienna for the five hundred thousand. Herr Von Storck, on his part, formally delivered to his father-in-law a deed, drawn up in German, (and which bore a wonderful likeness to the letter of recall he had shown Mrs. Swigg,) in which he said he settled a handsome estate near Vienna upon his bride. He apologized for not making her the usual present of diamonds, by saying that his family jewels were more magnificent than any thing that could be found in New York, and that

he was afraid to risk their being sent across the ocean. They awaited his bride in his ancestral home. The parents expressed their entire satisfaction, and begged that he would not mention "such trifles."

The "young couple" were to sail on the second day after their marriage; and, at the appointed time, the new baroness awaited her husband, with packed trunks. He had gone out early in the morning to wind up his business at the Austrian Consulate. The steamer was to sail at noon, and as the hour drew near, and the Baron did not appear, the fears of Papa Swigg began to be aroused. Two, three, four o'clock, and yet no Baron Von Storck. Terror and dread reigned in the hearts of the Swigg family.

Towards five o'clock, a policeman, accompanied by a coarse-looking German woman, arrived at the mansion. He informed Mr. Swigg that he had orders to arrest Conrad Kreutzer, alias the Baron Von Storck. The *denouement* had come at last. The policeman informed the old gentleman that the supposed Baron was simply a German barber, who had been released from the penitentiary but a short time, where he had served a term for bigamy, and that the woman who accompanied him was Kreutzer's lawful wife.

Poor Papa Swigg! Poor Mamma Swigg! Poor Arabella, "Baroness Von Storck!" It was a fearful blow to them, but it was not altogether undeserved.

The successful scoundrel had sailed at noon on the steamer, under his assumed name, carrying with him the bills of exchange, which were paid on presentation in Europe, there being then no Atlantic telegraph to expose his villainy before his arrival in the old world. He has never been heard of since.

His victims were not so fortunate. All New York rang with the story, and those who had tried hardest to bring this fate upon themselves were loudest in ridiculing the Swiggs for their "stupidity;" so that, at last, parents and daughter were glad to withdraw from fashionable life, to a more retired existence, where they still remain, sadder, and decidedly wiser than when their career began. Mr. Swigg takes the matter philosophically, consoling himself with the determination to vote against every foreigner who may 'run for office' in his district. His wife and Arabella, however, still suffer sorely from their mortification, and are firmly convinced that of all classes of European society, the German nobility is the most utterly corrupt.

ETIQUETTE OF CARDS.

From the following article, which appeared recently in the *Evening Mail*, the reader will obtain a clear insight into some of the outside customs of society:

Even the cut of the pasteboard upon which a man announces his name is regulated by fashion. The man who wishes to have his note-paper, envelopes and cards, 'on the square' must know what the mode is. Visiting cards for the present season will be rather larger than formerly, and of the finest unglazed Bristol board. The new sizes will tend rather to the square than otherwise. The shape of the card may be varied, according to taste, the proper adaptation to the size of the lettering being maintained.

[Illustration: Fifth Avenue, near Thirty-Fourth Street.]

Among the various texts in use, nothing will supercede the English script, and those inimitable styles of old English text; the most novel being those with dropped capitals, and the extremely neat, extra-shaded. Visiting cards, with the familiar words denoting the object of the call, will remain in use, to some extent, especially for calls of congratulation or condolence. The word *visite*, on the left hand upper corner, will be engraved on the reverse side. The corner containing the desired word will be turned down, so as to denote the object of the call. The word on the right-hand corner, *Felicitation*, will be used for visits of congratulation on some happy event, as, for instance, a marriage, or a birth; on the left lower corner, the word *Conge*, used for a visit previous to leaving town; the other corner is to be marked *Condolence*. Cards sent to friends before leaving for a long journey, are issued with the addition of P. P. C. in the left hand corner. These cards are inclosed in heavy and elegant, though plain, envelopes, ornamented with a tasteful monogram or initial.

In wedding invitations, all abbreviations, like eve. for evening, will be avoided, as well as P. M.; the word afternoon being preferable. Invitations to ceremonious weddings consist of a square note-sheet, embellished with a large monogram in relief, entwining the combined initials of the bride and groom. The individual cards of both bride and groom must be also inclosed, united with a neat white satin tie; and, in some cases, another card, with reception days for the following month.

A very neat style of card has the customary 'at home' on a note-sheet, a ceremony card, (at fixed hour,) and the united cards of bride and groom, all enclosed in a splendid large envelope, of the very finest texture, with an elaborate monogram, or ornamental initial. Among the neater forms for a quiet wedding at home is the following:

novelties in this way have recently made their appearance. For those fond of the game of croquet, monograms are formed of the implements of the game; and smokers may have their articles of smoking so arranged as to represent their initials.

AN ECONOMICAL WEDDING.

New York has long been celebrated for its magnificent entertainments, and especially for its weddings, and wedding breakfasts. On such occasions the guests, unwilling to be outdone by the host in liberality, sometimes vie with each other in presenting the bride elect with costly gifts of every description. One, two, or three rooms, as the case may be, are set apart at every "fashionable wedding," where the presents are displayed and commented upon by the invited guests. It has been frequently suggested by the more prudent members of society that these offerings be entirely suppressed, and that none but the immediate relations should commemorate the day in this wise; but the idea has met with no favor, till of late, when one of our fashionable "Murray Hill princes," took a most determined step toward reform. As it is the only case of the kind on record, a description of the wedding may not be uninteresting. Several hundred invitations were given, and at the appointed hour the parlors were crowded almost to suffocation. The bride was attired in a white marceline silk of most scant proportions; her veil consisted of one breadth of tulle caught in her comb, at the back of her hair; no flowers were worn except a very minute bunch in front of her dress. The groom was attired with like simplicity, thereby attracting considerable attention.

No refreshments were offered to the wearied guests, who gladly bade adieu, and returned to their homes. There was a false hope, raised in the minds of a few, on seeing a large bride cake in one corner, that a glass of wine and a piece of cake might be served; but the illusion was dispelled on questioning the waiter (one only being in attendance), who informed them he had instructions not to cut it! The presents were spread upon a small table, and created not a little astonishment. One five dollar gold piece was laid upon a card, bearing the inscription, "From your affectionate grandfather." A coin of half this value was presented by the "affectionate grandmother," while devoted brothers and sisters testified their affection by the presentation of a gold dollar each. As might be expected, the guests departed early. One lady was unfortunate enough to have ordered her carriage to call for her at midnight. She saw all depart, and then seated herself to await patiently its coming. After awhile a savory smell of oysters, coffee, etc., came floating on the air. With some confusion of manner the members of the family one by one disappeared, and after some delay, the host hesitatingly invited her to partake of some refreshments. She declined, and the family retired to discuss the supper; leaving her to await her carriage alone in the parlor.

THE BEST SOCIETY.

If New York has a profusion of gilt and glitter in its high life, it has also the real gold. The best society of the city is not to be found in what are known as "fashionable circles." It consists of persons of education and refinement, who are amongst the most polished and cultivated of the American people. To this class belonged Fennimore Cooper and Washington Irving. It is small, very exclusive, and careful as to whom it admits to its honors. Shoddy and its votaries cannot enter it, and therefore it is decidedly unfashionable.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TOMBS.

Leaving Broadway at Leonard or Franklin streets, one finds himself, after a walk of two blocks in an easterly direction, in a wide thoroughfare, called Centre street. His attention is at once attracted by a large, heavy granite building, constructed in the style of an Egyptian temple. This is the Tombs. The proper name of the building is "The Halls of Justice," but it is now by common consent spoken of simply as the Tombs. It occupies an entire square, and is bounded by Centre, Elm, Franklin, and Leonard streets. The main entrance is on Centre street, through a vast and gloomy corridor, the sternness of which is enough to strike terror to the soul of a criminal. Within the walls which face the street, is a large quadrangle. In this there are three prisons, several stories high. One of these is for men, the other for boys, and the third for women. The gallows stands in the prison yard, when there is need for it, all executions of criminals in this city being conducted as privately as possible.

The prison is one of the smallest in America, and is utterly inadequate to the necessities of the city. It was built at a time when New York was hardly half as large as the metropolis of to-day, and is now almost always overcrowded to an extent which renders it fearful. It is kept perfectly clean, its sanitary regulations being very rigid. It is very gloomy in its interior, and is one of the strongest and securest prisons in the world.

[Illustration: The Tombs—City Prison.]

No lights are allowed in the cells, which are very small, but a narrow aperture cut obliquely in the wall, near the ceiling, admits the sunshine, and at the same time cuts off the inmates from a view of what is passing without. Besides these, there are six comfortable cells located just over the main entrance. These are for the use of criminals of the wealthier class, who can afford to pay for such comforts. Forgers, fraudulent merchants, and the like, pass the hours of their detention in these rooms, while their humbler, but no more guilty brothers in crime are shut up in the close, narrow cells we have described. These rooms command a view of the street, so that their occupants are not entirely cut off from the outer world.

THE BUMMER'S CELL.

The main cell in the prison is a large room, with a capacity for holding about two hundred persons. It is known as the "Bummer's Cell." It is generally full on Saturday night, which is always a busy time for the police. The working classes are paid their weekly wages on Saturday, and having no labor to perform on the Sabbath, take Saturday night for their periodical dissipation, comforting themselves with the reflection that if they carry their revels to too great an excess, they can sleep off the bad effects on Sunday.

From sunset until long after midnight on Saturday, the police are busy ridding the streets of drunken and disorderly persons. As soon as a person is arrested, he is taken to the Toombs, or one of the station houses. It is the duty of the captain in charge of the precinct to lock up every person thus brought in. He has no discretion, and he is often compelled to throw those of whose innocence he is satisfied, into the company of the most abandoned wretches for an entire night. Drunkenness, disorderly conduct, and fighting are the principal charges brought against the Saturday night inmates of the Bummer's Cell. Many visitors to the city, by yielding to the temptation to drink too much liquor, pay for their folly by an acquaintance with the Bummer's Cell. They lose their self control in the splendid gin palaces of the city, and when they recover their consciousness find themselves in a hot, close room, filled with the vilest and most depraved wretches. The noise, profanity, and obscenity, are fearful. All classes, all ages, are represented there. Even little children are lost forever by being immured for a single night in such horrible company. The females are confined in a separate part of the prison. No entreaties or explanations are of the least avail. All must await with as much patience as possible, the opening of the court the next morning.

THE TOMBS POLICE COURT.

The Court opens at six o'clock on Sunday morning. It is presided over by Justice Joseph Bowling, a short, thick-set man, with a handsome face, and a full, well-shaped head, indicating both ability and determination. Judge Dowling is still a young man, and is one of the most efficient magistrates in the city. His decisions are quickly rendered, and are generally just. He has a hard class of people to deal with, and this has made him not a little sharp in his manner. A stranger is at once struck with the quick, penetrating power of his glance. He seems to look right through a criminal, and persons brought before him generally find it impossible to deceive him. This has made him the terror of criminals, who have come to regard an arraignment before him as equivalent to a conviction, as the one is tolerably sure to follow the other. At the same time he is kind and considerate to those who are simply unfortunate. Vice finds him an unrelenting foe, and virtue a fearless defender. So much for the man.

As soon as the Court is opened, the prisoners are called up in the order of their arrival during the previous night. Here drunkenness without disorder, and first offences of a minor character, are punished with a reprimand, and the prisoners are discharged. These cases constitute a majority of the arrests, and the number of persons in the dock is soon reduced to a mere handful. The more serious cases are either held for further examination or sent on trial before a higher court.

All classes of people come to the Justice with complaints of every description. Women come to complain of their husbands, and men of their wives. The Justice listens to them all, and if a remedy is needed, applies the proper one without delay. In most instances, he dismisses the parties with good advice, as their cases are not provided for by the law.

A SAD CASE.

Some of the cases which are brought up before the Tombs Court are deeply interesting. We take the following from the report of the General Agent of the New York Prison Association:

The case referred to is that of a woman indicted for burglary and grand larceny. She was guilty, and she felt and acknowledged it. She had lived in a neighboring city for the last six years, and for the last three years on the same floor with the complainant, and the consequence was they were very friendly and intimate. Her husband sustained a severe injury from a fall, and has since been in declining health, earning nothing for the last eighteen months. At length his mind gave way and his friends advised his removal to the Lunatic Asylum. He had been an inmate for six months, and his wife frequently visited him, always contributing to his wants and comforts. He improved so rapidly that the doctor informed his wife that on the following week, if the weather proved clear and fine, he should discharge him. The wife felt anxious to make her home more than ever cheerful and her husband happy, but she had no means. She thought of the abundance of clothing her neighbor possessed, and that some articles could be spared for a short time, probably without detection; and if she should be detected before she could redeem them, her friend would excuse her. She devised means to enter, and conveyed to the pawnbroker's two parcels of clothing, upon which she realized nine dollars; she made some purchases for the house, redeemed a coat for her husband, and then started for the asylum for the purpose of fetching him to her home. But on her arrival there, the physician told her that he had left a few hours before, that he was well and happy, and that she must keep him so. On her return home the larceny had been discovered, and the property found at the pawnbroker's; it had been pledged in her own name, and where she was well and favorably known. An officer was waiting, and she was taxed with the crime; she had destroyed the duplicate. The complainant gave her into the custody of the officer, but promised to forgive her if all the property was recovered. The husband went to his friends, and they advanced funds to redeem the property. It was returned, and also a hat paid for which had been taken. I carefully examined into this case and all its surroundings. The woman had sustained the reputation of being a sober, industrious, honest person; her state of mind was truly distressing, her greatest fear was that her husband would relapse, and she would be the cause of all his future misery. I submitted all these facts to the district attorney; he could not consent to any compromise, and again referred me to the county judge, who would not yield a tittle. Counsel having been assigned, a plea of guilty of grand larceny was put in by him, and she was remanded for sentence until Saturday. I felt very unhappy at her condition. On Friday evening I endeavored to find the district attorney, but failed; on Saturday morning I wrote him and asked him to concede that she could not be convicted of burglary, and then, was it not very doubtful whether she could be convicted of any thing more than petit larceny? If so, I urged him to consent to the withdrawal of the plea put in by her counsel, and then permit it to be substituted by one of petit larceny. My proposition met with favor; its suggestions were adopted, and the prisoner, instead of ignominy in the State Prison, was sent to the Penitentiary for three months. The woman is now in a situation at work, but her mind is ill at ease, as her husband has not been heard of since her imprisonment.

SAVED IN TIME.

"A member of an eminent firm in this city," says the gentleman from whose report the above case is taken, "called upon me with a request that I would visit a youth, aged seventeen years, now in the Tombs, charged upon his complaint with embezzling various sums of money whilst in their employ as collecting clerk. He felt anxious I should see him, and then advise what should be done. The next morning I repaired to the prison, and had the youth brought from his cell, when he made the following statement: That he lived and boarded with his widowed mother and sisters in a neighboring city, where also he had taken an active part in all their religious meetings and enterprises. He thinks he experienced a great moral change when first he became a member, and until of late had made religious duties his greatest delight. He had regarded his family as one of the happiest that could be found. Some seven or eight months since he was introduced to the firm referred to, and they engaged his services, agreeing to give him five dollars per week. He was soon appreciated by his employers, and they advanced his salary to seven dollars a week, out of which he paid his mother for board five dollars, and one dollar for his weekly fare on the railroad. This left him but one dollar for his own use. He soon became acquainted with other collecting clerks, with whom he took lunch, first a sandwich and a cup of coffee, and then dinners and dessert. *In this way the money of his employers disappeared.* He could not charge himself with any one special act of extravagance. He felt, he said, ashamed of himself, and deeply pained before God, and wondered that he could not see and feel before that he has sinned grievously. I now urged him to conceal nothing, but tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, and to pause and consider before he answered the next question I should put to him, as it was a very serious one. 'How long would it take to induce him, with solemn purpose of heart, to resolve, unalterably resolve, never to be guilty of a repetition of crime, never to spend a cent belonging to another?' The

penalty for his offence was from one year to five in a State prison. I then begged him to inform me how I should approach his honor the judge, before whom he must be brought if prosecuted. Should I ask the court to show him mercy, and send him but for two years? or would it require a longer sentence to effect a permanent change in his life? He wept distressingly, and said: 'Oh, save me from such a fate, if not for mine, for my mother's sake. Beg and pray of the firm to show me mercy, and I will be careful and honest for the future.' One of the gentlemen called upon me and inquired if I had seen this youth."

[Illustration: Scene in the Tombs Police Court]

I replied that I had. 'Then what do you advise?' I asked if it was known in the house that the lad was a defaulter. 'To none but my partner' he replied. Then, said I, the best advice I am capable of giving is, *forgive him, ask the court to discharge him, and take him back again into your office.* I am happy to say that my advice was adopted. The youth was discharged, forgiven, and taken back again into the house, and is now performing his duties with alacrity, very grateful to the Association, and more especially to the firm for their noble conduct in this matter. That young man has no doubt been saved from a career of crime.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

The prisoners confined in the Tombs are provided with the means of hearing divine service every Sunday. The Roman Catholic clergy have the exclusive privilege of ministering to the spiritual wants of the women and children, and for this purpose have quite a nice little chapel fitted up in the female department of the prison. The Sisters of Charity preside over this part of the prison at all times, and no one is permitted to interfere with them.

The Protestant clergy are permitted to preach to the male prisoners in the main corridor of the prison. The preacher stands on the platform at the upper end of the passage, and the prisoners in their cells can hear him without seeing him. They pay little or no attention to him, but receive their friends in their cells, or employ themselves according to their own fancies during the preaching. The bummers are grouped in the corridor just below the preacher, and are called out from time to time by the keepers, as they are wanted in the court room. The minister is frequently annoyed and embarrassed by the shouts; jeers, and imitations of the prisoners in their cells.

CHAPTER VII.

REFORMATORY ESTABLISHMENTS.

The principal reformatory establishments of New York city are the Penitentiary, on Blackwell's Island, and the House of Refuge, devoted to juvenile criminals, on Randall's Island.

THE PENITENTIARY.

The large pile of buildings which forms such a prominent object on Blackwell's Island, known as the Penitentiary, is familiar to most of the residents of New York City, though the every day life of its inmates is practically known only to that class to which they immediately belong.

The Penitentiary, which is under the wardenship of Mr. Fitch, is capable of accommodating about seven hundred and fifty prisoners, but at present their numbers are slightly under five hundred—about three hundred men, and ninety women. The prisoners are divided into classes, the particular dress of each indicating the nature and gravity of their offences, and though amenable to the same laws as to labor and discipline, they work in separate gangs and mess by themselves. They are under the control of twenty-four keepers, each keeper, who is heavily armed, having fifteen men in his charge, whose roll he calls, and for whose absence he is responsible. At six o'clock the prisoners are all paraded to call the roll, at half-past six they have breakfast, consisting of dry bread and a bowl of coffee, and at seven, those who are skilled workmen are told off to the blacksmiths', carpenters', tailors', and weavers' shops, where all necessary repairs to the building and its fittings are done, and the clothing for the prisoners is made; others to labor in the gardens and fields, while the remainder are marched off in two divisions, one to work in the stone quarries at home, the others to be conveyed by the Commissioners' steam vessel Bellevue to the quarries on Ward's Island. The female prisoners are principally occupied in the sewing-room, in the brush-manufactory, in washing clothes, and scrubbing out the cells.

The majority of the prisoners are committed for assault and battery or larceny, for terms varying from one month to four years and a half; those committed for graver offences are confined at Sing Sing; all drunkards, vagrants, and disorderly characters at the workhouse. During the past year two thousand three hundred and fifteen persons were incarcerated for different periods—two thousand one hundred and thirty-nine whites, one hundred and seventy-six blacks. Of these about one third were native Americans, one third Irish, one tenth German, and the remainder of various nationalities. The visitor to the Penitentiary cannot but be struck by the youth of the male prisoners compared with that of the females, the bulk of the males being between fourteen and thirty years of age, the females between twenty-five and fifty. Few young girls find their way here, as in their earlier career they are able to gain enough by a life of prostitution, without committing larceny, and consequently do not resort to it till their charms begin to wear, and the consequent diminution of their means of subsistence from such a source compels them to resort to some other. There is another fact which appears in these statistics of crime, one highly suggestive to the housekeeper. Of the four hundred and eleven female prisoners committed during the past year, no less than three hundred and two were domestic servants, and of these two hundred and forty-one were Irish girls and women.

At twelve o'clock the prison bell rings for dinner. It is a sad sight to stand on the terrace and see the various gangs of men and lads march home from their work, the greater proportion of them fine, sturdy looking young fellows; it is sadder still to see some of them carrying a heavy iron ball and chain slung over the shoulder and attached to a strong iron band locked round the leg immediately above the ankle. These men have tried to escape. Necessary as it may be to adopt such measures to prevent them from repeating the attempt, surely it is unnecessarily cruel to compel these poor creatures to wear their irons at night. Their dinner consists of a can of soup, a plate of meat, and ten ounces of bread. They are allowed one hour, and are then marched back again to their work in the quarries; they have supper, bread and coffee, at five o'clock, and at half-past five they are all locked in their cells, which, though scrupulously clean, are certainly too small (about the size of an ordinary clothes closet), considering that the prisoners have to pass twelve hours out of the twenty-four in them.

On Sunday the sewing-room of the female prisoners is used as a Chapel, the men attending services in the morning, the women in the afternoon; once a month there is service for the Roman Catholic prisoners. The convicts have no privileges; a sharp, intelligent lad may become a hall boy or get employed in the mess room; or a mechanic may be appointed to one of the workshops and so gain some slight relief from the monotony of their lives; but they get no reward, beyond a little tobacco once a week for chewing; smoking is strictly prohibited; once a month they are allowed to be visited by their friends. On entering the building the visitor is forcibly struck by the following inscription over the doorway.

'The way of the transgressor is hard.'

'Such is the greeting to the unfortunate criminal as he puts his foot, often for the first time, within the prison walls. If an inscription be necessary, surely the Department of Public Charities and Correction might have chosen one less harsh in character; one that breathes a larger amount of Christian charity to a poor fellow creature, one that may offer him some small portion of that encouragement which is so essential to his reformation. Some such epigram as 'it is never too late to mend' would be altogether more suitable and far more encouraging.

THE HOUSE OF REFUGE.

The Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction, in their last report, made the startling announcement that there are no less than thirty-nine thousand children in the City of New York, growing up in ignorance and idleness. These children, influenced from their cradles by the most terrible surroundings, have no alternative but to become beggars and thieves almost as soon as they can run alone. Thousands of them are orphans, or perhaps worse, for they are often the children of parents who, ignoring the laws of nature, use them for the purpose of furthering their own vicious ends. They live principally in a neighborhood which abounds in lodging-houses for sailors, the lowest class of liquor stores, dancing and concert rooms, and various other low places of amusement; a neighborhood swarming with brothels, whose wretched inmates are permitted to flaunt their sin and finery, and ply their hateful trade openly, by day and night; where at midnight the quarrels, fights, and disturbances, are so noisy and so frequent that none can hope for a night's rest until they are inured by habit; where, night after night, they witness the most desperate encounters between drunken men and women, kicking, biting, and tearing one another's hair out, as they roll together in the gutter, or, as is too often the case, using deadly weapons, and where the crowd, instead of interfering to stop these awful scenes, stand by in a brutal enjoyment of them, abetting and encouraging the principal actors therein. And their homes, what are they? Their fathers, often out of work, are unable to support their families; their clothes, their bedding, their furniture, all gone to the pawn-shop; father, mother, and

children, are often compelled to sleep on the bare boards, huddling close together for warmth in one ill-built, ill-ventilated room. Amid their misery, this neglect of the common decencies of life, this unblushing effrontery of reckless vice and crime, what chance have these poor unhappy little children of becoming decent members of society. They are sickly from the want of proper nourishment, vicious from example, ignorant because they do not care to learn, and their parents take no trouble to compel them to do so, and must inevitably grow up only to swell the already fearful sum total of our criminal population. At ten the boys are thieves, at fifteen the girls are all prostitutes.

A system of State reformatories and State apprenticeships on an extensive scale is the only way of grappling with this terrible state of things. Such institutions as the House of Refuge on Randall's Island have done and are doing much, but a dozen such institutions might be established with advantage in the State of New York alone. On Randall's Island the young criminal has the opportunity of acquiring regular habits and learning a useful trade. They are subject to a humane, though strict discipline, and a very large per centage, especially of the boys, do undoubtedly become reformed. This reformatory, a wise combination of school and prison, can accommodate one thousand inmates. There are at present about eight hundred boys, and one hundred and fifty girls on the register. The boys' building is divided into two compartments, the first division, in the one, is thus entirely separated from the second division, in the other compartment. The second division is composed of those whose characters are decidedly bad, or whose offence was great. A boy may, by good conduct, however, get promoted from the second into the first division. As a rule the second division are much older than the first. Each division is divided into four grades. Every boy on entering the Reformatory is placed in the third grade; if he behaves well he is placed in the second in a week, and a month after to the first grade; if he continues in a satisfactory course for three months, he is placed in the grade of honor, and wears a badge on his breast. Every boy in the first division must remain six months, in the second division twelve months in the first grade, before he can be indentured to any trade. These two divisions are under the charge of twenty-five teachers and twenty-five guards. At half-past six o'clock the cells are all unlocked, every one reports himself to the overseer, and then goes to the lavatories; at seven, after parading, they are marched to the school rooms to join in religious exercises for half an hour; at half-past seven they have breakfast, and at eight are told off to the work-shops, where they remain till twelve, when they again parade, previous to going to dinner. For dinner they have a large plate of excellent soup, a small portion of meat, a small loaf of bread, and a mug of water. At one o'clock they return to their work. When they have completed their allotted task they are allowed to play till four, when they have supper. At half-past four they go to school, where they remain till eight o'clock, the time for going to bed. Each boy has a separate cell, which is locked and barred at night. The cells are in long, lofty, well ventilated corridors, each corridor containing one hundred cells. The doors of the cells are all grated, in order that the boys may have light and air, and also be under the direct supervision of the officers, who, though very strict, apparently know well how to temper strictness with kindness. Before going to bed, half an hour is again devoted to religious exercises, singing hymns, reading the Bible, etc. There is a large chapel, where the services are conducted on Sunday, the girls having the gallery to themselves. There is, however, no Catholic service. This, surely, is not right. At the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island they have service once a month for the Catholics. Of the six hundred and eighty-two children committed from the Courts during the year 1867, no less than four hundred and fourteen were Irish, and in all probability a large proportion of these are Roman Catholics. Institutions of this character should certainly be made as unsectarian as possible.

One of the most interesting, and at the same time, one of the most important features of the Refuge, is the workshop. On entering the shop, the visitor is amused by finding a lot of little urchins occupied in making ladies' hoopskirts of the latest fashionable design; nearly 100 are engaged in the crinoline department. In the same long room, about 50 are weaving wire for sifting cotton, making wire sieves, rat traps, gridirons, flower baskets, cattle noses, etc. The principal work, however, is carried on in the boot and shoe department. The labor of the boys is let out to contractors, who supply their own foremen to teach the boys and superintend the work, but the society have their own men to keep order and correct the boys when necessary, the contractors' men not being allowed to interfere with them in any way whatever. There are 590 boys in this department. They manage on an average to turn out about 2,500 pairs of boots and shoes daily, which are mostly shipped to the Southern States. Each one has a certain amount of work allotted to him in the morning, which he is bound to complete before four o'clock in the afternoon. Some are quicker and more industrious than others, and will get their work done by two o'clock; this gives two hours' play to those in the first division, the second division have to go to school when they have finished till three o'clock, they only being allowed one hour for recreation. The authorities are very anxious to make arrangements to have a Government vessel stationed off the island, to be used as a training-ship for the most adventurous spirits. If this design is carried out it will be a very valuable adjunct to the working of the institution, and will enable the Directors to take in many more boys, without incurring the expense of extending the present buildings. The girls are also employed in making hoop skirts, in making clothes for themselves and the boys, in all sorts of repairing, in washing linen, and in general housework. The girls are generally less tractable than the boys;

perhaps this is accounted for by their being older, some of them being as much as five or six and twenty. The boys average about 13 or 14, the girls 17 or 18 years of age. Nearly two thirds of the boys have been boot-blacks, the remainder mostly what are technically known as 'wharf rats.' Some of them are now in the house for the third time; one, a lad only 15 years of age, has passed one year in a juvenile asylum, four years in a reformatory, and is now at Randall's Island. Another has been three times convicted of horse stealing; he would, late at night, ask permission to sleep in a stable; he is a complete cripple, and by attracting sympathy his request was often granted; when every one had left the place he would quietly open the door and lead out the horses. On each occasion that he was convicted he managed to get off with three horses. Another little fellow, only six years old, with a chum, broke into a pipe store, and stole 150 meerschaum pipes; he was however detected while trying to dispose of them. There is a colored lad, about eighteen, who is very amusing; he is a great orator, and addresses the others on all subjects, both general and political. On one occasion, when the Principal ventured to ask him whom he had adopted as his model for speaking, he grandly replied, 'I will have you to know, sir, that I am no servile imitator.' Some of the boys cannot overcome their thieving propensities, but will, even in the Refuge, purloin things that can be of no earthly use to them, if they get the chance. They are very quick and expert. Only a few days ago one of the boys fell down in a fit in the schoolroom; some of the others assisted the teacher to carry him into the open air. The poor fellow had a collection of nick-nacks in one pocket, and about 20 penny pieces in the other, but during the moment that passed in carrying him out both pockets were emptied. The Directors of the house of Refuge, while having a due regard for the well-being of its inmates, very properly take care that they are not so comfortable or so well fed as to lead them to remain longer in the reformatory than necessary. As soon as the boys appear to be really reformed they are indentured out to farmers and different trades. In the year 1867 no less than 633 boys and 146 girls were started in life in this way. Any person wishing to have a child indentured to him, has to make a formal application to the Committee to that effect, at the same time giving references as to character, etc. Inquiries are made, and if satisfactorily answered, the child is handed over to his custody, the applicant engaging to feed, clothe, and educate his young apprentice. The boy's new master has to forward a written report to the officer, as to his health and general behavior from time to time. If the boy does not do well, he is sent back to the Refuge, and remains there till he is 21 years of age. Most of the children, however, get on, and many of them have made for themselves respectable positions in society. The annals of the Society in this respect are very gratifying and interesting. Many young men never lose sight of a Refuge which rescued them in time from a criminal life, and to which they owe almost their very existence. Instead of alternating between the purlieu of Water street and Sing Sing, they are many of them in a fair way to make a fortune. One young man who was brought up there, and is now thriving, lately called at the office to make arrangements for placing his two younger brothers in the House, they having got into bad company since their father's death. A very remarkable occurrence took place at the institution not long ago. A gentleman and his wife, apparently occupying a good position in society, called at the Refuge and asked to be allowed to go over it. Having inspected the various departments, just before leaving, the gentleman said to his wife, 'Now I will tell you a great secret. I was brought up in this place.' The lady seemed much surprised, and astounded all by quietly observing 'And so was I.' So strange are the coincidences of human life.

"The last financial report issued by the Managers is certainly encouraging, and might be studied with advantage by the Directors of other public institutions. The total expenditures for the year 1867, for an average of nine hundred and ninety inmates, was \$115,036; but the earnings of the work-shops amounted to \$55,090, making the net expenditures \$59,946. In 1864, the net cost of each child was \$83; in 1865, \$80; in 1866, \$74, and in 1867, \$61. In 1864, the net earnings of each child were \$39; in 1865, \$42; in 1866, \$49, and in 1867, \$56, showing every successive year a better result. At the Red Hill Reformatory in England, the net cost of each child for the year 1867, was \$135, and the net earnings of each child \$30. The total expenditure of the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island for last year was \$93,966 for an average of five hundred and thirty three-inmates; deducting \$15,175, the value of convict labor, the net expenditure was \$77,791, making the net annual cost of each convict \$146. After making all allowances for difference of age, etc., there is a very wide margin between \$146 and \$61. The Principal of the Refuge, Mr. Israel C. Jones, has been occupied for seventeen years in Reformatory work, and no doubt the successful results attending the operations of this society are mainly due to his great experience. Mr. Jones takes great pleasure in receiving visitors who are desirous of seeing the practical workings of his system."

CHAPTER VIII.

LINES OF TRAVEL.

In a city so vast as New York, one of the greatest considerations is to provide ample means for rapid and sure passage from one part of the corporate limits to another. Persons who live at the upper end of the island cannot think of walking to their places of business or labor. To say nothing of the loss of time they would incur, the fatigue of such a walk would unfit nine out of ten for the duties of the day. For this reason all the lines of travel in the City are more or less crowded every day. The means of transportation now at the command of the people are the street railways and the omnibusses, or stages; as they are called.

THE STREET CARS.

The majority of the street railways centre at the Astor House and City Hall. From these points one can always find a car to almost any place in the city. The fare is six cents to any part of the City below 62nd Street, and seven to any point above that and below 130th Street. The cars are all more or less crowded. With the exception of a few lines, they are dirty. An insufficient number are provided, and one half of the passengers are compelled to stand. The conductors and drivers are often rude and sometimes brutal in their treatment of passengers. One meets all sorts of people in these cars. The majority of them are rough and dirty and contact with them keeps a person in constant dread of an attack of the itch, or some kindred disease. Crowded cars are a great resort for pickpockets, and many valuable articles and much money are annually stolen by the light-fingered gentry in these vehicles.

The wages paid to employees by the various companies are not large, and the drivers and conductors make up the deficiency by appropriating a part of the fares to their own use. Some are very expert at this, but many are detected, discharged from the service of the company, and handed over to the police. The companies exert themselves vigorously to stop such practices, but thus far they have not been successful. Spies, or "Spotters," as the road men term them, are kept constantly travelling over the lines to watch the conductors. These note the number of passengers transported during the trip, and when the conductors' reports are handed in at the receiver's office, they examine them, and point out any inaccuracies in them. They soon become known to the men. They are cordially hated, and sometimes fare badly at the hands of parties whose evil doings they have exposed. As all the money paid for fares is received by the conductor, he alone can abstract the "plunder." He is compelled to share it with the driver, however, in order to purchase his silence. In this way, the companies lose large sums of money annually.

There is either a car or stage route on all the principal streets running North and South. There are, besides these, several "cross town" lines, or lines running across the City. East and West, from river to river. The fare on these is five cents. They cross all the other railways, and their termini are at certain ferries on the North and East Rivers.

THE STAGES.

The stages of New York are a feature of the great city which must be seen to be appreciated. They are fine, handsome coaches, with seats running lengthways, and capable of seating from twelve to fourteen persons. They are drawn by two horses, and have all the lightness and comfort of a fine spring wagon. Their routes begin at the various ferries on the East river, from which they reach Broadway by the nearest ways. They pass up Broadway for over a mile, and turn off from it to other sections of the city at various points between Bleecker and Twenty-third streets. The fare in these vehicles is ten cents, and is paid to the driver, who communicates with the passenger by means of a hole in the upper and front end of the coach. The checkstring passes from the door through this hole, and is fastened to the driver's foot. By means of this, a passenger can at any moment stop the stage. In order that the driver may distinguish between a signal to stop the coach and one to receive the passenger's fare, a small gong, worked by means of a spring, is fastened at the side of the hole. By striking this the passenger at once commands the driver's attention.

The stage drivers are entirely exposed to the weather, and suffer greatly from the extremes of heat and cold. They can not leave their seats, and are oftentimes terribly frozen in the winter, before reaching the ends of their routes. They are constantly on the watch for passengers, and it is amusing to watch the means to which they resort to fill their coaches. In the early morning, and towards the close of the day, they have no need to solicit custom, for then both stages and cars are crowded to their utmost capacity. During the rest of the day, however, they exert themselves to fill their coaches. They are called upon to exercise no little skill in driving. Broadway, and the cross streets along their routes, are always crowded with vehicles, and it requires more dexterity than one would at first suppose, to avoid accidents.

Good drivers are always in demand. Their wages are fair, and they are allowed the greater part of Saturday, or some other day in the week, and as the stages do not run on Sunday, they are always sure of two "off-days" out of the seven. Like the street railway men, they consider it perfectly legitimate to fill their own pockets at the expense of the owners of the vehicles. The writer of these pages once had a long conversation upon this subject with the driver of a stage. Jehu endeavored to justify the practice of robbing his employers by a number of very ingenious arguments, and finally closed with the remark:

"Well, you see, Mr. Martin, where the boss is a sensible man, he don't object to a driver's making a few dollars for himself, for he knows that a man who can make a plenty of stamps for himself will always make a plenty for the boss, to keep from being found out; and it is a fact, sir, that them as makes most for themselves always makes the biggest returns to the office."

The drivers are frequently in trouble with the police. They have a holy horror of falling into the hands of these limbs of the law, and this feeling renders them more careful in their driving, and general conduct while on duty.

Owing to the high rate of fare demanded by the stages, the rougher and dirtier portion of the community are seldom met in them. The passengers are generally of the better class, and one meets with more courtesy and good breeding here than in the street cars. Ladies, unaccompanied by gentlemen, prefer the stages to the cars. They are cleaner, and females are less liable to annoyance.

[Illustration: Scene on Broadway—Dangers of crossing]

Like the cars, however, they are the favorite resorts of pickpockets. At night they are patronized to such an extent by streetwalkers seeking custom, that the city press has styled them "perambulating assignation houses."

THE FERRIES.

Including the Harlem and Staten Island lines, there are twenty-three lines of ferries plying between New York and the adjacent shores. Of these, nine are in the North or Hudson river, and fourteen in the East river. The boats are large side-wheel vessels, capable of carrying both foot-passengers, horses, and vehicles. Early in the morning they are crowded with persons and teams coming into the city, and in the afternoon the travel is equally great away from the city. On some of the lines the boats ply every five minutes; on others the intervals are longer. The Harlem and Staten Island boats start hourly—the fare on these lines is ten cents. On the East river lines it is two cents, on the North river three cents.

The boats are large and handsome. Nearly all of them are lighted with gas, and at least a score of them are seen in the stream at the same moment. At night, with their many colored lights, they give to the river quite a gala appearance. The travel on them is immense. Over fifty millions of persons are annually transported by them. Many often carry from 800 to 1000 passengers at a single trip.

During the summer it is pleasant enough to cross either of the rivers which encircle the island; but in the winter such travelling is very dangerous. Storms of snow, fogs, and floating ice interfere greatly with the running of the boats, and render accidents imminent. Collisions are frequent during rough or thick weather, and the ice sometimes carries the boats for miles out of their course. The East river is always more or less crowded with vessels of all kinds, either in motion or at anchor, and even in fair weather it is only by the exercise of the greatest skill on the part of the pilot that collisions can be avoided. The following incident from one of the city journals for November 14, 1868, will show how terrible these accidents are:

"Early this morning, when the Brooklyn boats are most crowded, chiefly with workmen and girls coming to the city just before working hours, a frightful collision took place as one of the Fulton ferry boats was entering the New York slip, resulting in the wounding of probably twenty persons, many of them fatally. At that hour four boats are run on the Fulton ferry, the Union and Columbia running on a line, as also the Hamilton and Clinton. The Clinton being slightly detained on the New York side, the Hamilton, waiting for her, remained longer than usual at the Brooklyn slip, and received therefore an immense load of passengers, probably over a thousand. At this time in the morning, it being flood tide, a strong current sets up the East river from Governor's Island, which is just now further strengthened by the freshet on the Hudson. The Hamilton, therefore, after being carried up on the Brooklyn side, and turning in the centre of the river, steamed down some distance below the New York slip, as usual, in order not to be carried beyond by the upward tide. Turning, she then came up to the slip, where the Union was laying, chained up, at the southern or lower ferry-way. Close in by the piers an eddy from the main current which strikes New York about Beekman street, sets strongly down stream. As the Hamilton came into the slip from below, aiming at the upper ferry-way, her bow was caught by this eddy and swung around with great force toward the end of the Union. The Hamilton having a full load

and the Union having just discharged hers, the former was much the lower in the water. The projecting guard of the Union therefore entered the front part of the ladies' cabin at about the height of the seats, and also smashed the rails on the outer deck. This particular part of the boat was, of course, the most densely crowded, and the consequences of the shock were frightful. One boy, George Brewer, who was said to have been outside the chain, was caught by the foot and instantly killed, his head and a good part of the body being mashed to a jelly. Several had their feet cut off below the knee, and a dozen others were seriously injured. The following is the list of those known to be hurt. It is probable that several cases have not yet been discovered, and one or two may have fallen overboard and not yet been missed. People looking anxiously for missing friends, supposed to have been on the fated boat, have been calling in great numbers during the morning at the ferry-house and the police station."

Efforts have been made to span the East river with a bridge, for the purpose of affording sure and safe communication between this city and Brooklyn, but the plan has always met with the sternest and most uncompromising hostility from the ferry companies, who wish to retain their present enormous business.

CHAPTER IX.

STREET MUSICIANS.

Street musicians in New York are as plentiful as the leaves in Vallambrosa. One cannot walk two blocks in the entire City, without hearing from one to half a dozen street instruments in full blast. A few of the instruments are good and in perfect tune, but the majority emit only the most horrible discord.

THE ORGAN GRINDERS.

Only a few of the organ grinders own their organs. The majority hire them from parties who make a business of letting them. The rent varies from two to twenty dollars per month, according to the quality of the instrument; the French flute-organ commanding the best price. The owners of the organs generally manage to inspire the "grinders" with a wholesome terror of them, so that few instruments are carried off unlawfully, and after all, the organ grinders are generally more unfortunate than dishonest.

The men are generally Italians. Occasionally a German or Swiss is seen, but Italy contributes the great majority. Women are not often seen on the streets in such capacities, except in company with their relatives or lovers, and then they accompany the organ with the tambourine.

In good weather, a man with a good flute-organ can generally make from two to five dollars a day. Those who have the best instruments seek the best neighborhoods in the upper part of the city. There they are always sure of an audience of children, whose parents pay well, and some of these seemingly poor fellows have made as much as from ten to fifteen dollars in a day and evening. In bad weather, however, they are forced to be idle, as a good organ cannot be exposed with impunity at such times. The "grinders" pay from five to eight dollars per month for their rooms, and sustain their families entirely upon macaroni. They use but a single room for all the purposes of the family, and, no matter how many are to be accommodated with sleeping arrangements, manage to get along in some way. They are very exclusive, and herd by themselves in a section of Five Points. Baxter and Park and the adjoining streets are taken up, to a great extent, with Italians.

The better class of Italians keep their apartments as neat as possible. Children of a genial clime, they are fond of heat, and the temperature of their rooms stands at a stage which would suffocate an American.

As a general rule, the organ grinders are better off in this country than in their own. Their wants are simple, and they can live with comfort on an amazingly small sum.

There are, however, many who are not so fortunate as those to whom we have referred. These are the great majority of the organ grinders, the owners, or renters of the vile, discordant instruments which are the bane of city people. They earn comparatively little but kicks and curses. They are ordered off by irate householders, and receive but little or no consideration from the police. They live in wretchedness and want. Their homes are vile and filthy, and they are the perpetrators of a great many of the crimes that disgrace the city. They are frequent visitors at the Tombs, and are ready to be employed for any

dirty job for which unscrupulous men may wish to engage them.

THE WANDERING MINSTRELS.

Any one who can turn a crank can manage a street organ. The arrangement of the instrument being entirely automatic, no knowledge of music on the part of the grinder is necessary. Another class of street minstrels are required to possess a certain amount of musical skill in order to perform creditably. These are the strolling harpers and violinists. Like the organ grinders they are chiefly Italians, but they are not so fortunate in a pecuniary sense. Their earnings are very slender, and they live lives of want and misery. A very few are excellent performers, but the great mass have not the faintest idea of music.

CHILD MINSTRELS.

It is said that there are several hundred child minstrels in the City of New York, by which we mean children below the age of sixteen or seventeen years. They are chiefly Italians, but there are a few Swiss and some Germans amongst them. They are generally to be found in the streets in pairs; but sometimes three "travel" together, and sometimes only one is to be found.

Mr. Nathan D. Urner, of the *Tribune*, whose experience of city life has made him a valuable authority in such matters, has recently contributed an article on this subject to *Packard's Monthly* for November, 1868, from which we make the following interesting quotations:

"As a general rule, the little ones have parents or relatives—mostly engaged in the same business—to whose support they contribute; but there are both men and women in the city—and most heartless, worthless wretches they are—who import orphan children from Naples and Tuscany, for the purpose of turning their childish talents, both as musicians and beggars, to practical account. Indeed, a number of years ago, there was a villain, living in Baxter street, who employed at one time fourteen children, mostly girls, in this manner. His name, if my memory serves me correctly, was Antonelli. At any rate, by a cruel system of punishment and semi-starvation, he reaped considerable profit from the unfortunates—compelling them to steal as well as beg, and converting the girls into outcasts at the earliest possible age—until his arrest and imprisonment in the penitentiary of a neighboring State released them from their bondage, though only, it is to be feared, to fall into hands quite as bad. But they are seldom much better off, even if they have parents. A detective police officer told me that he knew of half-a-dozen cases where Italian fathers of this class had made a regular business of hiring out their children for the purposes of prostitution; and the precocity of development and expression frequently betrayed by the girls, still young in years, is mournful evidence of the truth of his statement."

It is astonishing to see how little musical talent is exhibited by these little ones, whose natures are drawn from the land of music. We have repeatedly seen them sawing away patiently at a violin, or jerking the strings of a harp, but could detect no semblance of melody in the noise they made. Not a few of the little ones endeavor to make up in dancing what they lack in musical skill. Their parents or proprietors are harsh and stern with them, and endeavor to beat some slight knowledge of their art into them, but it is a long time before they succeed. Sometimes death steps in to end the troubles of the child before success has crowned the efforts of the parent. Let us hope the little voices will be more melodious in the unseen world.

Sometimes these children will be found in pairs on the streets, consisting of a boy with a small harp, and a girl with a violin; or sometimes two girls; one with an old, broken guitar, and the other with a tambourine; or, again, of two boys, with harp and violin. Their music, at the best, is but worthless, and their voices have a cracked, harsh, monotonous cadence, but they also possess a sadness which rarely fails to bring a penny or two into the outstretched hat. They are dirty, ragged, and more like monkeys than children, but they have a wistfulness and weariness about their gaze and manner that make one's heart ache. It is so sad to see young children condemned to such lives. They are very young, the average age being eight years, but they do not seem like children. You think they are little old men and women.

At all hours of the day, and until late at night, you may hear their music along the streets, and listen to their sad, young voices going up to the ear that is always open to them. They are half fed and half clothed, and their filthiness is painful to behold. They sleep in fair weather under a door step, in some passage-way or cellar, or in a box or hogshead on the street, and in the winter huddle together in the cold and darkness of their sleeping places, for we cannot call them homes, and long for the morning to come. The cold weather is very hard upon them. They love the warm sun, and during the season of ice and snow are in a constant state of semi-torpor. You see them on the street, in their thin, ragged garments, so much overpowered by the cold that they can scarcely strike or utter a note. Sometimes they are permitted by the keeper of some saloon to approach his stove for a moment or two. These are

the bright periods of their dark lives, for as a general rule, they are forced to remain in the streets, plying their avocations until late in the night, for blows and curses are their reward should they fail to carry to those who own them a fair day's earnings. Give them a penny or two, should they ask it, reader. You will not miss it. It is more to them than to you, and it will do you no harm for the recording angel to write opposite the follies and sins of your life that you cast one gleam of sunshine into the heart of one of these little minstrels.

AN INCIDENT.

During one of the heavy snows of the last winter, one of these child harpers was trudging wearily down Fifth Avenue, on his way to the vile quarter in which he was to spend the night. It was intensely cold, and the little fellow's strength was so much exhausted by the bleak night wind that he staggered under the weight of his harp. At length he sat down on the steps of a splendid mansion to rest. The house was brilliantly lighted, and he looked around timidly as he seated himself, expecting the usual command to move off. No one noticed him, however, and he leaned wearily against the balustrade, and gazed at the handsome windows through which the rich, warm light streamed out into the wintry air. As he sat there, strains of exquisite music, and the sounds of dancing, floated out into the night. The little fellow clasped his hands in ecstasy and listened. He had never heard such melody, and it made his heart ache to think how poor and mean was his own minstrelsy compared with that with which his ears were now ravished. The wind blew fierce and keen down the grand street, whirling the snow about in blinding clouds, but the boy neither saw nor heard the strife of the elements. He heard only the exquisite melody that came floating out to him from the warm, luxurious mansion, and which grew sweeter and richer every moment. The cold, hard street became more and more indistinct to him, and he sat very still with his hands clasped, and his eyes closed.

The ball ended towards the small hours of the morning, and the clatter of carriages dashing up to the door of the mansion, gave the signal to the guests that it was time to depart. No one had seen the odd-looking bundle that lay on the street steps, half buried in the snow, and which might have lain there until the morning had not some one stumbled over it in descending to the carriages. With a half curse, one of the men stooped down to examine the strange object, and found that the bundle of rags and filth contained the unconscious form of a child. The harp, which lay beside him, told his story. He was one of the little outcasts of the streets. Scorning to handle such an object, the man touched him with his foot to arouse him, thinking he had fallen asleep. Alas! it was the eternal sleep.

A SAD STORY.

Mr. Nathan D. Urner, from whose interesting paper in *Packard's Monthly* we have already quoted, draws the following touching picture of minstrel life:

A horrible murder had been committed. All engaged in it, including the victim, were foreigners. There was not a redeeming feature, not even the rather equivocal one of passion's frenzy, connected with the deed. It was deliberate, long-concerted, mercenary, atrocious, and bloody. The murderers—there were two—were shortly afterwards arrested; tried, convicted, and sentenced to death, with a dispatch and inexorableness which—probably owing to their friendlessness—was somewhat unusual under the statutes of this State. The most affecting incident connected with the condemned—both of them desperate villains—was the parting scene between the Italian criminal (his comrade was a Spaniard) and his child. This was a little girl, scarcely ten years of age; I doubt if she numbered so many. The man was low-browed, narrow-templed, and of a generally brutal, repulsive aspect. They were about to lead him into the dungeon of the condemned, the studded door of which would not open again save to admit his passage to the gallows-tree; and his poor child was beside him. Hardened, sin-stained as he was, the father was himself visibly affected; but the tempest of wild, passionate grief that agitated the little girl, so soon to be left an orphan, was something remarkable in one of her years.

She was evidently a child of the streets. Her dress was ragged and foul, and even her face so unclean as to be barely redeemed by the large, beautiful black eyes which would alone have betrayed the sunny clime of her origin. While the wretched criminal stood, shame-facedly and with drooping crest, before her, she fell upon his manacled hands, kissing them wildly, and betraying in her childish grief all the deep, sensitive, despairing sorrow of a woman. The villain before her might have often beaten her, debased her immeasurably, but the mysterious cord that linked their beating hearts was unbroken, though it sang like a bowstring in the gusty horror that swept between, and stretched to attenuation as the elder spirit sank, groaning, into the abyss of its own wickedness. Hot tears gushed from her eyes, her little throat was swollen with the choking sobs, and her narrow, rag-covered chest heaved with tumultuous agony. But after he was taken away, when the iron door which to her was, indeed, the door of the tomb, had closed between them forever, she became quickly calm, and her face soon wore an air

of quiet resignation.

As she was about leaving the court-room she stooped and picked up a weather-stained guitar. I guessed her vocation, and was resolved to speak to her.

'What is your name, little one?'

'Angela, sir.' It was a sad voice, but very sweet.

'And do you play on this for a living?'

'I play and sing also, sir.'

The court had been dismissed, and the crowd were confusedly dispersing.

'I say, little gal, can't you give us a song 'afore you go?' said an inconsiderate policeman, meaning to be good-natured.

'I shall not sing to-day, sir!' said the little girl, decisively; and then, with a dignity of grief which sat well upon her, despite her rags, she passed out of the room with her dingy guitar, while the large man who had accosted her so rudely shrank back, abashed, before the glance with which the black eyes reproached him to the heart, ere they vanished in the crowd.

Here was a chance for me. I happened to be the only reporter present at the scene—'sensation' was my forte—a 'beat' upon all the other dailies had come directly to my hand. It was late in the week, and I was also afforded the chance of cooking the thing up remuneratively for two or three weekly papers. But the whole thing stood before me like a picture which it seemed a sacrilege to copy. So I cheated the *Tribune* with the rest, and, for the first time in my life, let the opportunity for a sensation slip my hand. No credit to either heart or head, however, for a relapse into my chronic state of impecuniosity, on the following week, caused me to curse a squeamishness whose absence might have earned a score of dollars.

But I soon forgot the incidents in the court-room in the manifold and hum-drum duties of my profession.

Several months afterward, however, I was passing down Park Row, when my attention was attracted to a little girl playing a guitar and singing an Italian song in a plaintive, monotonous air. Her dress and voice attracted my attention on the instant, and, when I saw her face, I recognized Angela, the girl of the trial-scene. It was her father whom, at that very moment, I was going to see hanged. I stood stock-still with amazement, the coincidence was so startling.

When she had finished her song, and had garnered up the few coppers placed in her hand by the careless and uncritical crowd, I stepped up to her and said:

'Angela, do you remember me?'

'Yes, sir,' she replied, her dark face lighting up with a gleam of recognition.

'Do you know what day this is?'

'It is the morning of my father's death—how should I forget it?'

'You refused to sing on the day of his sentence—can you find heart, then, to do so in this dreadful hour?'

The dirty little fingers fluttered nervously over the music-strings—as the creative hand might do with a human heart of whose destiny there was a doubt. For an instant a pang of agony wreathed the young face to the depth of its expressions, but she resumed her sorrowful complacency immediately.

'I am singing to my mother across the sea,' she said, quietly.

"Then, resuming her guitar, she swept out a yet more plaintive air, and lifted her young, shrill voice in song. The crowd around her did not increase, the interest was not enhanced, and the chary pennies of approbation were as few as before. But to me there was a wild, desolate melancholy in the melody that fell so unheedingly upon the ears of the crowd. They did not see nor hear what I did. They merely saw a dusky foreign girl using her voice for a scanty livelihood. I saw a patient, suffering, religious spirit, singing out its agony to a kindred spirit beyond the eight hundred leagues of heaving brine (I would wager my life that the mother heard that song, were she buried in the bosom of the Appenines); and the deep melancholy of those large, dark eyes, uplifted so plaintively, the saintly refinement of sorrow that lingered in the soft, olive face which spoke of far Italy, the 'divine despair' of the mellow

voice, haunted me strangely and unpleasantly as I hurried away to the scene of death."

WHAT BECOMES OF THESE CHILDREN.

It is very sad to think of the future of these little ones. Without education, with an early familiarity with want, misery, brutality, and crime, the little minstrels rarely "come to any good." The girls grow up to lives of shame, and fortunately die young. The boys become vagrants, thieves, and often assassins. They soon find their way to the reformatory establishments and prisons of the city. The police watch them closely, and never overlook one of their offences. Everybody condemns them, and no one reflects that they are irresponsible for their sins. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined."

CHAPTER X.

THE PRESS.

The press of New York is a subject which requires more time and space in its treatment than can be given to it in this volume, and we must therefore confine ourselves to a brief glance at it. It is divided into two branches, the secular and religious, and in the former we include all the political and literary journals of the City.

THE MORNING PAPERS.

The daily journals of New York are the ablest and best conducted in America, and among the most brilliant in the world. Their power is immense, and they generally shape and direct the tone of the provincial journals. They are conducted upon a most excellent system as far as their internal arrangements are concerned, and the persons employed upon them are men of ability and experience. As pecuniary investments, they pay handsomely. The stock is very valuable, and it is impossible to purchase it at any price, the present owners being unwilling to sell. Nearly all the principal journals have handsome printing houses of their own. The new Herald office is one of the most magnificent edifices in the City, and in its internal arrangement is the most convenient in the world.

The morning papers are the *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Times*, *World*, *Sun*, *Democrat*, *Journal of Commerce*, *Staats Zeitung*, and *Commercial Advertiser*.

THE HERALD

The Herald is regarded as the model newspaper of the United States. Its office is located at the corner of Broadway and Ann Streets, and is built of white marble, in the modern French style. Below the sidewalk are two immense cellars, or vaults, one below the other, in which are two steam engines of thirty-five horse power each. Three immense Hoe presses are kept running constantly from midnight until seven in the morning, printing the daily edition. The rooms and machinery are kept in the most perfect order. Nothing is allowed to be out of place, and the slightest speck of dirt visible in any part, calls forth a sharp rebuke from Mr. Bennett, who makes frequent visits to every department of the paper.

On the street floor, the main room is the public office of the journal. Its entrances are on Broadway and Ann street. It is paved with marble tiles, and the desks, counters, racks, etc., are of solid black walnut, ornamented with plate glass. Every thing is scrupulously clean, and the room presents the appearance of some wealthy banking office.

On the third floor are the editorial rooms. The principal apartment is the "Council Room," which overlooks Broadway. Every other branch of the editorial department has its separate room, and all are furnished with every convenience necessary for doing their work with the utmost precision and dispatch.

Each day, at noon, the editors of the *Herald*, twelve in number, assemble in the "Council Room." Mr. Bennett, if he is in the City, takes his seat at the head of the table, and the others assume the places assigned. If Mr. Bennett is not present, his son, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., presides at the council, and, in the absence of both father and son, the managing editor takes the head of the table.

The council is opened by Mr. Bennett, or his representative, who presents a list of subjects. These are taken up, seriatim, and discussed by all present. The topics to be presented, in the editorial columns of the *Herald* the next day, are determined upon, and each editor is assigned the subject he is to "write up." All this is determined in a short while. Then Mr. Bennett asks the gentlemen present for suggestions. He listens attentively to each one, and decides quickly whether they shall be presented in the *Herald*, and at what time; and if he desires any subject to be written upon, he states his wish, and "sketches," in his peculiar and decisive manner, the various headings and the style of treatment.

There are twelve editors and thirty-five reporters employed on the *Herald*. They are liberally paid for their services. Any one bringing in news is well rewarded for his trouble.

The composing rooms are located on the top floor, and are spacious, airy, and excellently lighted. A "dumb waiter," or vertical railway, communicates with the press room; and speaking tubes, and a smaller "railway," afford the means of conversation and transmitting small parcels between this room and the various parts of the building. Five hundred men are employed in the various departments of the paper.

THE OTHER JOURNALS.

The *World*, *Tribune*, *Times*, and other journals, have fine establishments of their own, that of the *Times* ranking next to the one just described. The advantages of the *Herald* system are so manifest that the other City dailies are adopting it as rapidly as possible.

THE EVENING PAPERS.

The evening papers are a noticeable feature of the great city. They are the *Evening Post*, the *Evening Mail*, the *Express*, the *Telegram*, the *News*, and the *Star*. These issue their first editions at one o'clock in the afternoon, and their latest at five or six o'clock. On occasions of more than usual interest, extras are issued hourly as late into the night as eleven or twelve o'clock. The evening papers contain the latest news, gossip, and a variety of light and entertaining matter, and are bought chiefly by persons who wish to read them at home, after the cares and fatigues of the day are over.

THE WEEKLIES.

The weeklies are too numerous to mention. The principal are the *Round Table*, the *Nation*, the *Ledger*, the *Mercury*, the *New York Weekly*, the *Sunday Mercury*, the *News*, the *Dispatch*, the *Leader*, the *Examiner and Chronicle*, the *Courier*, the *Clipper*, *Wilkes' Spirit*, the *Turf, Field and Farm*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Frank Leslie's Newspaper*, the *Bazaar*, the *Albion*, the *Citizen*, the *Irish Citizen*, *Irish American*, etc., etc. All of these journals display more or less ability, and each one has its specialty. Some are devoted to politics, some to literature alone, some to sporting matters, some to police items, and some to general news.

THE RELIGIOUS PAPERS.

The principal religious papers are, the *Observer*, the *Independent*, the *Protestant Churchman*, the *Church Journal*, the *Methodist*, etc., etc. They are devoted principally to denominational and sectarian matters, but too frequently dabble in politics to an extent that renders them more partisan than laymen care to see religious sheets.

PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE.

Opposite the City Hall, at the junction of Nassau and Spruce streets and Park Row, is a large open space, known as "Printing House Square," so called because the offices of the leading journals of the city are either immediately on this square, or within a couple of blocks of it. Standing in the Park at this point, one may count the signs of at least thirty first-class journals of various kinds.

A PRESS CURIOSITY.

One of the curiosities of Printing-House Square is the huge engine which runs so many presses. This is owned by a firm in Spruce street between William and Nassau, and occupies the basement of their building. There is a large one hundred and fifty horse-power engine which runs during the day, and a seventy-five horse-power which relieves it at night. From this shafting and belting distribute the power in every direction. One shaft runs to and across Frankfort street, supplying THE MAIL and other

offices, another crosses William street and runs the six cylinder presses which pile the three hundred thousand copies of the *Ledger* in its beautiful press-room. Another shaft crosses Spruce street, runs through and across Beekman, and even supplies presses in Ann street.

Altogether these engines supply over one hundred and twenty-five presses—each being estimated and charged so much per horse-power according to this estimate. It runs three quarters of a mile of main shafting, beside a mile or more connecting shafts and as much belting. One of these belts, an india-rubber one, one hundred and twenty feet long, connects a fifth-story press on Nassau street with the main shafting on Spruce, across the intervening yards, and another leather one on Beekman street, one hundred and forty feet long, perfectly perpendicular, connects the sub-cellar and attic.

"This engine prints all McLaughlin's toy books, runs the immense establishments of Bradstreet and J. W. Oliver, besides many other job printers, a hoop-skirt manufactory and several binderies, and prints nearly fifty papers, besides magazines and books innumerable; among them, the '*Mail*,' the '*Independent*,' '*Dispatch*,' '*Leader*,' '*Star*,' '*Examiner and Chronicle*,' '*Observer*,' '*Courier*,' '*Clipper*,' '*Wilkes' Spirit*,' '*Turf, Field and Farm*,' '*Police Gazette*,' '*La Crosse Democrat*,' '*Ledger*,' '*New York Weekly*,' '*Literary Album*,' '*Sunday Times*,' '*New Yorker Democrat*,' '*Commonwealth*,' '*Scottish American*,' '*Freeman's Journal*,' '*Tablet*,' '*Emerald*,' '*Irish American*,' '*Irish People*,' etc., etc. Truly a power in the world."

[Illustration: View of Wall Street.]

CHAPTER XI.

WALL STREET.

If you pass down Broadway to the main entrance to Trinity Church, and then turn abruptly to your left and cross the street, you will find yourself at the head of Wall street, the great financial centre of America. It is a narrow street, extending from Broadway to East river, and lined with handsome brown stone, marble, and granite buildings. Scarcely a house has less than a score of offices within its walls, and some have very near three times that number. Space is very valuable in Wall street, and some of the leading firms in it have to content themselves with a narrow, small, dark hole, which a conscientious man would hardly call an office. The rent demanded for these "offices" is enormous, and the buildings bring their owners princely fortunes every year. The houses are all covered with signs, the names on which one will immediately recognize as famous in the financial world. The streets running into Wall street, for the distance of one or two blocks, on the right hand and the left, are also occupied with the offices of bankers and brokers, and are included in the general term, "Wall street," or "the street."

ITS HISTORY.

Wall street has always been famous in the history of New York. It was originally used as a sheep pasture. Its natural condition being partly rolling upland and partly meadow of a swampy character. The name of the street originated thus: In 1653, the Dutch settlers, being threatened with an attack by their New England neighbors, resolved to fortify the town by constructing a wall or stockade across the island just beyond the northern limits of the settlement. The line selected was drawn across the old sheep pasture. In the course of a few years, the anticipated hostilities having passed over, the settlers began to build houses along the line of the city wall, and the new street, when laid off, received by common consent the name of "the Wall street," which it has since borne. The wall, having fallen into decay, was demolished about the year 1699, and the stones were used in building the first City Hall, which stood at what is now the corner of Nassau and Wall streets, the site of the Sub-Treasury of to-day. This building was used for the various purposes of the city government until the close of the Revolution. It contained, besides the council and court rooms, a fire engine room, a jail for the detention and punishment of criminals, and a debtors' prison, which was located in the attic, a cage, and a pillory. A pair of stocks were set up on the opposite side of the street, wherein criminals were exposed to the indignant gaze of a virtuous public.

After the close of the Revolution, the building was enlarged and improved for the use of the Federal Government. The first Congress of the United States assembled within its walls in the year 1789, and upon its spacious portico George Washington took the oath to support and defend the Constitution, as

President of the United States.

The street was originally taken up with private residences, but at length monetary institutions commenced to find their way into it. The Bank of New York was located here in 1791, at the corner of William street. Other institutions, and private bankers, soon followed it, and the work of improvement went on until the street of to-day is the result. Famous lawyers have also had their offices in this street. Alexander Hamilton's sign might once have been seen here, not far from where his humble monument now stands in Trinity churchyard, and the name of Caleb Cushing is now to be found just a little below Broadway.

The street fairly began its present career in the days of Jacob Little, "the great bear of Wall street." He opened an office here in 1822, and, in twelve years, by dint of such labor as few men are capable of performing, placed himself at the head of American operators. His credit was good for any amount, for his integrity was unimpeachable. He could sway the market as he pleased, and his contracts were met with a punctuality and fidelity which made "his word as good as his bond." Efforts were made to ruin him, but his genius and far-sightedness enabled him to defeat all his enemies with their own weapons. His gains were enormous, and so were his losses. He met the latter cheerfully. The late war, however, brought his reverses so rapidly upon him that he had not the time to meet one before another stared him in the face. Still, he was calm and undismayed. He gave up his last dollar without repining, saying that he would willingly sacrifice even life itself for the perpetuity of the Union and the Constitution. He died early in the year 1861, honored by all, and leaving his life an example to those of us who are left behind him. He was a devout member of the Episcopal Church, but he extended his charities, which, though quiet, were unusually large, to all denominations.

THE SUB-TREASURY.

The Sub-Treasury is a handsome white marble building, located at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets. The Treasury is built in the Doric style of architecture; and its massive flight of steps and handsome portico present a striking appearance. It is built in the most substantial manner, and has an entrance at the rear on Pine street. The interior is tastefully arranged, and massive iron gratings protect the employees from surprise and robbery. The vaults are burglar-proof. This is the principal depository of the Government, and millions of dollars are always in its vaults.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

The Custom House was built for and formerly used as the Merchants' Exchange. It is situated at the corner of Wall and William streets, and is a large, handsome, granite edifice. The colonade at the front entrance and the rotunda are well worth seeing.

BANKING HOUSES.

Just below the Custom House is the handsome marble building of Brown Brothers, bankers, one of the model houses of New York, as regards both the firm and the edifice. The Messrs. Brown are regarded as the most reliable and accomplished operators in the street. Across the way, in a dingy granite building, is the office of August Belmont & Co., the American agents of the Rothschilds, and bankers on their own account. Jay Cooke & Co. occupy the fine marble building at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, opposite the Treasury, and there conduct the New York branch of their enormous business. Fisk & Hatch, the financial agents of the great Pacific Railway, are a few steps higher up Nassau street. Henry Clews & Co. are in the building occupied by the United States Assay Office. Other firms, of more or less eminence, fill the street. Some have fine, showy offices, others operate in dark, dingy holes.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

The Stock Exchange is located on Broad street, to the south of Wall street. It is a fine white marble edifice, extending back to New street, which is also taken up with brokers' offices. There is an entrance on Wall street, but the main building is on Broad street. It contains the "Long Room," the "The New York Stock Exchange," the "Mining Board," the now obsolete "Petroleum Board," and the "Government Board." All sorts of stocks are bought and sold in this building. "Erie" and "Pacific Mail" are the most attractive to the initiated, and the most disastrous as well.

The Chamber of the Board of Stock Brokers is a large, handsomely furnished apartment, somewhat like a lecture room in appearance. Each broker has a seat assigned to him. Outsiders are not admitted to the sessions of the board, but any one may communicate with a member by handing his card to the doorkeeper, who will at once call out the gentleman. The sessions of the Board are presided over by a

President, but the work is done by a Vice-President, who from ten o'clock until one, calls over the list of stocks, and declares the sales. Each day a list of stocks to be put in the market is made out, and no others can be sold during the sessions. The Board has the right to refuse to offer any stocks for sale, and a guarantee is required of the party making the sale. The members of the Board are men of character, and their transactions are fair and open. They are required to fulfil all contracts in good faith, however great the loss to themselves, on pain of expulsion from the Board, and an expelled member cannot be reinstated. The entrance fee is three thousand dollars. Persons wishing to become members are required to make their applications at certain times. This is publicly announced, and if any one can bring and sustain an accusation affecting the integrity of the applicant, he is not admitted.

Ordinarily the sale of the stocks offered, proceeds in a monotonous, humdrum manner, but when "Erie," or "Pacific Mail," or any other favorite stock is called, each man springs to his feet. Bids come fast and furious, hands, arms, hats, and canes are waved frantically overhead to attract the attention of the presiding officer. The most intense excitement prevails throughout the room, and the shouts and cries are deafening. Sales are made with the utmost rapidity, and the excitement is kept up at the highest point as long as any thing of interest is offered. If a sale is contested, the president names the purchaser, and his decision is final, unless revoked by an instantaneous vote of the Board.

THE OPEN BOARD.

The Open Board of Stock Brokers meet in the second story of a handsome brown stone building adjoining the Stock Exchange. Their sessions are from ten until one. The business of the Board is similar to that of the Stock Exchange, and is dispatched with as much precision, quickness, and clamor.

THE GOLD ROOM.

Descending from Broad street to the basement of the building used by the "Open Board," we find ourselves in a long, dimly lighted passage-way, which leads us into a small courtyard. As we emerge into this yard, we hear a confused hum above our heads, which grows louder as we ascend the steep stairway before us. Passing through a narrow, dirty entry, we open a side door, and our ears fairly ache with the yells and shrieks with which we are startled. For a moment we think we are about to enter a company of lunatics, but we pass on reassured, and the next instant stand in the Gold Room.

This is a handsome apartment, in the style of an amphitheatre, with a fountain in the centre. A gallery runs around the upper part, and several telegraph offices are connected with the room. There are but few benches. The members of the Board are always too much excited to sit, and seats are only in the way. Though the main entrance is on Broadway, the Gold Room really fronts on New street. During the sessions of the Board, it is filled with an excited, yelling crowd, rushing about wildly, and, to a stranger, without any apparent aim. The men stamp, yell, shake their arms, heads, and bodies violently, and almost trample each other to death in the violent struggle. Men, who in private life excite the admiration of their friends and acquaintances by the repose and dignity of their manner, here lose their self-possession entirely, and are more like maniacs than sensible beings.

Few members of either the Stock or Gold Boards operate for themselves. They generally buy and sell for outside parties, from whom they require a guarantee at the outset, and charge a fair commission on the sale for their services. Members have confidence in each other, for they know that no one can afford to be dishonest. Expulsion and financial ruin and disgrace are the swift and inflexible punishments of bad faith.

There are many persons, whose transactions in the stock and gold markets amount to millions of dollars each year, who cannot enter these boards as members. They are regarded as unsafe, and their petitions are invariably rejected. They usually operate through regular members.

CURBSTONE BROKERS.

Any one who can pay one hundred dollars a year for the privilege, is allowed to operate in the "Long Room," as the lower floor of the Stock Exchange is called. His capital may be one, one hundred, or one thousand dollars, but if he pays his dues regularly, no one is allowed to molest him. No rules or regulations bind these operators. The honest man and the rogue mingle freely together. Persons dealing with them have no guarantee of their good faith, and must look out for rough treatment at their hands. They overflow the hall, crowd the steps and sidewalks, and extend out into the street. From this circumstance they are termed "curbstone brokers," a name which will probably cling to them. A few of these operators are men of integrity, who being unable to enter the regular boards, are compelled to conduct their business in this way. They have regular places of business in some of the neighboring

streets, and are as fair and upright in their dealings as any member of either of the boards; but the great majority are simply sharpers, men who will not meet their losses, and who will fleece any one, who falls into their hands, out of his last cent.

STOCK GAMBLING.

It has been remarked that the men who do business in Wall street have a prematurely old look, and that they die at a comparatively early age. This is not strange. They live too fast. Their bodies and minds are taxed too severely to last long. They pass their days in a state of great excitement. Every little fluctuation of the market elates or depresses them to a fearful extent, even though they may not be conscious of it at the time. At night they are either planning the next day's campaign, or hard at work at the hotels.

[Illustration: United States Sub-Treasury.]

On Sunday their minds are still on their business, and some are to be seen hard at work in their offices, where they think they are safe from observation. Body and mind are worked too hard, and are given no rest.

The chief cause of all this intense excitement, is the uncertainty which attends such operations. No man can tell one week whether he will be a beggar or a millionaire the next, the chances being decidedly in favor of the former. Nine out of ten who speculate in stocks or gold, lose. Like all gamblers, they are undismayed by their first reverse, and venture a second time. They lose again, and to make their loss good venture a third time, risking in the end their last dollar. The fascination of stock gambling is equal to that of the card table, and holds its victims with an iron hand. The only safe rule for those who wish to grow rich, is to keep out of Wall street. While one man makes a fortune by a sudden rise in stocks or gold, one thousand are ruined. Even the soundest and best established firms fall with a crash under these sudden reverses. The safest are those who buy and sell on commission. If the profits go to other parties, in such cases, the losses fall upon outsiders also, so that under all circumstances a legitimate commission business is the safest, as well as the most profitable in the end. This is proved by the fact that there are very few old firms in "the street." Houses supposed to be well established are failing every day, and new ones springing up to take their places. Nothing is certain in Wall street, and we repeat it, it is best to avoid it. Invest your money in something more stable than speculations in stocks.

A KEEN GAME.

Some years ago, the famous Jacob Little resolved to bring down the market value of Erie stock, which was then selling readily at par. He contracted with certain parties to deliver to them an unusually large amount of this stock on a certain day. A combination was immediately formed in the street to ruin him. The parties concerned in this league took his contracts as fast as they were offered, and bought up all the stock in the market. In doing this, they firmly believed they were placing all this paper to be had out of the reach of Mr. Little, who would be ruined by being unable to deliver the stock at the time, and in the quantities agreed upon. His friends shook their heads ominously, and declared that his enemies had been "one too many" for him this time; but the "Great Bear," as he was called, kept his own counsel. When the day for the delivery of the stock arrived, his enemies were jubilant, and all Wall street was in a fever of excitement; but he was as calm and as smiling as ever. Repairing to the office of the Erie Railway Company he laid before the astonished officers of the road a number of certificates of indebtedness. The faith of the Company was pledged to redeem these certificates with stock, upon presentation. Mr. Little demanded a compliance with this contract. The Company could not refuse him, and the stock was issued to him. With it he met his contracts promptly. The result was fearful to his enemies. This sudden and unexpected issue of new stock brought "Erie" down with a rush, and the sharp witted operators who had bought either at par or at a premium, solely to ruin their great rival, were ruined themselves, almost to a man.

A "DEAR" SALE.

But a short while ago, a house in Wall Street, which had ventured too far in its speculations, failed. It settled its liabilities honestly, but had not a penny left. One of the partners had used U.S. bonds to the amount of fifteen thousand dollars, belonging to a relative, and these had been swept away. Whether for the purpose of replacing this amount, or for his own benefit, the broker resolved to get possession of a similar amount in bonds at once. The failure of his house had not become generally known, and he determined to lose no time in his operations.

Proceeding to the office of a well known house, one morning just as business hours opened, he asked for fifteen thousand dollars worth of Government bonds, and offered the cheque of his firm in payment for them. Being well and favorably known to the parties, his request (which was based upon the falsehood that he wished the bonds to fill an order for a countryman who was in a hurry to leave town, and that he had not the amount in his own safe), was complied with. The bonds were delivered to him, and his cheque taken in payment. He at once departed, and the banker, feeling no uneasiness at the transaction, did not send the cheque to bank at once. Several hours passed away, and he heard rumors of the failure of the house to which he had sold the bonds. The cheque was at once sent to the bank; payment was refused, on the ground that the house had failed, and had no funds in the bank. The fraud was plain now, and the banker, repairing to the office of the unfortunate firm, was informed by the partner of his friend that the transaction was a swindle. The detectives were at once set on the track of the swindler, who had made his escape immediately after getting possession of the bonds.

HOW FORTUNES ARE MADE AND LOST.

Fortunes are made quicker and lost more easily in New York than in any other place in the world. A sudden rise in stock, or a lucky speculation in some other venture, often places a comparatively poor man in possession of great wealth. Watch the carriages as they whirl through Fifth Avenue, going and returning from the Park. They are as elegant and sumptuous as wealth can make them. The owners, lying back amongst the soft cushions, are clad in the height of fashion. By their dresses they might be princes and princesses. This much is due to art. Now mark the coarse, rough features, the ill-bred stare, the haughty rudeness which they endeavor to palm off for dignity. Do you see any difference between them and the footman in livery on the carriage-box? Both master and man belong to the same class—only one is wealthy and the other is not. But that footman may take the place of the master in a couple of years, or in less time. Such changes may seem remarkable, but they are very common in New York.

See that gentleman driving that splendid pair of sorrels. He is a fine specimen of mere animal beauty. How well he drives. The ease and carelessness with which he manages his splendid steeds, excites the admiration of every one on the road. He is used to it. Five years ago he was the driver of a public hack. He amassed a small sum of money, and being naturally a sharp, shrewd man, went into Wall street, and joined the "Curbstone Brokers." His transactions were not always open to a rigid scrutiny, but they were profitable to him. He invested in oil stocks, and with his usual good luck made a fortune. Now he operates through his broker. His transactions are heavy, his speculations bold and daring, but he is usually successful. He lives in great splendor in one of the finest mansions in the city, and his carriages and horses are superb. His wife and daughters are completely carried away by their good fortune, and look with disdain upon all who are not their equals or superiors in wealth. They are vulgar and ill bred, but they are wealthy, and society worships them. There will come a change some day. The husband and father will venture once too often in his speculations, and his magnificent fortune will go with a crash, and the family will return to their former state, or perhaps sink lower, for there are very few men who have the moral courage to try to rise again after such a fall, and this man is not one of them.

In watching the crowd on Broadway, one will frequently see, in some shabbily dressed individual, who, with his hat drawn down close over his eyes, is evidently shrinking from the possibility of being recognized, the man who but a few weeks ago was one of the wealthiest in the city. Then he was surrounded with splendor. Now he hardly knows where to get bread for his family. Then he lived in an elegant mansion. Now one or two rooms on the upper floor of some tenement house constitute his habitation. He shrinks from meeting his old friends, well knowing that not one of them will recognize him, except to insult him with a scornful stare. Families are constantly disappearing from the social circles in which they have shone for a greater or less time. They vanish almost in an instant, and are never seen again. You may meet them at some brilliant ball in the evening. Pass their residence the next day, and you will see a bill announcing the early sale of the mansion and furniture. The worldly effects of the family are all in the hands of the creditors of the "head," and the family themselves are either in a more modest home in the country, or in a tenement house. You can scarcely walk twenty blocks on Fifth Avenue, without seeing one of these bills, telling its mournful story of fallen greatness.

The best and safest way to be rich in New York, as elsewhere, is for a man to confine himself to his legitimate business. Few men acquire wealth suddenly. Ninety-nine fail where one succeeds. The bane of New York commercial life, however, is that people have not the patience to wait for fortune. Every one wants to be rich in a hurry, and as no regular business will accomplish this, here or elsewhere, speculation is resorted to. The sharpers and tricksters who infest Wall Street, know this weakness of New York merchants. They take the pains to inform themselves as to the character, means, and credulity of merchants, and then use every art to draw them into speculations, in which the tempter is enriched and the tempted ruined. In nine cases out of ten a merchant is utterly ignorant of the nature of the speculation he engages in. He is not capable of forming a reasonable opinion as to its propriety,

or chance of success, because the whole transaction is so rapid that he has no chance to study it. He leaves a business in which he has acquired valuable knowledge and experience, and trusts himself to the mercy of a man he knows little or nothing of, and undertakes an operation that he does not know how to manage. Dabbling in speculations unfits men for their regular pursuits. They come to like the excitement of such ventures, and rush on madly in their mistaken course, hoping to make up their losses by one lucky speculation, and at length utter ruin rouses them from their dreams.

Although New York is the chief business centre of the country, fortunes are made here slowly and steadily. Great wealth is the accumulation of years. Such wealth brings with it honor and prosperity. One who attains it honestly, has fairly won the proud title of "merchant;" but few are willing to pursue the long life of toil necessary to attain it. They make fifty thousand dollars legitimately, and then the insane desire seizes them to double this amount in a day. Nine lose every thing where one makes his fortune.

The reason is plain. The speculation in stocks is controlled by men without principle, whose only object is to enrich themselves at the expense of their victims. The *Herald* recently presented the following picture of the transactions in the stock market:

Within the past few days we have seen the most gigantic swindling operations carried on in Wall street that have as yet disgraced our financial centre. A great railway—one of the two that connect the West with the Atlantic seaboard, has been tossed about like a football, its real stockholders have seen their property abused by men to whom they have entrusted its interests, and who, in the betrayal of that trust, have committed crimes which in parallel cases on a smaller scale would have deservedly sent them to Sing Sing. If these parties go unwhipped of justice, then are we doing injustice in confining criminals in our State prisons for smaller crimes.

To such a disgusting degree of depravity do we see those stock operations carried that members of the Church of high standing offer, when 'cornered,' to betray their brother 'pals,' and, in their forgetfulness of the morality to which they sanctimoniously listen every Sunday, state that 'all they care about is to look out for number one.' A manager of a great corporation is requested to issue bonds of his company without authority, offering 'to buy the bonds if you are caught, or buy the bonds with the understanding not to pay for them unless you are caught.' This attempted fiscal operation, however, did not work, and resulted in a good proof of the old adage that it requires 'a rogue to catch a rogue.'

A railroad treasurer boldly states that he has without authority over-issued stock of the company to a large amount. He offers it to a broker for sale, with the understanding that all received over a fixed value is to go into his (the treasurer's) pocket. From the fact that this man is not arrested for mal-administration of the company's property we judge this to be a legitimate operation, and that this may hereafter serve as a model or standard of morals to all presidents, directors, treasurers and managers of railway and other great corporations. It is evident that the world has made a great mistake on the question of morals, and that as we progress in civilization with our modern Wall street system of ethics we shall be able to have a new and more exact translation of the Bible—Wall street edition—for the benefit of stock gamblers and stock thieves of all descriptions. Upon the great banking house facing Wall street we will have in letters of gold upon a green back-ground the following commandments:

1. Steal largely or not all; for is it not preached in Gotham that he who steals largely and gives donations to the Church shall enter the kingdom of heaven, while to him who confines his stealings to modest peculations shall be opened the doors of Sing Sing?

2. Steal largely! for in proportion to the magnitude of thy stealings shalt thou prosper and wax respectable throughout Gotham.

3. Steal largely! for as ye steal so shall ye show your fitness for the high places in the land; so shall ye be invited to exercise your talents in the numerous positions of trust and profit thereby; so shall ye add honor and glory to the government of your fathers, and your days shall be long in the land.

4. Steal largely! for by thy stealings shalt thou create a new morality; and so shalt thou build up a great people who shall prosper beyond all other nations.

This is the new code we offer—a code taught to us by the times and by the facts that assail us. When we see an 'honest' Judge 'Iago' rise from his bed at midnight to pander to the contemptible rascality of stock thieves we have but little hope for even what we dignify by the name of law. When we see our churches allowing a host of gamblers to gather for false worship at their shrines and pander to them, that they may share their plunder for the 'benefit of the Lord,' we have still less hope in our future. When we see great criminals respected and lesser criminals imprisoned we believe that the American mind is sadly out of a proper moral pathway.

"The operations now carried on in Wall street, be they of any stock, or of gold, call for the interference of some power sufficient to crush them. If the City or the State is powerless, let the general government take the matter in hand for the general good. Take gold, for example. There are not over two millions of the solid coin used as a basis for the operations which in a single month represent a sum twice the amount of our national debt. The harpies who gather around the Gold Rooms in their mad shoutings are at the same time shouting 'Death to the republic!' They unsettle all values, and are, as a mass, a public calamity, and should be dealt with as such. As with gold, so with stocks, and no nation can long afford to let its future hang upon the will of a mass of unprincipled men who daily bleed its prosperity beyond all calculation."

These things are well known in New York, but no one heeds them. Each one thinks he is shrewd enough to avoid the dangers which have ruined others, and only discovers his mistake when it is too late to repair it. Men of all classes, even ministers of the Gospel, and frequently women, rush into Wall street in pursuit of sudden wealth, where, to use an old adage, "if they are not gored to death by the Bulls, they are sure to be devoured by the Bears."

Persons who wish to succeed in New York, or elsewhere, should shun speculation. Legitimate business offers brilliant rewards here, but speculation means ruin. If you wish this assertion enforced, go into Stewart's or Claflin's stores, and see how many salesmen on small salaries you will find there who were once wealthy merchants doing business on their own account. They succeeded in their legitimate pursuits, but were not satisfied with their success. They wanted more, commenced speculating, and lost every thing. Men to succeed here must be energetic, cautious, enterprising, and economical.

BOGUS STOCK COMPANIES.

On fine afternoons visitors to the Park do not fail to notice a handsome equipage driven by a stylish young man, with rosy cheeks and light curly hair. His face is the perfect picture of happy innocence. He is very wealthy, and owns a great deal of real estate in the city. The manner in which he made his money will show how other persons enrich themselves.

A few years ago he, in company with several others, organized a scheme for working certain gold mines said to be located in a distant territory. A company was made up, the country was flooded with flaming descriptions of the valuable mine, and stock was issued which sold readily. The bonds were soon taken up, and in a month or two the so-called company commenced paying handsome dividends. A number of gold bars, bearing the stamp of the mint, were on exhibition in the company's office, and were triumphantly exhibited as amongst the first yields of the valuable mine. For several months the dividends were paid regularly, and the company's stock rose to a splendid premium. It could hardly be bought at any price. No one doubted for an instant the genuineness of the affair, and the lucky company was the envy of all Wall street.

In a few months, all the stock being disposed of, the company ceased paying dividends. This excited the suspicion of some of the shrewdest holders of the stock, and the affair was investigated. It was found that the wonderful mine had no real existence. The gold bars were simply gold coins melted into that form at the Mint, and stamped by the Government as so much bullion. The dividends had been paid out of money advanced by the company, who were simply half a dozen unprincipled sharpers. The stockholders were ruined, but the company made a profit of a clear half million of dollars out of the infamous transaction. Legal proceedings are expensive and tedious when instituted against such parties, and the stockholders, rather than increase their losses by the outlay necessary for a lawsuit, suffered the swindlers to go unmolested.

A certain stockbroker, anxious to increase his wealth, purchased twenty acres of land a few years ago in one of the Western States, and commenced boring for oil. After a few weeks spent in this work, he discovered to his dismay that there was not the slightest trace of oil on his land. He kept his own counsel, however, and paid the workmen to hold their tongues. About the same time it became rumored throughout New York that he had struck oil. He at once organized a company, and had a committee appointed to go West and examine the well. In a few weeks the committee returned in high glee, and reported that the well contained oil of the very best quality, and only needed capital and improved machinery to develop its capacity. In support of this assertion they brought home numerous bottles containing specimens of the oil. This report settled the matter in Wall street, and the stock issued by the company was all sold at a handsome premium. When the sales ceased, it was rumored that the well had ceased flowing. This was true. There was no oil anywhere on the land. That in the well had been bought in Pennsylvania and poured into the well by the agents of the owner, and the examining committee had been paid large sums for their favorable report. The owner of the well was enriched, as were his confederates of the bogus company, and the holders of the stock were swindled, many of them

being ruined.

A PETROLEUM PRINCE.

We take the following from a work recently published in Paris. It contains the observations of an intelligent French gentleman during a residence in New York:

An Irishman, thirty years ago, arrived in Philadelphia. He was a mason by trade, industrious and sober, which is not often the case with natives of the Emerald Isle. He managed to save a few hundred dollars, and then married.

He had enjoyed the blessings of matrimony over ten years, when, on going to his work, early one morning, he found, a short distance from his house, a basket covered with a linen cloth. He carried it home, opened it, and a handsome baby appeared before his view. To the child's clothes was pinned a paper bearing a few lines, asking, in the name of the Almighty, the person into whose hands the basket might fall, to take charge of the new-born infant, for the sake of a poor fellow-creature. The Irishman and his wife, not having any children, at once adopted the little one, regarding it as a gift sent by Providence. A few years later, the Irishman, who had by his savings amassed quite a handsome sum of money, purchased a small farm in a thinly settled county of Pennsylvania, and there lived quietly and contentedly, until, one day, in cutting down a tree, it fell upon him, and he was crushed to death beneath its weight. After this sad occurrence, his widow, with the help of the adopted child, carried on the business of the farm, often regretting she could not give the boy an education; but they were so far from any school, she could not think of sending her son such a distance from home.

One day a rumor circulated throughout Pennsylvania that, by boring into the earth to a moderate depth, in some parts of the State, oil was found to spring forth. Startling as this rumor was, many persons were forced to believe it, when they saw, with their own eyes, a black liquid, giving a bright light, issuing from certain holes bored for experiment. After this, all persons began experimenting on their own property. The Irish widow imitated her neighbors, and with the help of her adopted son, bored a hole in her garden. After a few day's work, they struck oil—a flowing well rewarded their enterprise!

Meanwhile speculators, wild with the excitement of this discovery, besieged Pennsylvania, and that State soon swarmed with them. The desire to possess a portion of those marvellous lands took possession of every mind. Throughout the States every one was affected with the new disease, denominated 'oil on the brain;' and soon the value of the oleaginous districts went up to wonderful figures. In many instances, as much as fifty thousand dollars were paid for an acre of land. And, availing herself of the general infatuation, the Irish widow sold her farm, for two millions of dollars, to a Boston company, which thought it was very cheap to give not quite seven thousand dollars per acre for petroleum land. The three hundred acres of the widow's farm had cost three hundred dollars a few years before, that is to say, one dollar an acre! Besides the two millions of dollars, the Irish widow had stipulated that one half of the flowing well in her garden should belong to her. That well yielded from five to six hundred barrels of oil per day. You may be sure the old lady doted on it. She visited it a hundred times a day, always surveying it with amazement, and ascertaining whether it was as productive as ever. Even at night she left her bed to go and view the marvellous spring. During one of these nocturnal excursions, she imprudently drew too near the well with a light—the spring fired up with lightning-like rapidity, and the poor woman, becoming wrapped in the flames, was burned to death. The coroner was summoned to hold an inquest. When it was over, the widow's neighbors, desiring to ascertain whether she had sold her farm for as large an amount as was rumored, prevailed upon the coroner to open her safe. It contained two hundred thousand dollars in gold, which, no doubt, represented the widow's profits for her reserved rights in the well; and also bonds of the United States to the amount of two millions of dollars, the said bonds registered in the name of Peter Crazy, the widow's adopted son, and only heir and legatee, according to her will, that was also found in the strong-box.

Now, the young man, whose large stakes a few minutes ago caused such a sensation, is the same Peter Crazy, the widow's adopted son; and he came here to-night to complete his ruin. But I must now relate what became of him after becoming possessed of a princely fortune.

At the time he came into possession of this fortune, Crazy did not know the difference between one thousand and one hundred thousand dollars. He could hardly write his name; and, unfortunately, he had nobody to warn him against the dangers that beset the youth of this world, and to make of him, instead of a spendthrift, a man useful to society.

Suppose a philanthropist, a good-hearted, high-minded man, should suddenly come into possession of two millions of dollars, what a benefactor he might prove to his fellow-creatures! What useful and

benevolent institutions he might find! What improvement might every branch of human labor receive if he chose to apply to it a portion of his wealth.

As soon as it became known that Crazy had inherited a large fortune, many adventurers, with whom the new Eldorado swarmed, pounced upon him like birds of prey upon a carcass; and then commenced for Crazy a life of prodigality and vice, the end of which is near at hand.

In Philadelphia, he stopped with his cronies at one of the most elegant and spacious hotels of the city, stipulating for the exclusive use of it during their stay. He bought fine horses, carriages of the most approved pattern, and furnished a *maison de joie*, where he revelled every night. Many Philadelphians will long remember his daily freaks of extravagance. I will relate one as a sample of the others. One day, as a regiment stopped in the city on its way to the West, he presented it with one thousand baskets of champagne—one basket to each man—a piece of liberality that cost him twenty-five thousand dollars. After spending half a million dollars in the Quaker City, he came to New York in search of new excitements.

Here he met with persons who aroused a new feeling in his mind—that of pride. Those capitalists and speculators who drive their fancy teams in Central Park, who keep racehorses, who do their best to resuscitate the fine old times of France under the Regency, were not, he was told, as wealthy as himself. He was bound to live in style, lest he should be taken for a shoddy contractor, who does not know how to spend his money. Crazy, therefore, imitated the leaders of fashion—but in the same way European wood-cutters are imitated by Australasian savages, who, when they cut down a tree, wait for its fall until they are crushed by its weight. He kept as many as forty horses; bet heavily at the races, and lost every time; and hired a theatrical troupe, whom he provided with costly costumes, and who played only for himself and a few friends. One night he was so delighted with the saltatory skill and *pirouettes* of the dancing-girls of his troupe, that he presented each of them, with a gracefulness of manner that Buckingham himself would have envied, pearls and diamonds worth over one hundred thousand dollars. In short, for a year, he indulged in all conceivable dissipations. But Providence has in store for him one of those visitations that, from time to time, startle and instruct the world.

"Crazy believes his main income can never be impaired. Besides the one hundred thousand dollars he has in his pocket—the last of the money found in the Irish widow's strong-box—he fancies he possesses inexhaustible means in the oil well. On returning, he will learn that that source of wealth is dried up, and his only fortune consists of the fifty-two coats he has purchased inside of the past month."

CHAPTER XII.

BUSINESS IN NEW YORK.

The legitimate business of New York is greater than that of any other place in America. The city being the chief centre of our commerce, offers the greatest advantages of any in the land to persons engaged in trade. Merchants at a distance buy whatever they can here, because they like to visit the place, and can thus unite business with pleasure. Two or three millions of strangers annually visit New York, and while here expend large amounts in purchases. People in other parts of the country attach an additional value to an article because it was purchased in the great city. Besides this, one is apt to find the best article in the market here, as it is but natural that the chief centre of wealth should draw to it the best talent in the arts and trades.

Merchants from the provinces like the liberal and enterprising spirit which characterizes the dealings of New York merchants. They can buy here on better terms than elsewhere, and their relations with the merchants of this city are generally satisfactory and pleasant.

Every thing in New York gives way to business. Private neighborhoods disappear every year, and long lines of magnificent warehouses take the places of the comfortable old mansions of other days. There is now scarcely a respectable neighborhood for residences below Fourth street. The business of the community is steadily advancing up the island. The lower part of the city is being taken up with wholesale and commission houses and manufacturers. The retail men are constantly going up higher. Broadway now has scarcely a residence along its entire length; Washington Square, Waverley and Clinton Places, and even Fifth Avenue below Twenty-third street, are being rapidly invaded by business houses.

Enterprise, energy, and talent, distinguish the business of this city. A man capable of acquiring a fortune can acquire it here more readily than elsewhere, but he must have patience. The world was not made in a day, and fortune comes slowly, but it comes surely to the man who will work faithfully and patiently for it.

EXAMPLES.

The Harpers and Appletons, who stand at the head of the book trade in New York, began as poor boys, and worked their way up to fortune slowly and patiently. Cornelius Vanderbilt was a poor boatman. Daniel Drew was a drover. A. T. Stewart an humble, struggling shop-keeper. One of the most noted bank presidents of the city began by blacking a pair of boots. He did his work well. These are noted instances, but there are thousands of merchants in the city doing comfortable businesses, some of whom will be millionaires, who began poor and friendless. They have worked faithfully and patiently, and their lives are examples to all beginners.

REAL ESTATE OPERATIONS.

Many capitalists have made their fortunes by successful operations in real estate. This must not be classed with speculations in bonds or stocks. Of course, one may be cheated in buying real estate, as well as in any other purchase; but as a general rule, he who invests his money in houses or lands, gets the full value of it. The rapid growth of the city has increased the value of property in the upper sections at an amazing rate, and has made the fortune of every one who held land in those sections. The Astors, A. T. Stewart, Claflin, Vanderbilt, Drew, and hundreds of others who were wise enough to foresee and believe in the future of New York, have made handsome fortunes on the investments made by them a few years ago.

In 1860 a gentleman purchased a handsome house in a fashionable neighborhood. It was a corner house, and fronted on Fifth Avenue. He paid fifty thousand dollars for it. He spent twenty-five thousand more in furnishing and fitting up. His friends shook their heads at his extravagance. Since then he has resided in the house, and each year his property has increased in value. A few months ago he was offered nearly three hundred thousand dollars for the house and furniture, and refused it, declaring his belief, that in ten years more the property will be worth over half a million.

A farm near the Central Park that could not find a purchaser seven years ago at a few thousands, sold six months since, in building lots, for as many millions.

We might multiply these instances, but the above are sufficient to illustrate this branch of our subject.

Rented property pays handsomely. As much as twenty per cent. on the value, is often received as the rent of a dwelling, and some of the best Broadway stores bring their owners one or two hundred thousand dollars annually. As all rents are paid in advance, and security required for the larger ones, the owner is comparatively safe in his investment.

CHAPTER XIII.

FASHIONABLE SHOPPING.

The fashionable shopping points are along Broadway, from Canal street to Twenty-third street, and in some of the cross streets between these thoroughfares. The principal are Stewart's, Lord & Taylor's, and Arnold & Constable's.

STEWART'S.

The up-town or retail store of A. T. Stewart & Co., is located on Broadway, between Ninth and Tenth streets. It extends back to Fourth Avenue, and covers the entire block, with the exception of the corner of Broadway and Ninth street, which is occupied by the famous picture dealers, Groupil & Co. This break in the building of Mr. Stewart, gives the whole edifice, as seen from Broadway, an awkward appearance. It is said that the great merchant is anxious to buy the corner, but will not pay the price asked, as he regards it as extortionate. The building is a handsome iron structure, in the style of arcade

upon arcade, and is painted white, which causes some persons to call it a "marble palace." It contains in its various departments everything pertaining to the dry goods trade. It has also a department for ready-made clothing for women and children, and persons can here purchase at a moment's warning a complete outfit in any style their means will allow. The articles range from simplicity to magnificence in style and quality.

The rooms are always full of purchasers. The city trade proper is immense, and the majority of the strangers coming to the city do their shopping here.

[Illustration: A. T. Stewart's Wholesale Store.]

No one cares to come to New York without seeing Stewart's, and all go away satisfied that the immense establishment is one of the sights of the metropolis.

LORD & TAYLOR'S.

The store of this well-known firm is located at the corner of Broadway and Grand streets. It is one of the most beautiful in the city, is built of white marble, and is handsomely ornamented. Its ample windows contain the finest display of goods to be seen in America. The interior, though not so large as Stewart's, is quite as handsome, and the various departments are managed with as much skill and system. The ready-made department is a feature worth examining. The establishment has not so large a trade as Stewart's, but rivals it in the excellence of its goods, and in the taste displayed in selecting them. Many persons prefer this store to any in the city.

ARNOLD & CONSTABLE'S.

Arnold & Constable are now located at the corner of Canal and Mercer streets, but will soon move into their elegant marble store, now in process of erection at the corner of Broadway and Nineteenth street. This is one of the favorite houses of New York. Its trade is large and fashionable, and it divides the honors of the city with those already mentioned.

INTERIOR OF A FIRST-CLASS STORE.

A stranger, in entering a first-class dry goods store in this city, is at once struck with the order and system which prevail throughout the establishment. The door is opened for him by a small boy in entering and departing. As he enters, he is politely accosted by a gentleman, who inquires what he wishes to purchase. Upon stating his business, he is shown to the department where the article he is in search of is to be found, and the eye of his conductor is never off of him until he is safe under the observation of the clerk from whom he makes his purchase. This is necessary to guard against robbery. So many small articles lie exposed in the store that a thief might easily make off with something of value but for this watchfulness. Private detectives are employed by the principal houses, and as soon as a professional shop-lifter enters, he or she is warned off the premises by the detective, whose experience enables him to recognize such persons at a glance. A refusal to take this warning is followed by a summary arrest.

In paying for his goods, the purchaser notices that the salesman makes a memorandum of the articles and sends it with the money to the cashier by a small boy. If any change is due the purchaser, the boy brings it back. The articles are also taken at the same time and are examined and remeasured to see that the sale is correct. The purchase is then either delivered to the buyer or sent to his residence, as he may desire.

The boys to which we have referred are called "cash boys," and are now a necessity in any well regulated establishment. Stewart employs nearly three hundred of these boys in his upper store, and one hundred in his lower store. Good, steady cash boys are in demand. Intelligence is at a premium in this department. Let a boy take a proper recommendation from his public school, or Sunday school teacher, and if he is intelligent, healthy, and cleanly, he will be at once taken on trial. He starts out with a salary of \$3 per week. If he shows capacity he is promoted as rapidly as possible. The highest salary paid is \$8 per week, but he may rise to be a salesman if he will work steadily and intelligently. These boys generally have a lively and bright look. They act as cash boys, carry parcels out to customers, attend the doors, and do sundry other useful acts. They are strictly watched, and any improper conduct is punished with an instantaneous dismissal. They generally belong to respectable families, and live at home with their parents. Many of them attend the night schools after business hours, and thus prepare for the great life struggle which is before them. Such boys are apt to do well in the world. Many however, after being released from the stores, imitate the ways of the clerks and salesmen. They affect a fastness which is painful to see in boys so young. They sport an abundance of flashy jewelry,

patronize the cheap places of amusement, and are seen in the low concert saloons, and other vile dens of the city. It is not difficult to predict the future of these boys.

CHAPTER XIV.

IMPOSTORS.

New York is the paradise of impostors. They thrive here. They practice all manner of tricks upon the unwary, and are off before one can lay hands on them. Sometimes they are caught, tried, and sentenced to the penitentiary.

A FOREIGN SWINDLER.

Several months ago, a foreigner, calling himself a Russian Count, and pretending to be Colonel of Engineers in the Russian Imperial service, made his appearance in this city, and announced himself as the agent of his Government to make contracts with certain engineering firms in this country. He hired an office down town, and would occasionally show, to those whose acquaintance he had made, plans of the work that was being executed under his supervision. He brought with him letters of introduction from many of the leading men of Europe, and these, united to an easy bearing and good address, sufficed to gain him admittance into the most refined and exclusive society in this and neighboring cities. At Washington, he was treated with marked consideration, was shown through the public buildings, and was allowed to inspect the Navy Yards at Washington and Brooklyn, and the fortifications in this city and elsewhere. Unfortunately, the expected remittance from Russia failed, from some unknown reason, to arrive, and the Baron was forced to appeal to his American friends for loans, and he borrowed, from various persons, sums ranging from \$500 to \$2,000, and amounting in the aggregate to \$25,000 or \$30,000. To one gentleman, who had loaned him at various times \$1,500, the Baron said, recently, that his long-expected remittance had arrived, and he made an appointment with his creditor to meet him on a certain day and go with him to a broker's to procure currency for his Russian gold. In calling at the office of the Baron on the day named, the gentleman found him busily engaged in explaining some of the plans to a stranger, and as it would be impossible for him to go to the broker's on that day he begged the indulgence of his friend and named another day. Before that day arrived the Baron had disappeared, and the police, on being informed of the circumstance, made inquiry, and ascertained that a man answering the description of him sought for had taken passage in a steamer for Europe.

CHARITABLE IMPOSTORS

Men and women are always to be found in the City, seeking aid for some charitable institution. They carry books and pencils, in which each donor is requested to inscribe his name and the amount given. Small favors are thankfully received, and they depart, assuring you in the most humble and sanctified manner that "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver." If you cannot give to-day, they are willing to call to-morrow, next week—any time that may suit your convenience. You cannot insult them, for like Uriah Heep, they are always "so 'umble." You find it hard to suspect them, but in truth, they are the most genuine impostors to be met with in the City. They are soliciting money for themselves alone, and have no connection with any charitable institution whatever.

OTHER IMPOSTORS.

One-armed, or one-legged beggars, whose missing member, sound as your own, is strapped to their bodies so as to be safely out of sight, women wishing to bury their husbands or children, women with borrowed or hired babies, and sundry other objects calculated to excite your pity, meet you at every step. They are vagabonds. God knows there is misery enough in this great City, but nine out of ten of these people are impostors. If you give them money it will go for drink.

A FASHIONABLE IMPOSTOR.

A well known banker, who acted as agent for one of the numerous charitable associations of this city, was called upon one day by a lady of great elegance, who said she had come at the instance of Mrs.

—, naming one of the lady managers of the association, to ask for one hundred dollars, for which she had immediate need. As the lady referred to had never drawn on him for money, except by means of a regular cheque, the banker suspected that something was wrong, and informed his visitor that it would not be convenient for him to let her have the amount just then, and asked her to call the next day. She departed, and the next morning was punctual to her engagement. Meanwhile, the banker had ascertained from the lady manager that the request made of him was an imposture. He was not in when his visitor called the second time, but his son met the lady, and, as he knew her, expressed his surprise at seeing her there. Overwhelmed with confusion, she took her departure, saying she would come back when the banker returned. She did not make her appearance, and the son, in mentioning her visit to his father, was informed of its object. It was agreed to pass the matter over in silence, and a note to that effect was dispatched by the young man to the lady—she replied, thanking him for his silence, she said she was in need of money, and did not wish her husband to know it, and hoped to raise it in such a manner, and return it before the imposture should be discovered. She was a woman of good social position, and the wife of a wealthy citizen.

CHAPTER XV.

SUNDAY IN NEW YORK.

Strangers have observed with surprise the quietness which reigns within the city limits on the Sabbath day. The streets have a cleaner, fresher look, and with the exception of the Bowery and Chatham street, are closed to trade. The wharves are hushed and still, and the river and bay lie calm and subdued in the light of the Sabbath sun. Everybody seems trying to look as neat and as clean as possible. The cars run on Sunday, as in the week. This is necessary in so large a city, as without them many persons would be unable to attend church, their houses being miles away from their places of worship.

CHURCH GOING.

In the morning, the various churches are well filled, for New Yorkers consider it a matter of principle to attend morning service. The streets are filled with persons hastening to church, the cars are crowded, and handsome carriages dash by, conveying their wealthy owners to their only hour of prayer.

The churches are nearly all above Bleeker street. Trinity, St. Paul's, the old Dutch Church in Fulton street, and a few seamen's bethels along the river, are the only places of worship left to the dwellers in the lower part of the city, who are chiefly the poor and needy. Little or no care is taken of this part of the population, and yet it would seem good missionary ground. Trinity tries hard to draw them into its fold, but no one else seems to care for them.

The up-town churches are well filled in the morning. The music, the fame of the preacher, the rank of the church in the fashionable world, all these things help to swell the congregation. They are generally magnificent edifices, erected with great taste, and at a great cost. They crowd into fashionable neighborhoods, being often located so close to each other that the music of one will disturb the prayers of the congregation of the other. The plea for this is that the old down town locations were out of the way for the majority of the congregations. Many of the new sites, however, are quite as hard to reach. The pews rent for sums far beyond the purses of persons of moderate means, so that the majority of New Yorkers are compelled to roam about, from church to church, in order to hear the gospel at all. At the majority of the churches, strangers are welcome, and are received with courtesy, but at others they are treated with the utmost rudeness if they happen to get into some upstart's pew, and are not unfrequently asked to give up their seats.

There are intellectual giants in the New York pulpit, but they are very few. The majority of the clergy are men of little intellect, and less oratorical power. They are popular, though, with their own cures, and the most of them are well provided for. They doubtless understand how to

"Preach to please the sinners,
And fill the vacant pews."

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Morning service over, an early dinner follows. Then everybody thinks of enjoying himself if the weather

is fine, or of sleeping the afternoon away if the day is too wet to go out. The cars are filled with persons *en route* for the Park to pass a pleasant afternoon—the drives of that beautiful resort are filled with the elegant equipages of the fashionables, and the churches are comparatively deserted. Almost every livery hack, buggy, or other vehicle in the city, is engaged for Sunday, several days beforehand, and the poor horses have no mercy shown them on that day.

The low class theatres and places of amusement in the Bowery and adjacent streets are opened toward sunset, and vice reigns there triumphant. The Bowery beer gardens sell lemonade and soda water, and such beverages as are not prohibited by the excise law, and the orchestra and orchestrians play music from the ritual of the Roman Catholic church.

The excise law forbids the sale of spirituous or malt liquors on the Sabbath, and the bar rooms are closed from midnight on Saturday until Monday morning. The police have orders to arrest all persons violating this law. There is no doubt, however, that liquor can be obtained by those who are willing to incur the risk necessary to get it; but as the majority do not care to take this trouble, the North river ferries are thronged on Sunday, by persons going over to New Jersey for their beer, wine, and stronger drinks. There is no Sunday law in that State, and Jersey City and Hoboken are only five minutes distant from New York.

At night the churches are better attended than in the afternoon, but not so well as in the morning. Many ministers will not open their churches for afternoon service, because they know they cannot fill a dozen pews at that time. Their congregations are driving in the Park—the young men, perhaps, in Hoboken, after lager.

Sunday concerts are now becoming a feature in New York life. These are given at the principal halls of the city, and the music consists of selections of sacred gems from the master pieces of the great composers. The performers are known all over the land for their musical skill, and the audiences are large and fashionable. No one seems to think it sinful thus to desecrate God's holy day, and it must be confessed that these concerts are the least objectionable Sunday amusements known to our people.

The reason of all this dissipation on the Sabbath is plain. People are so much engrossed in the pursuit of wealth, that they take no time in the week for rest or amusement. They wait for Sunday to do this, and grudge the few hours in the morning that decency requires them to pass in church.

THE EXCISE TRIALS.

Scarcely a Sunday passes without numerous arrests being made for violations of the excise law. These cases are tried before the Board of Excise Commissioners, who, if the offence be sufficiently gross, take away the license of the accused party, or punish him according to the terms of the law. Some queer pictures of humanity are exhibited at these trials.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DETECTIVES.

The Detective Corps of New York consists of twenty-five men, in charge of Captain Young. They are men of experience, intelligence, and energy. They are well skilled in the art of ferreting out crimes, and generally succeed in the objects which engage their attention. They have a distinct organization from the Metropolitan Police, though they are subject to the orders of the Commissioners.

It requires an unusual amount of intelligence to make a good detective. The man must be honest, determined, brave, and complete master over every feeling of his nature. He must also be capable of great endurance, of great fertility of resource, and possessed of no little ingenuity. He has to adopt all kinds of disguises, and is often subject to temptations which only an honest man can resist. Any act, savoring in the least of dishonesty, is punished by immediate expulsion from the force.

BUSINESS OF THE FORCE.

The men are always to be found at the police headquarters in Mulberry street, where they have a separate apartment, when not on duty. They are constantly engaged. Strangers coming to the city get drunk overnight in places of bad repute and are robbed. Next morning they come to ask the aid of the

police in discovering their property. If their statement of the circumstances of the case is true, they can generally recover the lost articles through the aid of the detectives, if they can be recovered at all. The force is in constant telegraphic communication with other cities, and is always giving or receiving intelligence of criminal matters and movements, so that if a crime is committed in any city, the police force of the whole Union is on the alert for the apprehension of the criminal.

The individuality of crime is remarkable. Each burglar has a distinct method of conducting his operations, and the experience of the detective enables him to recognize these marks or characteristics, in an instant. Thanks to this experience, which is the result of long and patient study, he is rarely at a loss to name the perpetrator of a crime, if that person is a "professional." Appearances which have no significance for the mere outsider are pregnant with meaning to him. He can determine with absolute certainty whether the mischief has been done by skilled or unskilled hands; whether it has been done hurriedly or leisurely; and can in a few minutes decide upon the course which ought to be pursued for the apprehension of the thief and the recovery of the property.

"A man came into the Fourth Police Precinct, some time ago, and complained that his house had been robbed. The thief had been pursued without effect, but while running, he was observed to drop a chisel, and to tear up a piece of paper, which he also threw away. Captain Thorn, and a detective who was present, carefully examined the man respecting the mode by which the entrance had been effected, the marks left by the tools, the kind of property taken, and the action and bearing of the thief while running away. After eliciting all the facts that they could obtain, they both agreed that it had been done by a certain gang. When this had been ascertained to their satisfaction, the next thing to be done was to identify the individual or individuals belonging to the said gang, who had committed the robbery. Captain Thorn proceeded to gum over a piece of paper, on which he fitted together the small bits of paper which the thief had thrown away. This at once disclosed the name of the robber, who was well known to the police as a member of the gang which Captain Thorn and the detective had, from the indications afforded, judged to be the depredators. The detective then said that the thief would certainly be found at one of three places which he named. Three policemen were accordingly sent after him, one to each of the places named; and the captain assured us that the sun was not more certain to rise the next morning, than that the man would be at the station-house. Now, how were the police enabled to fix so readily on the depredators in this case? Simply by their intimate knowledge of their style of working. They knew their marks just as a man knows the handwriting of his correspondent. When they had fixed upon the man who committed the robbery, their knowledge of all his habits enabled them to predict with certainty where he would be found, and to give such exact description of his person as would enable any one who had never seen him to recognize him at a glance."

A COSTLY CASE.

The necessary expenses of the detection of crime are often considerable. Information must be obtained, even if it has to be paid for liberally. Officers must be in concealment for weeks, and sometimes for months. Long journeys must not unfrequently be made; and in a hundred ways large expenditures will be called for. We were told of a case where a treasury note of the government was counterfeited with consummate skill, and it became a matter of vital importance to obtain the plate from which the counterfeit was printed. One of the most successful detectives was employed to work up the case, who soon found that the cost of securing it would be so great that there was little probability that the treasurer would audit his accounts. He therefore told the government that the cost would be so great that he declined to undertake it; but the possession of the plate, and the information that its capture would give, were so exceedingly important, that the detective was authorized to go on with it. He did so; the plate was obtained; all the information sought for was procured, and the counterfeiters and their abettors were captured. But it cost the government one hundred and twenty thousand dollars to accomplish this result. There were regular vouchers for every payment, and each was carefully scrutinized and verified. There was no doubt whatever that all the expenditures had been made in good faith, and with the utmost economy. Doubtless the government felt that the possession of that plate, and the knowledge gained, were worth all they had cost.

TRACKING A MURDERER.

The following case, which occurred a few years ago, in a sister city, will show how the detectives track and secure their game:

A terrible murder had been committed. The sods were scarcely heaped upon the coffin of the murdered man when one of his murderers was securely confined in the cells of the central station. The arrest was one of unusual difficulty. When the detectives visited the scene of the murder, the only clue to the perpetrators was a blood stained handkerchief and the gag used in strangling their victim. With

these faint traces there was little hope of ferreting out the murderer, but Detective Joshua Taggart assumed the task. Returning to the store, he reconnoitered the premises with new diligence. A new trace was then discovered. A new mortise chisel, wrapped in a piece of brown paper, lay on a shelf in the room. The chisel was not the property of the proprietors of the dental depot. It had plainly been brought there by the burglars. To trace it then became the task of the detective. Upon it depended his only hope of tracing the murder from the dead porter to the burglars who had killed the unoffending warden.

There were none of the usual evidences of crime in the robbery of the store. A skilled detective knows every thief within his jurisdiction, and their operations are to him familiar and easily recognized. The appearance of a forced door will indicate the man who burst it open. An experienced detective will trace a burglar by the manner of opening a door as readily as a bank teller will recognize the hand writing of one of his depositors. The size of the jemmy used, the manner in which it is applied, the place at which a house is entered, whether at the door, the window, the roof, or the cellar grating, are all so many unerring indications to the detectives of the burglars whose operations he traces. But in this case there was no burglary committed. It was simply murder and robbery. The murdered man had either opened the door of the wareroom, or the murderers opened the door with the keys taken from the gagged or insensible porter. The removal of the goods betokened the robbery. Gold, silver and platina to the value of three thousand dollars were taken away, but there were no traces or evidence of the burglars. A murdered man lay dead in the entry, a number of shelves stood empty against the wall, but neither clue nor trace, footprint nor finger mark, existed to aid or direct the detective's sagacity in his search. Detective Taggart knew this. He felt the difficulty of his situation, and he preserved the chisel as the first link of the evidence he was to forge and fasten into a chain of convicting proof. He took the chisel home. The trade mark could not guide him. Hundreds of the firm's chisels were weekly sold in the city, and the clue seemed losing its power, when a few figures on the back of the wrapping paper inclosing the chisel arrested Taggart's attention. These figures were evidently a calculation by a hardware dealer of the price of the tool, the reduction by a slow hand of the business trade mark into the simple value of the digits. To find the man who had made the memorandum on the back of the paper was the first step in detecting the murderer.

Mr. Taggart visited the hardware dealers one by one until he despaired of finding the one who sold the chisel. There was no evidence that the tool had been purchased in Philadelphia. New York, Pittsburg, Baltimore and Boston retail such chisels, and the probability of its purchase in St. Louis was as strong as the idea of its purchase here. But Taggart found the man who sold the chisel. A hardware dealer recognized the calculation on the wrapper, and remembered the man who had bought it. Two men, he said, came to the store. One was slender and tall, the other was short and stout, with a heavy black moustache and black hair. The latter bought the chisel. The pal stood in the background and said nothing.

This was the commencement of the case. Who the stout man was Taggart could not surmise. It might be one of a score of thieves, and for four days he could form no conception of the murderer's identity, until one night, waking from a restless slumber, Huey Donnelly flashed like thought across his mind, and running his memory back for the past few weeks, he remembered that at the time the murder was committed Donnelly was in the city. The great difficulty in tracing the case was passed.

Donnelly was at once watched. Who the second man was Taggart well surmised. He followed Huey to every quarter of the city to see if he communicated with his pal, who was with him when the chisel was purchased—who was with him when the porter was murdered. But the second murderer had fled. Taggart himself followed Donnelly night after night, dogged him into every rum-mill and thieves' brothel, where he tarried briefly or long, watching him at night until he went to bed, but never found his pal, who is the associate criminal in the tragedy. A week after Donnelly was spotted, Taggart found his pal had left the city, and unless Donnelly was arrested he would also leave. Following up the trail, he met Huey in Washington Square. Donnelly was leisurely crossing when a hand was laid heavily on his shoulder. He turned and faced the detective, who simply said:

'I want you, Donnelly.'

'What for?'

'Murder.'

"When at the station, the salesman was sent for. Donnelly's black moustache was gone. His face was shaved clean. He was placed in the rogue's gallery. A number of men of similar build, both moustached and clean face, were placed in the same room. The salesman was conducted to the gallery. 'Point out the man who purchased the chisel,' was the detective's command. Without hesitation or doubt, the salesman placed his hand on Donnelly's shoulder. Then Taggart followed the second murderer. He went to Baltimore, but he could get no further. All clue was lost in that city, and the present lurking place of

the confederate of Donnelly is undiscovered. The necessity for keeping the arrest quiet was removed, and now the detective calls to his aid the far reaching influence of the press and the telegraph, that police authorities of other cities may complete the work begun here, and render to justice the other murderer, who is at liberty in spite of her laws."

It would require a volume to narrate all of the exploits of the detectives, and so we shall content ourselves with the incidents already given.

If, as we have said, persons seeking the aid of the police, would tell the truth in their statements, the aid rendered them would be much more efficacious and speedy; and, after all, it is useless to try to deceive these keen students of human nature. The detective can tell from the nature of the loss whether the statement of the circumstances is true or false, for he knows that certain robberies take place only in certain localities.

Persons are often indignant that those who have robbed them are not arrested and held for trial. Undoubtedly this would be a very desirable thing, but it is not always possible. Frequently no evidence can be obtained against the guilty party, whose arrest would be a useless expense to the city, and the detective in such cases is compelled to content himself with the recovery of the property. The stolen goods thus recovered and restored to their owners is stated on good authority at two millions annually. [Footnote: Prison Association Report. 1866.]

In many cases the detective is very loth to arrest the culprit. It may be the first offence of some youth, or the victim may have been forced on by circumstances which an experienced officer can understand and appreciate. In such cases he generally leans to the side of mercy, for the men of the New York force are kind and humane. Their advice to the party against whom the offence has been committed, is not to resort to the law, but to try the offender again. In this way they have saved many a soul from the ruin which an exposure and punishment would have caused, and have brought back many an erring one to the paths of virtue and integrity. There are men of tried honesty in this city to-day, men holding responsible positions, whose lives,

"Could their story but be told,"

would verify this assertion.

CHAPTER XVII.

FIVE POINTS.

Leave Broadway opposite the New York Hospital, and pass down Pearl street in an easterly direction. Five minutes walking will bring you to the abode of poverty and suffering, a locality which contrasts strangely with the elegant thoroughfare we have just left. Cross Centre street, and continue your eastward course, and a few minutes will bring you to Park street. Turn short to the left, follow the line of Park street, and in a few minutes you will see that blessed beacon light in this great sea of human misery and sin, the "Five Points Mission." You are now fairly in the heart of the Five Points district. It is a horrible place, and you shudder as you look at it. The streets are dark and narrow, the dwellings are foul and gloomy, and seem filled with mystery and crime. It is the worst quarter of the city, and from here, over to East River, you will scarcely find it any better.

Yet, bad as it is, it is infinitely better than the Five Points of fifteen or even ten years ago. Then the place was notorious for its crimes. Murders, robberies, outrages of all kinds, were of daily occurrence. The officers of the law dared not enter the district for the purpose of suppressing crime, and fugitives from justice found a safe refuge here. A man who entered the district carried his life in his hand, and unless he was either in secret or open league with the denizens of the quarter, was tolerably sure of losing it. Now there is vice and crime enough there, Heaven knows, but the neighborhood has vastly improved. The steady advance of business and trade up the island has broken up many of the vilest dens of the quarter, and has made travel through its streets more constant. Besides this, the new police system has made the neighborhood safe, except at certain hours of the night, by thoroughly patrolling it, and promptly punishing disorder and violence. The character of the inhabitants has also improved, and the district now contains thousands who are poor without being criminal. The disreputable classes have been scattered, too, and no longer herd together around the "Old Brewery," which was once the chosen headquarters of crime. The Mission now occupies that locality, and the work of the Lord is

going on where the Devil once reigned supreme.

THE POPULATION.

Still, as we have said, crime and want are plentiful at the Five Points. The Fourth, and Sixth wards, which constitute this district, are known as the most wretched and criminal in the City. They are also the most densely populated—one of them containing more people than the entire State of Delaware.

The streets of this section of the city are generally narrow and crooked, and the intense squalor and filth which disfigure them, cause them to seem much darker than they really are. Every house is packed to its utmost capacity. In some of these houses are to be found merely the poor. In others the character of the inmates is such, that no policeman will enter them alone, and not even in parties unless well armed.

These buildings seem overflowing with human beings. Half a million of people are crowded into this and the adjacent quarters of the City. One block of this district is said to contain three hundred and eighty-two families. Dirt and filth of all kinds prevail.

[Illustration: A den in Baxter street.]

Few of the people can read or write, and the only education the children receive is in crime. The houses are almost all entirely out of repair. The stairways are rickety, and seem on the point of giving way beneath one's feet. The entries are dark and foul. As many as a dozen people are crowded into a single room. Morality and decency are never heard of. The cellars, so dark that one unaccustomed to them cannot see a foot before him, without a bright light, are filled with wretched inmates. Some of these have secret passages connecting them with other buildings, and are used for purposes of crime, or they have hiding places known only to the initiated, where the offender against the law may hide from the police, or where a ruffian may conceal or imprison his victim, without fear of detection. Rum, gin, whisky, and other liquors of the vilest kind, are used in profusion here. Some of these wretches never leave their dens, but remain in them "the year round," stupefied with liquor, to procure which their wives, children, or husbands, will beg or steal. Thousands of children are born in these foul places every year. They never see the light of day, until they are able to crawl into the streets. They die at a fearful, but happy rate, for they draw in with the air they breathe, disease of every description.

It is said that there are forty thousand vagrant and destitute children in this section of the great city. These are chiefly of foreign parentage. They do not attend the public schools, for they have not the clothes necessary to enable them to do so, and are too dirty and full of vermin to render them safe companions for the other children. The poor little wretches have no friends, but the pious and hard-working *attachés* of the Missions which have been located in their midst. In the morning those who have charge of them drive them out of their dreadful homes to pick rags, bones, cinders, or any thing that can be used or sold, or to beg, or steal, for they are carefully trained in dishonesty. They are disgustingly dirty, and all but the missionaries shrink from contact with them. Some of them have the fatal gift of beauty, but the majority are old looking and ugly. From the time they are capable of noticing any thing they are familiar with vice and crime, for they see them all around them. They grow up surely and steadily to acquire the ways of their elders. The boys recruit the ranks of the pick-pockets, thieves, murderers, and "thugs" of the City; the girls become waiters in the concert saloons, or street walkers, and sink thence down to the lowest depths of infamy. Water street alone can show a thousand proofs of this assertion.

THE LITTLE THIEF.

A few years ago, there lived in the great city a little girl, so small that no one would ever have thought her nine years old. Yet she had passed nine sad years on earth. She lived with a couple who had a cellar of their own at the Five Points. They were coarse, brutal people, and spent the greater part of their time in drinking and fighting. Little Nellie, for so we shall call her, went in rags, and was frequently beaten with severity by those who called themselves her parents, though no one knew whether she was their child or not. In the long winters she almost perished with the cold, and was nearly half famished with hunger. It was a wonder how she managed to live; for in the coldest weather she was sent back and forth, through the freezing streets, by her so-called parents, her only protection being a ragged shawl, which she wrapped tightly around her head. Her little feet and legs were bare and frost-bitten, and often left red tracks on the pure white snow. At night her bed was a piece of old carpeting in a dark corner of the cellar, where she cried herself to sleep, and wished she could die. Young as she was, death was not terrible to her, for she regarded it as a release from her sufferings. Had she known how to pray, she would have prayed for it; but, in her ignorance she merely wished to die.

Do not be shocked, reader, when we say she never prayed. The truth is that, with the exception of the constant blasphemy of the people with whom she lived, and of this she heard too much, she rarely heard of God. Once she went into a church, and heard a man talk about Him in a way she could not understand. When she heard the organ it sounded so sweet that she thought God must be up there, and tried to see him; but a great rough man put her out of the church, and told her it was no place for such as her, (alas! God's house no place for the poor!) and that if she ever came there again he would hand her over to the police. She went away feeling shocked and hurt, and fully convinced that God did not like beggars. Then she remembered how nice and warm the church was, and how fine the people were dressed, and she began to wonder why she had been made so poor and helpless.

"Ah! me," she sighed, "I'm not God's child. He wouldn't notice me, I'm so poor, and dirty, and my feet are so frost-bitten."

She had no one to tell her how much God cares for the poor, how he watches over them, and notes every good and bad deed done to them. She thought he was careless of her; and when some one told her he could do every thing, she wondered why he did not make her more comfortable, and give her nice warm clothes to wear. Finally, little Nellie began to think him a cruel, harsh God, and at last she came to hate him. Terribly depraved, you will say, dear reader; but, alack, was she to blame? God help us! there are many more like her in the great city.

When Nellie was eight years old, the husband of the woman with whom she lived died, and the woman took to drinking harder than ever. This made Nellie's lot worse than before the man's death. Then she had had some brief respite from persecution; for, though the man had often beaten her, he had sometimes saved her from the fury of his drunken wife. Now there was no one to befriend her. The woman was rarely free from the influence of liquor, and blows were showered upon the child more frequently than ever. Poor little Nellie! her troubles increased every day, and her desire to die became more eager. Sometimes she would go down to the piers, and gaze on the dark waters that swept beneath them, and would wonder if she would be at peace if she drowned herself. But, though not afraid of death, the waters looked so fierce and angry that they frightened her, and she would go away shuddering with a dread that she could not understand. But for this, she would have sought in the cool waves the rest for which she longed.

Matters went on from bad to worse, but at last they came to an end, but not in the way Nellie wished. The woman with whom she lived began to think that the child was old enough to be of some use to her, for she was now nine years old. Alas! the use she made of her. There was nothing honest which so young a child could do, so she resolved to try her at dishonesty. It was a fearfully cold winter, and the woman's intemperate habits had prevented her from earning a living. To remedy this, she sent Nellie out with a basket, and told her to go to a certain street where she had seen a number of bales of cotton, partly opened, lying before a store. She bade the child watch her opportunity, and, when no one was looking, to fill the basket, and run away with it to her as rapidly as possible. Nellie did not like the undertaking, and begged that she might not be sent; but the woman brutally told her if she did not go and return in an hour, she would kill her.

Nellie started out with a heavy heart, for she had a vague foreboding that something terrible was about to happen to her. She reached the place, found the cotton, and, as no one was looking, soon filled her basket. She was turning away, when a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a rough voice exclaimed:

"You little thief! I've caught you, have I?"

Nellie glanced up in terror. A richly dressed man had hold of her, and was shaking her roughly.

"Please, sir, let me go, and I'll put the cotton back."

"No you will not," he said coldly. "I'll teach you a lesson."

As he spoke, he beckoned a policeman from across the street, and told him to arrest the child for stealing a dollar's worth of cotton. Nellie was taken before a magistrate, and, the theft being proved, was sent on for trial at the next term of the Court, and the merchant went away satisfied. There was no one to "go bail" for her, and she was remanded to the Tombs until the session of the court.

It made the jailer's heart ache to see that little child enter the cell in which his duty compelled him to place her. He wondered why she had not been sent to one of the numerous reformatory establishments, where she might be saved from a life of crime. But no, the child had been charged with theft, and the law required her to be tried for the crime, and if convicted, to be sent to prison, to share the company of felons, and sink, perhaps into infamy. God Help us, if this is always to be the character of New York justice.

Nellie's life in prison was both pleasant and terrible. It was pleasant, inasmuch as it freed her from the brutal woman with whom she had lived, and terrible, because it left her alone all night in a cold, dark cell.

At last, however, the end came. It was a terribly cold night, and the prisoners in their cells suffered intensely. Some heard low sobs in little Nellie's cell, but no attention was paid to them. The next morning the turnkey went to visit her on his morning rounds, and he found her lying stiff and cold. She had frozen to death during the night, and her wish had been granted. The little thief had gone to the bar of a judge who tempers justice with mercy, and who cares for those who are helpless and oppressed.

There are some in the great city who will remember this incident, as it has not been very long since its occurrence.

THE HOME MISSION.

Seventeen years ago the "Old Brewery," on Park street, was the centre of crime in New York. The attention of the humane had been frequently called to the amount of suffering and vice surrounding it, but all seemed agreed that nothing could be done with the Five Points. Few had the courage to venture there, and those who knew the place smiled incredulously at the idea of reforming it. The "Old Brewery" was used as a tenement house, and contained one thousand inmates, and a vile, and more wretched set of people was not to be found in the great city.

A number of Christian women of position and means, who knew the locality only by reputation, determined, with a courage peculiar to their sex, to break up this den, and make it a stronghold of religion and virtue. Their plan was regarded as chimerical; but undismayed by the difficulties against them, they went to work, trusting in the help of Him in whose cause they were laboring. A school was opened in Park street, immediately facing the "Old Brewery," and placed in charge of the Rev. Mr. L. M. Pease, of the Methodist Church. This school at once gathered in the ragged, dirty children of the neighborhood, and at first it seemed up-hill work to do any thing with them. Patience and energy triumphed at last, however. The school became a success. Then the ladies who had projected it, resolved to enlarge it. They purchased the "Old Brewery," pulled it down, and built the present "Mission," which is now in charge of the Rev. Mr. Shaffer.

The Mission is dependent upon voluntary contributions for its support. Food, clothing, money, and every thing that can be useful in such an establishment, are given to it. They come in from all parts of the country, for the Mission is widely known, and thousands of Christians are working for it. The railroad and express companies send all packages for it over their lines without charge.

Children are the chief care of the Mission. Those in charge of it believe that first impressions are the strongest and most lasting. They take young children away from the haunts of vice and crime, and clothe and care for them. They are regularly and carefully instructed in the rudiments of an English education, and are trained to serve the Lord, who has raised up such kind friends to them. At a proper age they are provided, with homes, or respectable employment, and placed in the way to become Christian men and women. Hundreds, nay, thousands of good and useful men and women have been reared by the institution since its establishment. They were snatched from the haunts of crime when children, and owe their present positions to the Mission. Year after year the work goes on. Children are taken in every day as far as the accommodations will permit, and are carefully trained in virtue and intelligence, and every year the "Home," as its inmates love to call it, sends out a band of bright, brave, useful young hearts into the world, which but for its blessed aid would have been so many more wretches added to the criminal class of the country.

Reader, if you can do any thing for this noble institution, do not hold back your hand, but do it. Your help is needed.

OTHER MISSIONS.

Besides the "Home" to which we have referred, the "City Mission Home for Little Wanderers," and the "Five Points House of Industry," are all working hard for the purpose of bettering the condition of the poor and wretched of the City. They are employing a band of energetic, hard-working Christian men and women, and are doing good daily. There is no doubt, however, that they succeed best with children. After the devil has set his mark on men and women, it is very difficult to efface it; but with children the case is different. They are too young to be utterly abandoned or depraved, and they can, by care and patience, in nine cases out of ten, be won over to the side of right.

Not only are persons drawn away from crime and vice by the active efforts of the missionaries, but

the Missions themselves do good. They are well known, and they are constant reminders to the fallen that they have a chance to rise. Some few avail themselves of the chance. Men and women, especially young ones, frequently come in and appeal to the missionaries to help them to reform. They want advice, assistance, or protection. Whatever is needed is given, if it be within the means of the institution. If it is not, the missionary seeks it elsewhere, and rarely fails to find it. Few who are ignorant of the workings of these institutions, can rightly estimate the amount of good done by them. They are indeed "Cities of Refuge," to which no one ever goes in vain.

A part of the work of the "City Mission" is to distribute tracts and simple religious instruction. These are simple little documents, but they do a deal of good. They have reformed drunkards, converted the irreligious, shut the mouth of the swearer, and have brought peace to more than one heart. The work is done so silently and unpretendingly that few but those engaged in it know how great are its effects. They are encouraged by the evidences which they have, and continue their work gladly.

Again, these Missionaries are constantly going into sections of the City, from which the "popular preachers" shrink in dismay, and but for their devotion there are thousands of our poor who would never have the Gospel preached to them. They watch beside the bedside of the sick and dying, administer the last rites of religion to the repentant pauper, and offer to the Great Judge the only appeal for mercy that is ever made in behalf of many a soul that departs in its sins. They shrink from no trouble, no sacrifice. They are a hard-working, self-denying, noble band.

THE HOME FOR LITTLE WANDERERS.

This institution is situated on the Bowery, near Pearl street, and is in charge of the Rev. Mr. Van Meter. It is also called the "Howard Mission." While striving to relieve all who call upon it for aid, its care is chiefly given to children. Its object is to rescue the little ones from want and suffering, and make them comfortable. They are educated, and taught their duty as children of the Lord, and at a certain age are provided with homes or trades. Little ones, starving or freezing in the streets, are picked up constantly and brought in here. The police often bring in such guests. All are welcomed and made as comfortable as possible. You may see them warmly and neatly clad, or tucked away in a snug bed, little children, even babies, who but the night before were almost dying with cold in the streets.

Like the "Ladies' Home," the "Little Wanderers' Home" is entirely dependent on voluntary contributions for its support.

[Illustration: Fifth Avenue Hotel.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOTEL LIFE.

As we have said before, the majority of the better classes of New York prefer to board rather than keep house. Of these, a large number board at the hotels, the rest in private boarding-houses.

The principal hotels of the City are the Astor, St. Nicholas, Metropolitan, New York, Fifth Avenue, and the Hoffman, Albemarle, Clarendon, Everett, and Coleman Houses. These head the list, but there are scores of first class houses, some of which are elegant in every respect. The transient custom of the hotels of the City is enormous, but the permanent boarders of these establishments are very profitable. The rates are high, and the majority of these houses pay their proprietors well. There are two classes known in the City—those which are conducted on the old American style, or those known as "European houses." The former provide the guests with lodgings and full board at so much per day, or week, while the others furnish merely the room and attendance, and are either without the means of supplying meals to their guests, or charge for each article of food separately. It is hard to say which system is the more popular, though it would seem that the European is growing in favor.

THE GUESTS.

The proprietors of the city hotels are very active in their efforts to exclude improper characters from their houses, but with all their vigilance do not succeed in doing so. One is ever certain as to the respectability of his neighbor at the table, and it is well never to be in a hurry to form

acquaintanceships at such places. Fallen women of the higher classes, and gamblers, abound at the hotels. The proprietor cannot turn them out until they commit some overt act, for fear of getting himself into trouble. As soon, however, as his attention is called to any improper conduct on their part, they are turned into the street, no matter at what hour of the day or night, and left to shift for themselves.

HOTEL SWINDLERS.

Quite a number of persons in this city make a regular business of staying at hotels, and absconding without paying their board. This class consists of both males and females, and is much larger than most people suppose. We take the following descriptions of some of the best known from the daily journals of the City. They will show also their mode of operations:

A man by the name of D—, or R—, purporting to hail from St. Louis, has enjoyed many years' experience as a hotel 'beat.' He is a tall, not ill-looking fellow, of tolerable address, and generally travels accompanied by his wife and three children, and by a large trunk; his wife sometimes contrives to smuggle in the third child secretly, and to hide it in the room allotted to them, so that only two children appear on the bill. At any rate the bill is never paid whenever settlement is demanded. Mr. D—, or R—, is always found in his apartment seated at the table, busy with an elaborate assortment of manuscripts, and so busy that really at present he cannot be disturbed. To-morrow he will attend to every thing. But to-morrow the birds have flown, or walked out, one by one, from the hotel, and when the trunk, is opened, there is a beggarly array of brickbats, old boxes, old rags, and carpets, the former having served to render the trunk weighty, the latter to prevent any noise or rolling that might excite suspicion.

Another adventurer, a bachelor, by the name of M—, affects the eccentric, and, as the day approaches for the handing in of his bill, his eccentricity verges upon madness, till at last, when the document is really tendered, he becomes absolutely crazy—shouts, sings, performs in an antic manner, and declares himself to be the king of the Jews, the President of the United States, or something of that sort. He has sufficient method in his madness, however, to gain the advantage of the hotel proprietors, having on one occasion beaten the Fifth Avenue Hotel out of one hundred and seventy-one dollars in board and lodging. He sometimes is to be seen on Broadway in the guise of a military officer.

One of the most cunning and successful of adventurers is known by the name of W—, *alias* Jones, *alias* several other titles. This fellow is an undersized man, blind of one eye, but of very genteel and prepossessing address, and is generally accompanied by his wife. The two practice the bundle game, which is a very adroit performance. Their *modus operandi* is as follows: They travel with a large Saratoga trunk, which is really well stocked with linen and clothing. Of this fact they contrive to render the detective and officials of the house aware, so as to quiet any suspicion. Having thus tolerably opened the ball they keep it rolling as long as possible, till within two days or so of the period of final settlement. Suddenly Mrs. W—, or Jones, appears to be seized with a mania for going up and down stairs, and in and out of the hotel, carrying little parcels in her hand to and fro to the milliners and dressmakers, etc. Her husband also discovers that his clothes need revision, and sends them to tailors. Messengers also come to their rooms for bundles, etc., and at last Mr. Jones, or W—, announces at the office that he is about to leave the next day, and would like his bill made out up 'till to-morrow night.' Meanwhile he goes on to state as his trunk requires some repairs he has removed his wardrobe into the bureau drawers, etc., and has sent for a trunkman to convey it to the nearest establishment, will they allow him a servant to assist the trunkman with it down stairs. The servant is sent to the room, sees that nothing is taken away but the empty trunk, and all is well. The adventurer and his female confederate eat with gusto, walk out arm in arm from the hotel, and are seen no more, neither their trunk, neither their wardrobe, which examination shows has not been removed into the bureau drawers; in short, the clothes of the worthy pair have been taken away bundle by bundle, parcel by parcel, and left at convenient places in the neighborhood, to be called for, while the trunk has been deposited at a friend's till further notice.

By this system of operations the St. Nicholas, Lafarge New York, and Howard Hotels were victimized. Their triumphant career was checked, however, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, by efforts of the special detective of the house, who discovered one day a piece of paper containing W— Jones' private memorandum of the places at which he and his wife had left their different bundles. By confronting Jones, accusing him of his dishonesty, presenting the paper and accompanying him *nolens volens* to these various places, the detective contrived to recover the bill due to his hotel.

There are many adventurers hanging round a hotel, who are not enrolled, however, among its regular lodgers. There are numerous 'beats' who merely direct their energies to obtaining meals gratis, taking advantage of the rush to the tables during meal hours. As many as thirty-four of this class were

detected at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in a single month. These adventurers often practice the hat game, depositing, when they enter the dining-room, a worthless chapeau, and taking up, when they pass out, a valuable one—by inadvertence, of course. The Metropolitan Hotel has a colored man in its employ stationed at the door of the dining-rooms, who has proved thus far too much for the efforts of any of these gentry, consequently this hotel has been, in this respect, peculiarly fortunate.

A man named W—, lately gained the advantage of a hotel detective in a rather amusing manner. He was in the habit of stealing his meals, and was detected so doing, but as he was one day also seen to draw from his pocket a gold watch, attached to a heavy chain, it was determined to give him a little longer indulgence. At last his time was up, and the officer, advancing to him, told him that he had been waited for; that he had taken just so many meals, and must just pay so much money. "But I have no money." "Then I will seize your watch." When, lo! the watch had disappeared, and all the detective could find, in its place was but a bunch of keys—the watch itself having been originally borrowed for a purpose which it had fulfilled.

HOTEL THIEVES.

All the first-class hotels employ private detectives and watchmen. The business of these men is to keep a watch over the upper part of the house, to prevent thieves from entering and robbing the rooms of the guests. Suspicious persons are at once apprehended, and required to give account of themselves.

A friend of the writer once called on an acquaintance at the St. Nicholas, and, being on intimate terms with the gentleman, went immediately to his room, without making the customary inquiries at the office. Although he knew the house very well, he missed his way in the long corridor, and failed to find the stairway. While endeavoring to "get his bearing," he was accosted by a quiet-looking individual, who told him he must go with him to the office and give an account of himself. The man was the private detective of the house, and seeing that the gentleman had lost his way, supposed at once that he was a hotel thief who had become bewildered in trying to make off from the house. Fortunately, the gentleman was well known at the office, where the mistake was at once discovered and apologized for.

AN AGILE THIEF.

Some time ago, a man entered the St. Nicholas and robbed the occupant of one of the rooms, during his sleep, of a gold watch and chain, worth about one hundred and fifty dollars, a small amount of money, and a gold shirt-stud, with which he escaped to the hall-way. Succeeding so well, he concluded to try again, and proceeded to room 175, occupied by the cashier of the hotel, lifted that gentleman's clothing from a table, and stole some money from the pockets. As the thief was in the act of leaving the room, the cashier awoke, and, seeing a stranger, asked, "Who's there?" To which the robber replied, "I beg your pardon, sir; I have made a slight mistake." Upon which he hastily left, followed by the cashier, who cried, "Stop thief!" At that moment, detective Golden, employed in the hotel, appeared on the scene of action, and pursued the fugitive. The latter, in his haste, leaped down a whole flight of stairs, when detective Golden cried out to the men below to stop him; and accordingly he was seized and held till the detective ran down and took charge of the prisoner. On searching him, the gold watch and chain were found in his possession; also five different parcels of moneys, doubtless stolen from as many different rooms.

[Illustration: St. Nicholas Hotel.]

CHAPTER XIX.

RESTAURANTS.

Thousands of persons, sometimes entire families, live in rooms, and either take their meals at restaurants, or have them sent to them. This has become so common now that it ceases to attract attention in the city, but strangers are struck with it, and are quick to notice the bad effects of it.

Living at restaurants begets irregularity in the meal hours, and thus promotes bad health; and the absence of the restraints which the table of a family at home, or even the public board of a hotel, imposes, is the beginning of a looseness of manners, which is generally sure to be followed by a similar defect in morals. The cooking, at the majority of restaurants, is unhealthy, and intoxicating liquors are

sold, to an extraordinary extent, as a part of the bill of fare.

The principal up-town restaurants are largely patronized by the disreputable classes. Women of the town go there to pick up custom, and men to find such companions. Women of good social position do not hesitate to meet their lovers at such places, for there is a great deal of truth in the old adage which tells us "there's no place so private as a crowded hall." A quiet, but close observer will frequently see a nod, or a smile, or a meaning glance pass between most respectable-looking persons of opposite sexes, and will sometimes see a note slyly sent by a waiter, or dropped adroitly into the hand of the woman as the man passes out. Some of these nominally respectable places are so largely patronized by this class, that a virtuous woman is in constant danger of being insulted should she chance to enter one of them.

THE BITER BITTEN.

Restaurants, like hotels, are the object of the constant attention of swindlers, though the operations are conducted on a smaller scale. Some of these persons are nominally respectable.

A bank clerk, with a fair salary and respectable connections, was in the habit of patronizing a fashionable restaurant, partaking of sumptuous lunches and dinners, and evading *full* payment, under pretence that he had forgotten his pocket-book, or had omitted, in the hurry of business, to provide himself with small change, etc. Thus, if his check called for one dollar he would pay sixty cents, but invariably forgot upon the next, or any succeeding day, to 'settle' the balance due of forty cents. This 'little game,' so profitable to himself, was carried on for some time triumphantly, but retribution came at last, and unexpectedly and very cleverly. The clerk, seeing how matters stood, commenced to keep an account on a piece of paper of the sums due and sums *paid* on each successive day at his establishment by this ingenious customer, and on one occasion, when the bank clerk had deposited his check for one dollar and a quarter and a ten dollar note in payment upon the counter (as he wished on this particular occasion to procure some small change for his own purposes), the clerk quietly took the note and then handed out two dollars and twenty cents in change. 'There must be some mistake,' said the bank clerk. 'Oh! none at all.' said the cashier. 'Did I not hand you a ten dollar note?' 'You did, sir.' 'And did not my check call for one dollar and a quarter?' 'It did, sir.' 'Then where is my change?' asked the bank clerk. 'It is *there*, sir' replied the cashier, pointing to a piece of paper which he handed to the astonished bank clerk. 'What is this paper?' 'It is your account.' '*My* account!' 'Yes, sir, you will find it correct in every particular,' said the cashier; 'I will go over the items with you. On such and such a day your check called for such and such a sum; you paid only so and so, leaving such and such balance. The next day you ordered so and so, only paid so much, and left, of course, you see, this balance. Altogether, sir, you owe the establishment, as back balances due for food and liquors, up to date, just seven dollars and a half. I have taken out this amount, and you will find the change correct.'

"Words were useless—the bank clerk was outwitted, and left in disgust, and from that day to this has never set foot inside of that restaurant again."

CHAPTER XX.

BOARDING HOUSES.

As we have said elsewhere, it has been remarked that New York is a vast boarding-house. If any one doubts this, he has only to turn to the columns of the *Herald*, and see the long rows of advertisements on the subject. The better class houses of the city are equal to any in the world, but there are scores here within the pale of respectability which are a trial to the fortitude and philosophy of any man. A really desirable house is a rarity here, as elsewhere, and very hard to find. He who is so lucky as to be domesticated in one of these is wise if he remains there.

FINDING A BOARDING HOUSE.

Some years ago there appeared a work on the subject of boarding houses, from which we extract the following description of the experience of a person looking for board in New York.

He either inserts in the *Herald*, *Tribune*, or *Times*, an advertisement specifying his particular requirements, or consults those addressed to humanity in general through the medium of their columns — perhaps adopts both measures. In the former case, the next morning puts him in possession of a vast

amount of correspondence, from the daintily-penned and delicately-enveloped *billets* of up-towndom to the ill-spelled, pencil-scrawled, uncovered notes of Greenwich and Hudson streets. It matters not that he has indicated any definite locality; sanguine householders in remote Brooklyn districts clutch at him, Hoboken residents yearn toward him, and the writer of a stray Williamsburg epistle is 'confident that an arrangement can be made,' if he will favor *her* with a visit. After laying aside as ineligible as many letters as there are *Smiths* in a New York Directory, he devotes a morning to the purposes of inspection and selection.

He becomes acquainted with strange localities and bell-handles. He scrutinizes informatory scraps of paper wafered up beside doorways. He endures tedious waiting at thresholds—it being a curious fact in connection with boarding-houses that a single application for admission through the usual medium never procures it. And according as his quest be high or low, so will his experience vary.

If the former, he may expect to be ushered into spacious and luxuriously-furnished parlors, where, seated in comfortably-padded rocking-chairs, and contemplating marble tables, on which gorgeously-bound volumes are artistically arranged; thousand-dollar piano-fortes, and mirrors capable of abashing a modest man to utter speechlessness, he will tarry the advent of stately dames, whose dresses rustle as with conscious opulence. He will precede them—they being scrupulous as to exposure of ankles—up broad staircases to handsome apartments, and listen with bland satisfaction to the enumeration of 'all the modern improvements' which their mansions comprise; nor, perhaps, be startled at the 'figure' for which they may be enjoyed. If 'money be no object,' he will not have to seek far, or fare badly.

"But the researches of him whose aspirations are circumscribed by a shallow purse will produce different results. By Irish girls, with unkempt hair and uncleanly physiognomy, he will be inducted into sitting-rooms where the Venetian blinds are kept scrupulously closed, for the double purpose of excluding flies and preventing a too close scrutiny of the upholstery. He will have interviews with landladies of various appearances, ages and characteristics—landladies dubious and dingy, landladies severe and suspicious, (inflexible as to 'references or payments in advance,') landladies calm and confiding, landladies chatty and conciliatory,—the majority being widows. He will survey innumerable rooms—generally under that peculiarly cheerful aspect attendant on unmade beds and unemptied washing-basins—and, if of sanitary principles, examine the construction of windows in order to ascertain whether they be asphyxiative or moveable. He will find occasion to admire how apartments may be indifferently ventilated by half-windows, and attics constructed so that standing erect within them is only practicable in one spot. How a three-feet-by-sixteen inches strip of threadbare carpet, a twelve-and-a-half-cents-Chatham-square mirror, and a disjointed chair may, in the lively imagination of boardinghouse proprietresses, be considered *furniture*. How double, triple, and even quintuple beds in single rooms, and closets into which he only succeeds in effecting entrance by dint of violent compression between the 'cot' and wall, are esteemed highly eligible accommodations for single gentlemen. How partitions (of a purely nominal character) may in no wise prevent the occupants of adjoining rooms from holding conversation one with the other, becoming cognizant of neighboring snores, or turnings in bed. He will observe that lavatory arrangements are mostly of an imperfect description, generally comprising a frail and rickety washing-stand—which has apparently existed for ages in a Niagara of soapsuds, a ewer and basin of limited capacity, and a cottony, weblike towel, about as well calculated for its purpose as a similar sized sheet of blotting paper would be. In rooms which have not recently submitted to the purifying brush of the white-washer, he will notice the mortal remains of mosquitoes (not to mention more odoriferous and objectionable insects) ornamenting ceilings and walls, where they have encountered Destiny in the shape of slippers or boot- soles of former occupants."

EXPERIENCE.

All boarding houses begin to fill up for the winter about the first of October. Few of the proprietors have any trouble in filling their establishments, as there is generally a rush of strangers to the City during the winter season. A few of the best houses retain their guests for years, but the occupants of the majority change their quarters every fall. At the first, the table is bountifully supplied with the best the markets afford, the attendance is excellent, and the proprietor is as obliging and pleasant as one could wish. This continues for a month or two until good board becomes scarcer in the City. Then the attendance becomes inferior. The proprietor cannot afford to keep so many servants, and the very best in the house are discharged. The fare becomes poor and scanty, and the proprietor, sure that few will care to change quarters so late in the season, answers all complaints with a gruff intimation that you can leave the house if you are dissatisfied. You feel like taking his advice, and would do so but for the knowledge that you will fare as bad or worse if you do so. You make up your mind to submit, and endure all the discomforts of the house until May with her smiling face calls you into the country, or offers you an opportunity to better your condition.

All houses are more liberal to their boarders in the summer than in the winter—the City is then comparatively deserted, and most of the "highly respectable establishments" are very much in want of guests. They then offer unusual inducements, and are forced by their necessities to atone in some measure for their winter barbarity.

BOARDING-HOUSE CHARACTERS.

Persons seeking board in New York frequently complain of being annoyed by a demand on the part of the landlady (for the proprietor, is, in most cases, a woman) for reference. This may not be pleasant to the over-sensitive, but it is absolutely necessary. Nearly every boarder is at first a stranger to his landlady. She does not know whether a man is a gentleman or a thief, or whether a female is a saint or a fallen woman. She naturally desires to keep her house free from improper characters, and to secure as guests those who will pay her promptly and regularly.

In spite of these efforts, however, it may be safely affirmed that there are not ten boarding houses in the city, which do not contain improper characters. Observers have been struck with the number of handsome young widows who frequent these places. Sometimes these women claim to be the wives of men absent in the distant Territories, or in Europe, and pretend to receive letters and remittances from them. In nine cases out of ten such women make their living in a manner they do not care to have known. They conduct themselves with the utmost propriety towards all persons living in the house with them, and are considered ladies by even acute judges. These same judges are sometimes a little startled to meet these virtuous dames in places where *ladies* are never seen. Of course the secret is kept, and the woman continues to deceive her other companions.

Landladies are the object of the especial attentions of swindlers, and suffer very much from them. All sorts of expedients are resorted to by the unprincipled to live without paying their board.

A FASHIONABLE SWINDLER.

Last winter a "gentleman" called upon a lady who presides over a fashionable boarding-house in Lexington avenue, and introducing himself as William Aspinwall, of the "Howland and Aspinwall branch," obtained a room on the second floor. This apartment he occupied for three weeks, constantly "promising" the lady of the house money, but as constantly "being disappointed in his remittances from his friends, but if the lady would wait but a day or two longer he would apply, if his remittances did not arrive, in person to Mr. Aspinwall and obtain a thousand or two." At last, one day this pretended scion of the Aspinwalls vanished, leaving his trunk behind him, which, upon examination, was found to be very full and very heavy indeed, but with bricks and rags only. All Mr. Aspinwall's wardrobe being carried on his precious person. A letter was found, however, which proved that his real name was Charles H, or at least that he had been known at times by that title.

A SHARP GAME.

A man calling himself Doctor Thorne is frequently seen in the city boarding houses. He is a married man, which fact, of course, makes him all the more dangerous to his victims, as he contrives to support at their expense not only himself, but his wife and children. The Doctor is a burly, heavily-bearded gentleman (at least in manner); his wife, a more accomplished Jeremy Diddler than himself, is one of the softest-spoken and most amiably-seeming of her sex. The Doctor plays his little game as follows: He obtains first-class rooms at first class prices, pledging as security for the payment of these prices a large assortment of really valuable baggage in the line of clothes and linens. Having taken possession of his rooms he is, after a week's time, suddenly called by business to Chicago or St. Louis; he will settle the little balance due on his return. He accordingly departs, but not to St. Louis, or Chicago—oh, dear, no. He understands a trick worth two of that. He simply hires a little room in a retired street at the lowest possible rent, and there resides. His wife and children—two boys, one aged ten, the other twelve, and both very "smart"—take him his meals daily, in a basket, in their pocket, or by other means, as the case may be, the meals being furnished unwittingly by the victimized landlady with whom his family are sojourning. But more than meals are taken from the boarding house. The baggage is also taken away, piece after piece, secretly, and conveyed to the little room where the "head and father" of this interesting family resides. So one day, after an unaccountable absence of Dr. Thorne from home, and after the receipt by his wife of daily letters from her husband, but no money, though money is always expected by the next mail, the whole family disappear, one by one, and never return. The landlady congratulates herself upon the fact that she retains at least the baggage—but alas, upon an examination she finds that nothing is left her in lieu of the month's board for three people and a week's board for the fourth, saving some empty trunks. For a few days subsequent to this denouement, Dr. Thorne and family live in retirement. Then they boldly emerge and repeat the same series of operations

in other localities of this much beswindled city.

A TRIO OF FEMALE SWINDLERS.

About twelve-month since, an old widow lady opened a boarding-house on University place, investing in the establishment and furniture all her capital. She experienced no difficulty in obtaining boarders, and among her guests she numbered a small-sized, full-faced, but keen-eyed woman by the name of Agnes S. who rented a large room on the second floor. This Mrs. S. exhausted all her wiles to gain the friendship of the landlady, and succeeded in so doing. In a short time, she became the inseparable companion and intimate of the old widow, who never took any step of importance without first consulting her dear Agnes. The "dear Agnes" improved her intimacy and played her cards so well, that although she never paid her board, she was never requested to do so, and thus enjoyed the unenviable advantage of being enabled to live rent free. Having accomplished her first object, she now undertook to achieve her second. One day she sought the widow, and in a fit of gushingly-tender confidence revealed to her sympathizing friend her heart history; she told the widow that although passing for a maiden, she was in reality a married woman—but that her husband had been obliged to conceal himself from the gaze of the public owing to some 'unfortunate' business transactions in which he had been involved, solely for the sake of his brother out West.

Would she (the widow) not receive that husband, for her sake into the house? Would she not consent to harbor the poor unfortunate partner of her bosom beneath her roof until the matter had blown over? The doting widow agreed to this proposal, and thus Agnes S. and her 'husband' (who was in reality no more her husband than any man who reads this) were united, and lived for several weeks in luxury at the widow's expense; although great scandal arose among her boarders concerning the matter, and several of her 'best paying lodgers' left in consequence of these 'developments.' At last the widow was taken sick, and then 'having cast her bread upon the waters, she found it after many days,' and found it 'toasted.' From the hour of her taking to her bed, 'Agnes S. and husband' ruled the house. The worthy pair run the establishment, hired and discharged the servants, acted as steward and stewardess, and not only so, but absolutely made out the weekly bills and collected them; and not only collected them, but put the money into their own pockets.

"Last Thursday week the matter culminated by the sudden departure of Agnes S. and husband from the house in University place to unknown localities. Their 'little game' was effectually 'played out,' and the landlady at last recovered her health and common sense. But the adventurous birds had feathered their nests, and have only subsided for a while, to resume, in all probability, their 'genteel swindles' in some other city, or perhaps only in another portion of this very metropolis."

"The second of these worthies we shall call Mrs. Adelle Garnier. She is a stout creature, but endowed with a large share of good looks and dignity of manner. She has for years past resided in fashionable hotels, and has contrived to live on her 'face' in more senses than one. She is specially noticeable for three facts which have been abundantly exemplified in her career. First, she is a remarkably well educated woman, an accomplished linguist, speaking fluently, French, German and Italian, a skilled performer on the piano, and thoroughly versed in the literature of the day. Second, she has always exhibited a dislike, amounting almost to horror, of matrimony; and although she has, during her eventful history, received several advantageous offers of marriage, has declined them all, objecting decidedly to having her personal movements restrained in any degree by the will of any being on earth, not even a husband. Third, and last, and most remarkable of all, spite of her education and talent, spite of her matrimonial chances, she has steadily persisted in a course of life which has subjected her constantly to a long series of indignities, apparently preferring a wild, careless, lawless and scandalous Bohemianism to the sober routine and conventional demands of a modern lady's *ordinary* existence. Her last 'adventure' occurred some few weeks since at a Broadway hotel, from which she was expelled at a very short notice by the proprietors in presence of a number of the guests. It is presumed that at present she is almost penniless, though no one can safely predicate at what place or in what guise she may appear hereafter. For an adventurer, like a cat, has nine lives."

"The third, Miss Alice Mauley, is a petite blonde of fascinating manners, with large blue eyes, and a luxuriant wealth of hair. Alice has been a 'pilgrim and a stranger' in the cities of Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore and St. Louis, since her sixteenth year, and has 'enjoyed' the privilege of a large circle of acquaintance—the police of these cities included. Her mode of life verges on the 'sentimental,' and her peculiar *forte* is entrapping the affections of 'young bloods.' She cares not for 'love,' so-called, and is, in herself, chaste and irreproachable in *morale*; but she devotes her energies to procuring all the money, jewelry, diamonds and presents she can obtain from her 'enamored ones' prior to their 'proposals for her hand.' She, then, 'astonished at their mistaken presumption,' leaves them to regret their folly, but never by any chance returns their presents. She recently and seriously 'compromised' the prospects of the only son and heir of a wealthy merchant of the metropolis, from whom she obtained some ten

thousand dollars worth of 'tokens' and 'souvenirs.' But, owing to the exertions and worldly acumen of the young fool's papa, she has been obliged to leave New York, and has within the last few days been heard of from Cincinnati."

CHAPTER XXI.

TRINITY PARISH.

Trinity Parish was laid off in 1697. The first church was a plain, square edifice, with an ugly steeple, in which were conducted the first services of the Church of England in New York. The site is now occupied by a magnificent Cathedral, the most beautiful church edifice in the city.

The parish extends over a large part of New York. It includes the following churches, or chapels, as they are called: St. Paul's, St. John's, Trinity Chapel, and Trinity Church. It is in charge of a Rector, who is a sort of small bishop in this little diocese. He has eight assistants. Each church or chapel has its pastor, who is subject to the supervision of the Rector. The Rev. Morgan Dix, D. D., a son of the American Minister to France, is the present Rector.

Trinity takes good care of its clergy. The salaries are amply sufficient to insure a comfortable support, and a well-furnished house is provided for each one who has a family. Should a clergyman become superannuated in the service of the Parish, he is liberally maintained during his life; and should he die in his ministry, provision is made for his family.

The wealth of the parish is immense. It is variously stated at from sixty to one hundred millions of dollars. It is chiefly in real estate, the leases of which yield an immense revenue.

TRINITY CHURCH.

[Illustration: Trinity Church.]

Trinity Church, the Cathedral, is situated on Broadway, at the head of Wall street. It is built of brown stone, and is the most beautiful and magnificent church building in America. It is very large, and is capable of containing an immense throng. Its services are very beautiful and attractive. They resemble those of the Church of England, as they are almost entirely choral. The music is the best in the city, and hundreds are drawn into the church by it. At Christmas and Easter it is grand. On Christmas Eve, at midnight, the chimes of the church ring in the blessed morning, thus continuing an old custom which is observed now only in some parts of Europe.

The church is kept open from early morning until sunset. In the winter season it is always well heated, and hundreds of the poor find warmth and shelter within its holy walls. It is the only church in New York in which there is no distinction made between the rich and the poor. The writer has frequently seen beggars in tatters conducted, by the sexton and his assistants, to the best seats in the church.

The rector and his assistants are alive to the fact that this is one of the few churches now left to the lower part of the city, and they strive to make it a great missionary centre. Their best efforts are for the poor. Those who sneer at the wealth of the parish, would do well to trouble themselves to see what a good use is made of it.

The ultra fashionable element of the congregation attend Trinity Chapel, or "Up-town Trinity," in Twenty-fifth street, near Broadway. This is a handsome church, and has a large and wealthy congregation.

THE CHURCHYARD.

A long iron railing separates the churchyard of Old Trinity from Broadway, and the thick rows of old gravestones, all crumbling and stained with age, present a strange contrast to the bustle, vitality, and splendor with which they are surrounded. They stare solemnly down into Wall street, and offer a bitter commentary upon the struggles and anxiety of the money kings.

The place has an air of peace that is pleasant in the midst of so much noise and confusion, and is well

worth visiting.

Near the south door of the church, you will see a plain brownstone slab, bearing this inscription: "*The vault of Walter and Robert O. Livingston, sons of Robert Livingston, of the Manor of Livingston*" This is one of the Meccas of the world of science, for the mortal part of *Robert Fulton* sleeps in the vault below, in sight of the mighty steam fleets which his genius has called forth. A plain obelisk at the extreme southern end of the church yard marks the grave of Alexander Hamilton; and James Lawrence, the heroic commander of the Chesapeake, sleeps by the south door, his sarcophagus being the most prominent object in that part of the churchyard.

At the northern extremity of the yard, and facing Pine street, is the handsome monument erected to the memory of those patriotic men who died from the effects of British cruelty in the "Old Sugar-house," and in the prison ships in Wallabout Bay, the site of the present Brooklyn Navy Yard.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE HOLIDAYS IN THE CITY.

New York is very careful to observe the holidays, of the year. The mixture of the old Dutch, the orthodox English, and the Puritan elements has tended to preserve, in all its purity, each of the festivals which were so dear to our fathers. The New Yorker celebrates his Thanksgiving with all the fervor of a New Englander, and at the same time keeps his Christmas feast as heartily as his forefathers did, while the New Year is honored by a special observance.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

New Year's day is one of the institutions of New York. Its observance was instituted by the Dutch, who made it a point never to enter upon the new season with any but the most cheerful spirits. They made it a time for renewing old friendships, and for wishing each other well. Each family was then sure to be at home, and social mirth and enjoyment ruled the hour. Old feuds were forgotten, family breaches were healed, and no one thought of harboring any but kindly feelings for his relatives or friends. The jolly old Knickerbocker sat in the warm light of his huge hearth, and smoked his long pipe in happiness and peace, while his children and children's children made merry round about him.

Subsequent generations have continued to observe the custom, and to-day it is as vigorous and fresh as it was when New Amsterdam was in its primitive glory.

GETTING READY.

For weeks before the New Year dawns, nearly every house in the city is in a state of confusion. The whole establishment is thoroughly overhauled and cleaned, and neither mistress nor maid have any rest from their labors. The men folks are nuisances at such times, and gradually keep themselves out of the way, lest they should interfere with the cleaning. Persons who contemplate refurnishing their houses, generally wait until near the close of the year before doing so, in order that everything may be new on the great day. Those who cannot refurnish, endeavor to make their establishments look as fresh and new as possible. A general baking, brewing, stewing, broiling, and frying is begun, and the pantries are loaded with good things to eat and to drink.

All the family must have new outfits for the occasion, and tailors and *modistes* find this a profitable season. To be seen in a dress that has ever been worn before, is considered the height of vulgarity.

The table is set in magnificent style. Elegant china and glassware, and splendid plate, adorn it. It is loaded down with dainties of every description. Wines, lemonades, coffee, brandy, whiskey and punch, are in abundance. Punch is seen in all its glory on this day, and each householder strives to have the best of this article. There are regular punch-makers in the city, who reap a harvest at this time. Their services are engaged long beforehand, and they are kept busy all the morning going from house to house, to make this beverage which is nowhere so palatable as in this city.

Hairdressers, or "artistes in hair," as they call themselves, are also in demand at New Year, for each lady then wishes to have her *coiffure* as magnificent as possible. This is a day of hard work to these *artistes*, and in order to meet all their engagements, they begin their rounds at midnight. They are

punctual to the moment, and from that time until noon on New Year's day are busily engaged. Of course those whose heads are dressed at such unseasonable hours cannot think of lying down to sleep, as their "head gear" would be ruined by such a procedure. They are compelled to rest sitting bolt upright, or with their heads resting on a table or the back of a chair.

Sometimes a family desiring to "shine" on such occasions find themselves unable, after meeting the other expenses, to provide the clothing and jewels necessary. These are then hired from *modistes* and jewelers, proper security being given for their return.

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

All New York is stirring by eight o'clock. By nine, the streets are filled with gayly dressed persons on their way to make their annual calls. Private carriages, hacks and other vehicles soon appear, filled with persons bent upon similar expeditions. Business is entirely suspended in the city, the day is a legal holiday, and is faithfully observed by all classes. Hack hire is enormous—forty or fifty dollars being the price of a carriage for the day. The cars are crowded, and, if the weather is fine, everybody is in the highest spirits. A stranger is struck with the fact that the crowd in the streets consists almost entirely of men. Women rarely venture out on this day. It is not considered respectable, and, the truth is, it is not safe to do so.

The earliest hour at which a call can be paid, is ten o'clock. The ultra fashionables do not begin to "receive" until twelve. At the proper time, the lady of the house, attended by her daughters, if she has any, takes her stand in the drawing room by the hospitable board. In a little while, the door bell rings, and the first visitor is introduced. He salutes his hostess, and after a few pleasant words, is invited to partake of the refreshments. A few eatables are swallowed in haste—the visitor talking away all the while with his mouth full—a glass of wine or of punch is "gulped" down, and the gentleman bows himself out. He has no time to lose, for he has dozens of similar calls to make. This goes on until late at night.

A gentleman in starting out, provides himself with a written list of the calls he intends making, and "checks" each one off with his pencil, when made. This list is necessary, as few sober men can remember all their friends on such occasions, and after the first dozen visits are over, such a list is greatly needed. Each man tries to make as many calls as possible, so that he may boast of the feat afterwards. At the outset, of course, everything is conducted with the utmost propriety, but, as the day wears on, the generous liquors they have imbibed begin to "tell" upon the callers, and many eccentricities, to use no harsher term, are the result. Towards the close of the day, everything is in confusion—the door bell is never silent. Crowds of young men in various stages of intoxication rush into the lighted parlors, leer at the hostess in the vain effort to offer their respects, call for liquor, drink it, and stagger out, to repeat the scene at some other house. Frequently, they are unable to recognize the residences of their friends, and stagger into the wrong house. Some fall early in the day, and are put to bed by their friends; others sink down helpless at the feet of their hostess, and are sent home; and a few manage to get through the day. Strange as it may seem, it is no disgrace to get drunk on New Year's day. These indiscretions are expected at such times; and it not unfrequently happens that the ladies, themselves, succumb to the seductive influences of "punch" towards the close of the evening, and are put to bed by the servants. Those who do retire sober, are thoroughly worn out.

THE NEXT DAY.

The next day one half of New York is sick. Doctors are in demand. Headaches and various other ailments caused by "punch" are frequent. Business men have a weary, sleepless look, and it requires one or two nights' rest to restore mind and body to their proper condition. Should you call on a lady friend, you will probably find her indisposed—the cause of her sickness you can easily imagine. The Police Courts are busy on the Second of January. Disorder, drunkenness, and fighting are frequent on New Year's night.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

The Fourth of July is simply a nuisance in New York. The weather is generally very warm. There is an early parade of the First Division of the National Guard, and at night there are fine displays of fireworks in various parts of the city. The greater part of the day, however, is devoted to drinking and acts of lawlessness. Fire-crackers, Roman candles, pin-wheels, and the like, abound. The police try to stop them, but without success. The city resounds with the discharges, the air is filled with sulphurous vapors, which irritate the throat and eyes, and the ears are stunned with the explosions. Young America is in his glory, and quiet, orderly people are driven nearly frantic.

EVACUATION DAY.

On the 25th of November, 1783, the British troops evacuated the City of New York, and embarked on board their ships, and the American army, under the personal command of General Washington, occupied the city and its defences. This was a proud day for the city, and the whole country, and the people of New York have always commemorated it by a grand military display. It is honored by a parade of the First Division, and the troops are reviewed upon this occasion by the Governor of the State. The parade is the finest to be seen in America, twelve or thirteen thousand men, with cavalry and artillery, being under arms at the time.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

This is a "home festival," and the observance of it was introduced by the New England element of the population. It is commemorated by morning service in all the churches. The rest of the day is given to rest and social enjoyment, and a bountiful dinner, for which all the members of a family assemble at some particular house, affords the occasion for many a friendly and domestic reunion. In the evening the theatres and places of amusement offer additional attractions to pleasure-seekers.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

When the bell of old Trinity ceases to strike the hour of midnight, on the 24th of December, there is a brief pause, and then the full, rich chimes of the old church strike up a joyous peal. The sweet tones echo and re-echo through the dark and silent streets, bidding the great city rejoice, for the merry Christmas time has come.

For weeks before the holiday you will see a brighter, smarter look about the markets and the shops. The toy shops, especially, do a brisk trade, as well as those in which articles intended for presents are sold. Residents of the city are busy laying in dainties for the season, and purchasing gifts for their children, relatives and friends.

On Christmas day the festivities are much the same as those in other places. They are hearty and merry here, as elsewhere, and the season is one of happiness. The poor are not forgotten. Those who give nothing at other times, will subscribe for dinners or clothing for the unfortunate at Christmas. The various charitable institutions are kept busy receiving and delivering the presents sent them. Their inmates are provided with plentiful, substantial dinners, and have abundant means of sharing in the happiness which seems to pervade the whole city.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CENTRAL PARK.

For many years the rapid growth of the city has made it desirable that the people should be provided with public grounds, within easy reach; to which they could resort for rest and recreation. The natural features of the island made it plain that such a place of resort would have to be constructed by artificial means, and it was for some time doubted whether any site within the city limits could be made to serve the purpose.

On the 5th of April, 1851, Mayor Kingsland, in a special message to the Common Council, called attention to the importance of a public park, sufficiently ample to meet the growing wants of the city population. The message was referred to a select committee, who reported in favor of purchasing a tract of one hundred and fifty acres, known as Jones' Wood, lying between Sixty-sixth and Seventy-fifth streets, and Third Avenue and East River. This location came near being decided upon and purchased, but a quarrel with reference to it, between two members of the Legislature from New York City, called the attention of the public and the State authorities to it, and happily defeated the whole scheme. On the 5th of August, 1851, a Committee was appointed to examine whether another more suitable site for a park could not be found, and the result of the inquiry was the selection of the site known as Central Park.

A WONDERFUL WORK.

The Central Park, so called because it is situated almost in the centre of the island, is a parallelogram, and lies between Fifth and Eighth Avenues, and Fifty-ninth and One-hundred-and-tenth streets. It covers an area of eight hundred and forty three acres, and is about two and a half miles long by half a mile in width.

When the site was selected and the work commenced, the whole area, with the exception of the Croton Reservoirs in the upper part, was a barren waste. It was a succession of rocky elevations, stagnant pools, and sandy plains. It was covered with a coarse undergrowth, which simply disfigured it, and was occupied by the miserable shanties of a number of Irish families, known as "squatters." By looking at the character of the land surrounding it, the reader can easily form a correct idea of the primitive character of the Park, and of the immense labor which has been performed in transforming that barren waste into the magnificent grounds of to-day.

As it was morally certain that the authorities of the city of New York would not carry on the work as honestly and as promptly as was desirable, the Legislature placed the management of affairs in the hands of a Commission, composed of prominent citizens of all parties. Under the auspices of this Commission, the work was begun in 1858, and pushed forward as rapidly as possible, to its present state. These Commissioners still have charge of it, and conduct its affairs with the same skill and vigor which have accomplished so much in the past.

The Park now contains a parade ground of fifty acres, for the manoeuvring of large bodies of troops, play grounds, base ball grounds, rides, drives, walks, etc. There are nine miles of carriage roads in it, four miles of bridle roads, and twenty-five miles of walks. It is larger than any city park in the world, except the Bois de Boulogne at Paris, the Prater at Vienna, and the Phenix Park at Dublin. A rocky ridge, which traverses the whole island, passes through almost the exact centre of the grounds; and has afforded a means of rendering the scenery most beautiful and diversified. A part of the grounds form a miniature Alpine region; another part is the perfection of water scenery; and still another stretches away in one of the loveliest lawns in the world. The soil will nurture almost any kind of tree, shrub, or plant; and more than one hundred and sixty thousand trees and shrubs of all kinds have been planted, and the work is still going on. Any of the principal walks will conduct the visitor all over the grounds, and afford him a fine view of the principal objects of interest.

All the entrances on Fifty-ninth street lead to the handsome marble arch near the eastern side. Passing through this archway, and ascending a broad flight of stairs, the visitor finds himself in the great mall, which, beginning near the principal entrance on Fifth Avenue, leads to the terrace, which is one of the chief attractions. The terrace is handsomely constructed of a soft yellow stone, carved elaborately and tastefully. Three broad flights of stairs, one on each side, and one covered stairway in the centre, lead to the esplanade below, in which is the main fountain, and at the end of which is the lake.

THE LAKE.

[Illustration: View in Central Park.]

To our mind, this is the chief attraction of the Park. It covers an area of one hundred acres, and serves as one of the receiving reservoirs of the city. It was formerly an unsightly swamp, but it would be hard to find now a lovelier sheet of water than this. It is spanned by several handsome bridges, and the scenery along its banks is both beautiful and varied. Here the eye ranges over a low shore, covered with a rich greensward, which stretches away far in the distance; there a bold waterfall leaps over its rocky barrier, and plunges into the lake from a height of fifty or sixty feet. On one hand the banks rise up bold and rugged, with an air of sternness, and on the other the ascent is gradual and beautiful. Row-boats are constantly plying on the lake in the mild season, and in these the visitor can enjoy, for a small sum, the pleasure of a row over the lake. No one can properly appreciate the beauty and variety of the scenery of this beautiful sheet of water, without taking this little voyage.

There is another and a smaller lake near the Fifth Avenue entrance. It is near the wall on Fifty-ninth street, and lies down in a deep hollow, formed by high, rocky sides, which give it a wild, mountainous appearance.

PLEASURE SEEKERS.

In fair weather the Park Commissioners cause free concerts to be given on the mall every Saturday afternoon, by one of the best bands in the city. The music is of a high character, and thousands flock there to hear it. The Park is full of visitors on fine afternoons, and the boats on the lake are crowded. The horses and equipages of the wealthier classes form one of its greatest attractions on such

occasions. They come in great numbers. All the celebrities of the city, and many from other parts of the world, are to be seen here, and the horses now compare favorably with those of any other American city. Previous to the opening of the Park, there were no drives around or in New York, and the horse-flesh of the Metropolis was the laughing-stock of the country. Now the case is different.

In the winter season, when the lake and ponds are frozen over, the skating is the great attraction. Large sheds are erected at the principal points, containing private apartments for the sexes, restaurants, cloak-rooms, and places for warming and putting on or removing skates. The ice is carefully examined, and the dangerous localities are plainly marked. Every precaution is taken to prevent accidents, and means of assistance are always at hand. When the ice is in good condition, a large ball is hoisted on the Arsenal, and little flags are fastened to the various street cars running to the Park. In this way the news is soon scattered through the city, and crowds of persons flock to the Park to enjoy the sport. The scene is both brilliant and exhilarating. The Commissioners prepare a code of liberal rules for the government of skaters, and place them at conspicuous points. All persons going on the ice are required to comply with them, on pain of exclusion from the sport.

Good sleighing is rare in the Metropolis, but when it is to be had, the best is always in the Park.

THE ARSENAL.

This building is situated on Fifth Avenue, just within the Park enclosure. It was originally used for the purpose designated by the name it bears, but is now a free museum of natural history and art. It contains the nucleus of the Zoological Garden, which is now in course of construction near the centre of the Park, on the line of Eighth Avenue, and though the collection of animals, birds, etc., is small, it is very interesting. In the upper part of the building are the models of the sculptor Crawford, presented to the city by his widow, and many other interesting specimens of art.

THE CROTON RESERVOIRS.

These are located in the upper Park, and cover a considerable area. From the hill on which they are situated, a fine view can be had of the lower Park, stretching away in its beauty for over a mile. These reservoirs receive the water direct from the aqueduct, which brings it from Croton Lake, and pass it into the distributing reservoir on Forty-second street.

The scenery of this part of the Park is wild and romantic. It is said that "the deep gorge, called McGowan's Pass, dividing this northern portion, is the valley which, by means of its darkly wooded hillsides, sheltered the secret messengers passing between the scattered parties of the American troops who, during the few days intervening between their disheartening rout on Long Island and the battle of Harlem Plains, rallied about the range of hills extending from Fort Washington to Bloomingdale." A small part of the "Old Boston Road" is still to be seen in this portion of the Park, and in the distance a view is obtained of the High Bridge and Westchester county, while Washington Heights rise beautifully to the northward. To the eastward we see the white sails of the vessels in Long Island Sound, and get a faint glimpse of the town of Flushing on Long Island, and New Rochelle on the mainland.

TRANSVERSE ROADS.

It was foreseen when the Park was laid off, that as it would extend for so long a distance right through the centre of the island, it would be necessary to provide means of communication between the eastern and western sides of the island, without forcing persons to pass around the upper or lower ends of the enclosure. At the same time it was felt to be desirable to make these roads as private as possible, so that the beauty of the Park should not be marred by them, or by the long trains of wagons, carts, and such other vehicles as would pass over them. The genius of the constructing engineers soon settled this difficulty. A system of *transverse roads* was adopted and carried out. There are four of them, and they cross the Park at Sixty-fifth, Seventy-ninth, Eighty-fifth, and Ninety-seventh streets. They are sunken considerably below the general level of the Park, and are securely walled in with masonry. Vines, trees and shrubbery are planted and carefully trained along the edges of these walls, which conceal the roads from view. The visitors, by means of archways or bridges, pass over these roads, catching but a momentary glimpse of them in some places, and in utter ignorance of them in others.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

This, when completed, will be one of the principal attractions of the Park. It is located between the Lake and Eighth Avenue, and work is now going forward upon it to prepare it for the reception of the

animals. It is very rocky and wild, and has many natural advantages for the purpose to which it is to be applied. It lies just outside of the main enclosure, and will be connected with it by means of a tunnel under the avenue.

INTERNAL ADMINISTRATION.

The original cost of the Park was nearly five millions of dollars. The total cost to the present time has been nearly nine millions. About half a million of dollars are annually spent in improvements and in keeping the grounds in order.

The control of affairs is vested in a board of eight commissioners, but the general administration is conducted by the Comptroller, Mr. Andrew H. Green.

The discipline is very rigid. A force of special policemen, who may be recognized by their gray uniforms, has been placed on duty in the Park, with the same powers and duties as the Metropolitan Police. One of these is always on duty at each gateway, to direct visitors and furnish information, as well as to prevent vehicles from entering the grounds at too rapid a rate. Others of the force are scattered through the grounds at such convenient distances, that one of them is always within call. None of the employés are allowed to ask or to receive pay for their services. Their wages are liberal. When an article is found by any of the employés of the Park, it is his duty to carry it to the property clerk at the Arsenal, where it can be identified and recovered by the rightful owner.

Improper conduct of all kinds is forbidden, and promptly checked. Visitors are requested not to walk on the grass, except in those places where the word *Common* is posted; not to pick flowers, leaves, or shrubs, or in any way deface the foliage; not to throw stones or other missiles; not to scratch or deface the masonry or carving; and not harm or feed the birds. No one is allowed to offer anything for sale within the limits of the enclosure, without a special license from the Commissioners. There are several hotels, or restaurants, in the grounds. These are conducted in first-class style by persons of responsibility and character. Private closets for men, which may be distinguished by the sign, "*For Gentlemen only*" are located at convenient points throughout the Park, and cottages for ladies and children are as numerous. These latter are in charge of a female attendant, whose business it is to wait upon visitors, and care for them in case of sudden illness, until medical aid can be procured.

Carriages for hire will be found at all the principal entrances to the Park. The Commissioners have no control over these vehicles, and the visitor must make his own bargain with the driver; a matter to which he had better attend before entering the vehicle, for these Jehus know how to drive a hard bargain.

The effect of this magnificent pleasure ground has been most salutary. The thousands of poor persons in the great city have the means of breathing the pure fresh air, and enjoying the beauties of nature, on all their holiday occasions. The health of this part of the population has improved very greatly, and the people of all classes have been correspondingly benefited. Every inhabitant of the great city has an especial pride in the Park, and, thanks to this feeling, the Commissioners have little or no trouble in enforcing their regulations. There have been no acts of rowdiness or lawlessness within the enclosure, for even the most depraved feel themselves compelled to respect the rules of the place. In a few years the streets facing the walls will be occupied with magnificent residences and public buildings, and the neighborhood will be the most delightful on the island.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

New York stands at the head of all American cities in the excellence and extent of its system of public education. It has one free college, fifty-five ward or grammar schools, forty primary schools, and ten colored schools. The ward schools are divided into three departments, primary, male, and female, and the others into two, one for each sex. The buildings are generally of brick, tastefully trimmed with freestone or granite, and are amongst the handsomest in the city. They are commodious, and in every respect equal to the demand upon them. The rooms are large, airy, and neat. The building is well warmed and ventilated, and every care is taken to render the teachers and pupils as comfortable as possible. The number of teachers is between two thousand five hundred and three thousand, and the number of children is near three hundred thousand. A janitor resides in each building, and is

responsible for its cleanliness and healthfulness.

The course of study is most thorough. Pupils enter the primary classes, and pass through the various grades of the primary and grammar schools, until the course is finished. Then the college of the City of New York is opened to all who desire to enter it, who have passed regularly and honorably through the lower schools. In this institution all the branches of a thorough and complete collegiate course are taught. Horace Webster, L. L. D., is the president of the college, and the faculty embraces some of the most learned men in the city. The institution grants diplomas, confers degrees, and is entitled to and exercises all the privileges of a first-class college.

The whole system is free to all the children of the city, whose parents choose to avail themselves of it. Books and everything needed are furnished without charge, and no pains are spared to render the course as thorough and beneficial as possible. The pupil is put to no expense, whatever, but is required to maintain habits of cleanliness and neatness. The sexes are provided with separate apartments, and enter the building by different doors. In some localities night schools are provided, for those who cannot be present at the day sessions, and are well attended. Many cash and errand boys and clerks, porters, drivers, and others gladly avail themselves of this means of acquiring knowledge.

The cost to the city of this magnificent system, is between two and a half and three millions of dollars annually. It is a heavy tax upon the municipal treasury, but it is gladly borne, for it saves the metropolis from those hordes of idle, ignorant men and women which are the curse of all great cities. The very poorest men or women can thus give to their children the priceless boon of knowledge, of which their youth was deprived. Profiting by the advantage thus acquired, these little ones, in after years, may rise to fame and fortune. Thus not only the metropolis but the whole country reaps the blessings of this magnificent system of free education.

The best proof of its excellence lies in the fact that, a short time since, a Committee, appointed by the authorities of the city of Boston, for the purpose of inquiring into the public school systems of other American cities, with a view to improving that of the "Hub," stated in their report, that they regarded the system in practice in the city of New York, as the best in the world, and recommended that the school system of Boston be modeled upon the same plan.

Ample as are our means of diffusing knowledge, however, they must still be increased. They must be made to reach those lower portions of humanity, in behalf of which the Mission Schools of the great city are doing such noble work. Not until this is done, will the system be perfect.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE POOR OF NEW YORK.

As we have said before, land for building purposes is very high and scarce in New York. In consequence of this, dwellings rent here for more than in other American cities. The laying off of the Central Park was a decided benefit to the city and its inhabitants, but the blessing had also its accompanying evil. It reduced the "house room" of the island by eight hundred acres, which would have afforded comfortable accommodations for seventy-two thousand persons, and naturally crowded the lower quarters of the city to a still greater extent. A careful estimate has been made by the Sanitary Association of New York, and they report that with three fourths of the population there is an average of six families to every house.

The poorer classes are to be met with in all parts of the city, but they are most numerous along the East and North rivers, and between Fourteenth and Canal streets. The majority of them are, beyond a doubt, honest, and willing to work, and in times of great commercial activity nearly all can find some means of employment; but in dull seasons, when merchants and manufacturers are forced to discharge their employés, thousands are thrown out of work, and the greatest suffering and distress prevail in the poor districts. Besides these there are thousands of vagrants, drunkards, and disreputable persons, who would rather steal, or beg, than work, and whose misery is frightful.

We must not be understood as intimating that all who desire employment can procure it in New York. Indeed the contrary is the case. Labor and skill of almost every kind are in excess here. For every position of regular labor there are at least five applicants, so that four fifths of the poor have to resort to any and all means to maintain an honest existence. Some of these means it is our purpose to notice

separately.

THE LOWEST DEPTHS.

You will see the extremes of poverty and want in and about the Five Points district. In the day time half-clad, filthy, emaciated creatures pass you on the gloomy streets, and startle you with the air of misery which they carry about them. At night these poor creatures huddle into cellars, so damp, foul, and pestilential that it seems impossible for a human being to exist in them. The walls are lined with "bunks," or "berths," and the woodwork and bedding is alive with vermin; the floors are covered with wretched beds in a similar condition. The place is either as dark as midnight, or dimly lighted with a tallow dip. Sometimes a stove, which only helps to poison the atmosphere, is found in the place, sometimes a pan of coals, and often there is no means of warmth at hand. Men, women, and children crowd into these holes, as many as thirty being found in some of them. They pay a small sum to the wretch who acts as landlord, for the privilege of receiving this shelter from the cold night. The sexes are mingled carelessly, and the grossest indecency prevails. The air is loaded with blasphemy and curses, and is heavy with such foul odors that one unaccustomed to it cannot remain five minutes in the place.

The attics of the lowest class of tenement houses are no better than these cellars. They are colder, and more exposed to the elements, but the suffering in them is no greater.

TENEMENT HOUSES.

The scarcity of land in the city has led to the construction of numbers of buildings known as "Tenement Houses." These are large edifices, containing many rooms and, often, as many families. They abound chiefly in the Tenth, Eleventh, and Seventeenth Wards. The majority of persons living in these houses are foreigners. "It is not to be inferred, however, that it is poverty only that causes such dense settlement, since a spirit of economy and frugality manifests itself among these people, which forbids too much expenditure for the high rents charged, or for much riding on the railroads." Still, whatever may be the causes which lead persons to herd together in such buildings, the effect is the same in all cases. The neighborhood becomes dirty and unhealthy, and the buildings themselves perfect pest-houses. Some of them are neat and tasteful in their exteriors, others are vile and filthy all over.

They are now generally built for this purpose. As pecuniary investments they pay well, the rents sometimes yielding thirty-five per cent. on the investment. The following description will convey a fair idea of them to the reader. One of the houses stands on a lot with a front of fifty feet, and a depth of two hundred and fifty feet. It has an alley running the whole depth on each side of it. These alley-ways are excavated to the depth of the cellars, arched over, and covered with flag stones, in which, at intervals, are open gratings to give light below; the whole length of which space is occupied by water closets, without doors, and under which are open drains communicating with the street sewers. The building is five stories high, and has a flat roof. The only ventilation is by a window, which opens against a dead wall eight feet distant, and to which rises the vapor from the vault below. There is water on each floor, and gas pipes are laid through the building, so that those who desire it can use gas. The building contains one hundred and twenty-six families, or about seven hundred inhabitants. Each family has a narrow sitting-room, which is used also for working and eating, and a closet called a bed room. But few of the rooms are properly ventilated. The sun never shines in at the windows, and if the sky is overcast the rooms are so dark as to need artificial light. The whole house is dirty, and is filled with the mingled odors from the cooking-stoves and the sinks. In the winter the rooms are kept too close by the stoves, and in the summer the natural heat is made tenfold greater by the fires for cooking and washing. Pass these houses on a hot night, and you will see the streets in front of them filled with the occupants, and every window choked up with human heads, all panting and praying for relief and fresh air. Sometimes the families living in the close rooms we have described, take "boarders," who pay a part of the expenses of the "establishment." Formerly the occupants of these buildings emptied their filth and refuse matter into the public streets, which in these quarters were simply horrible to behold; but of late years, the police, by compelling a rigid observance of the sanitary laws, have greatly improved the condition of the houses and streets, and consequently the health of the people. The reader must not suppose the house we have described is a solitary instance. There are many single blocks of dwellings containing twice the number of families residing on Fifth Avenue, on both sides of that street, from Washington Square to the Park, or than a continuous row of dwellings similar to those on Fifth Avenue, three or four miles in length. There is a multitude of these squares, any of which contains a larger population than the whole city of Hartford, Connecticut which covers an area of seven miles. [Footnote: Annual Encyclopaedia, 1861] There is one single house in the city which contains twelve hundred inhabitants.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

You will see all classes of people in these tenement houses, and, amongst others, persons who have known wealth and comfort. Alas! that it should be so. You will see them stealing along quickly and noiselessly, avoiding the other inmates with an aversion they cannot conceal, and as if they fear to be recognized by some one who knew them in their better days. They live entirely to themselves, suffering more than those who have been used to poverty. If they can get work, they take it gladly and labor faithfully. If unable to procure it, they suffer, and often starve in silence. Only when driven by the direst necessity do they seek aid from charitable persons or associations. There are many of these men and women, persons of worth and refinement, in the great city, whose poverty and sufferings are known only to the eye that sees all things.

A ROMANCE OF A CHIGNON.

Many a fine lady, as she pauses in her toilette to admire the effect of the beautiful locks, for which she is indebted to her wealth rather than to nature, would shrink in horror from the glittering coils, could she know their whole story. We will tell it.

A poor sewing girl, whose only riches consisted of a "wealth of hair," died in a tenement house in one of the most wretched quarters of the city. Her life had been a fearful struggle against want and temptation, and death was a relief to her. She died alone, in her miserable home, with no one to minister to her last wants. Her death became known to the inmates of the house, who notified the city authorities. Preparations were made to lay the body in the "Potter's field," and until these were completed it was left in the silence and loneliness of the chamber which had witnessed its mortal sufferings. While it lay there, the door was noiselessly opened, and a man, roughly dressed, with his face partly concealed, entered, glancing around carefully to see if he was noticed. Then closing the door quickly, he approached the body, and produced a pair of large shears; lifting the lifeless form roughly with one hand, with the other he severed the long tresses quickly from the cold head, and gathering them up, departed as noiselessly as he had come, taking with him the only source of happiness the dead woman had ever possessed. The braid was sold for a mere trifle to a fashionable hair-dresser, who asked no questions concerning it, and when it was seen next, it was worn by some fine lady, who, in, her thoughtless vanity, never paused to consider its history.

CHAPTER XXVI.

POOR GIRLS.

We cannot hope to do justice to this branch of our subject. To treat it properly would require a volume, for it is full of the saddest, sternest, and most truthful romance. A writer in *Putnam's Magazine* for April, 1868, presented an able and authentic paper on this subject, which is so full and interesting that we have decided to quote a few extracts from it here, in place of any statement of our own.

Where the Bowery runs into Chatham street, we pause, and from within our close-buttoned overcoats look out over our mufflers at the passing throng. There are many novel features in it, but let them pass. Note these thinly-clad creatures who hurry shivering past, while the keen wind searches, with icy fingers, through their scanty garments, and whirls the blinding snow in their pitiful, wearied faces. We count them by tens, by scores, by hundreds, as we stand patiently here—all bearing the same general aspect of countenance, all hurrying anxiously forward, as if this morning's journey were the most momentous one of their whole lives. But they take the same journey every morning, year in and year out, whether the sun shines or the rain falls, or the bleak winds whistle and the snow sweeps in their faces, with a pain like the cutting of knives. The same faces go past in this dreary procession month after month. Occasionally one will be missing—she is dead. Another: she is worse than dead—*her* face had beauty in it. Thus one by one I have seen them drop away—caught by disease, born of their work and their want, bringing speedy end to the weary, empty life; caught by temptation and drawn into the giddy maelstrom of sin, to come out no more forever.

To-morrow morning take your stand at Fulton or Catharine ferry, and you shall see much such another procession go shivering by. The next day station yourself somewhere on the west side, say in Canal street, a few blocks from Broadway; here it is again. If Asmodeus-like, you could hover in the air above the roofs of the town, and look down upon its myriad streets at this hour, you would see such

processions in every quarter of the metropolis. The spectacle would help you to form some idea of the vastness of the theme now on our hands.

Let us define the poor girls as those who are forced to earn whatever food they eat, whatever clothing they wear, by hard toil; girls who do not receive one cent, one crumb, from the dead, helpless, or recreant parents who brought them into the world. It is, of course, impossible to give their number accurately; but there is a result attainable by persistent observation, day by day and week by week, at all hours, and in all sorts of places, which is quite as reliable and satisfactory as any that is obtainable through blundering census-takers; and I know this army of poor girls to be one of great magnitude. The sewing girls alone I have heard estimated at thirty thousand, by one whose life is in every day contact with them, and has been for years. This is but a single class among the poor girls, reflect. The estimate may be deemed an exaggerated one. Then we will disarm criticism by taking it at half its word. If, accordingly, we say thirty thousand for *the whole*—for all classes—it is still a vague figure.... Few persons ever saw thirty thousand people gathered together. But we all comprehend distances. *If this army of poor girls were to form in a procession together, it would be more than ten miles long.*

THE SEWING GIRLS.

There are two classes of sewing girls in New York. Those who work at home, and those who go out to work at places provided by their employers. Those who work at home are comparatively few. They stay there not from choice, but from necessity. Bodily deformity, or infirmity, or sickness, or invalid parents, or relatives, whom they are unable to leave, keeps them there.

The writer in *Putnam*, to whose deeply interesting statement we refer the reader for further information on this point, found a poor girl of this class, who was kept at home by the sickness of her consumptive father, living and working in a miserable tenement house in the upper part of Mulberry street. After a brief conversation with her, he asked:

'What rent do you pay for this room, Mary?'

'Four dollars a month, sir.'

"That," he continues, "is little more than thirteen cents a day, you will observe."

'What do you get for making such a shirt as that?'

'Six cents, sir.'

'What! You make a shirt for six cents?'

'Yes, sir, and furnish the thread.'

If my reader is incredulous, I can assure him that Mary does not tell a falsehood; for I know that this price is paid by some of the most 'respectable' firms in New York. 'Can't you get work to do at higher prices?'

'Sometimes, sir. But these folks are better than many others; they pay regularly. Some who offer better prices will cheat, or they won't pay when the work is carried home. These folks give me plenty of work, and I never have to wait; so I don't look around for better. I can't afford to take the risk, sir; so many will cheat us.'

Respectability is a good thing, you see. Let me whisper a few other prices to you, which respectability pays its poor girls. Fifteen or twenty cents for making a linen coat, complete; sixty-two cents *per dozen* for making men's heavy overalls; one dollar a dozen for making flannel shirts. Figures are usually very humdrum affairs, but what a story they tell here! These last prices I did not get from Mary. I got them in the first place, from a benevolent lady who works with heart and hand, day after day, all her time, in endeavoring to better the condition of the poor girls of New York. But I got them, in the second place, from the employers themselves. By going to them, pencil in hand, and desiring the cheerful little particulars for publication? Hardly! I sent my office-boy out in search of work for an imaginary 'sister,' and to inquire what would be paid her. Having inquired, and got his answer, it is needless to say that James concluded his sister could live without taking in sewing.

So, you see, that in order merely to pay her rent, Mary must make two shirts a day. That being done, she must make more to meet her other expenses. She has fuel to buy—and a pail of coal costs her fifteen cents. She has food to buy—but she eats very little, her father still less. She has not tasted meat of any kind for over a year, she tells us. What then does she eat? Bread and potatoes, principally; she drinks a cup of cheap tea, without milk or sugar, at night—provided she has any, which she frequently has not. She has also to buy (I am not painting fancy pictures, I am stating facts, which are not

regulated by any rules known to our experience) 'a trifle of whiskey.' Mary's father was not reared a teetotaler, and though I was, and have no taste for liquor, I am able to see how a little whiskey may be the last physical solace possible to this miserable man, whose feet press the edge of a consumptive's grave.

"Perhaps you think it cannot be any of our first and wealthiest firms that pay poor girls starvation prices for their work. But you are mistaken. If my publishers did not deem it unwise to do so, I should give the names of some of our best Broadway houses as among the offenders against the poor girls."

A LIFE-STRUGGLE.

"Let us follow one of these poor girls," says the writer we have quoted, "as she comes out of the den of this beast of prey, and moves off, wringing her hands in an agony of distress. Day and night, with wearying industry, she had been working upon the dozen shirts he had given her to make. She had been looking forward—with what eagerness you can hardly realize—to the hour when she could carry him her work and get her pay, and recover her deposit money or receive more shirts to do. Now she is turned into the street with nothing! She dares not return to her miserable boarding-place in Delancey street, for her Irish landlady is clamorous for the two weeks' board now due. Six dollars! The sum is enormous to her. She had expected that to-night she could hand the Irish woman the money she had earned, and that it, with a promise of more soon, might appease her. But now she has nothing for her—nothing. Despair settles down upon her. Hunger is its companion, for she has had no supper. Where shall she go?"

Night has come down since she left Delancey street, carrying the heavy bundle of new-made shirts. The streets are lighted up, and are alive with bustle. Heedless what course she takes, unnoticed, uncared-for by any in the great ocean of humanity whose waves surge about her, she wanders on, and by-and-by turns into Broadway. Broadway, ever brilliant—with shop windows where wealth gleams in a thousand rare and beautiful shapes; Broadway, with its crowding omnibuses and on-pouring current of life, its Niagara roar, its dazzle—is utter loneliness to her. The fiery letters over the theatre entrances are glowing in all the colors of the rainbow. Gayly-attired ladies, girls of her own age, blest with lovers or brothers, are streaming in at the portal, beyond which she imagines every delight—music, and beauty, and perfume of flowers, and *warmth*. She looks in longingly, hugging her shivering shoulders under her sleazy shawl, till a policeman bids her 'move on.' Out of the restaurants there float delicious odors of cooking meats, making her hungrier still. Her eyes rest, with a look half wild and desperate, on the painted women who pass, in rustling silks, and wearing the *semblance* of happiness. At least they are fed—they are clothed—they can sit in bright parlors, though they sit with sin. It is easy to yield to temptation. So many do! You little know how many. In Paris, she might perhaps go and throw herself into the Seine. In New York, such suicides are not common; but there is a moral suicide, which is common. Thousands on thousands of poor girls have thrown themselves into this stream, in the last agony of desperation; sinking down in the dark current of sin, to be heard of no more.

But this poor wanderer has memories of a home, and a mother, under whose protection she had been taught to shudder at sin. She cannot plunge into this ghastly river with wide-open eyes—at least, not yet. She walks on.

Her ear is caught by sounds of music and laughter, songs and bursts of applause, that come up out of these basement-haunting concert saloons. She has heard of the 'pretty waiter girls'—the fine clothes they wear, the gay lives they lead, their only labor to wait upon the patrons of the saloon, and chat with them as they sit about the tables listening to the music. 'It is a life of Paradise,' she murmurs, 'to this life I lead!' At least, she thinks, there is no actual sin in being a waiter girl. She perceives a wide distance between the descent of these basement stairs to solicit employment, and that other dreadful resource.

The poor girls who work in these underground hells do not get good pay, and their work is not light. They are confined in these noisome places, thick with tobacco smoke and foul with poisonous odors, till two o'clock in the morning; in some places till five o'clock. Their pay is four dollars to six dollars a week; higher figures, certainly, than thousands of working-girls get, but, for two reasons, lower, in effect. The first of these two reasons is, that the waiter girl must dress with some degree of attractiveness. The second, and the most weighty, is, that she must pay a high price for board. Going home long after midnight, she must live somewhere in the vicinity of the saloon. Then the woman who, having taken a girl to board, finds that she comes home after two o'clock every night, draws her own conclusions at once. That girl must pay *well* for her board, if, indeed, she be not turned out of the house without a word. It will scarcely help the matter, if the girl explains that she is employed at a concert saloon. The woman knows very well what 'pretty waiter girls' are. 'Those creatures' must pay for what they have, and pay roundly. The result is, that the waiter girl's occupation will not support her. The

next result is, that there are no virtuous girls in the concert saloons of Broadway—unless they be such girls as this we are following tonight, as she wanders the streets, pausing to look down into this fancied half-Paradise, only to enter it at last, in search of 'good pay.'

Let us go down with her. She pushes open the green-baize door, and walks timidly to the bar. A girl who is passably pretty can almost always get a situation here. The big-armed prize-fighter-looking brute behind the bar reads our wanderer's history at once. 'Fresh' girls are rare in that quarter. She is assisted to improve her dress a little—in some cases these girls are provided with a fancy costume, *à la Turque*, which they don at coming, and doff at leaving each night—and she commences her work. A crowd of half-drunk rowdies enter, and call on her to serve them, attracted by her sweet face. The grossest insults are put upon her, her character being taken for granted; infamous liberties are taken with her person, and her confusion laughed at. She would fly from the place at once, if she dared; but she does not dare—she is afraid of the man behind the bar. Her experience with men has taught her to expect nothing but brutality from them, if she offend them in any way. When the weary hours have dragged along to the end, and the place is closed, she goes out into the street again, with a bevy of other girls. The street is still and lonely; the long lines of lamps twinkle in silence; the shop windows are all shrouded in darkness; there are no rumbling wheels, save when an occasional hack passes with slow-trotting horses.

Now she must decide upon her course. This is the critical moment. Will she adhere to her new-found employment? If she do, one of her companions will volunteer to take her to a boarding-place—and from that hour she is lost. But perhaps she breaks away: a policeman saunters by, and she appeals to him, begging to be taken to a station-house to sleep—a common resource with the homeless poor girl—and on the morrow resumes her deathly struggle for existence. How long it will last—how long she will fight her almost inevitable fate—no one can tell.

"But the poor girls who work in shops provided by their employers, fare better, you think. At least, they find shelter and warmth in the cold winter, while at work? At least, they are permitted to breathe and live."

THE WORKSHOPS OF THE POOR GIRLS.

There are hoop-skirt manufactories where, in the incessant din of machinery, girls stand upon weary feet all day long for fifty cents. There are photograph galleries—you pass them in Broadway admiringly—where girls 'mount' photographs in dark rooms, which are hot in summer and cold in winter, for the same money. There are girls who make fans, who work in feathers, who pick over and assort rags for paper warehouses, who act as 'strippers' in tobacco shops, who make caps, and paper boxes, and toys, and almost all imaginable things. There are milliners' girls, and bindery girls, and printers' girls—press-feeders, bookfolders, hat-trimmers. It is not to be supposed that all these places are objectionable; it is not to be supposed that all the places where sewing-girls work are objectionable; but among each class there are very many—far *too* many—where evils of the gravest character exist, where the poor girls are wronged, the innocents suffer. There are places where there are not sufficient fires kept, in cold weather, and where the poor girl, coming in wet and shivering from the storm, must go immediately to work, wet as she is, and so continue all day. There are places where the 'silent system' of prisons is rigidly enforced, where there are severe penalties for whispering to one's neighbor, and where the windows are closely curtained, so that no girl can look out upon the street; thus, in advance, inuring the girls to the hardships of prison discipline, in view of the possibility that they may some day become criminals! There are places where the employer treats his girls like slaves, in every sense of the word. Pause a moment, and reflect on *all* that signifies. As in the South 'as it was,' some of these girls are given curses, and even blows, and even *kicks*; while others are special favorites either of 'the boss,' or of some of his male subordinates, and dress well, pay four dollars a week for board, and fare well generally—on a salary of three dollars a week.

TEMPTATIONS.

Until you have lived the life of the working girl, lady, reading this page, you cannot know what their temptation is—how hard it is to keep away sin and shame. By all the doors at which temptation can enter to you, it enters to them; and by many other doors of which you know nothing by experience. It comes in the guise of friendship to them, who are utterly friendless in the world. It comes in the guise of love—and do you think the poor girl never yearns for the caressing touch of love's palm on her aching brow? never longs to be folded in the comforting embrace of love's strong arms? Ah, *she* knows the worth of love! It comes, too, through womanly vanity, as it does to her happier sisters, who sit higher in the social scale. But in addition to these, temptation comes to the poor girl through the tortures of a hunger which gnaws upon the vitals—of a cold which chills the young blood with its ice—

of a weariness under which the limbs tremble, the head reels, the whole frame sinks prostrate.

"If you were starving, and could not otherwise get food, possibly you would steal it. I would. If hunger will rouse strong men to active crime, how easy must it be for it to lead the poor girl to a merely passive sin! Yet she struggles with a bravery which few would give her credit for—with this, as with all her temptations. There was Agnes—, a beautiful girl of seventeen, who resisted the temptation that came to her through her own employer. He discharged her. Unable to pay her board, she was turned into the streets. It was a bitter day in January. For *four days* she wandered the streets, looking for work—only for work. 'I envied the boys who shoveled snow from the sidewalks. I would gladly have done their work for half they got.' Hungry, she pawned her shawl. When that was gone, she went twenty-four hours without a crumb, shivering through the streets. At night, she slept in the station-house—without a bed, thankful for mere shelter. Again and again she was tempted; but she did not yield. She found work at last, and leads her cruel life still, patiently and uncomplaining. There was Caroline G—, who came from the West to New York, fancying the great city would have plenty of work to give her. She, too, wandered the streets, and slept at night in the station-house. On the third day—which was the Christian Sabbath—mercy seemed to have found her. A gentlemanly appearing person spoke to her, and learning her want, offered to give her a place as seamstress in his family. He lived a short distance in the country, he said, and took her to a hotel to stay till next day, when they would take the cars for his home. The hotel was an elegant one; the room given her was hung with silk and lace; but she preferred the hard floor of the station-house, that night, to its luxurious state—for her 'protector' was a wolf in sheep's clothing."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE STREET BOYS.

You can scarcely walk a single block without your attention being drawn to one or more of the class called "street boys." We have already devoted a separate chapter to the musicians, and we must now endeavor to give the reader an idea of the rest of this class.

THE NEWSBOYS.

Every morning, by times, and every afternoon between one o'clock and dark, if you chance to be in the neighborhood of Printing House Square, you will see throngs of boys rushing frantically out of the cellars of the printing houses of the daily journals. They have barely passed the portals, when they set up their morning cry, in a shrill, sharp tone, "'Ere's your 'Erald,' 'Mornin' Times,' 'Buy a Tribune?'" etc. In the afternoon, they scream into your ears the names of the "News," "Mail," "Express," "Telegram," "Post," and other evening journals, flavoring their announcements with shouts such as these: "'Nuther murder!" "Tremendous sensation!" "Orful shootin' scrape!" "'Orrible haccident!" and so on. They climb up on the steps of the stage, thrust their grim little faces in the windows, and almost bring nervous passengers to their feet by their yells; or, scrambling into a street car, they will offer you their papers in such an earnest, appealing way, that, nine times out of ten, you will buy them out of sheer pity for the boys.

The boys who sell the morning papers are very few in number. The newspaper stands seem to have the whole monopoly of this branch of the trade, and the efforts of the newsboys are confined to the afternoon journals—especially the cheap ones—some of which, however, are dear bargains at a penny. They swarm around the City Hall, and in the eastern section of the city, below Canal street; and in the former locality, half a dozen will sometimes surround a luckless pedestrian, thrusting their wares in his face, and literally forcing him to buy one to get rid of them. The moment he shows the least disposition to yield, they commence fighting amongst themselves for the "honor" of serving him. They are ragged and dirty. Some have no coats, no shoes, and no hat. Some are simply stupid, others are bright, intelligent little fellows, who would make good and useful men if they could have a chance.

The majority of these boys live at home, but many of them are wanderers in the streets, selling papers at times, and begging at others. Some pay their earnings, which rarely amount to more than thirty cents per day, to their mothers—others spend them in tobacco, strong drink, and in visiting the low-class theatres and concert halls.

Formerly, these little fellows suffered very much from exposure and hunger. In the cold nights of

winter, they slept on the stairways of the newspaper offices, in old boxes or barrels, under door steps, and sometimes sought a "warm bed" on the street gratings of the printing offices, where the warm steam from the vaults below could pass over them. The attention of the "Children's Aid Association" was called to their hardships in 1854, and an effort was made to relieve them by establishing a newsboys' lodging house.

NEWSBOYS' LODGING HOUSE.

This is now situated in Park Place, near Broadway, and is richly worth visiting. It is always full at night. The boys pay five cents for supper, and five cents for bed. The whole of the arrangements are under the superintendence of Mr. and Mrs. O'Conner, who have been most efficient in their management of the house. It requires a great deal of tact to keep these boys under proper discipline, without, at the same time, letting them feel that the restrictions are too severe. Supper is served for them between six and seven o'clock, and is of plain, substantial materials. The boys then adjourn to the lecture-room, where they are supplied with books, and where, in the course of the evening, they unite in singing various hymns. Occasionally, gentlemen come in and give lectures. Some of the boys are eager to learn to write, and are supplied with writing materials. The sitting generally terminates about nine o'clock, with the recitation of the Lord's Prayer and the singing of the Doxology. The singing is marked with force, rather than great accuracy; it sometimes partakes very much of the character of a bawl. But the lads are amused, and perhaps a little instructed, so something is gained. After these exercises, the tired ones go to bed, the lively blades to the gymnasium, the philosophic apply themselves to draughts or dominoes. The gymnasium is a most amusing place. There is one little boy, named 'Chris,' a newsboy, aged eleven, who lost his leg by being rode over by a coal cart, about four years ago, whose agility is perfectly wonderful. He throws aside the crutch with disdain, hops across the room with incredible swiftness, seizes the rings of the swing, and flies through the air like a bird. Some of the newsboys have considerable savings, and are very well-conducted lads. Last month, one of them picked up a roll of bills amounting to two hundred dollars. He brought it immediately to Mr. O'Conner, and asked his advice. It was decided that the finding should be advertised; but as the owner was not forthcoming, the boy placed his savings in a bank; and has added considerably to the original amount.

THE BOOTBLACKS.

The bootblacks form a peculiar feature of New York life. They are boys from ten to sixteen years of age. A few are older, and there are some men following this avocation on the street. The boys, however, are always meant when this class is referred to. Some of them are newsboys early in the morning, and bootblacks for the rest of the day.

They provide themselves with a box, with a sliding lid and a rest for the feet of their customers, a box of blacking, and a pair of good brushes. All the articles are kept in the box, when not in use, and the owner carries this receptacle by means of a leather strap fastened to it. This he slings across his shoulder, and trudges on with his box on his back. The headquarters of this class are in or near the Five Points district. They form a regular confraternity, and have their own laws or customs. They are generally sharp, shrewd lads, with any number of bad habits, and little or no principle. They are averse to giving much information with respect to themselves or their society, admission into which requires a payment of two dollars. To what purpose the money thus obtained is devoted, it is hard to say, but the object of the association seems to be mutual protection. The "Order" establishes a fixed price for labor, and takes care to protect its members against the competition of irregular intruders. The established price, for blacking a pair of boots or shoes, is ten cents. When it is known to a member that an outsider is blacking for a less sum, the fact is reported to the society, which appoints a delegation to look after the presumptuous individual. He is promptly warned that he must work for the regular price, or "quit work." If he declines to do either, his head, in the elegant language of the society, is "punched," and he is driven from the street. The affairs of the society are managed by a "Captain of the bootblacks," whose word is supreme, and who wields his power as all arbitrary rulers do.

The price of a new outfit, or "kit," such as we have described, is from two to three dollars. Second-hand outfits can be bought of the junk-dealers for much less. When asked how much they earn, the boys give evasive answers, and it has been said that their society does not permit them to tell the truth upon this subject. One dollar is supposed to be the average daily earning of an industrious boy. The writer was once much amused by a little fellow telling him, with an air of great importance, that he was going that night to attend the trial of Bill Simpson, a recreant bootblack, who was to be "brought afore the s'ciety for blacking boots for five cents." The trial must have been edifying. Where and when the society meets, and what is the nature of its transactions, are secrets known only to the initiated.

A large part of the earnings of the bootblacks is spent for tobacco and drink. They are patrons of the

Bowery theatres and concert halls, and their criticisms of the performances are frequently worth hearing. The "Children's Aid Society" makes them objects of its especial care, its great end and aim being "to induce the boys to emigrate to the West." The course of life which they pursue leads to miserable results. When a bootblack gets to be seventeen, he finds that his career is at an end— it does not produce money enough—and he has acquired lazy, listless habits, which totally unfit him for any kind of work. He becomes a loafer, a vagrant, and perhaps worse. To save boys from this fate, the society labors most earnestly to induce them to go to the West; and it is stated that the desire of the boys to secure western homes increases year by year. Up to the present time about seven hundred have been sent out, and many of them are now filling respectable positions in society.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BEGGARS.

After living in New York for a few months, you cannot resist the conclusion that it is a City of Beggars. You meet them at every step, and they follow you into your residence and place of business. A few you know to be genuine, and you give them gladly, but cannot resist the conviction that the majority of those who accost you are simply impostors, as, indeed, they are. Begging is not allowed on the street-cars, in the stages, the ferry-boats, or at any place of amusement, but there is no law against the practice of it on the streets. Broadway is the favorite resort of this class, as it is the principal promenade of the city people, and Fourteenth, and Twenty-third streets, and Fifth Avenue are being made disagreeable in this way.

Besides these street beggars, there are numbers of genteel, and doubtless well-meaning persons who make it their business to beg for others. They intrude upon you at the most inconvenient times, and venture into your private apartments with a freedom and assurance which positively amaze you. Refuse them, and they are insulting.

Then there are those who approach you by means of letters. They send you the most pitiful appeals for aid, and assure you that nothing but the direst necessity induces them to send you such a letter, and that they would not do so under any circumstances, were not they aware of your well-known charitable disposition. Some persons of known wealth receive as many as a dozen letters of this kind each day. They are, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, from impostors, and are properly consigned to the waste-basket.

Housekeepers have frequent applications every day for food. These are generally complied with, as, in all families of moderate size, there is much that must either be given or thrown away. Children and old people generally do this kind of begging. They come with long faces and pitiful voices, and ask for food in the most doleful tones. Grant their requests, and you will be amused at the cool manner in which they will produce large baskets, filled with provisions, and deposit your gift therein. Many Irish families find all their provisions in this way.

A lady desirous of helping a little child who was in the habit of coming to her on such errands, once asked her what her mother's occupation was?

"She keeps a boardin' house," was the innocent reply.

"A boarding house!" exclaimed the lady in surprise, "then why does she send you out to beg?"

"Oh!" said the child naively, "she takes care of the house, and I do the marketing. She doesn't call it begging."

The cool impudence of street beggars is often amusing. The writer was sitting a short while since in the office of a friend, when a man entered and began a most pitiful story. The gentleman gave him a penny or two, then looking at him for the first time, said:

"How is this, my friend? This is the second time you have been here to-day. I gave you something this morning."

The man had evidently blundered into the office this time, and he now glanced at the gentleman and about the room, searchingly. He recognized them, and bursting into a laugh at his mistake, left the room without replying.

The majority of the beggars of the City, we are glad to say, are foreigners and their children. An American mendicant is rarely seen. Our people will suffer in silence rather than beg, but the foreigners do not seem to be influenced by any such feelings. They are used to it, no doubt, in their own country, and bring their pauper habits over here with them. We make an exception in favor of the Germans. They are a hard-working people and rarely beg.

The City makes a liberal provision for the poor, and the charitable associations do much more, but still it is impossible to relieve all the suffering. The reader will find in one of the engravings of this work, an instance of the manner in which the poor are provided with food at the Tombs.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EMIGRANTS.

Nine tenths of the emigration from Europe to the United States is through the port of New York. So large is the number of emigrants arriving here, that the authorities have been compelled to establish a depot for the especial accommodation of this class. This depot is located at the Battery.

THE BATTERY.

The Battery was formerly one of the most delightful spots in New York. It occupies the extreme lower end of the island, and commands a fine view of the bay and harbor. It had formerly a granite sea-wall, along which was the favorite promenade of the city, and was shaded by a grove of fine oaks which the Dutch settlers had been wise enough to spare. It was almost triangular in form, and on two sides was built up with stately mansions of the old style, which were occupied by the *elite* of the metropolis. It had an elegant and aristocratic air, which made it very attractive to both native and visitor.

The houses and trees are still standing, but the dwellers who made the place so gay, twenty years ago, have flown up the island, and the buildings are occupied with the offices of the various shipping lines, that ply between this and other ports; and by cheap hotels, bar-rooms, and sailors' boarding houses, the grass in the enclosure is trodden down, and the place is both dirty and repulsive. The railing is lined with long rows of street-venders' stalls, and the gates have been taken away. Crowds of emigrants, drunken men, slovenly women and dirty children are to be seen at all hours of the day in the old park, and the only beauty still clinging to the scene is in the expanse of blue water which stretches away from it seaward. At night the Battery is not a safe place to visit, for its frequenters respect neither life nor property, and the bay is close at hand to hide all traces of crime.

CASTLE GARDEN.

The emigrant ships, both sail vessels and steamers, anchor in the river after entering the port. They generally lie off their own piers, and wait for the Custom-House boat to board them. As soon as this is done, and the necessary forms are gone through with, preparations are made to land the emigrants, as the ship cannot enter her berth at the pier till this duty is accomplished. The emigrants and their baggage are placed on board the Custom-House steamer, and are at once conveyed to Castle Garden, a round building which juts out into the water at the extreme end of the Battery.

In the year 1807 work was commenced on this building by the General Government, the site having been ceded by the city. It was intended to erect a strong fortification, to be called Castle Clinton, but, in 1820, it was discovered that the foundations were not strong enough to bear heavy ordnance, and Congress reconveyed the site to the city. The building was then completed as an opera house, and used for operatic and theatrical performances, concerts, and public receptions. It was the largest and most elegant hall of its kind in the country, and was a favorite resort of pleasure seekers. Jenny Lind sang there, during her visit to the United States. It was used for this purpose until the year 1855, when, the fashion and wealth of the city having removed too high up town to make it profitable, it was leased to the Commissioners of Emigration, as a landing-place for emigrants.

This Commission has the exclusive charge of the Landing Depot and its inmates. It is composed of six Commissioners, appointed by the Governor of the State. The Mayors of New York and Brooklyn, and the Presidents of the Irish and German Emigrant Societies, are members *ex-officio*. They are responsible to the Legislature for their acts.

The Landing Depot is fitted up with quarters for the emigrants and their baggage, and with various stores at which they can procure articles of necessity at moderate prices. As most of them come provided with some money, there is an exchange office in the enclosure, at which they can procure American currency for their foreign money. Many of them come furnished with railroad tickets to their destinations in the West, which they have purchased in Europe, but the majority buy their tickets in this city. There is an office for this purpose in the building, at which the agents of the various lines leading from the city to the Great West are prepared to sell tickets. No one is compelled to transact his business in the building, but all are advised to do so, as they will then be fairly treated; while they are in danger of falling into the hands of swindlers outside. Attached to the establishment is an official, whose duty it is to furnish any information desired by the emigrants, and to advise them as to the boarding houses of the city which are worthy of their patronage. The keepers of these houses are held to a strict account of their treatment of their guests.

The majority of the emigrants go West in a few days after their arrival. Some have already decided on their place of future abode before leaving Europe, and others are influenced by the information they receive after reaching this country. Should they desire to remain in this city they are frequently able to obtain employment, through the Labor Exchange connected with the Landing Depot, and by the same means many obtain work in other parts of the country—the Commissioners taking care that the contracts thus made are lawful and fair to both parties.

As we have said, the greater number of the emigrants arriving here have money when they come. Others, who have been able to raise only enough to reach this, to them, "land of promise," or who have been swindled out of their funds by sharpers in European ports, arrive here in the most destitute condition. These are a burden to the city and, State at first, and are at once sent to the Emigrant Refuge and Hospital.

EMIGRANT REFUGE AND HOSPITAL.

This establishment is located on Ward's Island, in the Harlem River, and consists of several large buildings for hospitals, nurseries, and other purposes. It has a farm of one hundred and six acres attached to it. The destitute emigrants are sent to this establishment, as soon as their condition is ascertained, and cared for until they either obtain employment, or are provided for by their friends in this country, or are sent to their original destinations in the West at the expense of the Commissioners. Medical attendance is provided at the Landing Depot, and is free to all needing it. Serious cases are sent to the hospital on Ward's Island, where good medical skill and attendance are furnished.

The number of emigrants at the Refuge sometimes amounts to several hundred of all nationalities. The Irish and German elements predominate, and these being bitterly hostile to each other, the authorities are frequently compelled to adopt severe measures to prevent an open collision between them. In the winter of 1867-68, the Irish and German residents on the island came to blows, and a bloody riot immediately began between them, which was only quelled by the prompt arrival of a strong force of the City Police.

PERILS OF EMIGRANTS.

The Commissioners adopt every means in their power to prevent the inmates of the Landing Depot from falling into the hands of sharpers. Each emigrant in passing out of the enclosure for any purpose is required to apply for a permit, without which he cannot return, and no one is allowed, by the policeman on duty at the gate, to enter without permission from the proper authorities. In this way sharpers and swindlers are kept out of the enclosure, inside of which the emigrant is perfectly safe; and when he ventures out he is warned of the dangers he will have to encounter the moment he passes the gateway.

The majority of the emigrants are unable to speak our language, and all are ignorant of the country, its laws, and customs. This makes them an easy prey to the villains who throng the Battery in wait for them.

Approaching these poor creatures, as they are gazing about them with the timidity and loneliness of strangers in a strange land, the scoundrels will accost them in their own language. Glad to hear the mother-tongue once more, the emigrant readily enters into conversation with the fellow, and reveals to him his destination, his plans, and the amount of money he has with him. The sharper, after some pleasantries meant to lull the suspicions of his victim, offers to show him where he can purchase his railroad tickets at a lower rate than at the office in the Landing Depot, and, if the emigrant is willing, conducts him to a house in Washington, Greenwich, West, or some neighboring street, where a confederate sells him the so-called railroad tickets and receives his money. He is then conducted back

to the Battery by a different route, and the sharper leaves him. Upon inquiring at the office, he learns that his cheap tickets are so much worthless paper, and that he has been swindled out of his money, which may be his all. Of course he is unable to find the place where he was robbed, and has no redress for his loss.

[Illustration: Castle Garden, the place the emigrants land—Sharppers trying to swindle them.]

Others again are led off, by persons who pretend to be friends, to take a friendly drink in a neighboring saloon. Their liquor is drugged, and they are soon rendered unconscious, when they are robbed of their money, valuables, and even their clothes, and turned out into the street in this condition, to be picked up by the police.

All sorts of worthless wares are palmed off upon them by unscrupulous wretches. They are drawn into gaming and are fleeced out of their money. Dozens of sharpers are on the watch for them, and woe to them if they fall into the hands of these wretches.

Women are prominent amongst the enemies of the emigrants. The proprietors of the dance-houses and brothels of the city send their agents to the Battery, to watch their opportunity to entice the fresh, healthy emigrant girls to their hells. They draw them away by promises of profitable employment, and other shams, and carry them off to the houses of their heartless masters and mistresses. There they are drugged and ruined, or in other ways literally forced into lives of shame.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE BUMMERS.

From a recent number of the *New York Times*, we take the following excellent description of this class, which is peculiar to the Metropolis:—

Like the Western Army and Army of the Potomac during the war, the City of New York possesses its troop of bummers—men who hate the discipline of life, detest marching in the ranks of workers, and hold industry in abomination. They consist of two classes, the temporary, made so by misfortune, or their own fault, and the permanent, who are so from their own deliberate choice. The first deserve what they seldom receive—our pity and sympathy, while the second equally rarely obtain their just deserts of contempt and disgust. The regular bummer is a mixture of the thief and beggar, usually possessing more of the characteristics of the latter than the former, as his cowardice and indolence prevent him from rising high in the ranks of criminals. His strongest feeling is a horror of all regular employment; his chief happiness is to lie with a well-filled stomach on the Battery, in the sun, and sleep; his hell, or 'infinite dread,' is to be arrested by the police and be sent to the Island as a vagrant.

All that a man, whether rich or poor, can require, is food, clothing, lodging, and money for amusement or luxury. More than this the wealthiest can never obtain—less than this the bummer seldom possesses. His first principle is never to pay for food, even if he has the money. In a city like this, where plenty of good food is thrown away every day, it is a shame for any man to go hungry,' remarked one of this tribe, 'and I won't go with an empty belly; I ask until I have enough.' This is the feeling of all, and is acted upon by all. He begs bread from the bakers, and broken victuals from restaurants and private houses. In summer he strolls around the market to pick up or steal what he can find. His money he will spend for liquor for himself and friends, but considers it wasted if used to buy food. He will treat a brother in distress to five-cent whiskey as long as his money holds out, but his comrade might starve before he would buy him a loaf of bread. He has his regular routes and customers whom he visits, and some of these *chevaliers d'industrie* keep regular lists of the charitable, their residences, what is the proper time to call, and the probable result of such visit. 'Mr.—, No.—street, coffee and bread, 7 and 8 A.M.; Mr.—, No.—street, 9 A.M., bread, cold meat, or cheese; brown stone house corner of—street, 8 P.M., Irish girl, dinner; bakery,—street, bread; cracker bakery,—street; house four doors from—street, lady, lots to eat and money; sisters in—street, soup; hotel,—street, soup meat, 12.30 P.M.,' etc., etc. This is a partial copy of a list seen by the writer. As a rule he does not go to the same place two days in succession, but having a number, can levy toll at intervals and still keep supplied. Woe to the charitable restaurant-keeper who expresses sympathy—he will be overrun. The keeper of a certain eating-house not far from the City Hall, in reply to the thanks for the meal that he had given to our cormorant, said: 'You are heartily welcome. I never send any man hungry from my door.' This expression was spread, and he was almost overwhelmed. On one day, in less than a

week from this unfortunate remark, he had thirty-two callers within twenty-four hours, and was compelled to refuse all in order to obtain peace.

The clothing of a bumner, while, of course, rarely of the latest fashion, is still generally sound and whole, except when on an expedition in pursuit of a wardrobe. This he obtains by 'asking,' though sometimes he will buy cast-off garments in Baxter street, but in general he prefers to beg for it. Some keep dilapidated clothing expressly to wear when begging, and even lend it to others to use for the purpose. Some also make a list of the places where they will be apt to procure what they require. This list they obtain from the daily papers. Every morning they examine the obituary notices, and enter the date of the deaths, of persons of about their own age, on paper; about a week or two thereafter, they call on the afflicted family, and very frequently obtain a supply. What they cannot use they exchange at some of the numerous second-hand dealers for what they can, or sell it outright.

Their lodging-place is vast, consisting of the whole city. They are regular nomads, having no fixed abiding place, driven by the police or weather from one spot to the other. The City Hall Park is their usual headquarters by day. Many also visit the criminal courts to pass away the time, but the neighborhood of the City Hall appears to be their favorite resort. Whenever the sky is clear they can be seen sitting on the benches, vainly endeavoring to keep awake. If their gyrations become too violent, or they tumble from their seats, the watchful police are upon them, and, with sundry pokes of the club, compel them to banish Morpheus by walking—outside of the Park. Those who have not rested well during the night, at early dawn wend their way thither, and, stretching themselves on the benches, endeavor to snatch a nap, but, if seen, are always bastinadoed; for the only method our Metropolitans understand of arousing a man is by beating a reveille on his feet with a club. On the Battery, near the water's edge during the summer, was a large pile of gravel. This, in dry weather, was a favorite resort. Here, every night from nine o'clock, eighteen or twenty figures could be seen stretched out in every shape. Most had old newspapers under them; some had a brick or stone for a pillow, but all were hatless. Hats were dangerous pieces of property to possess, as if one was ever left exposed it was sure to be stolen. The police rarely disturbed them; their greatest enemies were the mosquitoes. Many of these night birds sleep in hallways, or on stoops. Some creep into empty wagons, while others visit the hay barges in the North River. The farmers who bring their produce to the Washington Market, arrive there early in the morning, and they and the carriers who assist them to unload, generally sleep in the doorways opposite their teams. Among these the bummers frequently creep to rest, and as the police have neither the time nor inclination to pick them out, the black sheep remain with the white until the morning breaks, when they crawl away or skulk around the huckster-stalls to gather refuse fruit. When the weather is cold or rainy, the station-house is taken as a last resort. A description of the lodgings there would lead us away from our subject; it is sufficient to say that only a regular bumner can enjoy a rest in such a place. The life of such a creature is, necessarily, merely an animal existence, and, as a rule, he does not care for any amusement beyond listening to trials in the criminal courts. If with a full stomach he can doze away his time, he is satisfied, and asks nothing more. When, however, he desires any recreation, he patronizes Tony Pastor's Bowery Theatre. At the latter place he is often seen standing near the door, with the hope of having a check given to him by some one who leaves early. Some money he requires to try his luck in policy shops, and especially to pay for his drinks. His methods of 'raising the wind' are only limited by his ingenuity. Simple begging, without an excuse, he seldom tries, as, being able-bodied, his requests would be roughly refused. He frequently sells hats, boots, and articles of clothing that he has begged. When on such a collecting tour, he carefully hides his hat or gives it to a comrade, and then calls in some wholesale hat-store. There he tells a pitiable story of having been compelled to sleep in the street and of having his hat stolen. He goes from place to place and frequently succeeds in collecting quite a number. One of these gentry has been heard to brag that he obtained fifteen different hats, all good, in one day. Boots and shoes he collects by showing his feet bursting out of the covering he has put on them for the occasion. The most singular manner of making money is practiced by a German, who told of it with great pride. Every morning he examines the obituary notices in the German newspapers. He then writes a few lines of something he calls poetry concerning each deceased. This he takes to the afflicted family, and tells them that seeing the death of a 'dear one' in the paper, the following thoughts were suggested, and then gives them his manuscript. On being asked if there is anything to pay, he replies that he is poor and will take anything they choose to give. Most give ten cents, some twenty-five, and he has even received a dollar, probably where the sorrow was very deep. When all other means fail, our subject visits the different ferries, and there asks the persons about to cross for enough to pay his ferriage. In this way he collects a small amount during the day, but as it is tedious and slow work he never undertakes it except as a last resort. With half the trouble that he takes to beg he could earn a decent livelihood, but detesting regularity he never undertakes it. One sense of shame, however, yet remains to him. He hides his begging under a euphemism; he never says he "begs," but always "asks." The Germans call it *fechten*, to fight. They are the most successful, for two reasons—first, because the German nation is peculiarly hospitable and charitable to their own countrymen. Those speaking the same language and coming from the same country are always received kindly and are assisted. A Prussian helps a Prussian, a Saxon a Saxon, etc.,

etc.; secondly, they have less hesitancy in asking for what they need, being accustomed to it from their own country. There, when a mechanic has learned his trade he goes on his travels, and seldom having money, must beg his way. He is seldom refused his *reisepfennig*, travelling penny, and never his food and lodging. When he arrives at a place where there is a boss in his trade, if there is no work for him, each journeyman gives him something, and the boss twice as much. This is the custom, and when he obtains work he must do the same to those who come after him. Here he has little shame in asking for money, victuals or clothes. The German druggists have a singular custom of giving two cents to all beggars of their own nationality. Why they give that exact sum is a mystery, but it seems to be their habit.

Such are the bummers of New York, hastily sketched. Much more could be told did the space allow, but it is enough to show the nature of those excrescences on the body politic; men who, by their indolence and impudence, curdle the milk of human kindness and dishearten the charitable, taking the help that would make happy more deserving objects.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

In January, 1866, Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Church, startled the country with the declaration, made at a public meeting at Cooper Institute, that the prostitutes of New York City were as numerous as the members of the Methodist Church. The following letter of Mr. John A. Kennedy, Superintendent of the Metropolitan Police, furnishes the most authentic statement of the facts of the case:

OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF METROPOLITAN POLICE,
300 MULBERRY STREET.
NEW YORK, *January 22, 1866.*

'MY DEAR SIR.—Your note of to-day is before me, with the printed sheet of the '*Great Metropolis Condensed*,' inquiring whether the figures in the paragraph marked 'Licentiousness' can be verified. I have to say that I have nothing in my possession to sustain such monstrous statements. During the past fall I had a careful examination made of the concert saloons in this city, for the purpose of using the result in our annual report; which you will find in the leading dailies of Friday, January 5th, instant. At that time we found eleven hundred and ninety-one waiter girls employed in two hundred and twenty-three concert and drinking saloons. Although the greater part of these girls are already prostitutes, yet we have evidence that they are not all such; but continuation at the employment is sure to make them all alike. Previous to that I had not made any census of persons of that character since January 24th, 1864, when the footing was as follows:

Houses of prostitution, five hundred and ninety-nine. Public prostitutes, two thousand one hundred and twenty three. Concert saloons of ill repute, seventy-two. The number of waiting girls was not then taken.

The newspapers of last week, in reporting Bishop Simpson's speech, delivered in St. Paul's Church, made him say that there are twenty thousand prostitutes in New York. I felt it about time to correct the impressions of such well-meaning men as he, and on Thursday last I sent out an order, instructing a new census to be made. I have nearly all the returns in, and I find a much less increase than I expected. A large number who have been following the army during the war, very naturally have gravitated to this city. Where else would they go? But with all that, the increase is below my estimate. On the 22d day of January, 1866, the report is as follows:

Houses of prostitution, six hundred and twenty-one. Houses of assignation, ninety-nine. Concert saloons of ill repute, seventy-five. Public prostitutes, two thousand six hundred and seventy. Waiter girls in concert and drinking saloons, seven hundred and forty-seven.

You will see that houses of prostitution have increased twenty-two in two years, and houses of assignation have decreased thirteen. Concert saloons have increased four. Prostitutes have increased five hundred and forty-seven. The waiter girls will be increased by the figures to come in.

As it regards 'other women,' we have no means of knowing anything of their number. That there are many of them cannot be disputed; the number of houses for their accommodation tells us that; but

there is no such number as two thousand five hundred, you may depend on it, visit those places, and of those who do, the waiter girls furnish the larger portion.

So that, taking all the public prostitutes, and all the waiter girls in music saloons (and these we have to a unit), there are but three thousand three hundred.

Medical estimates are humbugs, from Dr. D. M. Reeves down to Dr. Sanger. According to Dr. Reeves, every female in the city, over thirteen years of age, was required to fill up his estimate of lewd women, and Dr. Sanger is but little more reasonable. Very respectfully, yours, JOHN A. KENNEDY.

Nearly three years have elapsed since the above letter was written, and there can be no doubt that the interval has witnessed a very decided increase of this species of vice. The greatest increase is, perhaps, in the class termed by Mr. Kennedy "other women," in which are included the women of nominal respectability, whose crime is known only to themselves and their lovers. They are the last persons in the world one would think of accusing, for they are not even suspected of wrong doing. Many of them seem to be innocent young girls, others wives and mothers of undoubted purity. Society is corrupt to its very heart in the great city, and there are thousands of nominally virtuous women who lead, in secret, lives of shame. The authorities cannot include this class in their statistics, as they know nothing of them.

FIRST-CLASS HOUSES.

There are very few first-class houses of ill-fame in the city, and they are located in the best neighborhoods. They are generally hired fully furnished, the annual rent in some cases amounting to ten and twelve thousand dollars. The neighbors have little or no suspicion as to their character, which is, in such cases, known only to the police and their frequenters. The establishment is palatial in its appointments, and is conducted with the utmost outward propriety.

The proprietress is generally a middle-aged woman of fine personal appearance. She has a man living with her, who passes as her husband, in order that she may be able to show a legal protector in case of trouble with the authorities. This couple usually assume some foreign name, and pass themselves off upon the unsuspecting as persons of the highest respectability.

The inmates are usually young women, or women in the prime of life. They are carefully chosen for their beauty and charms, and are frequently persons of education and refinement. They are required to observe the utmost decorum in the parlors of the house, and their toilettes are exquisite and modest. They never make acquaintances on the street, and, indeed, have no need to do so. The women who fill these houses are generally of respectable origin. They are the daughters, often the wives or widows, of persons of the best social position. Some have been drawn astray by villains; some have been drugged and ruined, and have fled to these places to hide their shame from their friends; some have adopted the life in order to avoid poverty, their means having been suddenly swept away; some have entered from motives of extravagance and vanity; some are married women, who have been unfaithful to their husbands, and who have been deserted in consequence; some have been ruined by the cruelty and neglect of their husbands; some, horrible as it may seem, have been forced into such a life by their parents; and, others, who constitute the smallest class, have adopted the life from motives of pure licentiousness. But, whatever may be the cause, the fact is evident to all—these places are always full of women competent to grace the best circles of social life.

The visitors to these places are men of means. No others can afford to patronize them. Besides the money paid to his companion, each man is expected to spend a considerable amount in wine. The liquors are owned and sold by the proprietress, her prices being generally double those of the best Broadway wine stores. Her profits are enormous. The "first men" of the city and country visit these places. The proportion of married men amongst the guests is very large. Governors, Congressmen, lawyers, judges, physicians, and, alas that it should be said, even ministers of the Gospel, are to be seen there. Men coming to New York from other parts of the country, seem to think themselves free from all the restraints of morality and religion, and while here commit acts of sin and dissipation, such as they would not dream of indulging in, in their own communities. They fully equal and often surpass the city population in this respect.

Great care is taken by the proprietors of these houses that the visits of their guests shall be as private as possible. Upon ringing the bell the visitor is admitted by a finely dressed servant, and shown into the parlor. If he desires an interview with any particular person he is quickly admitted to her presence. If his visit is "general," he awaits in the parlor the entrance of the inmates of the house, who drop in at intervals. No other gentleman is admitted to the parlor while he is there, and in leaving the house no one is allowed to enter or look into the parlors. If two men enter together they are thrown into the parlor at the same time.

The earnings of the inmates are very large. They pay an extravagant rate of board, and are expected to dress handsomely. They rarely save any thing. They are well cared for by the proprietress as long as they are profitable to her, but in case of sickness, or the loss of their beauty, they are turned out of doors without the slightest hesitation. Generally they are in debt to the proprietress at such times, and their property is seized by her to satisfy her claims.

In entering these houses, women believe they will always be able to keep themselves amongst the best classes of such females. They are soon undeceived, however. The rule is so rigid that there is not more than one exception in a thousand cases. They rarely remain in first-class houses more than a few months, or a year at the longest. In leaving them, they begin to go down the ladder, until they reach the dance-houses and purlieus of the city, where disease and death in their most horrible forms await them. All this in a few years, for the life which such women, even the best of them, lead, is so fearfully destructive of body and soul that a very few survive it more than five years at the longest. The police authorities say that the first-class houses change their inmates every few months.

Let no woman deceive herself, "*The wages of sin is death.*" Once entered upon a life of shame, however glittering it may be in the outset, her fate is certain—unless she anticipates her final doom by suicide. She cannot reform if she would. No one will help her back to the paths of right. Even those who loved her best, in her virtue, will turn from her in horror in her sin. She will be driven on by an avenging fate, which she cannot resist if she would, until she is one of those wretched, lost creatures, whose dens are in the purlieus of the Five Points and Water street. There is only one means of safety. Avoid the first step. Once place your foot in the downward path, and you are lost. "*The Wages of sin is death*"

SECOND-CLASS HOUSES.

These establishments are better known to the general public than those we have just described, as they are open to all persons of moderate means. They are located in all parts of the town, many of them being in respectable neighborhoods. They are handsomely furnished, and are conducted in a flashy style. The inmates are those who, for various causes, have been turned out of first-class houses, or who have never been able to enter those establishments. They do not hesitate to solicit custom on the streets and in the public places, though they are not, as a general rule, obliged to do so.

This is the second step in the downward career of fallen women. From this step the descent is rapid. The third and fourth-class houses, and then the streets, are reached quickly, after which the dance-houses and the Five Points hells claim their victims.

WHERE THE UNFORTUNATES COME FROM.

It is generally very hard to learn the true history of the lost women of New York, for nearly all wish to make their past lot appear better than it really was, with the melancholy hope of elevating themselves in the estimation of their present acquaintances. It may be safely asserted, however, that the majority of them come from the humbler walks of life. Women of former position and refinement are the exceptions. Poverty, and a desire to be able to gratify a love for fine clothes, are among the chief causes of prostitution in this city. At the same time the proprietors of houses of all classes spare no pains to draw into their nets all the victims who will listen to them. They have their agents scattered all over the country, who use every means to tempt young girls to come to the great city to engage in this life of shame. They promise them money, fine clothes, ease, and an elegant home. The seminaries and rural districts of the land furnish a large proportion of this class. The hotels in this city are closely watched by the agents of these infamous establishments, especially hotels of the plainer and less expensive kind. These harpies watch their chance, and when they lay siege to a blooming young girl surround her with every species of enticement. She is taken to church, to places of amusement, or to the Park, and, in returning, a visit is paid to the house of a friend of the harpy. Refreshments are offered, and a glass of drugged wine plunges the victim into a stupor, from which she awakes a ruined woman.

A CASE IN POINT.

Some months ago, two girls, daughters of a respectable man, engaged as foreman on Prospect Park, Brooklyn, met with an advertisement calling for girls to learn the trade of dressmaking, in West Broadway, New York. The two sisters in question, applied for and obtained the situation. After being engaged there for a few days, at a salary of three dollars a week, the woman, by whom they were employed, proposed that during the week they should board with her. In the furtherance of this idea, the woman visited the parents of the girls in this city, and made the same proposition to them. Highly pleased with her agreeable manner, and kind interest in the welfare of their daughters, the parents

acceded to her request, with the understanding that they should return home every Saturday evening. Saturday night came, and with it rain, but not with it the daughters. On Monday morning the woman appeared before the anxious parents, offering as an excuse for the non-appearance of the girls on Saturday night, that she did not deem it prudent for them to venture out, owing to the inclemency of the weather, and assuring the old folks that they should visit them on Thursday night, which assurance was not fulfilled. Next morning the father, becoming alarmed for their safety, went over to New York, and searched for the dressmaker's residence in West Broadway, but was unable to find it, or indeed to learn any thing of the woman. Now becoming thoroughly aroused to the danger of their position, he instituted a thorough search, securing the services of the New York detective force. After a lapse of five weeks, the younger girl was discovered in a low house in Baltic street, Brooklyn. The story was then told the unfortunate father by his wretched daughter. After entering the service of the woman, the sisters were held against their will, and were subjected to the most inhuman and debasing treatment. Finally they were separated from each other's society, and became the inmates of dens. The woman's whereabouts is unknown to the police, and the elder sister is still missing. The above facts are vouched for on the most undoubted authority.

RECRUITS FROM NEW ENGLAND.

A very large number of the women engaged in this infamous business are from New England. That section of the country is so overcrowded, and the females are so numerous therein, that there is no room for all at home. As a consequence hundreds come to the city every year. They come with high hopes, but soon find it as hard, if not harder, to obtain employment here. The runners for the houses of ill fame are always on the watch for them, and from various causes, these girls fall victims to them, and join the lost sisterhood. They are generally the daughters of farmers, or working men, and when they come are fresh in constitution and blooming in their young beauty. God pity them! These blessings soon vanish. They dare not escape from their slavery, for they have no means of earning a living in the great city, and they know they would not be received at home, were their story known. Their very mothers would turn from them with loathing. Without hope, they cling to their shame, and sink lower and lower, until death mercifully ends their human sufferings. As long as they are prosperous, they represent in their letters home that they are engaged in a steady, honest business, and the parents' fears are lulled. After awhile these letters are rarer. Finally they cease altogether. Would a father find his child after this, he must seek her in the foulest hells of the city.

SAVED IN TIME.

The police are frequently called upon by persons from other parts of the country, for aid in seeking a lost daughter, or a sister, or some female relative. Sometimes these searches, which are always promptly made, are rewarded with success. Some unfortunates are, in this way, saved before they have fallen so low as to make efforts in their behalf vain. Others, overwhelmed with despair, will refuse to leave their shame. They cannot bear the pity or silent scorn of their former relatives and friends, and prefer to cling to their present homes. It is very hard for a fallen woman to retrace her steps, even if her friends or relatives are willing to help her do so.

Last winter an old gray haired man came to the city from his farm in New England, accompanied by his son, a manly youth, in search of his lost daughter. His description enabled the police to recognize the girl as one who had but recently made her appearance on the streets, and they at once led the father and brother to the door of the house she was living in. As they entered the well-filled parlor, the girl recognized her father. With a cry of joy she sprang into his arms. Lifting her tenderly, the old man carried her into the street, exclaiming through, his tears;

"We've saved her, thank God! We've saved our Lizzie."

That night all three left the city for their distant home.

Another instance occurs to us:

A gentleman once found his daughter in one of the first-class houses of the city, to which she had been tracked by the police. He sought her there, and she received him with every demonstration of joy and affection. He urged her to return home with him, promising that all should be forgiven and forgotten, but she refused to do so, and was deaf to all his entreaties. He brought her mother to see her, and though the girl clung to her and wept bitterly in parting, she would not go home. She felt that it was too late. She was lost.

Many of these poor creatures treasure sacredly the memories of their childhood and home. They will speak of them with a calmness which shows how deep and real is their despair. They would flee from

their horrible lives if they could, but they are so enslaved that they are not able to do so. Their sin crushes them to the earth, and they cannot rise above it.

THE SISTERS' ROW.

This is the name given to a row of first-class houses in West Twenty-fifth street, all fashionable houses of prostitution. A woman came to this city from a New England village, and was enticed into one of the fashionable dens. She paid a visit to her home, dressed up in all her finery. Her parents believed her a Broadway saleswoman, but to her sisters, one by one, she confided the life of gayety and pleasure she led, and one by one the sisters left the peaceful village, until, at last, the whole seven sisters were domiciled in the crime-gilt palaces in West Twenty-fifth street. Thus, one sister ruined six in her own family; how many others in the same place is unknown.

Another instance: A woman, named——, is from Binghamton, in this State. As a matter of course, she has correspondents in that place; she knows all the giddy-headed girls of the town; she knows the dissatisfied wives. The result is her house is a small Binghamton. Thus, one girl from a village may ruin a dozen; and it is in this way they so readily find the home they are in search of in a strange city.

THE ALBUM BUSINESS.

A peculiarity of the Twenty-ninth Police Precinct of the city, in which the majority of the better class of houses are located, "is the large number of lady boarders, who do nothing, apparently, for a living. They live in furnished rooms, or they may board in respectable families. They leave their cards with the madame of the house, together with their photograph. They live within a few minutes' call, and when a gentleman enters the parlor he has a few minutes' chat with the madame, who hands him the album. He runs his eye over the pictures, makes his choice, and a messenger is dispatched for No. 12 or 24. These are what may be termed the day ladies, or outside boarders. Some of them are married, living with their husbands, who know nothing of what is going on, and it may be some of them have shown the readers of the *Sun* how cheap they can keep house, dress well, and put money in the bank beside, on a given weekly income of their husband. Those ladies who hire furnished rooms all dine at the restaurants, but they are never found soliciting men in the street. True, in the restaurant they may accept a recognition, but a man has to be careful what he is about."

EFFORTS TO BREAK UP THESE HOUSES.

"Twenty years ago, when Matsell was Chief of Police, he used to try and break up the most notorious houses by stationing a policeman at the door, and when any one went in or out, the light from a bull's eye lantern was thrown in the face of the passer out or in. That has never been effective. Captain Speight tried it in the case of Mrs.——, who keeps the most splendidly furnished house in West Twenty-fifth street. She owns the house, and has a few boarders who pay her fifty dollars a week for board, and ten dollars a bottle for their wine, and twenty-five per cent, on the profits of her boarders. The attempt was made to oust this woman, but she very politely told the captain that he might honor her as long as he pleased with the policeman and his lantern, but she could stand it as long as he could; she owned the house, and she meant to live in it; nothing could be proven against it, and they dare not arrest her. The consequence was that after a time the bull's eye was withdrawn."

A NEW RUSE ADOPTED.

The latest ruse adopted to obtain fresh country or city girls is to publish an advertisement in the papers, for 'a young lady of some accomplishments to act as a companion for a lady about to travel abroad. The applicant must have some knowledge of French, be a good reader, have a knowledge and taste for music, and be of a lively disposition.' Such an advertisement brought a young lady from Newark to a certain house in Twenty-fifth street. She had not been long in the parlor until she saw at a glance the character of the house. Both then spoke in pretty plain terms. The applicant was given a week to think over it. She returned at the end of a week and voluntarily entered the house. She remained in it six months. Disgusted with the business, she returned to her parents—who believe to this day that she was all this time abroad—and afterwards married a highly respectable gentleman, and she is now supposed to be a virtuous woman.

"A beautiful young girl of seventeen, from Danbury, Connecticut when taken from one of these houses by her father, told him, in the station-house, that he might take her home, but she would run away the first chance. Her only excuse was: 'Mother is cross, and home is an old, dull, dead place.'"

A SOILED DOVE.

On the 1st of December, 1857, a funeral wended its slow passage along the crowded Broadway—for a few blocks, at least—challenging a certain share of the attention of the promenaders of that fashionable thoroughfare. There were but two carriages following the hearse, and the hearse itself contained all that remained of a young woman—a girl who had died in her eighteenth year, and whose name on earth had been Mary R—.

Mary R—, was the daughter of a poor couple in the interior of the State of New York. She was a girl of exquisite grace and beauty, but her life had been one of toil until her sixteenth year, when she attracted the attention of the son of a city millionaire, whose country seat was in the neighborhood. He was pleased with her beauty, and she simple and confiding, gave her heart to him without a struggle. She trusted him, and fell a victim to his arts. He took her to New York with him, and placed her in a neat little room in Sixth Avenue.

She was a 'soiled dove,' indeed, but the gentlest and dearest, and most devoted of 'doves,' 'soiled,' not by herself, but by others—soiled externally, but not impure within. There are many such doves as she—poor creatures to be pitied, not to be commended, not at all to be imitated, but not to be harshly or wholly condemned—more sinned against than sinning.

For a while Mary R—'s life in New York was a paradise—at least it was a paradise to her. She lived all day in her cosy little apartment, did her own little housework, cooked her own little dinner, sung her own little songs, and was as happy as a bird, thinking all the while of him, the man she loved—the man whose smile was all in all to her of earth. At night she would receive her beloved in her best dress and sweetest smile; and if he deigned to walk with her around the block, or take her with him to the Central Park, she would be supremely blessed, and dance around him with delight. She cost nothing, or next to nothing; her wants were simple, her vanity and love of amusement were vastly below the average of her sex, she only needed love, and there is an old saying that 'love is cheap.' But, alas! there is no more expensive luxury than love—for love requires what few men really possess, a heart—and this article of a heart was precisely what the merchant's son did not possess. In time, he wearied of this young girl and her affection; her tenderness became commonplace; besides he had discovered attractions elsewhere. And so he determined 'to end with Mary,' and he ended indeed. Though he knew that she worshipped the very ground that he trod on, though he knew that every unkind word he uttered went through her heart as would a stab though he knew that the very idea of his leaving her would blast her happiness like a lightning stroke; yet he boldly announced to her that their intimacy must cease, that 'he must leave her. True, he would see her comfortably provided for, during a while at least, until she could find another protector,' etc., etc.

"The agonized Mary could listen to naught more. For the first time in her life, out of the anguish and true love of her heart, she reproached the man to whom her every thought had been devoted—she reminded him of all his promises of affection, all his pledges of passion, she clung to him, and avowed by all that she considered holy, *himself*, that she would not let him go. In brief, she raised what 'fast men' style a scene, and a scene was just one of those things which irritated the merchant's son beyond his powers of control.

"The scoundrel, for such he was, though by birth, education, and position a gentleman, irritated at her entreaties, vexed with himself, despising the meanness of his own soul, and hating her for revealing it to him, raised his arm, and despite her look of love and sorrow, absolutely struck her to the earth. The poor girl never shrieked, never resisted, she even kissed, with an almost divinely tender forgiveness, his hand—his hand who struck her—and then fell to the floor of her pleasant, though humble little room, insensible.

"With a curse, half levelled at her and half at himself, the false 'lover' departed. The young millionaire never looked upon Mary R—'s face again. In three days there was no Mary R—'s face to look at; for the 'soiled dove' within that time had died—not from the blow, oh, no—*that* was a trifle; but from the *unkindness* of it; not from a fractured limb, or from a ruptured bloodvessel, but from a broken heart. She was buried at the expense of the woman of whom her destroyer had rented the little apartment on Sixth Avenue, where she had passed her happiest days and her last. The rich merchant's son heard of her death with a half sigh and then a shrug; but if ever the blood of a human being lay upon the head of another, that of poor Mary R—lies upon the head of the rich merchant's son, and will be required of him."

There are several associations in the city, whose object is to rescue lost women from their lives of shame. Prominent amongst these is the Midnight Mission.

THE MIDNIGHT MISSION.

This institution is located on Amity street, and is open at all hours, to all who seek its doors voluntarily, or are directed thither. The managers in a recent report, speak of their success as follows:

"That the managers have reason to believe that more than sixty women have been benefited through their endeavors recently, many of whom have abandoned their life of shame, and a large proportion are already restored to their friends, or have been placed in respectable situations, where they are earning an honest living. Twenty are now in charge, in process of industrial, moral, and religious training, preparatory to taking positions of usefulness and respectability. Could they be seen by the public, as we see them, after the work of the day is ended, grouped together in conversation, in innocent recreation, or in devotion, their faces already beaming with the light of hope for this life and the life to come, surely we should need no other argument to induce Christian people, with kind words and abounding gifts, to speed us in our work of love."

We would not upon any consideration weaken one single effort in behalf of these poor creatures, but we cannot disguise the fact that but few of this class are saved. Women who enter the downward path rarely retrace their steps.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ASSIGNATION HOUSES.

There are over one hundred houses of assignation in New York, known to the police. Besides these, there are places, used as such, which the officials of the law do not and cannot embrace in the general term. These are cheap hotels, where women hire rooms without meals, and receive visitors, with whom they make appointments on the streets, or in the places of amusement. Some really good houses have been ruined in this way. By tolerating one or two women of this kind, they have drawn to them others, and have finally become overrun with them to such an extent that respectable people have avoided them. Even the first-class hotels are kept busy in purging themselves of the evil.

The best houses are located in respectable, and a few in fashionable neighborhoods. In various ways they soon acquire a notoriety amongst persons having use for them. In the majority of them, the proprietress resides alone. Her visitors are persons of all classes in society. Married women meet their lovers here, and young girls pass in these polluted chambers the hours their parents suppose them to be devoting to healthful and innocent amusements. Hundreds of nominally virtuous women visit these places one or more times each week. They come sometimes in the day, but generally at night. A visit to the theatre, opera, or concert, is too often followed by a visit to one of these places, to which some women of high, social position possess pass-keys. Some visit these places because they love other men better than their husbands; others from mercenary motives. Married women, whose means are limited, too often adopt such a course to enable them to dress handsomely.

The rooms are hired from the proprietor at so much per hour, the price being generally very high. If refreshments are desired, they are furnished at an enormous rate.

In other houses, women rent rooms and take their meals outside. They bring their male friends to their rooms at any hour, as they have pass- keys to the house. These establishments pass in the neighborhood for reputable lodging-houses.

Men of "respectable" position frequently furnish houses for this purpose, and either engage women to manage them, or rent them, out at enormous sums. They live in style, and support their families on the proceeds of these dens of infamy.

The city papers are full of advertisements of these places. They are represented as "Rooms to let to quiet persons," or "Rooms in a strictly private family, where boarders are not annoyed with impertinent questions," or "A handsome room to let, with board for the lady only," or "Handsome apartments to gentlemen, by a widow lady living alone." These advertisements are at once recognized by those in search of them. Families from the country frequently stumble across these places by accident. If the female members are young and handsome, they are received, and the mistake is not found out, perhaps, until it is too late.

Respectable families are frequently victimized by having dwellings sold or rented to them which have been formerly used as houses of this kind. A Mexican Minister to the United States was once caught in this way rather curiously. Being a stranger in the city, he saw in print the notice of a splendid house,

with the furniture for sale, in West Twenty-seventh street. He went up and saw it, and was pleased with the location, the house, the furniture, and even the price. He bought it, and moved in with his family. He was not located there twenty-four hours until he found that the house he had bought had been a notorious house of assignation, and that he was sandwiched in between two equally notorious houses. Many an oath came from his mouth, when a young or an old grayheaded Hotspur rang the bell; and many an old patron of the house has been astonished at being most abruptly told to go further than the next door for what he wanted. The old Mexican managed to stand it out six months, and a real estate agent, who had an eye to business, knowing that he could be tempted to sell out, advertised for a house in Twenty-seventh street, in the Spanish paper. The bait took—the diplomatist was happy to sell it for the half of what it was worth; thinking somebody would get burned, he was glad to get rid of it at any price. In a few weeks afterward, the house was re-sold for double the money paid for it, and converted back to its old purposes.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

STREET-WALKERS.

As soon as the sun sets over the Great City, Broadway, and the streets running parallel with it, become infested with numbers of young girls and women, who pass up and down the thoroughfares with a quick, mysterious air, which rarely fails to draw attention to them. These are known as street-walkers, and it would seem from outward indications that their number is steadily increasing. The best looking and the best dressed are seen on Broadway, and in parts of Fifth and Fourth Avenues. The others correspond to the localities they frequent. They are chiefly young girls, seventeen being the average age, but you will see children of twelve and thirteen amongst them. Very few promenade Broadway below Canal street. The neighborhoods of the hotels and places of amusement are the most frequented. Some of the girls are pretty and modest, but the majority are ugly and brazen. New faces are constantly appearing on Broadway, to take the places of the old ones which have gone down to the depths.

The majority of the girls have some regular employment at which they work in the day. Their regular earnings are small, and they take this means of increasing them. Some, however, sleep all day, and ply their infamous trade at night. There are cases in which the girls are driven to such a life by their parents, who either wish to rid themselves of their child's support, or to profit by her earnings. We have known cases where the girls have voluntarily supported their parents by the wages of their shame. We once heard of two sisters, well known on Broadway, who devoted their earnings to paying off a heavy debt of their father, which he was unable to meet. Sometimes these girls deserve more pity than blame; but a very large proportion of them, perhaps the majority, act as decoys for garroters and thieves. Hundreds of strangers, coming to the city, follow them to their rooms only to find themselves in the power of thieves, who compel them on pain of instant death to surrender all their valuables. The room taken by the decoy is vacated immediately after the robbery, the girl and her confederate disappear, and it is impossible to find them.

The police do not allow these girls to stop and converse with men on Broadway. If a girl succeeds in finding a companion, she beckons him into one of the side streets, where the police will not interfere with her. If he is willing to go with her, she conducts him to her room which is in one of the numerous bed-houses of the city.

BED-HOUSES

These bed-houses are simply large or small dwellings containing many furnished rooms, which are let to street-walkers by the week, or which are hired to applicants of any class by the night. They are very profitable, and are frequently owned by men of good social position, who rent them out to others, or who retain the ownership, and employ a manager. The rent, whether weekly or nightly, is invariably paid in advance, so that the landlord loses nothing.

[Illustration: Robbed by a Friend.]

The girl leads her companion to one of these houses, and if she has a room already engaged, proceeds directly to it; if not, one is engaged from a domestic on the spot, the price is paid, and the parties are shown up stairs. The place is kept dark and quiet, in order to avoid the attention of the police. The houses are more or less comfortable and handsome, according to the class by which they

are patronized. They are sometimes preferred by guilty parties in high life, as the risk of being seen and recognized is less there than in more aristocratic houses. These houses have a constant run of visitors from, about eight o'clock until long after midnight.

TRAVELLING STREET-WALKERS.

The various night lines of steamers running from New York city, are literally overrun with abandoned women, seeking companions. The Albany and the Boston lines are made intensely disagreeable by such persons. A correspondent of one of the New Jersey papers, thus relates his experience on board of one of the magnificent vessels of a Boston line.

The grand saloon is filled with a throng of travellers listening to the sweet music discoursed by a band in the upper gallery, employed for the season by the company. One cannot but remark, with mingled pain and indignation, the large number of brazen-faced prostitutes and professional gamblers who saunter up and down the saloon and galleries, seeking their prey among the unsuspecting passengers.

* * * * *

If a gentleman is seated alone, along comes one of these painted wretches, boldly addressing him, and to escape her horrible proffers, he must seek some other part of the boat, or follow the example of every respectable lady, by occupying his stateroom at an early hour in the evening. It is really getting to be exceedingly unpleasant and disagreeable for a lady to travel by this line, even if accompanied by a gentleman; and let no one permit a female relative or friend to take this route alone, if they have the slightest regard for the decencies and proprieties of life. While the band was discoursing sweet strains of music, shrill screams were heard proceeding from the forward saloon. The passengers rushed to the scene. A young woman was being carried by main force, exerted by the servants, below. She struggled fiercely, biting, striking and cursing! What a horrible sight. One observer, at least, earnestly trusts he may never behold such an one again. She was one of the courtesans who had been parading up and down the saloons all the evening. She had inveigled an unsophisticated countryman into a stateroom and robbed him. He reported her to the captain, and threatened public exposure of the transaction before he could procure assistance! And now her screams can be plainly heard, resounding through, the gilded saloons, above the run of the machinery and strains of the musicians.

PANEL THIEVING.

This method of robbery is closely connected with street-walking. The girl in this case acts in concert with a confederate, who is generally a man. She takes her victim to her room, and directs him to deposit his clothing on a chair, which is placed but a few inches from the wall at the end of the room. This wall is false, and generally of wood. It is built some three or four feet from the real wall of the room, thus forming a closet. As the whole room is papered and but dimly lighted, a visitor cannot detect the fact that it is a sham. A panel, which slides noiselessly and rapidly, is arranged in the false wall, and the chair with the visitor's clothing upon it is placed just in front of it. While the visitor's attention is engaged in another quarter, the girl's confederate, who is concealed in the closet, slides back the panel, and rifles the pockets of the clothes on the chair. The panel is then noiselessly closed. When the visitor is about to depart, or sometimes not until long after his departure, he discovers his loss. He is sure the girl did not rob him, and he is completely bewildered in his efforts to account for the robbery. Of course the police could tell him how his money was taken, and could recover it, too, but in nine cases out of ten the man is ashamed to seek their assistance, as he does not wish his visit to such a place to be made public.

THE "HUSBAND GAME."

The street-walkers are adepts in deceit. Their chief object is to procure money, and they do not hesitate to plunder their victims in order to obtain it. One of their favorite "dodges" is called the "husband game." This is played as follows. A man is picked up on the street, after nine o'clock, and carried to the girl's room. He is asked to pay his money in advance, which he does. The girl then turns the lights down, and seems about to prepare to retire for the night, when a loud knocking is heard. The girl, in alarm, informs him that she is a married woman, and that her husband has returned. She begs him to escape, or he will be killed. The visitor, terribly frightened, is glad to get off through a side door. His money is not returned, but the woman promises to meet him the next night, which engagement, of course, is never kept. In ten minutes more she is on Broadway in search of a fresh, victim.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CONCERT SALOONS.

There are seventy-five concert saloons in New York, which employ seven hundred and forty-seven waiter girls. The brothels usually termed dance-halls, are included in this estimate, but, as we design referring especially to them in another chapter, we shall pass them by, for the present, and devote this chapter to the concert saloons proper.

Eight years ago, a Philadelphia manager opened a concert hall which he called the "Melodeon," at the old Chinese Assembly Rooms on Broadway. This was the first institution of the kind ever seen in New York, and imitations of it soon became common.

We find the following faithful description of one of these saloons in one of the popular-prints of the day.

"On Broadway, near—street, we notice, just above the entrance to a cellar, a flaming transparency, with the inscription, 'Madame X—'s Arcade.' Going down a few steps, we find our view of the interior obstructed by a large screen, painted white, with the almost nude figure of a dancing Venus coarsely painted thereon. The screen is placed across the entrance, a few feet from the door, obliging us to flank it, *a la Sherman*, and enter the hall by going around it. We find the floor handsomely covered with matting and oil cloth. On the right-hand side, nearest the door, is the bar, over which presides a genius of the male sex, whose chief attractions consists of a decided red head, and an immense paste breastpin, stuck into the bosom of a ruffled shirt. The bar is well furnished, and any drink called for, from beer to champagne, can be instantly obtained. A significant feature, and one that easily arrests the attention, is a formidable Colt's revolver, a foot in length, suspended immediately over the sideboard. This weapon, it may be observed, is not placed there as an ornament; it is in itself a *monitor*, warning those inclined to be disorderly, of the danger of carrying their boisterousness or ruffianism too far. On the walls are black engravings of the French school, fit ornaments for the place. But, while we are taking this casual survey, one of the attendant nymphs, with great scantiness of clothing, affording display for bare shoulders and not unhandsome ankles, appears, and in a voice of affected sweetness wholly at variance with her brazen countenance and impertinent air, requests us to be seated, and asks what we'll have. We modestly ask for 'Two ales,' which are soon placed before us, and paid for. While quietly sipping the beverage, we will glance at our surroundings. Back of the hall—we are sitting at a table near the centre of the apartment—on a raised platform, is an asthmatic pianoforte, upon which an individual with threadbare coat, colorless vest and faded nankeen pantaloons, is thrumming away for dear life. Out of tune himself, he tortures the poor instrument in a way that threatens its instant dissolution, rending its heartstrings, and causing it to shriek with agony, wailing out the tune that the old cow died to! This is the only piece of music the performer is acquainted with, judging from the persistent manner in which he clings to it. What he lacks in musical knowledge, however, he makes up with intention, and *thumps* away quite manfully, only stopping, now and then to call for a drink, with which to recruit his exhausted energies.

"But we have come to behold the chief attraction of the establishment?—the 'pretty waiter girls.'"

THE WAITER GIRLS.

"Looking around, we see, perhaps, twenty females, in various styles of dress—some in Turkish costume (supposed to be *houris* no doubt); others attired as Spanish peasants; and others still in plain evening attire. The latter are for the most part far from possessing charms, and, from their looks, have long since outlived their beauty; but what they lack in this respect they make up in others. The girl that waited upon us on our entrance, again approaches, and seeing our glasses empty, takes them away to be replenished. She soon reappears, and in response to our invitation, takes a seat beside us, while we enter into conversation with her. She is a fair sample (excuse the mercantile term) of her class, and her history is a history of a majority of her associates. Not unprepossessing in appearance, by any means, Ellen—that, she tells us, is her name—is twenty-two years of age; was born in the village of Tarrytown; resided with her parents until she was eighteen, when her father died. Leaving her mother with her youngest brother, she came to New York to seek employment. On arriving in the city, she obtained a situation in a millinery store. Remained there but a short time; was out of work; had no friends, no money. Would not go back to her mother, who was poor. Saw an advertisement of Madame—for 'Pretty waiter girls.' Answered it. Was engaged in the saloon; seduced (partly by promises, and partly by threats), by one of the frequenters of the establishment—and has since led the life of a prostitute! Ellen told her story without the least emotion, and when asked about her mother, carelessly replied, 'She supposed the old woman was dead by this time.'

"Such are the effects of vice, and a life of infamy, upon the noble feelings and natural impulses of the female heart. With an exclamation of, 'Oh, there's my man!' our attendant suddenly left us, and joined an individual who had just entered the apartment, and we did not see her again.

"At a table nearly opposite to our own, are seated a couple, one, at least, of whom, to even a casual observer, is a stranger to the place and its surroundings; there is no doubt of it. Wholly enraptured in the beauty and grace of his female companion, he is totally oblivious to all passing around. She is exerting all her arts to entice 'greeny' into her net, and before long will be counting the amount of his cash— while he, her dupe, will be, too late, reflecting upon the depravity of pretty waiter girls. By this time the saloon is crowded with men and women, of all degrees of social standing. Here is the man about-town, the hanger-round of the hotels, in clothes of unexceptionable cut and make, talking earnestly with a female, whose drawn veil conceals her face—perhaps some unfortunate victim of his lust, or probably his mistress, come to plead for justice, or for her week's allowance of money. Yonder is a youth, of, as Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., would say, 'some eighteen summers,' young in years, but old in sin, who supports on his knee a *nymph du pave*, with whom he has entered from the street, and upon whom he is spending his last quarter's salary, or the proceeds of an investigation into the till of his employer. In that corner, is the returned soldier, who has just been paid off, and who is now expending the hard-earned pittance of the government upon some bepainted and bedizened courtesan, while perhaps his wife and family are suffering for want of the common necessaries of life. A cry of pain, followed by a burst of brutal laughter, causes us to turn our eyes to the corner, just in time to witness a woman fall to the ground, felled by a blow from the clenched fist of the brute with whom she has been quarrelling. A moment, there is silence in the hall; but only for a moment. The girl is picked up by one of her companions—a few rough jokes at her expense—and all goes on as before. Such scenes are of too frequent occurrence to provoke comment. Observe that couple descending the steps; a handsome, almost noble-looking man, but upon whose countenance is stamped the mark of a dissolute life—upon his arm, a female, her face hidden from view by a dark veil. They advance to the bar. The gentleman whispers a word in the ear of one of the girls, a meaning smile flickers over her face as she hands him a key, with which he opens a door in the end of the room, and disappears with the female. Reader, you have seen half a dozen similar couples arrive and vanish through the same door. Do you know the why and wherefore of this proceeding? This saloon is one of the most *notorious assignation houses* in New York. We might go on and notice more fully the various personages and scenes, constantly varying, in this house; but we have neither space or time at present—besides, the task is not an agreeable one. So, let us leave the murky atmosphere of the 'crib,' and once more breathe the pure air of heaven."

Bad as they are, the concert saloons of Broadway are the best in the city. Those of the Bowery, and Chatham street, are mere brothels, in which no man's life is safe.

Persons entering these places run a fearful risk. They voluntarily place themselves in the midst of a number of abandoned wretches, who are ready for any deed of violence or crime. They care for nothing but money, and will rob or kill for it. Respectable people have no business in such places. They are sure to have their pockets picked, and are in danger of violence. Many men, who leave their happy homes in the morning, visit these places, for amusement or through curiosity, at night. They are drugged, robbed, murdered, and then the harbor police may find their lifeless forms floating in the river at daybreak.

CHAPTER XXXV.

DANCE-HOUSES.

THESE houses differ from the saloons in two things—they are lower and viler, and their guests assemble for the purpose of dancing as well as drinking. They are owned chiefly by men, though there are some which are the property of and are managed by women. They are located in the worst quarters of the city, generally in the streets near the East and North Rivers, in order to be easy of access to the sailors.

The buildings are greatly out of repair, and have a rickety, dirty appearance. The main entrance leads to a long, narrow hall, the floor of which is well sanded. The walls ornamented with flashy prints, and the ceiling with colored tissue paper cut in various fantastic shapes. There is a bar at the farther end of the room, which is well stocked with the meanest liquors, and chairs and benches are scattered about.

From five to a dozen women, so bloated and horrible to look upon, that a decent man shudders with

disgust as he beholds them, are lounging about the room. They have reached the last step in the downward career of fallen women, and will never leave this place until they are carried from it to their graves, which are not far distant. They are miserably clad, and are nearly always half crazy with liquor. They are cursed and kicked about by the brutal owner of the place, and suffer still greater violence, at times, in the drunken brawls for which these houses are famous. Their sleeping rooms are above. They are sought by sailors and by the lowest and most degraded of the city population. They are the slaves of their masters. They have no money of their own. He claims a part of their infamous earnings, and demands the rest for board and clothes. Few have the courage to fly from these hells, and if they make the attempt, they are forced back by the proprietor, who is frequently aided in this unholy act by the law of the land. They can not go into the streets naked, and he claims the clothes on their backs as his property. If they leave the premises with these clothes on, he charges them with theft.

HOW THE LAW AIDS VICE.

In *Packard's Monthly*, for September, 1868, the reader will find a deeply interesting article on this subject, by Mr. Oliver Dyer, from which we take the following illustration of our remarks.

There is, probably, not a police reporter in the city, of much experience, who has not seen one of these girls arraigned at the Tombs, or at some other police court, on a charge of theft; because in fleeing from the intolerable servitude of some den of vice, she had had to wear clothes belonging to the keeper—not having any of her own wherewith to hide her nakedness.

"We will give a scene of this kind. Place, the Tombs, time, six o'clock in the morning; present, police justice, officers of court, about thirty prisoners, policemen attending as witnesses, and parties preferring charges against prisoners. The name of the girl against whom complaint has been made having been called, the following examination took place:

"*Justice*.—'What is the charge against this girl?'

"*Policeman*.—'Felony-stealing wearing apparel.'

"*Justice*.—'Who is the complainant?'

"*Policeman*.—'This woman here,' pointing out the keeper of the den from which the girl had fled—a most villainous old hag.

"*Justice* (to the keeper).—'What did the girl steal?'

"*Keeper*.—'Every rag she's got on; bad luck to her.'

"*Justice* (to the girl).—'Mary, who owns that shawl you have on?'

"*Mary*.—'*She* does, sir;' pointing to the woman.

"*Justice*.—'Who owns that hat and dress you have on?'

"*Mary*.—'*She* does.'

"*Justice*.—'Havn't, you any thing of your own to wear?'

"*Mary*.—'Nothing, sir.'

"*Justice*.—'This woman owns them all—all the clothes you have on, does she?'

"*Mary*.—'Yes, sir.'

"*Justice*.—'If they are hers you should not have taken them.'

"*Mary*.—'Please, sir, I couldn't stay in her house any longer, and I couldn't go naked into the street.'

"*Justice*.—'It is a hard case, Mary, but stealing is stealing, and I shall have to send you up for twenty days.'

"And so Mary is sent to the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island for twenty days (and sometimes for a longer period), wearing the 'stolen' clothes; and the hag of a keeper goes back to her den and tells the other girls of Mary's fate, satisfied to give the shabby garment, in which the victim was attired, in exchange for the 'moral effect' of the girl's conviction and imprisonment on those who are still in her clutches.

"Justice Dowling, we believe, never convicts a girl of theft under such circumstances, but gives her

accuser such a scoring down in open court as sends her back to her den in rage and shame."

WHERE THE WOMEN COME FROM.

Let no one suppose that these women entered upon such wretched lives voluntarily. Many were drugged and forced into them, but the majority are lost women who have come regularly down the ladder to this depth. You can find in these hells women who, but a few years ago, were ornaments of society. No woman who enters upon a life of shame can hope to avoid coming to these places in the end. As sure as she takes the first step in sin, she will take this last one also, struggle against it as she may. This is the last depth. It has but one bright ray in all its darkness—it does not last over a few months, for death soon ends it. But, oh! the horrors of such a death. No human being who has not looked on such a death-bed can imagine the horrible form in which the Great Destroyer comes. There is no hope. The poor wretch passes from untold misery in this life to the doom which awaits those who die in their sins.

O, parents, look well to your children. Guard them as you have never guarded them before. Make home happy and bright to them. Encircle them with love and tenderness. Weigh well your every act and word, for you may learn some day, when it is too late, that your criminal carelessness has been the cause of your child entering the path which leads inevitably down to hell.

The keepers of these dens use every means to decoy emigrant girls into their dens. As we have shown in another chapter, they frequently succeed. Mr. Oliver Dyer, in the article from which we have just quoted, relates the following, which will show how this is done. We merely remark that this is perhaps the only case in which the helpless victim has been rescued:

"In the month of February, 1852, Isaac W. England, Esq., formerly the city editor of the *New York Tribune*, subsequently the managing editor of the *Chicago Republican*, afterwards editor-in-chief of the *Jersey City Times*, and now the managing editor of the *New York Sun*, was returning to this city from Liverpool in the emigrant packet ship *New York*, in which he had taken a second cabin passage, for the purpose of learning practically how emigrants fared in such vessels.

"Mr. England did this with a view to exposing the atrocities then practiced upon emigrants, and which he afterwards did expose, in the columns of the *Tribune*, with such effect as to be largely instrumental in the fundamental regeneration of the whole emigrant business, and the creation of the Castle Garden Commission.

"Among the passengers in the second cabin of the packet ship was a handsome English girl, some nineteen years of age, from near Mr. England's native town. The fact that the girl came from near his native town led Mr. England to feel an interest in her, and he learned that she was coming to America to join her brother, then living near Pottsville, in Pennsylvania.

"On landing in New York, the girl went to a boarding-house in Greenwich street, there to await her brother's arrival—it having been arranged that he should come to New York for her.

"Mary (for that was her name) had not been at the boarding-house many days when a German woman called there in search of a bar-maid, and seeing Mary, she at once sought to induce her to accept the situation. It is not uncommon for English girls, of the class to which Mary belonged, to act as bar-maids in England, that being there a respectable employment.

"Deceived by the complaisant manners, and lured by the liberal promises of the German woman, the unsuspecting English girl accepted her offer and went with her to her saloon—basement in William street, near Pearl.

"After one day's service as bar-maid, Mary was bluntly informed by her employer that she had been brought thither to serve in a capacity which we will, not name, and was ordered to make ready for at once entering upon a life of shame.

"The horror-stricken girl, frantic with, terror, set about immediately leaving the premises. But she was too valuable a prize to be allowed to escape. The hag into whose clutches she had fallen locked her up in a back basement room, extending under a grate in the yard, and open to the inclemency of the weather, and there she kept her for two days and two nights—the girl not daring to eat or drink any thing during all that time, for fear of being drugged to insensibility and ruin.

"The only sustenance that passed that girl's lips for eight and forty hours was the snow that she scraped from the area grating. Nor did she dare to close her eyes in sleep for an instant.

"And while thus imprisoned, constant efforts were made to intimidate or force her to the fate to

which the keeper of the place was determined to drive her. For this purpose man after man was sent to her prison. With some of them a simple statement of the case was sufficient to turn them from their purpose; but against others she had to fight as if for life for that which was to her dearer than life.

"But lack of food and lack of sleep began to tell upon her. Her strength failed, her mind weakened, and it seemed as though her doom was sealed.

"On the third day of Mary's imprisonment Mr. England, who was about to start for Rhode Island, bethought himself of his young countrywoman, and determined to call at the boarding-house in Greenwich street, to see what had become of her. He did so, and was informed that she had engaged as bar-maid in the William street saloon.

"Having knowledge of such places, Mr. England was troubled at this news, and though pressed for time, he determined to call at the saloon and see what kind of hands Mary had fallen into. He went thither, and the moment he entered the place he discovered its character.

"On inquiring of the landlady for Mary, he was told that she had gone to Pennsylvania with her brother, who had come for her two days before. Something in the woman's manner excited Mr. England's suspicions, and he told her that he thought she was deceiving him, and that Mary was still in the house.

"At this the woman flew into a passion, and swore volubly at Mr. England in several languages. This strengthened his suspicions of foul play, and he grew more peremptory in his manner of speech. While he was contesting the matter with the landlady, one of the girls in waiting passed near him, and muttered something which he understood to be a statement that Mary was actually in the house.

"Upon this Mr. England took decided ground, and told the woman that unless she immediately produced the girl, he would go for an officer and have her arrested. This brought her to terms. She gave one of the waitresses a key, and an order in German, in pursuance of which the girl went and unlocked the room in which Mary was confined. As soon as the door was opened Mary came rushing out, and seeing Mr. England, she flew to him sobbing hysterically, and clinging to his arm—and cried:

"Take me from this place, Mr. England; take me from this place!"

"After demanding Mary's trunk, which was delivered to him, with all her things, Mr. England immediately took the rescued girl to a place of safety.

"Mary's brother had died, as she soon learned, while she was on her voyage to meet him. But a young New York lawyer saw her and loved her, and wooed her, and won her, and married her, and she is now living, happy and prosperous, in Brooklyn.

"But suppose there had been no Mr. England in the case. Or, suppose Mr. England had gone to Rhode Island, without stopping to look after this homeless young stranger!

"Why, then, she would have met her wretched doom in that William street den, and been one of the class about, whom this article is written."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE WICKEDEST MAN IN NEW YORK

In the July number of *Packard's Monthly*, an able and sprightly magazine, published in this city, there appeared an article by Mr. Oliver Dyer, entitled "The Wickedest Man in New York." It was a lengthy and interesting account of a dance-house, carried on at No. 304 Water street—one of the vilest sections of the city—by one John Allen, and of the proprietor himself. As many of our readers may not have seen this article, we give portions of it, referring them to the magazine for the rest.

The Wickedest Man in New York goes by the name of John Allen. He lives at No. 304 Water street. He keeps a dance-house there. He is about forty-five years old. He is *reputed* to be worth one hundred thousand dollars, more or less, and is *known* to be worth over seventy thousand dollars. He has three brothers, who are clergymen—two of them being Presbyterians, and the other a Baptist—and is reported to have once been a minister of the Gospel himself. He is known formerly to have been a school teacher, and is a man of education and fine natural powers; was originally a good man; and is

yet a 'good fellow' in many respects. Were it not for his good qualities he never could have attained unto the bad eminence of being the Wickedest Man in New York.

The best bad is always the worst.

Take him for all in all, our Wickedest Man is a phenomenon. He reads the Bible to his dance-house girls, and his favorite papers are the New York *Observer* and the *Independent*. He takes them regularly, and *reads* them. We have repeatedly seen them lying on the counter of his bar-room, amid decanters and glasses, along with the daily *Herald* and the *Sun*. We have also seen a dozen copies of the *Little Wanderer's Friend* at a time scattered about his place, for he takes an interest in mission work, and 'goes in' generally for progress for other people.

This Wickedest Man is the only entity appertaining to the shady side of New York life which we have been unable to fathom, analyze, and account for. But he is too much for us. Why a human being of his education, natural tastes, force of character, and wealth, should continue to live in a Water street dance-house, and bring up his children in a soul-destroying atmosphere of sin and degradation, is more than we can comprehend.

For the Wickedest Man loves his children. His little five-year-old boy is the apple of his eye, the core of his heart, and the chief object of his worship. He never misses an opportunity to sound the child's praises, and to show off his accomplishments. And all things considered, the little fellow is truly a wonder. He is crammed full of information on all manner of topics, and is ever ready to respond to his doting father's attempts to make his smartness visible to the naked eye.

We have never visited the Wickedest Man's dance-house without having our attention called afresh to his little son's abilities, except once, and then he took us round to the school which the child attends, to let us see that he ranks with the best, and is a favorite with his teacher. That was on the 28th day of May last, at about a quarter to twelve in the day time, when we went to No. 304 Water street, to tell Mr. Allen that the fated time had come for serving him up in a magazine article.

For be it known to the reader, we have had our pen couched at John Allen for nearly two years. In the year 1865, the Sabbath after President Lincoln was assassinated, we began an exploration and sub-soiling of New York city, as to its crime, poverty, want, woe, wretchedness, and degradation, which we have pursued ever since, as other engagements would permit. Of course, it was not long before we found out John Allen. We at once recognized his genius for wickedness, and made him an especial study. But, as we have said, he baffles us. We have told him so, and have frequently asked him to help us out of our dilemma, but he always comes short of the complete thing.

We *think* we know why this Wickedest Man persists in living in his Water street den—that we have, in fact, penetrated his secret; but as we are not absolutely certain as to the matter, we will not set our suspicion down in print, lest we should do him injustice.

We have said that our Wickedest Man is a phenomenon. We meant this in its application to the deepest springs of his character; but it is also, and perhaps equally, applicable to the external manifestations of those deepest springs.

Has the reader any notion of a Water street dance-house? Concretely stated, it is a breathing hole of hell—trap-door of the bottomless pit. You step from the street into a bar-room, wherein lousy loafers lurk, and which is, in some cases, on a level with the sidewalk, and in others far below it; and there you are in the general midst of things, if it happens to be a dance-house of the very lowest class. But usually there is a 'saloon' in the rear of the bar-room.

Passing out of the bar-room by a door opening in a partition across its rear, you enter the dancing-saloon, which varies in size from a room fifteen feet square to a room twenty-five to fifty feet in extent. Along the wall of this room a bench extends, usually on three sides. In the farther end of the room is an orchestra, proportioned in numbers and skill to the prosperity of the establishment. The number of musicians is sometimes as high as six, but the average is not more than three. In one of the rear corners of the saloon there is a small bar, where the girls can drink with their victims without exposing their fascinations to the unthrifful gaze of a non-paying and censorious outside public.

Sitting upon the benches, or grouped upon the floor, or whirling in the dance, are the girls, varying in number from four to twenty, but averaging about ten.

These girls are not often comely to the fastidious eye. But to a sailor, just from a long cruise where nothing lovelier than his weather-beaten shipmates has for years been seen, they are not without attractions. So, too, do certain landsmen, of a degraded type, pay homage to their strenuous charms. But a decent man, in the full possession and equipoise of his faculties, can only regard them with sorrow unspeakable, and pity too deep for tears.

The only girl we ever saw in a dance-house, in whom we could detect the slightest vestige of comeliness or refinement, had been there but a few hours, and was reputed to be the daughter of a former Lieutenant- Governor of a New England State.

The first time we entered John Alien's dance-house we found it in full blast. The hour was eleven in the evening. There were thirteen girls in the saloon, three musicians in the orchestra, and seven customers submitting to the blandishments of an equal number of the ballet- dressed syrens who pervaded the room. Our party consisted of the policeman who accompanied us, three clergymen on the look out for the "elephant," Mr. Albert C. Arnold, of the Howard Mission, and the writer.

The Wickedest Man was in his glory. Things were moving briskly. He gave us all a hearty welcome, ordered the orchestra to do their best, and told the girls to 'break our hearts.' A vigorous dance followed, after which the proprietor called out:

'Hartford, go up stairs and get my baby.' Hartford turned out to be one of the girls, who immediately disappeared and soon returned, bearing in her arms an undressed sleepy child, wrapped in a shawl. This was the juvenile prodigy. His father took him in his arms, with a glow of pride and affection.

'Now, gentlemen, you are writers, philosophers, and preachers; but I'll show that my baby knows as much as any of you. He's hell on reading, writing, praying and fighting.'

And without more ado, he stood the sleepy little fellow upon the floor and began to catechize him in ancient history, both sacred and profane, and then in modern history, geography, the political history of the United States, etc., etc., with a result which astounded all. Suddenly he exclaimed:

'Chester, give me a song.'

And Chester, for that is the child's name, gave us a song.

'Now, Chester, give us a break-down.' The orchestra played a 'break- down,' and Chester danced it with precision and vigor, his mother looking on with delight.

"Now, Chester, give us a prayer."

And the child recited, first the Lord's Prayer, and then others in succession mixed with which were so much ribaldry and profanity on the father's part as cut us to the heart. And here it was that we got a glimpse of the pre-eminent wickedness of the man-wickedness to him unknown, and all the worse because of his unconsciousness of it; wickedness which is leading him to train up that idolized boy in a way and in an atmosphere which will yet make him an object of loathing, even to his own heart.

For that dance-house child there seems to be no spiritual hope. The sacred and the profane are so intermingled in his childish understanding, that he will never be able to tell which is sacred and which is profane; and his nature being dogged and combative, he will grow up into the highest possible type of wickedness, if he grows up at all. Of the thousand of painful cases wherewith we have met in this city, that of little Chester Allen gives us about the keenest pang.

After the infant phenomenon had been sent back to bed, his father asked our party if we wouldn't 'mix in' and have a dance with the girls.

'It'll do you good,' said he, 'to trip it a little on the light fantastic. Besides, I like to do the fair thing by distinguished visitors. I'm fond of literary people, and especially of clergymen. I've three brothers myself who adorn the sacred calling; and grit and grace run through our family, like the Tigris and the Jordan through the Holy Land. Go in, gentlemen; the girls shan't hurt you. I'll watch over you like a hen over her chickens, and you shall leave my premises as virtuous as—*you came in!* Ha, ha! Come, what shall it be?'

On being assured that we would not 'trip it on the light fantastic,' he asked us if *we* (that is, our party) would not favor the girls with a song, whereupon Mr. Arnold suggested that we should all sing together, and asked the girls what they would like best. Several of them immediately responded in favor of 'There is Rest for the Weary.'

'Do *you* know *that?*' one of the clergymen asked.

'Yes;' answered at least half-a-dozen of the girls.

'Where did you learn it?' asked another of the clergymen.

"At Sabbath-school," was the reply.

We all looked at one another. Here was a revelation. These girls had been brought up to attend

Sabbath-school! Perhaps they were the daughters of Christian parents! But we had not time to pursue this painful speculation, for the girls began to sing—

'In the Christian's home in Glory
There is a land of rest;
And my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.

'CHORUS: There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you,
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the Tree of Life is blooming,
There is rest for you.'

And oh, with what fervor and pathos they sang—especially the chorus— which, at the end of each verse they sang three times over; some of them, at last, weeping as they sang. What girlish memories, those sweet, simple strains evoked! Memories, perhaps, of once happy homes, and affectionate Sabbath-school teachers, and beloved companions, so sweetly contrasting with their dance-house condition. And so, those soul-weary creatures lingered fondly upon, and repeated over and over again, the lines:

'On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the Tree of Life is blooming,
There is rest for you.'

Since that occasion we have repeatedly visited the abode of the Wickedest Man in New York, for the purpose of 'studying him up,' and of trying to hit upon some means of inducing him to abandon his course of life, and of saving his boy. For in truth we not only feel an interest in, but also rather like him, wicked as he is. And so does nearly everybody whom we have taken to see him; and we have taken scores—most of them clergymen.

But all our efforts to get any vital hold upon him have been in vain. He is always cordial; always ready to let the girls 'have a spiritual sing;' will even permit a little exhortation to them in his dancing saloon; and is free with his *Observer* and *Independent*. But he keeps on his way with unyielding pertinacity.

On one occasion a party of us suggested that he should let us hold a prayer-meeting in his saloon. After a little reflection, he replied:

'Well, no, gentlemen, I can't go *that*. You know that every man must have regard to his profession and the opinion of his neighbors. What with my *Observer* and *Independent*, and you fellows coming here and singing camp-meeting hymns, I am already looked upon in the neighborhood as being rather loose and unsound; *and if, a-top of all that, I should let you hold a prayer-meeting here, I should lose what little character I've left.*'

But our friend Arnold, of the Howard Mission, was determined to achieve the prayer-meeting. And during the fourth week in May last, when there were many of his clerical friends in the city, Mr. Arnold thought he'd bring a heavy spiritual cannonade to bear on Allen, and see what would come of it. So, on Monday night, May 25th, after a carefully conducted preliminary season of prayer, an assaulting party was formed, including six clergymen from different parts of the country, to march upon the citadel of the enemy. When we arrived, it was half past twelve; the window-shutters were closed, and we feared we were too late. But a light shone through the window over the door, and on application we were admitted, and received a hearty welcome. Allen was just then undergoing a shampooing process; for the purpose, as he frankly stated, of enabling him to go to bed sober. He added:

'You see, gentlemen, it won't do for a business man to go to bed drunk, nor for a literary man either. So now, you just take my advice, and whenever you find yourself drunk about bedtime, you just take a good shampoo, and you'll find the investment will pay a big dividend in the morning. But walk into the saloon, gentlemen; walk in. The girls are in there taking a rest and a smoke, after the arduous duties of the evening. Walk in.'

We walked in, and found the girls smoking pipes, and sitting and lounging about the room. In a few minutes Allen came in and proposed to have the girls dance for us, but we declined.

'Well then, Arnold, let's have a song,' he exclaimed.

Mr. Arnold, as usual, asked the girls what they would like to hear, and they at once asked for their favorite—"There is Rest for the Weary."

'Here, mother, give me my fiddle,' said Allen to his wife, 'and bring out the books,' meaning the *Little Wanderer's Friend*, of which he keeps a supply.

The books were got out by one of the girls, the fiddle was handed him by his wife, and Allen led off on the treble, all hands joining in. There were eleven girls in the room, and they sang in the chorus with unusual fervor, even for them. As soon as this song was finished, a couple of the girls, simultaneously, asked for 'There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother,' which was sung with emphasis and feeling.

At the conclusion of the last-mentioned song, Mr. Arnold believed that the appointed hour had come, and, tapping Allen on the shoulder, he said:

'Well, John, old boy, give us your hand: I feel just like praying here with you!'

Allen took the extended hand and gruffly said, 'What, *pray?* Do you mean pray? No, sir, never!'

'Well, John, responded Mr. Arnold, 'I am going to pray here, anyhow. If I don't pray loud I'll pray soft. You shan't lose the prayer, at any rate.'

'Well, Arnold, mind, now, if you pray *I won't hear you*; mind that. I don't know any thing about it. I won't hear you.'

And backing slowly out of the room, and repeating, 'I won't hear you,' over and over again, Allen went through the door leading to the bar, and closed it after him.

Mr. Arnold then invited the girls to join in prayer with him, which they did, some of them kneeling on the floor, as did the visitors, and others bowing their heads upon their hands, while Allen peered through the window of the partition door upon the singular scene.

Mr. Arnold's heart was almost too full for utterance, but his fervor soon unloosed his tongue, and he poured out a simple, direct, and heartfelt prayer, which told powerfully upon the hearers. Many of the girls arose, sobbing, to their feet, and several of them crowded around Mr. Arnold, and begged him, in the name of God, to take them from that place. They would work their hands off, if honest work could be got for them; they would submit to any hardship if they could only be restored to opportunities for virtue and a Christian life.

Poor Arnold! He was the picture of despair. It came upon him, all at once, that there is no help for such, this side the grave. He had at last conquered his opportunity, and prayed with these children of sin and shame, and now that they were calling upon him to answer his own prayer—to give them a chance to eat the bread of life—he had to put them off with the stone of evasion.

Take them from that place! Where could he take them? In all this Christian land there is not a Christian home that would open its doors to a repentant female sinner, except to turn her out of the house.

On calling upon Mr. Arnold the next day, we found him in the room at the Mission, with his head bowed upon the table, as though in prayer. Looking up at us with blazing eyes, exclaimed:

'Sir, what is to be done about this?'

'About what?' we asked.

'These poor girls,' he replied. 'I have been thinking and praying, and praying and thinking over it all night, but I can see no light. Sir, (pressing his head between his hands,) I shall go mad.'

There are about forty dance-houses in Mr. Allen's neighborhood; that is to say, within a half mile square, of which No. 304 Water street is the centre. The average number of girls in each of these houses, the season through, is ten, making four hundred in them all. So that, to feed this half mile square of infamy requires eighty fresh girls per annum. To feed the entire city, requires an average of two thousand one hundred and ninety-four a year, *which is a trifle over six a day, Sunday included!* Six fresh girls a day from the Sabbath-schools and virtuous homes of the land, to feed the licentious maw of this metropolis of the western world.

THE WATER STREET REVIVAL.

The result of the publication of Mr. Dyer's article, was to centre upon John Allen an unusual share of public attention. Certain clergymen in the city, thinking the occasion a proper one for endeavoring to

create a religious awakening amongst the worst classes of the city, determined to endeavor to induce John Allen to abandon his wicked ways, and lead a better life, hoping that his conversion would have a powerful influence upon his class. They went to work. On the 30th of August, 1868, John Allen's house was closed for the first time in seventeen years. A handbill posted on the door, contained the following announcement:

THIS DANCE-HOUSE IS CLOSED.

"No gentlemen admitted unless accompanied by their wives, who wish to employ Magdalenes as servants." On the next day it was announced that Allen had abandoned his infamous vocation, never to resume it.

In order to do justice to all parties, we give the following, which states the case of the originators of the revivals in their own words. The paper is signed by J. M. Ward, M.D.; Rev. H. C. Fish, D.D.; Rev. W. C. Van Meter; A. C. Arnold; Rev. W. H. Boole; Rev. F. Browne; Oliver Dyer; Rev. Isaac M. Lee; Rev. Mr. Huntington.

The facts are as follows:

First.—At midnight on Saturday, the 29th day of August, 1868, JOHN ALLEN closed his dance-house, No. 304 Water Street, where he had for nearly seventeen years kept a rum shop and house of prostitution. As soon after such closing of the dance-house as the rooms could be arranged for the purpose, a prayer-meeting was held in the dancing saloon, with the concurrence of Mr. ALLEN and his wife. This meeting was begun at about half an hour after midnight, and continued until one o'clock in the morning. It was conducted and participated in by Messrs. ALBERT C. ARNOLD, Rev. H. C. BEACH and OLIVER DYER; and there were present Mr. and Mrs. ALLEN, the girls of the establishment, and a couple of ALLEN's neighbors, one of whom had been a liquor seller in the Fourth Ward for twenty years.

Second.—On the next day, the Sabbath, Mr. ALLEN attended worship, in the afternoon, at the Howard Mission, and then and there publicly announced that he had closed his dance-house, never to open it again for any evil purpose. On the evening of the same day, a public prayer-meeting was for the first time held in ALLEN's house, hundreds of persons of all classes crowding the premises, among whom were some of the most abandoned characters of the neighborhood.

Third.—Since these meetings were begun, they have been continued daily from noon till one o'clock, P. M., in Mr. ALLEN'S house; and on Sabbath, there have been large outdoor meetings in front of the premises. On the 11th of September, the house of THOMAS HADDEN, No. 374 Water street, kept as a low groggery and sailor's boarding-house, was also opened for religious services, at the hour of 12 o'clock; the rooms being filled to overflowing, multitudes being unable to enter. At the same hour a prayer-meeting was in progress at Allen's, and another upon the sidewalk opposite, to accommodate those who could not get within the doors at either Allen's or Hadden's.

[Illustration: Noon-Day Prayer Meeting at "The Wickedest Man's" Dance-House.]

Fourth.—These meetings have been attended and sustained by Christians of all denominations, and have uniformly been characterized by extraordinary fervency and power. The congregations have been, to a considerable extent, composed of sailors and residents of the Ward, (the Fourth,) which is known as the worst ward in the city. Some of the most wretched outcasts of this infamous locality have been present, and have, in several instances, requested prayer and private religious instruction; some cases resulting, as it is hoped, in their permanent reformation and conversion.

THE OTHER SIDE.

It is hardly possible that such religious demonstrations as the prayer-meetings which were held in Water street in September, 1868, could fail to do good to some one. The friends of the movement, however, made a grave mistake in announcing and spreading the report of John Allen's conversion, and even in allowing him to take part in their meetings, when it was known to them that he was not even a repentant, much less a converted man. The announcement of his conversion set on foot an inquiry, on the part of the press of the city, the results of which are thus stated by the *New York Times*, of September 19th.

The highly sensational stories concerning the 'wickedest man in New York,' with which the eyes and ears of the public have been regaled of late, have awakened an interest in John (Van) Allen such as has

not been felt since the ever memorable reformation of 'Awful' (Orville) Gardner, the notorious pugilist and gambler, who, nearly eleven years ago, suddenly forsook the prize ring and the card table, with their vile associations, and began to live like an honest man, and a respectable member of society. Gardner was for several years a companion of Allen's in a line of open, shameless sinning, and was classed with the very lowest strata of humanity. When his 'conversion' was announced there were few that believed in the man's sincerity, while fewer still had any faith in the thoroughness or probable perpetuity of the reformation. Gardner deceived the masses of his fellows, however, by adhering strictly to his solemn pledge to 'serve God in the future as zealously as he had served Satan in the past,' and to this day he has indorsed that oath with a life of the most irreproachable character.

The same depth of popular interest that was born with the reformation of the prize-fighter and gambler, in 1857, was brought forth recently, when the community was startled with the strange news that the King of Water street dance-house keepers had abandoned his wicked business, and, like his associate of old, had promised to devote the remainder of his days to serving the highest interests of mankind. That Gardner was sincere and earnest, and that his motives were pure and unselfish, when he promised to be a better man, time has fully vindicated; but that Allen deserves the same commendation is, to say the least of it, very questionable, as is shown by the inconsistencies of his brief probationary career. To speak plainly, it is no more a matter of doubt that the religious community has been grossly imposed upon, with reference to the Water street 'revival,' as will be seen by glancing at a few stubborn facts that cannot be reconciled to a more favorable theory. Upon whose shoulders the guilt of this deception rests, may not have been discovered, but, most assuredly, the righteous indignation of the public will fall, unsparingly, upon whoever may deserve its infliction.

The facts, negatively stated, are briefly and plainly these: There is not a religious revival in progress among the wretched dwellers in Water street dance-halls, and sailors' boarding-houses, nor has there been of late, as represented to the public. Neither Allen, Tommy Hadden, Slocum, nor 'Kit' Burns are 'converted' or reformed men, all accounts to the contrary notwithstanding. The whole movement originated several months ago, in the efforts of the colporteurs of a certain mission, to ameliorate the condition of sailors and fallen women of the Fourth Ward. House-to-house visits were made by the missionaries for a considerable length of time, but without accomplishing all that was desired. At length it was decided that an unusual and sensational method should be taken to arouse Water street, and Water street was accordingly aroused. Allen was selected as the victim against whom the shafts of religion should be specially levelled, and they were, therefore, directed toward him. Two articles appeared in a certain magazine, calling attention to Allen as the 'wickedest man in New York' and in a short time he was the most notorious character in the country. The aim of the article in question was evidently to shame John Allen into a change of life, and thus to obtain a foothold among his vile neighbors and companions in sin. The stroke was a bold one, but it utterly failed in its purpose to soften John's heart. The result, however, was that thousands of religious persons—clergymen and others—thronged his house daily, either from a motive of curiosity, or of inducing John to abandon his wicked life and become a religious man. This he sternly refused to do, threatening to throw any preaching or praying people, who might come there, out of doors. The rush of visitors of the better classes to his house entirely destroyed his business, and for weeks he did not make a dollar of profit in his usual way. Finding that Allen could not be coerced into a reformation, and fearing that the game would be lost, his religious shepherds made a proposition to him to hire his house for one month, to October 1, for daily prayer meetings, and such arrangement was, after some discussion, perfected. For the use of the rooms it is known that a check for three hundred and fifty dollars was passed to Allen, last week, by a party controlling the movement, and the house is now in legal possession of the drawer of the check. Allen's prayers, songs, and exhortations, with which he interested the praying dupes who gathered to his house, were assuredly bogus, and, after being continued for two or three days, they were abandoned, and thereafter, in drunken obliviousness or cunning reticence, the 'wickedest man' passed his time, avoiding visitors, and talking only when compelled to do so. What he purposes to do hereafter will be learned in the course of this article. So much for Alien's falsely reputed conversion!

As for the other men's reformation, that is as absolutely a piece of humbuggery as Allen's. Tommy Hadden is playing the pious with the hope of being secured from trial before the Court of General Sessions for having recently 'shanghaed' a Brooklynite, and also in consideration of a handsome moneyed arrangement with his employers—similar to that with Allen. 'Kit' Burn's rat-pit will also be opened for religious services on Monday next; but the public need not be deceived in the matter of his reformation. His motive, like that of the others, is to make money, and, be it known, that he is to receive at the rate of one hundred and fifty dollars per month, for the use of his pit an hour every day. Slocum desired prayers at the Howard Mission, on Sunday last, but it is understood that he is not to be lionized, because the missionaries are not willing to pay him a high enough rental for his hall. As for the general movement carried on in Water street, under the false pretence that these men have voluntarily, and from purely religious motives, offered their saloons for public worship, and have, themselves, determined to reform, very little more need be said. The daily prayer-meetings are nothing more than

assemblages of religious people from among the higher grades of society, in what were once low dance-halls. There is an unusual amount of interest displayed at these meetings, and much good has, doubtless, been accomplished thereby, but it is also a fact, that there are but a few, and sometimes none, of the wretched women, or ruffianly, vicious men, of that neighborhood, present. Those classes are not reached at all, and it is false to say that a revival is going on among them. The character of the audiences and the exercises are similar to that of the noon meeting at the Fulton street Church.

With a view of sounding Allen on various points of public interest, connected with this exciting affair, the writer, on Thursday, paid a visit to the devildom of which Allen is monarch, and there saw and heard some things that are worth the reader's attention. The house, 304 Water street, was easily found. Opening the door that leads from the Street into the apartment that once served as a bar-room, he (the writer) asked if Mr. Allen was at home, and he was informed by a lad to whom the inquiry was addressed, that he was not—he was across the street talking to Slocum, (the proprietor of a neighboring dance-hall,) and if the business upon which the visitor had called was important he would be summoned. Allen was accordingly sent for, and with evident reluctance he accompanied the lad to the room of which we have spoken.

The moment he entered, it was easily seen that he was grossly intoxicated. His step was steady, but the wandering expression of his bloodshot eyes, the silly grin that played about his lips, and the unmistakable rum-odor of his breath, as he approached, made it certain that he was a drunken man. He did not wait for the formalities of an introduction, but at once opened with: 'Well, who are you? What's your name? Where do you live? What's your business—salvation, sinners, eh?'—all at a single breath, and with a rapidity that would defy the pencil of the most skilful stenographer. There was an air of imperiousness, too, in his tone of voice, that seemed to say, 'Come, talk quickly now, and then go about your business; I have no time to waste.' The inquiries, in the main, having been answered, Allen closed the door of the saloon, dragged a small table and two chairs into the middle of the floor, and, having done this, and dismissed the boy and a hideous-looking girl, who was preparing to scrub the apartment, he bade us be seated, and then resumed the conversation, which was carried on in something like the following manner:

'Well, Mr. Allen, what do you desire to say to the public about this reform work?'

'Don't know what to say about it—it's all right, I guess. You can tell 'em that those prayin' "fellers" have broken all my cane chairs, and I've had to get wooden ones—guess they can't break them. Broke my glass there, too, smashed it in, and they smash everything they touch. Somebody stole my coat, too—I'd like to catch him. I don't much like them prayin' folks, anyhow,' he said.

'Why?' was the rejoinder, in evident surprise, 'the public has been led to believe that you were "converted," John, and that you loved Christian people—there will be great surprise when it is made known that such is not the case.'

'Oh!' he returned, interrupting the visitor, 'I'm reformed, and I've made up my mind to serve my great Redeemer as long as he lets me live. I'll never go back on Him, true as you live. I'm just a goin' to let the world know that I'm a second Apostle Paul—there ain't a goin' to be anybody beat me in this line of business, sure's my name is John Allen.'

'What do you mean by "a second Apostle Paul?"' we ventured to ask.

'What do I mean?' was the reply. 'Why, I mean just what I say; I'm goin' to study for a preacher, and I'm goin' to sweep everything in this street. If one church won't have me, another will; and I'll tell these wicked sinners in the world that they'd better look out for themselves, or they'll wake up some fine morning in hell fire.'

'You say that you are going to preach, John. Do you suppose that people will hear you from the pulpit, unless you stop drinking rum?'

'Who told you I drank rum?' he asked, fiercely—and without waiting for a reply, continued: 'I never was drunk in my life. I take a glass now and again, when I feel the need of it; and lately I've been tapering off. I am going to stop it, by-and-by, when I get ready.'

THE LAST OF THE WICKEDEST MAN.

The last appearance of the "wickedest man" in public, was a short while ago, when he and his wife, and several of his girls, were arraigned before Justice Dowling, at the Tombs Police Court, on the charge of robbing a sailor of fifteen dollars. The trial, as reported in the daily journals, was a severe commentary upon the revivals, and those who had been conducting them. The following is the account of it:

John Allen and wife, and several girls, who have made that saintly personage's house their home, were before Justice Dowling yesterday morning, to answer a number of damaging charges—among them, keeping a resort for thieves, gamblers, and prostitutes, and robbing Benjamin Swan, a seaman. The story may be best told by the victim, who was examined by Justice Dowling, as follows.

Justice.—'Tell me, Swan, how this robbery occurred.'

Swan.—'Well, your Honor, I was going along Water street, on Friday night, and was picked up by the girl, and taken to a private room in the house of Allen. I gave Mrs. Allen five dollars, to pay for drinks, etc.; and during the night, my bedfellow, Margaret Ware, took from my pantaloons pocket fifteen dollars, which she said she gave to Mrs. Allen to keep. When I asked it back, they would not give it to me. I am sure it was John Allen's house.'

The testimony of this witness having been taken, Captain Thorne made a formal complaint against John Allen for keeping a disorderly house.

Justice.—'How do you know that he keeps a disorderly house, captain?'

Captain.—'I take it on the testimony of this man, who has been robbed there.'

Justice.—'Yes, but you must have stronger testimony than that. The law says that it requires more than one act to constitute a disorderly place.'

Captain.—'I have policemen here to prove that it is disorderly.'

Justice.—'Allen, what do you say to this charge?'

Allen.—'Your Honor, during the past six weeks I have done no business. My house has been used all the time for prayer-meetings.'

Justice.—'What about the robbery of this man?'

Allen.—'I have nothing to say about it, for I was not at home last night. I know very well that the captain does not want to have me locked up. We have always been good friends, haven't we, captain?'

Captain.—'I have nothing to say about it.'

Allen.—'If no charge is made, I promise to have nothing to do with politics.'

Justice.—'Do you mean to say that politics had any thing to do with your arrest?'

Allen.—'I don't say anything at all about it, your Honor.'

Justice.—'Then why do you hint at it?'

Allen.—'I will promise not to interfere one way or the other, if I am allowed to go.'

The court loungers, who know something of the peculiar politics of the Fourth Ward, here laughed immoderately.

Justice.—'You go to the captain, and tell him all about it.'

Allen.—'I won't vote at all if I am let go. I always keep in with the police.' (Laughter.)

Justice.—'That's right.'

Allen.—'Only for the kindness of the police, I never could have kept my place so many years. They have always been my friends.' (Laughter.)

Justice.—'How long is it since you have had any prayer meetings in your house?'

Allen.—'About eight days.'

Justice.—'You have got through with them, then, have you?'

Allen.—'Well, yes, they are not held in my house any more, but they do be held at Jim Miller's, next door, all the same.'

Justice.—'I believe those praying fellows are the most disorderly persons in Water street. Captain, if you would arrest them, some time, and charge them with disorderly conduct, I think you would be doing good service to the community, for their religious gatherings have been a farce.'

Margaret Ware was committed for trial, and John Allen was held on three hundred dollars bail to answer at the Special Sessions. Daniel Creedon, lodging-house keeper, who represents ten thousand dollars in real estate, became John Allen's bondsman. John says that Oliver Dyer caused his arrest and that the whole thing was a 'put up job.'

THE RESULT.

We grant, without hesitation, that those who originated and carried on the Water street revivals, were influenced by worthy motives; but, having given both sides of the case, we maintain that the whole affair was a grave mistake. There was no genuine conversion of the principal characters, and this fact was soon made evident. The public became disgusted with the sham. The class for whose benefit the movement was designed, has been morally injured by it. Good people are made chary of engaging in schemes for the conversion of bad characters, lest they should be drawn into another "John Allen affair," and the wretches who were to have been saved, having been quick to detect the deceit practiced in the matter, denounce all the efforts and declarations of the actors in this affair as hypocrisy and cant, and will for a long time hold aloof from them. On the whole, therefore, we can but regard the cause of religion as more injured than benefited by the mistaken zeal of those who conducted the Water street revivals. The men themselves are above reproach. Their motives, no candid person will impugn, but their wisdom and good sense are open to the gravest criticism.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CHEAP LODGING HOUSES.

The Bowery and eastern section of the city are full of cheap lodging houses, which form a peculiar feature of city life. "There is a very large and increasing class of vagrants who live from hand to mouth, and who, beneath the dignity of the lowest grade of boarding houses, find a nightly abode in cheap lodgings. These establishments are planned so as to afford the greatest accommodation in point of numbers with the least in point of comfort. The halls or rather passages are narrow, and the rooms are small, dark, dirty and infested with vermin. The bedding consists of a straw pallet and coarse sheets, and a coverlet of a quality too poor to be an object of luxury. In some houses no sheets or coverlet are afforded, but even with the best of these accommodations the lodger suffers from cold in the winter, while in the summer he is devoured with bed-bugs. For such accommodations in a room which half a dozen may share, the lodger pays ten cents, though it is said there is a lower depth where they sleep on the floor and pay half the above-mentioned price. The profit of this business may be inferred from the fact that one hundred and fifty lodgings, and in some cases a much larger number, are sold by each house, making a net receipt of \$15 per night, to which is to be added the profits of a bar, where the vilest whiskey is retailed in 'dime nips.' The business of a lodging house seldom commences before ten o'clock, and its greatest rush is just after the closing of the theatres; but all through the night, till three o'clock in the morning, they are receiving such of the outcast population as can offer the price of a bed. To any one interested in the misery of the city, the array presented on such an occasion is very striking. One sees every variety of character, runaway boys, truant apprentices, drunken mechanics and broken-down mankind generally. Among these are men who have seen better days. They are decayed gentlemen who appear regularly in Wall street, and eke out the day by such petty business as they may get hold of, and are lucky if they can make enough to carry them through the night. In all lodging houses the rule holds good 'first come, first served,' and the last man in the room gets the worst spot. Each one sleeps with his clothes on and his hat under his head to keep it from being stolen. At eight o'clock in the morning all oversleepers are awakened and the rooms got ready for the coming night. No one is allowed to take anything away, and if the lodger has a parcel he is required to leave it at the bar. This prevents the theft of bed-clothes. As the expenses connected with lodging houses are very light, they are generally profitable, and in some instances large fortunes have been made at the business. The one recently burned was a correct illustration of the vices and miseries of the poor; a lodging house up stairs and in the basement a concert-saloon, so that the poverty engendered by the one could be sheltered by the other."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BLACK-MAILING.

The detectives are constantly at work in attempts, which are generally successful, to protect persons of respectability from the clutches of that unscrupulous class known as black-mailers. These individuals are very numerous in the city, and are generally to be found amongst the most desperate and wicked of the disreputable classes. Street-walkers and fast women of all classes are most commonly engaged in it. The woman is the visible actor, but she is generally sustained by a rough, or professional thief, or pickpocket. They are not content with making victims of those who have really committed indiscretions which have come to their knowledge, but they fasten upon the innocent and really virtuous, well knowing that nine persons out of ten, though really guiltless of any fault, will rather comply with their demands than have their names connected with a scandal. Such persons think that the wretch will not dare to charge them with the offence, or endeavor to extort money a second time, and do not regret the first outlay. They ought never to yield, whether innocent or guilty, for the wretches are sure to make repeated demands upon those who are weak enough to comply with them. The law makes it a crime for any one to endeavor to extort money in this way, and no one so threatened should hesitate for one moment in applying to the police.

A MINISTER BLACK-MAILED.

A minister, who shall be nameless, was coming out of his robing-room one Sabbath night, after service, and was passing down the aisle on his way out of the building, when he was accosted by a well-dressed and rather handsome woman, who asked him to allow her a few moments' conversation with a him. He granted her request, and she said she had come to ask him to go with her to see her sister, who was lying at the point of death at a boarding-house in——street. She seemed very much distressed, and declared she would "go deranged" if her sister should die without seeing a clergyman. She added that her sister and herself were both strangers in the city, and that as they had never been to any other church but that in charge of the gentleman she was addressing, they would prefer his ministrations to those of any other person. The woman's story was so simple and straightforward that the minister did not hesitate to believe her, and accompanied her to a plain but respectable-looking house in——street. He noticed, while in the cars—for they took this means of conveyance in order to save time—that a number of persons looked at his companion and himself rather strangely, but still he suspected nothing.

On reaching the house, the woman rang the bell, and they were admitted. She asked him to wait a moment in the parlor. The room was flashy, and the appearance of the men and women, who were grouped about in it, was far from being respectable, though there was nothing improper in their conduct. The minister's suspicions were aroused at once by the general appearance of things, and were increased as he saw the whispered conversation going on between the other occupants of the room, and of which he was evidently the subject. In a few minutes his companion returned, and asking him to follow her, led the way up to her room. He went with her, still thinking that his suspicions might have been misplaced. Several women passed him on the stairway each of whom greeted him with an impudent laugh. Upon reaching the room, the minister found that he had been deceived. There was no sick woman present, and he was alone with his infamous companion. As she closed the door, she came up to him, and put her arm around him. He threw her off sternly.

"What does this mean," he asked.

"I wanted to have the pleasure of your society," said the woman, laughing. "Now that you are here, you had better stay."

Without a word, the clergyman turned towards the door, but the woman sprang before him.

"You don't leave me in this way," she said. "I want money, and I must have it."

"I have none for you," said the minister. "Let me pass."

"Listen to me," said the woman: "I want two hundred dollars. Pay the money, and I will never tell of your visit here. If you refuse me, I'll tell the story all over town."

"Do so," was the reply. "I will tell how I was led here, how I was deceived, and I will have you arrested."

"My tale's the best," said the woman, defiantly. "I can prove your presence in the parlor by every girl in the house, and those who saw you in the hall will swear you came to my room with me. They will swear to no lie, either, and nine people out of ten will believe my story against yours. To say the least," she added, "it will fasten such a suspicion on you as will ruin you with your congregation; so you'd better pay me my money."

The minister was silent for a moment. He felt that his presence in that place would give rise to a terrible suspicion, and he knew that a man in his position could not afford to be suspected. However innocent he might be, the faintest breath of scandal would injure him greatly. He thought over the matter rapidly, and at last said:

"The sum you name is a very large one to me, and I could not pay you to-night, were I inclined to do so. Give me until to-morrow to think of it."

The woman's eyes sparkled, for she thought her victim would surely yield.

"Where can I see you to-morrow?" she asked.

"At my residence, No.—W——street, at twelve o'clock," he said. "Send in your name as Mrs. White, and I will see you at once."

"You had better do so," said the woman, emphatically. "Now you can go."

She led the minister down the stairs, and allowed him to leave the house. Instead of going home, he went straight to the Police Headquarters, and made his statement to the officer in charge, and was advised as to the course he should pursue. Then he went home, and told his wife of the whole affair, and of the course of action he had marked out.

The next day, precisely at noon, the so-called Mrs. White, accompanied by a villainous-looking man, arrived at the minister's residence, and the two were shown into his study. He received them calmly, and the woman introduced the man, as "her friend, who had come to see fair play." This announcement did not in the least disconcert the minister, who proceeded to state in plain terms the events connected with the affair of the previous night.

"You acknowledge this to be a true statement," he said to the woman.

"Yes, it is the truth," she said, "but your innocence will not keep people from suspecting you."

"You demand the sum of two hundred dollars as the price of your silence on the subject," he continued.

"That's my price."

"If I make it three hundred will you sign a paper acknowledging your deceit and my innocence?" he asked, producing a roll of notes.

"Yes," she replied, after consulting with her companion.

"Then sign that," he said, handing her a written paper and a pen.

The man read it, and nodded his head, and she signed it.

"Now, gentlemen," said the minister, raising his voice, and drawing the paper to him, "you can enter, and witness the signature."

As he spoke the door of an adjoining room opened, and a detective and one of the wardens of the minister's church entered. They had been concealed in the next room, and had heard and witnessed the whole transaction.

"Who are these men?" asked the woman, springing up.

"Why, don't you know me, Eliza?" asked the detective, coolly. "This isn't the first time I've put a stop to your villainy. I guess you'll go in for a few years this time."

"Give me my money, and let me go," said the woman, fiercely, turning her back on the detective and facing the minister.

"Eliza," said the detective, "you'll not get one cent. This gentleman wants the matter dropped here, and if you are not a fool you'll go about your business. You have signed a paper clearing Mr.——from all suspicion, and you can't do him any further harm. The case is in my hands. If you will leave New York for Boston or Philadelphia to-night, I'll be quiet—I shall watch you, and if you're in town to-morrow, you'll be in Sing Sing before two months are out. Now go home and pack your trunk."

"I've been a fool," said the woman, bitterly.

"So you have, my dear," said the detective. "Now go home, and take this interesting young man with you."

The guilty pair departed in silence, and the minister was not troubled with them again. The courage and prudence of an innocent man enabled him to defeat this deep laid scheme for his ruin. Had he yielded and paid the money, the demand would have been renewed, and he would in the end have been ruined and disgraced without ever having committed a crime.

We recently heard of a case of an opposite character. A minister, settled over a large and wealthy congregation, was approached by one of these women, and charged with a crime of which he was entirely innocent. The woman professed to have an abundance of proof against him. He was a weak, vain man, proud of his reputation, and afraid of the slightest whisper of scandal, and he was terrified by the woman's bold assertions. In order to get rid of her, he paid her the sum she demanded, and received her promise not to trouble him again. In a few weeks she returned, and demanded a larger sum, which was paid. These demands then became so frequent and heavy that the minister could hardly support his family on what was left of his salary. He resigned his charge, and accepted a call to a distant city, hoping to escape his persecutors, for he could not doubt that the woman was urged on by others; but they followed him to his new home, and so harassed and plundered him that he was forced to ask the aid of the police, who discovered and arrested his tormentors. This ended the demands upon his purse, but he had been plundered of over eight thousand dollars, which was entirely lost to him. Had he acted as a sensible man at first, he would have been saved his losses and his sufferings.

A BRIDE IN THE TOILS.

Not long since a young lady of fashion, about to be married to a wealthy gentleman of this city, was called on by a woman who was unknown to her. The stranger stated her business without delay. She had heard that the young lady, whom we will call Miss R—, was about to marry Mr. F—.

"I have come to say," she added, "that I am in need of money. I want five hundred dollars, which is a small sum to a woman as rich as you. I intend to make this marriage the means of raising it. If you do not pay me the money, I shall go to Mr. F—, and tell him that you are not a virtuous woman. He will not believe me, at first, but I shall set a rumor afloat which will soon be known amongst all your fashionable friends."

"But, by your own story, there will be no truth in it," said Miss R—, amazed at the woman's effrontery.

"That is true," said the woman, "but you know that a false rumor will accomplish as much as a true one. I will take care that the rumor is well spread, and if you refuse me the money, it will be said all over New York that your virtue is a matter of doubt. Your character will be stained, and your marriage will be broken off."

Miss R—was astounded at such cool villainy, but fortunately her courage and self-possession did not desert her. Bidding the woman await her return, she left the room, and went straight to her lover, who was fortunately in the house at the time. She told him all that had occurred, and they at once sought her father, and laid the matter before him. The old gentleman advised them to go to the parlor and confront the woman, and at the same time sent for the policeman on that "beat." The woman seemed surprised, when she saw the lovers enter the room, and she rose to her feet in alarm. "This is Mr. F—," said Miss R—, calmly, "and I have just told him of your infamous proposition."

"You have beaten me," said the woman, "but I'll take care that you suffer for it."

She was about to leave the room, when Mr. F—placed himself before the door.

"You cannot leave this house," he said, sternly. "We have sent for a policeman, and you must wait till he comes."

The woman sat down without a word, and in a few minutes the policeman arrived. He recognized her as an old offender, and after congratulating Miss R—upon her coolness and good sense, led the woman away. The black-mailer was sent to prison, and the wedding proceeded without interruption.

DESPERATE CHARACTERS.

The incidents already given, will show how this system is conducted. As a general rule, the wretches are easily disposed of with the aid of the police, but sometimes it requires all the ingenuity of the most experienced detective to ferret out and foil the plot. These wretches know that respectable people dread scandal, and they profit by this knowledge. They are sometimes bold and unscrupulous in their way of conducting their business, and at other times endeavor to palm themselves off as injured innocents. They rarely meddle with women, for the difficulties in their way are greater; but, as they

know that almost any story about a man will be believed, they fasten themselves like leeches upon the male sex. Young men about to make rich marriages are bled freely, for few will care to risk a scandal which might break off the whole affair. If a young man refuses one of them on such occasions, she goes boldly to the lady he is to marry, and declares herself the innocent and wronged victim of the aforesaid young man. This is her revenge, and the majority of young men, knowing them to be capable of such a course, comply with their demands on the spot. There is nothing these wretches will not do, no place they will not invade, in order to extort money from their victims.

Persons from the country, stopping at the hotels of the city, are frequently the objects of the attacks of the black-mailers. A man's name is learned from the hotel register, and he is boldly approached and charged with conduct he never dreamed of being guilty of. The scoundrel professes to know him and his whole family, and names the price of his silence. Too often the demand is complied with, and the money paid. The proper course to pursue when accosted in such a manner, is to call upon the nearest policeman for assistance in shaking off the wretch.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CHATHAM STREET.

Chatham street begins at City Hall Place and ends at Chatham square. It is not over a fourth of a mile in length, and is narrow and dirty. It is taken up, principally, with Jews and low class foreigners. There are also some cheap hotels and lodging houses, several pawnbroker's shops, and half a dozen concert saloons in the street. The lowest class Jews abound in this quarter, and vile, filthy wretches they are. They deal in imitation jewelry, old clothes, and cheap clothing. There is little, if any, honesty in the street, and any one buying an article within its limits must expect to be cheated. The streets running off to the right and left, lead to the Five Points and kindred districts, and it is this wretched part of the city which furnishes the greatest number of customers to Chatham street. The buildings are generally constructed in the old style, a new house being a rarity in this locality, and are foul and dingy. The shops are low and dark, and smell horribly. The men and women who frequent them look like convicts, and as they sit in their doorways watching for custom, they seem more like wild beasts waiting for their prey, than like human beings. They have no respectable customers, except the poor, who come into the neighborhood hoping to save money in their purchases. They fall victims to the sharpers who line the street, and the articles they buy are dear at whatever price they may pay for them. It is said that stolen goods frequently find their way to Chatham street, and that a very large part of the traffic of that locality is carried on in violation of the law. However this may be, we have but one simple warning for all persons visiting the great city. *Buy nothing in Chatham street, and keep out of it after dark.*

FORCED SALES.

When business is dull in this locality, the "merchants" resort to many artifices to fill their coffers. One of their manoeuvres is called a "forced sale." A man walking along the street, will be seized and dragged into a clothing shop. He may protest that he does not wish to buy anything, but the "merchant" and his clerks will insist that he does, and before he can well help himself, they will haul off his coat, clap one of the store coats on his back, and declare it a "perfect fit." The new coat will then be removed and replaced by the old one, and the victim will be allowed to leave the shop. As he passes out of the door, the new coat is thrust under his arm, and he is seized by the proprietor and his assistants, who shout "stop thief!" and charge him with stealing the coat. Their noise, and the dread of being arrested upon a charge of theft, will frequently so confuse and frighten the victim that he will comply with their demand, which is that he shall buy the coat. This done, he is suffered to depart. A refusal to yield would not injure him, for the scoundrels would seldom dare to call in the police, for fear of getting themselves into trouble, as their tricks are well known to the officers of the law.

CHAPTER XL.

THIEVES.

Thieves are numerous in New York. As a general rule, they herd together in the worst quarters of the city—in the Five Points and along East River—where they can rapidly and easily communicate with each other, and where they can hide from the police without fear of discovery. There are many blunderers in the fraternity, but there are also many experienced hands, who do a great deal of damage, and give a world of trouble to the authorities. These are generally well known to the police.

THE THIEF LANGUAGE.

The thieves of the city have a language, or *argot*, peculiar to themselves. Those who have been raised to the business use this *argot* to such an extent, that a stranger finds it as impossible to understand them as he would if they were speaking in a foreign tongue. *The Detectives' Manual* gives a glossary of this language, from which we take the following specimens, to be found in that work, under the head of the letter B.:

Badger.—A panel-thief.

Bagged.—Imprisoned.

Bag of nails.—All in confusion.

Balram.—Money.

Bandog.—A civil officer.

Barking irons.—Pistols.

Bene.—Good, first-rate.

Benjamin.—A coat.

Bilk.—To cheat.

Bill of sale.—A widow's weeds.

Bingo.—Liquor.

Bingo boy.—A drunken man.

Bingo mort.—A drunken woman.

Blue-billy.—A strange handkerchief.

Blue ruin.—Bad gin.

Boarding-school.—The penitentiary.

Bone box.—The mouth.

Bowsprit in parenthesis.—A pulled nose.

Brother of the blade.—A soldier.

Brother of the bolus.—A doctor.

Brush.—To flatter, to humbug.

Bug.—A breast-pin.

Bugger.—A pickpocket.

Bull.—A locomotive.

Bull-traps.—Rogues who personate officials to extort money.

We could multiply these examples, but the above are sufficient to illustrate this branch of our subject.

PROFESSIONAL THIEVES.

The poor wretches who steal a few dollars' worth in open day, from stores and stands, are not considered by professional thieves as amongst the "fraternity," which embraces house-breakers, pick-pockets, and burglars. These persons are carefully trained by "old hands," and are by practice made as

perfect as possible in their arts. Indeed, to be an accomplished burglar requires a very great degree of intelligence, courage, strength, and ingenuity. These men all have certain distinct methods of performing their work, so that after they have been operating a short while, a detective can, by examining the traces, tell, with absolute certainty, the name of the burglar. Besides this, the life which these persons lead stamps their countenances and general bearing with marks which an experienced officer will recognize at a glance. The sneak-thief, the pickpocket, and the burglar, have certain habits, attitudes, haunts; they act in certain ways when placed in certain positions, which reveal them and their occupations to a practiced eye, with almost as much certainty as the form and aspect of a blade of grass reveals its genus and species to the eye of a practiced botanist. A skilled detective will stand at the corner of a street, in a strange city, that he has never entered before, and will pick out, almost unerringly, the passers-by who belong to this criminal class. He will say, "This is a sneak-thief;" "This is a pickpocket;" "This man has just been released from the State prison;" "This one is a gambler, stool-pigeon," etc., etc.; being guided in his judgments by certain indications which the criminal involuntarily displays by the sheer force of habit.

A sneak-thief will pass along with that rapid, rolling glance of the eyes which distinguishes the tribe; now he checks himself in his career; it is but for an instant; no unprofessional eye directed towards him would notice it; but the sudden pause would speak volumes to an experienced police officer. He knows that the thief's eye has caught the sight of silver lying exposed in the basement. In an hour after he hears that the basement has been entered, and the silver in it carried off. He knows who has taken it, as well as if he had seen the man take it with his own eyes; but if the thief has had time to run to the nearest receiver's den, the silver is already in the melting-pot, beyond the reach of identification.

HOW FINE HOUSES ARE ROBBED.

Families living in the city cannot, of course, know who they are taking into their midst as servants, and it frequently happens that these girls are the confederates of burglars. They come for the purpose of spying out the premises, and from time to time report the internal arrangements to their "men." At the proper moment, the burglar, who has thus acquired a sufficient familiarity with the house, is admitted by the girl. He performs his work sometimes without detection, but sometimes adds murder, or attempts at murder, to his crime. These men are well known to the police, but as they are to be deemed innocent until *proved* guilty, it is hard, if not impossible, to prevent their crimes. A servant girl is seen in the area, towards evening, with a broom in her hand; by her side is a man who is conversing earnestly with her. The policeman, as he passes along, recognizes him as a notorious burglar. That night the house is broken open and robbed, and perhaps some of the family murdered. The officer knows perfectly well who did it, but this knowledge goes for nothing in law. The man must be regularly tried, and proved guilty. Although the officer feels sure the man and woman are planning a burglary, when he sees them in the area, he cannot prevent it by arresting the man.

An incident in point has transpired of late, in illustration of this familiar danger. A gentleman's house, situate on Fifth Avenue, near Thirty-second street, was entered on the night of March 24th, by a brace of burglars, who were, as subsequent investigation proved, admitted at the basement, or servant's entrance, by one of the chambermaids.

The burglars succeeded in obtaining a considerable amount of plunder, but were alarmed by the unexpected awakening of some of the inmates of the house, and hastily departed. Suspicion fell upon the delinquent maid, who was examined, confessed her guilt, stated that the principal burglar was her sweetheart, and promised that if she was permitted to escape the deserved public punishment of her crime, she would see that the missing property was restored to its rightful owners. This 'arrangement' was accepted, the girl fulfilled her part of the contract, and every article that had been stolen was promptly restored. The chambermaid was dismissed, and any further prosecution of the affair was summarily closed. In this particular instance, it will be seen that matters terminated favorably, but it would be well if wealthy citizens would be warned against the 'family' risk to which their property is exposed, and led to adopt the most stringent precautions against these dangers, especially when summer pleasures will entice the majority of the votaries of gayety and fashion 'out of town,' leaving their dwellings almost wholly to the 'care' of not always reliable domestics.

A HAIR THIEF.

During the summer of 1868, a young lady residing in a respectable part of the city, was decoyed by an elderly woman, (under the pretence of being able to introduce the young lady to a cheap dressmaker,) into a low neighborhood, where she was seized by two men, dragged into a hovel, and there held by the ruffians, while the old hag who had decoyed her thither, with a pair of shears cut off the larger portion of her luxuriant hair—to fill, as she coolly informed her victim, 'an order from a wig-maker.' The

screams and struggles of the poor dupe were of no avail, and when finally thrust out of doors by her tormentors, she was so frightened that she wandered mechanically along, up and down streets, until she met a policeman, who, on hearing her story, called a carriage and had her conveyed home, but was not able from her incoherent and inaccurate description, either to identify the place where the outrage was committed, nor the people by whom it was perpetrated.

[Illustration: The thieves' exchange—a drinking saloon where pawnbrokers go to buy stolen goods.]

THE THIEVES' EXCHANGE.

There is, in the Eighth Ward of the City, an "Exchange," where the light-fingered gentry congregate and interchange confidential intelligence, the news of their profession, and exchange the stolen goods temporarily in their possession. Attached to this is the wareroom of the proprietor, who is simply a receiver of stolen goods. There are many of these places in the city.

The agent of the New York Prison Association, in one of his reports, says:

When a burglar has successfully entered a store, and carried off a large amount of property, in the form of fine goods, this property itself is of no more use to him than the dust of the street. He does not want to wear lace or jewelry. He does not need watches or pencil-cases. He cannot eat cameos or vases. He, therefore, at once takes his plunder to his 'fence,' and receives from him, in money, such a price as is usually agreed upon. It is very difficult to ascertain, with any degree of exactness, what proportion of the value of the plunder is realized on the average by the thief; but from the best information we could obtain, we feel confident it does not exceed one sixth.

A man whom we met in one of the jails, told us he was unsuccessful at first, because he had received no instructions in the art. We asked him what he deemed the most important information to be obtained by a tyro in the business. He answered promptly: "To know the names and characters of all the 'fences' within a circle of thirty miles." He could do little or nothing without this knowledge.

In the rural districts, these receivers of stolen goods are quite unknown, except among the thieves themselves, unless some unusually active deputy sheriff makes the discovery; but in the cities, especially in New York and Brooklyn, they are as well known to the police officers as the city halls of those places. These officers are sure that everything they have in their warehouses is stolen; they are acquainted with their ways of doing business; and they know what thieves resort to each, and where they dispose of their ill-gotten property. Yet this knowledge avails but little in promoting the ends of justice. It is but rarely that any of this class are convicted of their offences. The reason is that strict legal proof of their guilt can very seldom be procured.

The study of the means of rapidly and effectually removing the marks by which the property in their hands can be identified, is the main business of their lives, and they acquire a degree of skill and dexterity in altering or effacing these marks, which is truly surprising. A melting-pot is always over the fire, to which all silver ware is consigned the instant it is received. The marks on linen, towels, and handkerchiefs, are removed, sometimes by chemicals, sometimes by fine scissors made expressly for the purpose. Jewelry is at once removed from its settings, and the gold is either melted or the engraving is burnished out, so as in either case to make identification impossible. Rich velvet and silk garments are transmogrified by the removal and re-arrangement of the buttons and trimmings. Pointed edges are rounded, and rounded edges are pointed, entirely changing the whole aspect of the garment, with such celerity that the lady who had worn the dress in the morning would not have the slightest suspicion that it was the same in the evening. Cotton, wool, rags, and old ropes, require no manipulation. When once thrown upon the heap, they defy the closest scrutiny of the owners. There is scarcely an article which can be the subject of theft, which the resources of these men do not enable them, in a very short time, to disguise beyond the power of recognition. Their premises are skilfully arranged for concealment. They are abundantly provided with secret doors and sliding panels, communicating with dark recesses. Apertures are cut in the partitions, so that a person coming in from the front can be distinctly seen before he enters the apartment. The 'fence' is as well skilled as any lawyer in the nature of evidence. He knows the difference between probability and proof as well as Sir William Hamilton himself. He does not trouble himself about any amount of *probabilities* that the detectives may accumulate against him; but the said detective must be remarkably acute if he is ever able to get anything against him which will amount to strictly legal proof.

CHAPTER XLI.

PICKPOCKETS.

Strangers coming to New York should always be on the watch for pickpockets, and even natives are not careful enough in this respect. Picking pockets has been reduced to a science here, and is followed by many persons as a profession. It requires long practice and great skill, but these, when once acquired, make their possessor a dangerous member of the community. Women, by their lightness of touch and great facility in manipulating their victims, make the most dangerous operators in the city. The ferry boats, cars, stages, crowded halls, and public places afford the best opportunities to pickpockets for the exercise of their skill.

A lady, riding in an omnibus, discovers that she has lost her purse, which she knows was in her possession when she entered the stage. A well-dressed gentleman sits by her, whose arms are quietly crossed before him, and his fingers, encased in spotless kid gloves, are entwined in his lap, in plain sight of all the passengers, who are sure that he has not moved them since he entered the stage. Several persons have entered and left the vehicle, and the lady, naturally supposing one of them to be the thief, gets out to consult a policeman as to her best course. The officer could tell her, after a glance at the faultless gentleman who was her neighbor, that the arms so conspicuously crossed in his lap, are false, his real arms all the time being free to operate under the folds of his talma. The officer would rightly point him out as the thief.

On all the street cars, you will see the sign, "*Beware of pickpockets!*" posted conspicuously, for the purpose of warning passengers. These wretches work in gangs of two, or three, or four. They make their way into crowded cars, and rarely leave them without bringing away something of value. An officer will recognize them at once. He sees a well-known pickpocket obstructing the car entrance; another pickpocket is abusing him in the sharpest terms for doing so, while, at the same time, he is eagerly assisting a respectable gentleman, or a well-dressed lady, to pass the obstruction. One or two other pickpockets stand near. All this is as intelligible to a police officer as the letters on a street sign. He knows that the man, who is assisting the gentleman or lady, is picking his or her pocket; he knows that the man who obstructs the entrance is his confederate; he knows that the others, who are hanging about, will receive the contents of the pocketbook as soon as their principal has abstracted the same. He cannot arrest them, however, unless he, or some one else, sees the act committed; but they will not remain long after they see him—they will take the alarm, as they know his eye is on them, and leave the car as soon as possible.

A detective one day noticed a pickpocket riding in a crowded stage on Broadway. Stopping the vehicle, he mounted the step, and said,

"Gentlemen, there is a notorious pickpocket in this stage. It must stand still until he leaves it."

This announcement created no little consternation amongst the passengers, and each one commenced to feel for his valuables. Fortunately, no one missed anything, but all began to feel uncomfortable, as it was plain each man suspected everybody else in the vehicle. Five minutes of painful silence elapsed, the officer keeping the stage at a halt; and, at length, a venerable, highly respectable-looking old gentleman got up, and made for the door, exclaiming,

"I have a large sum of money on my person, gentlemen, and I can't consent to remain in such company."

He left the vehicle, the detective making way for him. As he did so, the officer closed the door, and called to the driver, "Go ahead, he's out now!"

The relief of the passengers was equalled only by their surprise.

The ferry-boats, which reach or leave the city late at night, or early in the morning, with loads of sleepy and tired travellers, are much frequented by pickpockets. The passengers are more off their guard at such times than at others, and the results are greater.

Persons with prominent shirt pins, or watch chains, are amongst the principal victims of the fraternity. Those who are foolish enough to show their money in public places, suffer in the same way. The best plan is never to take money or valuables into public places.

Female pickpockets, in stages, often rob gentlemen while the latter are raising or lowering a window for them. A watch, or pocketbook, or a valuable pin, is easily taken then, as the attention of the victim is entirely given to the act of courtesy he is performing.

Women even carry their thieving into the churches. The Catholic churches, where the aisles are generally filled, and where the devout worshipper can easily be approached, are usually chosen for such exploits. The city papers frequently contain notices of such robberies.

[Illustration: A pious thief.]

A woman will approach a man on the street at night, and, accosting him by a familiar name, will seize his arm and walk on with him. As most men are fond of adventures, the chances are that no effort will be made to throw off the woman, who, after walking and chatting for several squares, will suddenly turn to him, and exclaim, with a start.

"Why! you are not Harry after all; I have made a mistake!"

And, with the most profuse apologies, she will make her escape. An immediate search will show the man that she has carried his wallet or his watch with her.

Young boys, termed "Kids," are very dangerous operators. They work in gangs of three or four, and by pushing against their victim, seize what they can and make off. Sometimes one of this gang is arrested, but as he has transferred the plunder to his confederates, who have escaped, there is no evidence against him.

The members of the fraternity are well known to each other, and they arrange their scenes of operations, or "beats," with great care. No one will intrude upon the "beat" of another, for "there is honor even among thieves."

CHAPTER XLII.

DRUNKENNESS.

Drunkenness is very common in New York. About eighteen thousand arrests are made annually for drunkenness alone, and nearly ten thousand more for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Besides these there are thousands of cases of which the police never hear. The vice is not confined to any class. It is to be seen in all conditions of life, and in both sexes. Day after day you will see men under the influence of liquor, reeling through the streets, or lying under the trees in the public parks. The police soon rid the streets of such cases, which are comparatively few during the day.

At night the number of intoxicated persons increases. You will then see all classes of drunkards. There goes a young man, handsomely dressed, evidently the son of a rich family, unable to stand by himself, and piloted by a friend whose chief care is to avoid the police. There is a clerk, whose habits will soon lose him his situation. Here is a woman, well dressed, too, reeling along at a rate which will soon carry her into the arms of the policeman. The high and the low are represented on the streets.

The bar-rooms and beer-gardens are in full blast, and will not close until midnight. The better class establishments are quiet and orderly, but the noise and confusion increases as we descend the scale of the so-called respectability of these places. The sale of liquors is enormous, and the work of destruction of body and soul that is going on is fearful. The bar-rooms, beer-gardens, restaurants, clubs, hotels, houses of ill-fame, concert-halls and dance-houses, are doing an enormous trade, and thousands are engaged in the work of poisoning themselves with drink.

[Illustration: A fashionable New Yorker—too much wine.]

Respectable men patronize the better class bar-rooms, and respectable women the ladies' restaurants. At the latter places a very large amount of money is spent by women for drink. Wives and mothers, and even young girls, who are ashamed to drink at home, go to these fashionable restaurants for their liquor. Some will drink it openly, others will disguise it as much as possible. Absinthe has been introduced at these places of late years, and it is said to be very popular with the gentler sex. Those who know its effects will shudder at this. We have seen many drunken women in New York, and the majority have been well dressed and of respectable appearance.

A lady recently went into a confectionery store to purchase some *bonbons*. She was handsomely dressed, and was quite pretty. As the proprietor was making up her parcel he saw her stagger and fall. Hastening round to the front of the counter, he found her lying helpless on the floor, dead drunk.

Standing at our window one day last winter, we noticed two ladies, evidently a mother and daughter, come out of one of the most fashionable private residences in the city, where they had been visiting. They waited on the corner for a car, which was seen coming around the park, and to our astonishment we saw the elder lady sit down flat in the street. She was instantly jerked up by the younger woman,

whose expression of intense disgust we shall not soon forget. As the old lady got on her feet again, her unsteadiness revealed the cause of her singular conduct—she was drunk.

There is a depth of misery in New York which those who have not seen it, cannot conceive of. It exists among the poorer classes, who spend their earnings in drink. They are always half stupefied with liquor, and are brutal and filthy. They get the poison from low shops, called Bucket Houses.

BUCKET HOUSES.

These shops sell the vilest and most poisonous liquors, and derive their name from the fact that their customers usually bring buckets, bowls, or pitchers for the stuff, instead of bottles or jugs. They are confined to the worst quarters of the city, and are foul and wretched beyond description. The proprietors are brutal wretches, who are capable of any crime. They do all in their power to encourage drunkenness, in order to increase their gains. They knowingly sell actual poisons for drink—liquors which nothing would induce them to use. On Saturday nights the rush to these places is very great. Liquor cannot be procured the next day, and so the poor victims of the rum-seller lay in a double quantity, and spend the Sabbath in a state of beastly intoxication.

CHAPTER XLIII.

GAMBLING HOUSES

Games of chance of all kinds are forbidden in all the States by laws which prescribe various severe penalties for the offence; but in spite of this prohibition, there is no country in the world where gambling is more common than in our own, and no city in the whole Union where it is carried on, to such an extent, as in New York.

There are several classes of gambling houses in the city, which we shall endeavor to describe in their order.

FIRST-CLASS HOUSES.

There are very few of these houses in New York—perhaps not more than a dozen in all. They are located in fashionable neighborhoods, and outwardly differ in nothing from the elegant private residences which surround them, except that the blinds are closed all day long, and the house has a silent, deserted air. In its internal arrangements it is magnificent. The furniture, carpets, and all its appointments are superb. Choice paintings and works of art are scattered through the rooms, in truly regal profusion. All that money can do to make the place attractive and luxurious has been done, and as money can always command taste, the work has been well done.

The servants attached to the place are generally negroes of the better class. They are well trained, many of them having been brought up as the *valets*, or butlers of the Southern gentry, and answer better for such places than whites, inasmuch as they are quiet, uncommunicative, attentive and respectful. One of these men is always in charge of the front door, and visitors are admitted with caution, it being highly desirable to admit only the so-called respectable.

It is said on good authority that it requires an annual outlay of one million of dollars to keep up the first-class gaming houses of the city. This is a large sum, but the profits of the establishments are enormous.

A work recently published in Paris, gives the following description of the establishment of a famous gentleman whose history is more like a romance than a reality.

JOHN MORRISSEY'S HOUSE.

"My companion nodded to a servant standing in the hall," says the writer referred to, "and we were allowed to enter. We went through an elegantly furnished parlor, in which were many frequenters of the house, either conversing or reading newspapers. We next entered a large room lighted by numerous gas-jets. In the centre of this apartment was a long table covered with green cloth. The room was crowded with persons busily engaged in gambling. Different games of chance are in vogue in the

United States; but the favorite game of European gamblers, roulette, was not tolerated in the establishment we were then visiting. In almost all the States, games of chance, for money, no matter what its amount, are prohibited, and gambling houses, being considered as contrary to good morals, are forbidden. Gambling for money was not, therefore, ostensibly carried on. The stakes consisted of counters or checks provided by the establishment. The gamblers settled their losses by means of these checks or counters, representing an understood value. In this manner, it appears, the letter, if not the spirit of the law was satisfied. In case of a sudden descent from the police, it was impossible to prove that the persons engaged in the games were playing for money, as no money, in fact, was apparent.

"There is no people," said Asmodeus, in the course of his explanations, "that exhibits more respect for the law than the Americans; but none understands so well how to eschew it when it interferes with its own interests."

"My companion also informed me that no one can recover money lost in gambling, because gambling itself is illegal. But debts of that nature are as secure as any other, especially among professional gamblers, and they are seldom repudiated.

"All those counters and checks," said he, "are as good as gold, and, in this respect, no difficulty can arise. But there are, in two or three adjoining rooms, games of different kinds conducted in private; and the house, of course, is not responsible for the stakes. Money may be lost on parole there; but the loser who will not or can not make good his promise, generally finds himself in a dangerous predicament. For though there be a few men here who came attracted either by curiosity or because they have nothing else to do, the majority are professional gamblers, whose revolvers are always kept ready for great emergencies."

"Besides the table in the centre of the room, there were half a dozen others in remote corners, and also in adjoining rooms, and which, as Asmodeus had observed, were occupied by persons engaged in some favorite game. Around the large table stood an anxious crowd. There was evidently an exciting game in operation. Near the centre of the table was seated a banker or dealer, with a large quantity of checks at his right hand, of the denomination of five, ten, twenty dollars, and upward. Thirteen cards, representing a complete pack, were affixed to the table, at convenient distances from each other, to mark distinctly the bets placed on each. Those who wished to play placed the amount they intended to stake on any particular card on the table. The dealer then producing and shuffling a pack of cards, placed them in a box, from which he caused them to slide one by one. He lost when the card equal in points to that on which the stake was set turned up on his right hand; but he won when it was on the left. He faithfully and gravely fulfilled his part, as though he were a public notary or any other officer of the law. Every one seemed satisfied with his dealings and decisions; for, during our stay in this 'hell,' (a name commonly given in America to all gambling houses,) no exclamation of any sort was made by the gamblers.

"I took him, at first, for the proprietor of the establishment. 'You are mistaken,' said Asmodeus; 'the host is that stout man whose necktie is pinned with a large diamond, and who is playing a game of *écarté* near yonder window, with a constant frequenter of his house. A few years ago, he was one of the most renowned pugilists in the United States. With the profits derived from his victims in the manly art, he purchased a fine house, in which congregated the patrons and amateurs of that art, which is more in vogue to-day in America than in England. Shortly after, he found himself, perhaps unexpectedly, the manager of a faro bank. The game of faro is now in progress at the green table. He gradually withdrew himself from the noisy companions of his younger years, and soon had the gratification to behold bankers, brokers, merchants, and men belonging to the wealthy classes flock to his establishment. As his business rapidly increased, he purchased this handsome house, situated in one of the most fashionable streets of New York. It has become a favorite resort for many persons of good standing in society, and for 'the fancy' of New York. All transactions are above suspicion, for deception would be a dangerous experiment. The landlord is married, and very careful that everything is carried on in an orderly manner. Women are not admitted into the gaming-rooms, or even into the parlors of the house. An elegant supper is served up, every evening, to frequenters and visitors.

"At this very moment a footman came and announced supper. Most of the gamblers did not heed the invitation, so deeply engrossed were they in the game. A few spectators, Asmodeus and myself amongst them, went down into the dining-room, which was, like all the others in the establishment, handsomely furnished. Several ornamental sideboards were loaded with luxuries. Champagne of the best brands was freely passed around; and when supper was over, the landlord treated his guests to the best Havana segars. I expected we would have to face a pretty heavy bill for this entertainment, and was on the point of pulling out my porte-monnaie, when Asmodeus whispered me to do nothing of the sort. 'Such a proceeding,' said he, 'would be resented as an outrage by the proprietor.' Everybody, whether known to him or not, may come here, and either take part in or look at the game; as often as may suit his fancy, and enjoy a good supper besides. The proprietor hardly notices those visitors who come

solely for the purpose of partaking of the good things served up at his suppers, and drinking his champagne."

HOW THE VICTIMS ARE PROCURED.

"Those who keep gambling houses," continues the writer from whom we have just quoted, "take care to be regularly informed of everything transpiring in the city that maybe of interest to their business. You may have noticed, lounging around the most fashionable hotels, many well-dressed young men, who spend their money freely, though they have no known means of support. They are agents for gambling-houses: their business is to track the footsteps of travellers visiting New York, for business or pleasure. They worm themselves into the confidence of strangers; show them everything worth seeing in the city; and finally introduce them to their employers, the gambling-house proprietors. This hunting after wealthy strangers is systematically carried on—it is a science. These agents leave nothing to chance; they never hurry up the conclusion of the transaction. When the unwary stranger is in a fit condition for the sacrifice, they take him to the gaming table with as much indifference and coolness as butchers drive sheep to the slaughter house. These agents have a commission on the profits realized from all the customers they lead to the gaming table, and they display such ability that they seldom fail to entrap those they single out for their victims."

It is a safe rule to suspect every one who approaches you with offers of friendship without being properly introduced. Shun all such society, for the hope of ruining you is all that induces the men to seek you.

GAMING A NATIONAL PASSION.

"There are in New York one hundred and fifty hells or gambling houses, all well known to the police, in which several millions of dollars are lost every year, by unwary persons. From time to time, police officers make a descent on the most dangerous among them, or (which is too often the case) on those whose owners have little political influence. Twenty-four hours after the descent has taken place, new gambling implements are procured in lieu of those taken away, and business is resumed as before.

"Games of chance are now in vogue all over the States, and rapidly multiplying, because the thirst for sudden fortunes is everywhere on the increase. Gambling is even practised on board of those splendid steamers, that ply up and down the rivers of the country; and more than one passenger, driven distracted by his losses at the gaming table, has thrown himself overboard.

"As I have before remarked, no cheating is to be apprehended here, as the percentage, taken beforehand out of the stakes, secures handsome profits to the proprietor of the house. But fraud is frequently resorted to in many hells; and in some of them, whether he loses or wins, the visitor is sure to be plundered of his valuables before he is allowed to depart. Blood is often shed in these places, their frequenters providing themselves, against emergency, with weapons of every description. Some gambling houses hire handsome females, and the allurements of these sirens are added to the dangers of the gaming table. New York keeps pace, in all these respects, with the large cities of Europe; and in many *maisons de joie*, unsuspecting persons run the risk, at any moment of the day or night, of losing their fortunes, their health, and their honor."

THE GUESTS.

"The persons who frequent gambling houses may be divided into two classes: occasional gamblers and professional gamblers. Among the first may be placed those attracted by curiosity, and those strangers I have alluded to who are brought in by salaried intermediaries. The second is composed of men who gamble to retrieve their losses, or those who try to deceive and lull their grief through the exciting diversions that pervade these places.

"I see, for instance, to the right of the dealer, a tall man, with a well-trimmed beard. He is a general in the United States army, and married a young girl belonging to one of our best families. A few years after his marriage his wife disappeared. As she seemed much attached to her husband, and a model of chastity, the general belief was that she had been the victim of some foul outrage. The friends of her family, and the police, made active but fruitless search for her; and the lady's disappearance remained enveloped in mystery, until she was recognized by an American traveller, an acquaintance, in an Italian city. It appears she had removed there, after her mysterious disappearance from her native land, and lived quite comfortably with a comrade-in-arms of her husband. The general has been unable, up to this day, to forget his unfaithful wife, and he comes here, every night, to endeavor, by gambling, to divert his mind from grief.

"Near him, that man, whose fingers are loaded with showy rings, and who affects womanish manners, is the owner of a newspaper which delights in praising the aristocratic institutions of the Old World—a harmless pastime, in which and one can safely indulge, in a country where there is no law against the press, and where everybody may relieve his mind of any foolish idea or fancy without injury to anything but his reputation. Gambling is more than a passion to that personage—it is his very life, as necessary to him as the air he breathes. He has organized lotteries throughout the States, and though they are prohibited by severe laws, he has found the means to evade them all, and build up a large fortune. He often plays very high, and recently very nearly broke the bank. The latter met with a loss of two hundred thousand dollars.

"The gambler who is now leaving the gaming-table, is a teller in one of our city banks. He long enjoyed the confidence of the directors; but, a few days ago, they decided to have him watched, after office hours—a measure now resorted to by many financial institutions, on account of frequent defalcations. To-morrow morning, that teller will be requested by the board of directors to show his books, and give an account of the situation and prospects of the bank. But, in spite of his proficiency in book-keeping, he will be unable to figure up and represent the seventy-five thousand dollars he has squandered away in gambling houses since he commenced, six months ago, to frequent them.

"I also recognize at the table a lawyer, who, a few years ago, married a courtesan, in whom covetousness for wealth had become, during the last years of her life, a ruling passion. A few weeks after their marriage, the courtesan died, bequeathing the lawyer all her fortune. It was surmised, at the time, that she had been poisoned; and perhaps her husband comes here to drown his remorse.

"That black-haired, rather corpulent man, whose visage is spoiled by a dishonest glance, and demeanor tarnished by an innate vulgarity, is a teacher of foreign languages. He assumes important airs, as teachers generally do and though affecting, in his discourse, a Puritan austerity, few men are more intensely devoted to the pursuit of gain. An adventurer, he had but one purpose in view when he settled in the United States and commenced teaching—to find an heiress. After a fruitless search among his young pupils of the fair sex, he finally fascinated and married a spinster. Her savings are nightly dwindling away at the gaming table."

A CARD-TABLE ROMANCE.

One of the city journals recently published the following account of an affair, which occurred some time since, at one of the best-known gaming hells of Broadway. The parties referred to are members of one of the wealthiest and most fashionable families in the city:

For some weeks past, one of the most fashionable Broadway gambling houses had been honored with the presence of a dashing young man, apparently not more than nineteen or twenty years of age. The gentleman gave his name as Dick Harley, and professed to hail from New Orleans. As he displayed a well-filled pocketbook, he was welcomed, of course.

In play he was remarkably lucky, for a time, at least. This attracted additional attention, and not only made him an object of envy, but of jealousy. Many of the most expert resorted to all the known arts of the game in order to pluck the youngster, but were themselves sold.

During all these visits, young Harley appeared to feel an especial interest in one of the visitors, who was known to hold a responsible position in a down-town banking house. This person was nearly always a loser, and his manner plainly told the fact that those losses greatly affected him. He was always uneasy, his eyes inflamed, and his hand trembling, while he would often start to his feet, and walk up and down the apartment, in a manner bordering on frenzy. It soon began to be whispered around that the man was utterly ruined—that there would soon be another bank defalcation sensation, and perhaps a suicide.

[Illustration: Scene in a gambling saloon.]

For some time, young Harley had made efforts to gain the exclusive attention of the bank officer, but had failed to do so. At length, however, he was successful, and the New Orleans buck and the ruined gamester sat down together.

Fortune now appeared to change. Harley had fifty thousand dollars in his possession, which he had won. But he began to lose now, and the bank officer was the winner. The game continued, and still Harley lost. He remained perfectly calm in the mean time, while the winner became even more excited than while he was unfortunate.

At length the fifty thousand dollars changed hands, and the banker asked,

'Shall we continue the game, sir?

'No,' replied Harley.

'But you want a chance for revenge?

'No, I will play no more with you. However, I would like to make one condition.'

'What is it?'

'Step aside with me, and you shall know.'

Harley and the winner stepped a little apart, when the former whispered.

'Sir, your manner has spoken only too plainly that your losses were about to involve you in trouble. Those losses have but just commenced; but if you continue your play, they will soon be very great, and yourself and family will be crushed. You have won sufficient to-night to save your honor, have you not?

'Thank God, yes,' was the earnest reply.

'Then the condition I would make is this: leave this place and never enter it again.'

'I'll do it,' was the almost frantic response, and the banker turned to leave the room.

At the same time, those around had no idea of losing such, an opportunity as now presented itself. That fifty thousand dollars must again change hands. One of the men present advanced, and, laying his hands upon the shoulder of Harley, said:

'Look you, youngster, you are going a little too far. You have won from us largely.'

'Aye, and lost again,' was the calm reply.

'So have we; and you must not stand in the way of our making good that loss.'

'How can I possibly do so?'

'By persuading the winner of your money to play no more.'

'Have I not a right to do it?'

'No.'

'Then I shall assume that right.'

As Harley said this he caught the bank officer by the arm, and led him toward the door. But the little fellow was instantly seized, and hurled to the opposite side of the room, where he fell with considerable violence.

Instantly he sprang to his feet, while his eyes flashed fire. At the same time, he drew a revolver, and exclaimed:

'Stand from that door, or there will be blood shed here.'

On occasions of this kind, revolver generally answers revolver. It was so on this occasion; and Harley received two shots, which sent him reeling upon the carpet. A crimson spot appeared near his temple, and he clutched his breast with his hands.

Of course, there were those present who did not like the idea of murder, and such sprang forward to the aid of the wounded lad. A black wig fell from his head, and then long golden locks were exposed to view. The vest was opened, and the bosom palpitating beneath the spotless linen was that of a woman.

The surprise of all was very great, and none more so than that of the young bank officer, when he discovered in Dick Harley no other than his own sister. She had learned of the gaming, and had followed him in order to save him from ruin. She had succeeded, for no person now attempted to molest her. The wound upon the head was but slight, although it stunned her for a few moments.

She left the house with her brother, and it is not likely that either of them will ever enter it again.

SECOND-CLASS HOUSES.

There are many establishments of this description in the city. They are neither so elegantly furnished

nor so exclusive as to their guests as the first-class houses. There is also another important difference. In a first-class house, the visitor is sure to meet men who will deal fairly with him; and if he loses, as he is almost sure to do, it is because he is playing against more expert hands than himself. This is what is called a "square game." Everything is open and fair, and the bank relies on the fickleness of the cards and the superior skill of its dealer. In the second-class houses, however, the visitor is literally fleeced. Every advantage is taken of him, and it is morally certain that he will lose every cent he risks. In first-class houses, one can play or look on, as he pleases. In second-class houses, the visitor who declines to risk something is in danger of personal violence. He will be insulted by the proprietor or one of his myrmidons; and if he resents the insult, his life hangs by a very slender thread. The "runner" system is practiced very extensively in connection with these houses. The visitor is plied with liquor unceasingly during his stay in the rooms, and the losses of the unfortunate man during this period of semi-unconsciousness are frightful.

Many persons coming to the city yield to the temptation to visit these places, merely to see them. They intend to lose only a dollar or two as the price of the exhibition. Such men voluntarily seek the danger which threatens them. Nine out of ten who go there merely through curiosity, lose all their money. The men who conduct the "hell" understand how to deal with such cases, and are rarely unsuccessful.

It is in these places that clerks and other young men are ruined. They lose, and play again, hoping to make good their losses. In this way they squander their own means; and too frequently commence to steal from their employers, in the vain hope of regaining all they have lost.

There is only one means of safety for all classes—*Keep away from the gaming table altogether.*

DAY GAMBLING HOUSES

At first gambling was carried on only at night. The fascination of the game, however, has now become so great, that day gambling houses have been opened in the lower part of the city. These are located in Broadway, below Fulton street, and in one or two other streets within the immediate neighborhood of Wall street.

These "houses," as they are called, are really nothing more than rooms. They are located on the top floor of a building, the rest of which is taken up with stores, offices, etc. They are managed on a plan similar to the night gambling houses, and the windows are all carefully closed with wooden shutters, to prevent any sound being heard without. The rooms are elegantly furnished, brilliantly lighted with gas, and liquors and refreshments are in abundance. As the stairway is thronged with persons passing up and down, at all hours of the day, no one is noticed in entering the building for the purpose of play. The establishment has its "runners" and "ropers in," like the night houses, who are paid a percentage on the winnings from their victims, and the proprietor of the day-house is generally the owner of a night-house higher up town.

Square games are rarely played in these houses. The victim is generally fleeced. Men who gamble in stocks, curbstone brokers, and others, vainly endeavor to make good a part of their losses at these places. They are simply unsuccessful. Clerks, office-boys, and others, who can spend but a few minutes and lose only a few dollars at a time, are constantly seen in these hells. The aggregate of these slight winnings by the bank is very great in the course of the day. Pickpockets and thieves are also seen here in considerable numbers. They do not come to practice their arts, for they would be shown no mercy if they should do so, but come to gamble away their plunder, or its proceeds.

CHAPTER XLIV.

KIT BURNS'S.

Having given the reader a description of the "Wickedest Man in New York," we must now introduce him to Mr. Christopher Burns, or, as he is familiarly called, Kit Burns, the compeer of the noted John Allen.

In walking through Water street, you will notice a plain brick building, rather neater in appearance than those surrounding it. The lower part is painted green, and there is a small gas lamp before the door. The number, 273, is very conspicuous, and you will also notice the words over the door, rather the worse for exposure to the weather, "*Kit Burns' Sportsman's Sail*".

The ostensible business of Kit Burns, is that of a tavern keeper, and it is said that his house is well kept for one of its class. The bar does a thriving business, and is well stocked with the kind of liquor used in Water street.

Attached to the tavern, however, are the principal attractions of the place to those who frequent it. These are the rat and dog pits.

THE RAT PIT.

Rats are plentiful along the East River, and Burns has no difficulty in procuring as many as he desires. These and his dogs furnish the entertainment, in which he delights. The principal room of the house is arranged as an amphitheatre. The seats are rough wooden benches, and in the centre is a ring or pit, enclosed by a circular wooden fence, several feet high. A number of rats are turned into this pit, and a dog of the best ferret stock is thrown in amongst them. The little creature at once falls to work to kill the rats, bets being made that she will destroy so many rats in a given time. The time is generally "made" by the little animal, who is well known to, and a great favorite with, the yelling blasphemous wretches who line the benches. The performance is greeted with shouts, oaths, and other frantic demonstrations of delight. Some of the men will catch up the dog in their arms, and press it to their bosom in a frenzy of joy, or kiss it as if it were a human being, unmindful or careless of the fact that all this while the animal is smeared with the blood of its victims. The scene is disgusting beyond description.

[Illustration: A Dog Fight at Kit Burn's]

THE DOG FIGHTS.

Kit Burns is very proud of his dogs, and his cellar contains a collection of the fiercest and most frightfully hideous animals to be found in America. They are very docile with their owner, and seem really fond of him. They are well fed and carefully tended, for they are a source of great profit to their owner.

Notice is given that at such a time there will be a dog fight at "Sportsman's Hall," and when that time arrives the roughs and bullies of the neighborhood crowd the benches of the amphitheatre. A more brutal, villainous-looking set it would be hard to find. They are more inhuman in appearance than the dogs.

Two huge bull-dogs, whose keepers can hardly restrain them, are placed in the pit, and the keeper or backer of each dog crouches in his place, one on the right hand, the other on the left, and the dogs in the middle. At a given signal, the animals are released, and the next moment the combat begins. It is simply sickening. Most of our readers have witnessed a dog fight in the streets. Let them imagine the animals surrounded by a crowd of brutal wretches whose conduct stamps them as beneath the struggling beasts, and they will have a fair idea of the scene at Kit Burns's.

THE REVIVAL AT KIT BURN'S.

During the summer of 1868, while the Water street revival was going on at John Allen's, the parties conducting the movement endeavored to induce Kit Burns to join them. He refused all their offers, and at last they hired his rat pit at a high price, for the purpose of using it for religious services for one hour in each day. This was done, and the meetings held therein were sadly disgraceful to the cause of Christianity. We take the following account of one of these meetings from the *New York World*, our apology for intruding it, being our desire to present a truthful picture.

The Water street prayer-meetings are still continued. Yesterday at noon a large crowd assembled in Kit Burns's liquor shop, very few of whom were roughs. The majority seemed to be business men and clerks, who stopped in to see what was going on, in a casual manner. In a few minutes after twelve o'clock the pit was filled up very comfortably, and Mr. Van Meter made his appearance and took up a position here he could address the crowd from the centre of the pit, inside the barriers. The roughs and dry goods clerks piled themselves up as high as the roof, tier after tier, and a sickening odor came from the dogs and debris of rats' bones under the seats.

Kit stood outside, cursing and damning the eyes of the missionaries for not hurrying up.

Kit said, 'I'm d—d if some of the people that come here oughtn't to be clubbed. A fellow 'u'd think that they had niver seen a dog-pit afore. I must be d—d good-looking to have so many fellows looking at me.'

Inside, the exhortations were kept up to fever heat. In a little gallery above the pit, not more than four feet from the dirty ceiling, there were half a dozen faded and antiquated women, who kept chorus to the music of the Heavenly Jerusalem, as follows:

'To God, the mighty Lord
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great.
For God does prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end-a-a-h.'

'That's what I call singing the bloody gospil. The man that wrote that ballad was no slouch,' cried out George Leese, alias 'Snatchem,' one of the worst scoundrels in New York, who is now in the saving path of grace. As a beastly, obscene ruffian, 'Snatchem' never had his equal in America, according to his own account. The writer has seen this fellow at prize fights, with a couple of revolvers in his belt, engaged in the disgusting office of sucking blood from the wild beasts who had ceased to pummel each other for a few seconds. This man, with his bulging, bulbous, watery-blue eyes, bloated red face, and coarse swaggering gait, has been notorious for years in New York. The police are well acquainted with him, and he is proud of his notoriety.

'Snatchem' asked our reporter if he ever saw such 'a-rough and-tumble- stand-up-to-be knocked-down son of a gun as he in his life.'

Did you ever see such a kicking-in-the-head-knife-in-a dark-room fellow as I am, eh?'

Our reporter meekly answered 'no.'

I want a quarter-stretch ticket to go to glory, I do. I can go in harness preaching the bloody gospil against any minister in New York. I know all Watts' Hymns and Fistianas, and I'd like to be an angel and bite Gabriel's ear off.'

A man got upon one of the benches in the pit and commenced to preach in a frenzy to the crowd. He related his experience as a gambler at several gambling houses in Ann street and on Broadway. He told very affecting stories about young men who bought stacks of chips and were afterwards reduced to their bottom dollar and misery.

The minister asked 'if any one present was in need of his prayer, or of water from the Jordan to wash out his sins, to let him hold up his hand.'

George Leese did so. 'He wanted all the water he could get from the Jordan or any other river.'

A man who announced that his name was Sam Irving, and had been a great scoundrel and dog-fighter, said he used to go to Harry Jenning's; to Butler's, in Ninth Avenue; to McLaughlin's, in First Avenue; and to Kit Burns's, to see dogs fight and snarl at each other; he went to Ireland once to bring over a fighting-dog; the man who gave him that dog came to a terrible end by his own hand. The speaker had been reared in sin and shame; he had known the life of the streets; but now Jesus had grabbed him where he lived, and he was going to do better. He wanted every one to take warning by him. They could get Christ as well as him. The prayer-meeting ended by the singing of the Doxology.

CHAPTER XLV.

SAILORS' BOARDING HOUSES.

In walking along the streets in the vicinity of the water, you will notice many buildings with the sign "Sailors' Boarding House." One would suppose that poor Jack needed a snug resting place after his long and stormy voyages, but it is about the last thing he finds in New York. The houses for his accommodation are low, filthy, vile places, where every effort is made to swindle him out of his money; the proprietors are merciless sharks, and they keep the sailors who come to this port in a state of the most abject slavery.

A ship comes in from a long voyage. Her men are discharged and paid off. The runners for the boarding houses lie in wait for them, and, as soon as they get their money, take them to the establishments which prove so fatal to them. There they are made drunk, robbed of their money and valuables, and of all their good clothing, and brought in debt to their landlord. A captain in want of a crew applies to one of these landlords for men. In order to secure them, he has to advance a part of their wages, which the landlord claims for debts which Jack never contracted. The men are made drunk, and in this state they sign the shipping articles, and are sent to sea. When they recover their senses, they are on the blue water, and prefer their present condition to being at the mercy of the landlords. In this way, it frequently happens that poor Jack never gets the benefit of a single penny of his hard earnings.

Efforts have been made by conscientious shipowners to put a stop to the outrages of the landlords, but each one has failed. The wretches have banded together, and have prevented sailors from shipping, and in the end the ship owners have been compelled to abandon the sailor to the mercy of his tyrants. Only a law of Congress, regulating sailors' boarding houses, according to the system now in use in England, will remedy the evil.

Hon. W. F. G. Shanks, who has given much time and research to this matter, in a recent communication to a city journal, thus sums up his experience and discoveries:

Among the things which I learned and the points on which I satisfied myself thoroughly, I may mention, as of possible interest to the public, the following:

1. I have carefully calculated that not less than one thousand destitute women, and five hundred men, are supported by the one hundred and seventy boarding-houses and thirty shipping offices in New York.

2. At least fifteen thousand sailors of all nations are annually robbed, by these people, of not less than two millions of dollars. I name this amount to be within bounds; I believe it to be at least half as much more.

3. Only two of these houses have a legal existence; all the rest are kept open in defiance of a State law, enacted in 1866, 'for the better protection of the seamen,' whom these landsharks prey upon. A grand jury was obtained which indicted the delinquents, who refused to take out a license according to this law, but the *State* Commissioners have in vain urged the *City* attorney to prosecute the offenders.

4. The landlords laugh at the authority of the State Commissioners for licensing boarding houses for seamen, of which Mr. E. W. Chester is President, and rely on the license to vend liquor issued by the Police Board, of which Mr. Acton is President, as their ample protection.

5. The landlords have congregated mainly in the Fourth and Sixth Wards of the city, in order to influence, if not control them politically. The combination existing between boarding-house keepers and shipping- masters enables them to cast, in any election in the City, at least one thousand votes, and probably more.

6. Much of the smuggling in this port is done by the runners of these houses.

7. Numbers of criminals flying from justice are aided to get to sea by these men; and during the war hundreds of deserters from the army, who had never been out of sight of land, and knew nothing of an ordinary seaman's duty, were shipped by them as good seamen.

8. No inquiry is made by owners, captains, or shipping agents, into the moral character or seamanship of the men employed by these agents.

9. Seamen are allowed to ship only when penniless, and often without sufficient clothing to protect them from the inclement weather.

10. They are discharged from ships without the wages due them, and have no alternative but to go to the men whom they know will rob them; and the United States laws authorize the owners of vessels to deny them their pay until ten days after the cargo is discharged—much longer than the owners usually withhold it. It is these laws which throw the sailor under the control of the 'land sharks.'

11. Foreign sailors are induced to desert their ships and go in other vessels by landlords who aim to rob them of the advance pay which custom exacts. The sailors thus not only lose by desertion the pay due them by the ship they abandon, as well as the advance which, they get from their new commander, but also forfeit their nationality and the protection of their former flag.

12. Foreign captains frequently force their men to desert them, in order to save their keep and back

pay. This they accomplish either by bad treatment of the men or collusion with the landlords.

13. Large ships are often detained in port, after having their cargo on board, because of the refusal of landlords to allow the seamen to ship while their money lasts.

14. The owners submit to this indirect control of their great interests for fear of giving offence to the men who furnish and control the crews. The United States has not a law which would protect owners in an effort to change the system of shipping seamen, improving their condition, or protecting them in their rights, or in increasing the number and the utility of seamen.

15. There is not a single training or school ship in this port, although Boston boasts two in successful operation. The United States laws do not require, as they should, that every ship leaving an American port, under the United States flag, should carry its complement of apprentices. Neither of these practical means of building up the merchant marine service is generally adopted in the United States, though the experience of England, and other great maritime powers, has shown the benefit and the necessity of both systems.

16. Generally speaking, the very worst enemies of the sailor in all ports are the consuls who are sent to protect them. Practically, they are the aiders and abettors of landlords. There may be exceptional cases, but I cannot venture to name them. A special investigation of consulate abuses would reveal the sailor as the most frequent victim.

I could mention other important points, if space permitted. To be brief, I have seen that the sailor is without protection from Government laws, Government agents, or the owners whose interest he serves. He is systematically robbed, imprisoned and sold into the hardest of servitude, as openly as negroes were sold a few years ago in the South. If he complains of the robbery, judges, who hold their positions by the favor of the landlords who commit the robbery, release the culprit on bail, and send the sailor to the House of Detention as a witness, where he is forgotten, or finally turned penniless into the street, to wander back to the man who robbed him, to beg for assistance and work. If he refuses to ship as landlords direct, he is forcibly put on board by legal process, or through the agency of the whiskey bottle, and in either case is sent penniless and almost naked to sea. They never complain of the terms of sale. After Jack has been on a packet ship for two months, he is glad to escape, by any means, to the ills of the boarding houses, and after enduring that slavery for a fortnight, he is only too glad to rush back to the hardships of the ocean life he lately thought so terrible. His life is one desperate effort to escape the ills he has and fly to others that he knows well enough. The sailor has no respect for Hamlet's philosophy.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE CHURCHES AND THE CLERGY.

The churches of New York are models of architectural beauty. Trinity, Grace, the Temple EMANUEL, and the new Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, are the handsomest religious edifices in America. Catholics and Episcopalians no longer have all the magnificent churches, for the other denominations are following hard in their footsteps.

Nearly all the churches of the city are above Fourth street, and in some localities they crowd each other too greatly. A few are very wealthy and are well supported, but the majority are poor and struggling. Pew-rent is very high in New York, and only those who are well off can afford to have seats in a thriving church. Besides this, people seem to care little for churches in New York. There are thousands of respectable people in the great city who never see the inside of a church, unless some special attraction draws them there. The entire support of the churches, therefore, falls on a few.

The fashionable churches, with the exception of Grace Church, are now located high up town. They are large and handsome, and the congregations are wealthy and exclusive. Forms are rigidly insisted upon, and the reputation of the church for exclusiveness is so well known that those in the humbler walks of life never dream of entering its doors. They feel they would be unwelcomed, that nine tenths of the congregation would consider them unfit to address their prayers to the Great White Throne from so exclusive a place. The widow's mite would cause the warden's face to glimmer with a well-bred smile of contemptuous amazement, if laid in the midst of the crisp bank bills of the collection; and Lazarus would lay a long time at the doors of these churches, unless the police should remove him.

Riches and magnificence are seen on every side. The music is divine, the service is performed to perfection, and the minister satisfies his flock that they are all in the "narrow way," which his Master once declared to be so difficult to the feet of the rich man. But that was eighteen hundred years ago, and things have changed since then.

SAINT ALBAN'S.

St. Alban's Episcopal Chapel, in Forty-seventh street, near Lexington Avenue, has of late attracted much attention as being the most advanced in the ritualistic character of its services. A writer in Putnam's Magazine, thus describes the manner in which the service is "celebrated" in this Chapel.

One bright Sunday morning, not long ago, I visited the 'Church of St. Alban.' It is situated in Forty-seventh street, near Lexington Avenue, quite beyond the business portion of the city, and is rather a plain-looking brick building, with a peaked roof, low, stained glass windows, and a bell on the gable in front, surmounted by a cross. I arrived some little time before the commencement of the services, and had an opportunity to look about a little, and note the interior arrangements. I found the church to be capable of holding about two hundred and fifty worshippers, with plain wooden benches for seats on each side of a central aisle, and every bench having an announcement posted upon it, as follows.

The seats of this church are all FREE, on the following conditions, a compliance with which is an obligation binding on each person occupying a sitting:

'I. To behave as in the presence of ALMIGHTY GOD.

'II. Not to leave the church during service; remaining until the clergy and choristers have retired.

'III. That each worshipper shall contribute, according to his ability, to the collections, which are the only means of supporting the church. The poor can give little, and are always welcome; but those who are able to give should not be willing to occupy seats (which might be availed of by others), without contributing their just share to the expenses.'

The pulpit, which is elevated only three or four steps, stands on the left-hand of the congregation, close to and in front of the vestry-room door or passage. The stalls adjoin the organ in a recess on the vestry-room side, with others facing them on the opposite side for antiphonal chanting or singing. The lectern, or stand on which the Bible is placed, for reading the lessons, is on the right side opposite the pulpit. There is no reading-desk for other parts of the service, as in most of the Episcopal churches.

The arrangements of the chancel occupy considerable space for a building no larger than this, and everything is very elaborate and ornamental. It is elevated by several steps, and inside the rails is still further raised, so as to bring the communion-table, or altar, prominently into view. This altar is very large, built against the rear wall of the church, with a super-altar, having a tall gilded cross in its centre. The decorations on the wall, and about the chancel-window, are of the most approved pattern, drawn from the highest authorities in ritualism and church decoration. These words, in beautiful old English letter, crown, as it were, the altar in St. Alban's: 'He that eateth ME, even he shall live by ME.' (John vi. 57.)

On either side of the large gilded cross, on the super-altar, is a lofty candlestick, with a candle in it, about seven feet high, or perhaps more. Four other candlesticks, not quite so tall, and four others, less lofty than these, again, are on each side of the altar by the wall; and, standing in the chancel, some little distance from the wall, on the right and left hand, are candelabras, with branches, holding some twenty candles each. None of these were lighted when I entered. Soon after, the bell having stopped ringing, the organ began a voluntary, on a low note, introductory to the opening of the service.

Presently, the introcessional hymn was begun, and then, emerging from the vestry-room door or passage, the first thing visible was a large wooden cross, which had to be lowered to get it through the passage, and which, when elevated, reached some six feet above the head of the small boy who carried it, and was, of course, in full view of the congregation. This boy, and others following, had on white robes, or surplices. Two of the boys carried banners, with devices, and all, with a number of adult choristers, advanced slowly towards the chancel, singing the introcessional. Last of all came the three officiating priests, or ministers, with purple-velvet, crown-shaped caps on their heads, and white garments, made like sacks, and ornamented with various colors and symbols. Profound obeisances were made towards the altar; the hymn was ended; the choristers took their places; and one of the priests, on arriving in front of the chancel-rail, began the intoning of the Litany. Morning Prayer had been said at an earlier hour.

The Litany was said as in the Episcopal Prayer Book, directly after which, notice was given that there would be a meeting of 'The Sodality of'—exactly what and whom I did not catch at the time. The priests

then retired for a space, during which the two candles on the altar, and the branch candles on each side in the chancel, were lighted by a boy having a long stick, or pole, with a light on the end for the purpose. This boy passed half a dozen or more times in front of the altar, and every time made, or attempted to make, an obeisance—but it was not with any great success. The frequent repetition seemed to reduce it to little more than the 'fashionable nod.'

The introit was one of the psalms of the Psalter. While it was being chanted, the priests returned, and with lowly bowings, even to the knee, passed within the chancel and advanced to the front of the altar. The Ante-Communion was then said, the Epistle and Gospel being read by different persons. After which, notice was given of the communion, and 'a high celebration' to occur during the week. The people stood up, and remained standing, while one of the priests left the chancel, proceeded to the pulpit, and, after crossing himself, said, 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.'

The congregation being seated again, a discourse followed, about twenty minutes long, earnest in tone and manner, and with much good exhortation in it. Some of the preacher's figures were rather startling, especially when speaking of the Lord's Supper. He told his hearers of 'the bleeding hands of the Almighty,' offering them Christ's flesh to eat, and Christ's blood to drink. The homily ended with the priest's turning to the altar, and saying, 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.' He then went back to the chancel, where the others had been sitting, caps on, to listen to the discourse.

The plates were next passed around, and the alms, being collected, were placed on the altar. Then, from a side-table on the right, the two boys on duty in the chancel handed to the priest, the vessels containing the bread and wine, which were placed on the altar. The remaining candles were then lighted. After this, the communion service proceeded; and when the officiating priest faced the congregation, to say the exhortation, etc., one of the others, a step below him, held the book open for him to read from—thus serving, as it were, for a reading-stand. Wherever possible, the priests studiously preserved a position with their backs to the congregation. In the part of the communion service where the bread and wine are consecrated, the officiating priest said the words in silence. In like manner, when he partook of the sacrament himself, it was done in entire silence, with crossings, and the lowliest of kneeling, and postures of adoration. Without professing to be at all learned in the meaning of the rubrics in the Prayer Book, I venture to think the language in regard to this part of the service to be plain enough, and to require that the officiating minister shall say it all openly, and in the presence of the people, so that they can see or witness what is done by him, on every such solemn occasion. But, at St. Alban's, the priests had their faces to the altar, and backs to the congregation, and thus it was hardly possible to see anything, and be sure of what was done or left undone.

A large portion of the congregation now went forward to the chancel-rails, along, or on top of which, were napkins, or cloths, placed so as to prevent a single crumb, or a single drop, falling to the floor. While the people were engaged in kneeling at the rails, the priests remained standing, and holding aloft the paten and chalice, with their contents, for reverent and profound admiration. The administration of the sacrament was as is usual in the Episcopal Church, save that the first part of the words ('The body of our Lord Jesus Christ,' 'The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ'), was said when the bread or wine was given to each communicant, and the latter ('Take and eat this,' 'drink this,') was said to three or four together. The cup, too, was retained in the hands of the priest, and not 'delivered' into the hands of the communicant.

When all had gone forward who wished to partake of the Lord's Supper, the vessels were replaced on the altar and carefully covered, the concluding prayers were intoned, the *Gloria in Excelsis* was chanted, and the parting blessing was given. After a few moments, the whole congregation stood up, and remained standing, while the priests, having received water from the boys, with napkins, carefully cleansed and wiped the vessels, giving them to the boys to place on the side-table. The little fellow took up the big cross again, the others gathered in line, with the older choristers, and slowly moving, with music, to the passage at the side, the priests finally disappeared in the vestry.

The service, on this occasion, occupied exactly two hours; after which, the people were allowed to go their way, and profit by what they had seen and heard.

THE CLERGY.

Talent, backed by experience and industry, will succeed in the long run in New York, but talent is not essential to success here. We have often wondered what *does* make the success of some men in this city. They have done well, and they have no merit as pulpit orators. In other cities a good pastor need not of necessity be a good preacher. He may endear himself to his congregation in a thousand ways, and they may make his other good qualities atone for his oratorical deficiencies. In New York, however, pastoral duties are almost entirely confined to the ministrations in the church. The city is so immense,

the flock so widely scattered, that few clergymen can visit all their people. The result is, that pastoral visiting is but little practiced here. The clergyman is generally "at home," to all who choose to call, on a certain evening in each week. A few civil words pass between the shepherd and the sheep, but that is all. The mass of the people of this city are neglected by the clergy. Possibly the people are at fault. Indeed this is not only possible, but probable, for New York shows little regard for the Sabbath and the Gospel.

A man of real talent will always, if he has a church conveniently and fashionably located, draw a large congregation to hear him; but the location and the prestige of the church often do more than the minister, for some of our poor churches have men of genius in their pulpits, while some of the wealthiest and most fashionable are called on every Sunday to listen to the merest platitudes.

Let us not be misunderstood. There are able men in the New York pulpits. We have Vinton, Chapin, Frothingham, Adams, Osgood, and many others, but we have some weak-headed brethren also.

A few clergymen get rich in this city, the wealthy members of their flocks no doubt aiding them. Some marry fortunes. As a general rule, however, they have no chance of saving any money. Salaries are large here, but expenses are heavy, and it requires a large income to live respectably. A minister settled over a prosperous congregation cannot maintain his social position, or uphold the dignity of his parish, on less than from eight to ten thousand dollars per annum, if he has a moderate sized family. Very little of this will go in extravagances, if any. Many have to live on much smaller salaries, but they do it "by the skin of their teeth."

Having seen much of clergymen, we believe that, whether wise men or simpletons, they are, as a class, honest, sincere self-denying, and God-fearing. There are, however, black sheep amongst them. These are blackest in New York. There are not many of these, however.

The speculative mania (in financial, not theological, matters) to which we have referred in the chapter on Wall street, invades even the ranks of the clergy, and there are several well-known gentlemen of the cloth who operate boldly and skilfully in the stock and gold markets, through their brokers. One of these gentlemen was once sharply rebuked by the broker, for his unclerical conduct, and advised, if he wished to carry on his speculations, to go into the market openly himself, as the broker declined being any longer the representative of a man who was ashamed of his business.

There are still others who are not ashamed to mingle openly with the throng of curbstone brokers, and carry on their operations behind the sanctity of their white cravats.

CHAPTER XLVII.

CEMETERIES.

The old graveyards of New York were located in what is now the heart of the city; and, with the exception of the churchyards, have all passed away. There are now, with the exception of the cemetery of Trinity Church, which is located near Washington Heights, no graveyards in use on the island. Interments are made either on the main land, or on Long Island. The principal, and best known cemetery, is Greenwood.

GREENWOOD.

These beautiful grounds are situated in the extreme south-eastern part of Brooklyn, on Gowanus Heights. The entrance gate is about two and a half miles from the South Ferry, and three from the Fulton Ferry, with lines of horse-cars from both ferries. The cemetery is beautifully laid out, and from its heights a view of the bay and the surrounding country is obtained. The situation is naturally attractive, and large sums of money have been expended in ornamenting the grounds, until they are now second to none of the famous cemeteries of the Old World. The monuments are numerous and many of them are of the most costly and elegant nature. The contrast between these pure white shafts, and the dark green of the sward and foliage, is both striking and beautiful, while, in the far distance, the gazer, turning from this scene of silence and death, lovely as it is, may behold the bright waters of the Bay or Sound, covered with the life and activity of the commerce of this great country, and the Metropolis itself lies almost at his feet.

Admission to the cemetery can be obtained during any week-day, by means of tickets, which may be procured from any undertaker. On Sunday the grounds are opened only to the proprietors, their families, or those who come with them.

THE EVERGREENS.

Four or five miles east of Brooklyn is the cemetery of the Evergreens. It is very beautiful, but does not compare with Greenwood, in either its natural or artificial attractions.

CYPRESS HILLS.

These grounds lie near the Evergreens, and are very handsome. Great care has been bestowed upon them, and they are amongst the most attractive in the neighborhood of the city.

WOODLAWN.

This cemetery is only a few years old. It is in Westchester county, immediately on the Harlem railway. It is about seven miles from the city, and several trains stop at the main entrance during the day. The company also run funeral trains when desired. The main avenue, or boulevard, from the Central Park to White Plains, will run through these grounds; and in a few years, when the upper part of the island is more thickly settled, Woodlawn will be one of the principal cemeteries of the city. In ten years more it will rival Greenwood.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE BAR.

There are three thousand lawyers practicing at the New York bar. A few of these have large incomes, two or three making as much as fifty thousand dollars per annum; but the average income of the majority is limited. An income of ten or fifteen thousand dollars is considered large in the profession, and the number of those earning such a sum is small.

In most cities the members of the legal profession form a clique, and are very clannish. Each one knows everybody else, and if one member of the bar is assailed, the rest are prompt to defend him. In New York, however, there is no such thing as a legal "fraternity." Each man is wrapped in his own affairs, and knows little and cares less about other members of the profession. We have been surprised to find how little these men know about each other. Some have never even heard of others who are really prosperous and talented.

The courts of the city are very numerous; and each man, in entering upon his practice, makes a specialty of some one or more of them, and confines himself to them. His chances of success are better for doing this, than they would be by adopting a general practice. Indeed, it would be simply impossible for one man to practice in all.

Many of the best lawyers rarely go into the courts. They prefer chamber practice, and will not try a case in court if they can help it. The process in the courts is slow and vexatious, and consumes too much of their time. Their chamber practice is profitable to them, and beneficial to the community, as it prevents much tedious litigation.

Many lawyers with fair prospects and comfortable incomes, who are succeeding in their profession in other places, come to New York, expecting to rise to fame and fortune more rapidly here. They are mistaken. The most accomplished city barrister finds success a slow and uncertain thing. It takes some unusually fortunate circumstance to introduce a new lawyer favorably to a New York public.

The profession in this city can boast of some eminent names in its list of members, amongst which are those of Charles O'Connor, William M. Evarts, the present Attorney-General of the United States, James F. Brady, David Dudley Field, and William J. A. Fuller. These, or any of them, are men of the first ability in their profession, and are amongst the most honored citizens of the metropolis.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE METROPOLITAN FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Previous to the year 1865, New York suffered from all the evils of a volunteer fire department. It had three thousand eight hundred and ten firemen, with a proper force of engines. The various companies were jealous of each other, and there was scarcely a fire at which this jealousy did not lead to blows. Frequently the fire would be left to burn while the rival companies adjusted their difficulties. The firemen seemed to take a delight in the most disgraceful and lawless acts, and were more of an annoyance than a benefit to the city.

THE NEW SYSTEM.

The bill for the organization of a Metropolitan Department became a law, by the action of the Legislature, in March, 1865. As the inauguration of the new system would be the downfall of the old, the friends of the latter resolved to resist it. A case was brought before the Court of Appeals, involving the constitutionality of the bill, and the law was sustained. Measures were set on foot to get the new system to work as soon as possible, but, in the meantime, the leaders of the opposition to it endeavored to be revenged, by disbanding the old force, and leaving the city without any means of extinguishing fires. The danger was averted, however, by promptly detailing a force from the police to act as firemen in case of necessity. By November, 1865, the new system was thoroughly organized, and fairly at work.

THE FORCE.

The department is under the charge of five commissioners, appointed by the Governor. They make rules and regulations by which the force is governed, exercise a general supervision over its affairs, and are responsible to the Legislature for their acts. There is a chief engineer, an assistant engineer, and ten district engineers. There are thirty-four steam engines, four hand engines, and twelve hook-and-ladder companies in the department, the hand engines being located in the extreme upper part of the island. Each steam engine has a force of twelve men attached to it, viz., a foreman, assistant foreman, an engineer of steamer, a driver, a stoker, and seven firemen. All the engines and carriages are drawn by horses. There are five hundred and four men, and one hundred and forty-six horses in the department. Each man is paid by the city for his services. The chief engineer receives four thousand five hundred dollars per annum, foremen of companies thirteen hundred dollars, the engineers of steamers twelve hundred dollars, assistant engineers eleven hundred dollars, and firemen one thousand dollars. The steamers were built by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company at Manchester, New Hampshire, and are amongst the very best of the kind in use. They cost four thousand dollars apiece.

The engine houses are all connected with the Central Station by telegraph. They are models of neatness and convenience. The lower floor is taken up with the apparatus and the horses. The basement is used for storing the fuel for the steamers, and also contains a furnace, by means of which the water in the engine boilers is always kept hot. The upper floor is the dormitory. The twelve men composing the company sleep here. A watch is always kept below, so that the men above, who are allowed to go to bed after ten o'clock, may be awakened without delay. Everything is neat and ready for use. It requires but fifteen seconds in the day, and one minute at night to be ready for action, and on the way to the fire.

[Illustration: Fireman on duty.]

The men are not allowed to have any other employment to occupy their time. The department claims their whole duty. A certain number are required to be always at the engine house. In case of an alarm being sounded during the absence of a fireman from the engine house, he runs directly to the fire, where he is sure to find his company. Everything is in readiness to leave the house at a moment's notice. The horses stand ready harnessed, and are so well trained that but a few seconds suffices to attach them to the steamer. The fire needs only to be lighted in the furnace, and in a few minutes the steam gauge shows a sufficiency of power for the work to be done. Great care is taken of the horses. They are groomed every day, and carefully fed at six o'clock in the morning and at six in the evening. If not used on duty, they are exercised every day by being led to and fro through the streets in the vicinity of the engine house. They are fiery, splendid animals, and are so well trained that they will stand with perfect steadiness immediately in front of a burning building.

AT WORK.

When an alarm of fire is given, it is at once telegraphed from the nearest station to the central office, and repeated. The central office immediately strikes a gong, by telegraph, in the house of every engine which is to attend the fire. The locality, and often the precise spot of the fire can be ascertained by these signals. For instance, the bell strikes 157, thus: *one*—a pause—*five*—another pause,—and then *seven*. The indicator will show that this signal or alarm is given from the corner of the Bowery and Grand street. The fire is either at this point, or within its immediate neighborhood.

There is a gong in each engine house on which the alarm is struck from the central station. As soon as the sharp strokes give the signal of danger and point out the locality, every man springs to his post. The horses are hitched in a few seconds, the fire is lighted in the furnace, and the steamer and hose carriage start for the scene of the conflagration. The foreman runs, on foot, ahead of his steamer to clear the way, and the driver may keep up with him, but is not allowed to pass him. Only the engineer, his assistant, and the stoker, are allowed to ride on the engine. The rest of the company go on foot. Fast driving is severely punished, and racing is absolutely prohibited. The men are required to be quiet and orderly in their department.

Upon reaching the fire communication is made between the engine and the plug or hydrant, and the work begins. The chief engineer is required to attend all fires, and all orders proceed from him. The most rigid discipline is preserved, and the work goes on with a rapidity and precision which are in striking contrast to the inefficiency of the old system.

A force of policemen is at once sent to every fire. These stretch ropes across the street at proper distances, and no one but the members of the Fire Department, who may be known by their uniforms and badges are allowed to pass these barriers. In this way the firemen have plenty of room to work, lookers on are kept at a safe distance, and the movable property in the burning building is saved from thieves.

The life of a fireman is very arduous and dangerous, and applicants for admission into the department are required to be persons of good health and good character. The men are often called upon not only to face great personal danger, but they are also subjected to a severe physical strain from loss of rest and fatigue. For a week at a time they will be called out and worked hard every night, but all the while are required to be as prompt and active as though they had never lost a night's rest. They are constantly performing acts of personal heroism, which pass unnoticed, in the bustle and whirl of busy life around them, but which are treasured up in the heart of some grateful mother, father, wife, or husband, whose loved one has been rescued from death by the fireman's gallantry.

Nor is the gallantry all on the side of the fireman. During the past year there have been numerous instances where an intrepid policeman has nobly risked his life to save some threatened fellow creature from death by fire or by drowning.

CHAPTER L.

HARRY HILL'S.

In passing the corner of Broadway and Houston street, you will see, to the east of the great thoroughfare, an immense red and blue lantern attached to a low, dingy frame building. This is the sign of Harry Hill's dance-house. It is one of the sights, and one of the saddest sights, too, of New York. As you approach the place from Broadway, you notice a narrow door at the side of the main entrance, opening upon a flight of stairs which lead to the dancing hall. This is the private entrance for women. They are admitted free of charge as their presence is the chief attraction to the men who visit the place. Passing through the main door you enter a room used as a bar room and eating saloon. It differs in nothing from the average low class bar rooms of the city. A narrow passage-way between the counters, leads to the entrance of the dancing hall, which apartment is situated on the floor above the bar room and in the rear of it. Visitors to this hall are charged an admittance fee of twenty-five cents, and are expected to order liquor or refreshments as soon as they enter.

THE PROPRIETOR.

Harry Hill is generally to be seen moving amongst his guests while the entertainment is going on. He is a short, thickset man, with a resolute, self-possessed air, and is about fifty years old. He is very decided in his manner, and is fully equal to the task of enforcing his orders. The "fancy" stand in awe of him, as

they know he will follow up any command with a blow or a summary ejection from his premises. He has been in the business for twelve years, and his profits are estimated at over fifty thousand dollars a year now, clear of all expenses. He is said to be a kind, humane man, and is reputed to give largely to charitable purposes. He manages every department himself, although he has a manager to conduct affairs for him. His eye is on everybody and everything.

THE DANCE HALL.

It is Harry Hill's boast that he keeps a "respectable house." Unlike the other dance-houses of the city, there are no girls attached to this establishment. All the company, both male and female, consists of outsiders, who merely come here to spend an evening. The rules of the house are printed in rhyme, and are hung conspicuously in various parts of the hall. They are rigid, and prohibit any profane, indecent, or boisterous conduct. The most disreputable characters are to be seen in the audience, but no thieving or violence ever occurs within the hall. Whatever happens after persons leave the hall, the proprietor allows no violation of the law within his doors.

The hall, itself, consists simply of a series of rooms, which have been "knocked into one" by the removal of the partition walls. As all of these rooms were not of the same height, the ceiling of the hall presents a curious patchwork appearance. A long counter occupies one end of the hall, at which liquors and refreshments are served. There is a stage at another side, on which low farces are performed, and a tall Punch and Judy box occupies a conspicuous position. Benches and chairs are scattered about, and a raised platform is provided for the "orchestra," which consists of a piano, violin, and a bass viol. The centre of the room is a clear space, and is used for dancing. If you do not dance you must leave, unless you atone for your deficiency by a liberal expenditure of money. The amusements are coarse and low. The songs are broad, and are full of blasphemous outbursts, which are received with shouts of delight.

THE DANCERS.

You will see all sorts of people at Harry Hill's. The women are, of course, women of the town; but they are either just entering upon their career, or still in its most prosperous phase. They are all handsomely dressed, and some of them are very pretty. Some of them have come from the better classes of society, and have an elegance and refinement of manner and conversation, which win them many admirers in the crowd. They drink deep and constantly during the evening. Indeed, one is surprised to see how much liquor they imbibe. The majority come here early in the evening alone, but few go away without company for the night. You do not see the same face here very long. The women cannot escape the inevitable doom of the lost sisterhood. They go down the ladder; and Harry Hill keeps his place clear of them after the first flush of their beauty and success is past. You will then find them in the Five Points and Water street hells.

As for the men, they represent all kinds of people and professions. You may see here men high in public life, side by side with the Five Points ruffian. Judges, lawyers, policemen off duty and in plain clothes, officers of the army and navy, merchants, bankers, editors, soldiers, sailors, clerks, and even boys, mingle here in friendly confusion. As the profits of the establishment are derived from the bar, drinking is of course encouraged, and the majority of the men are more or less drunk all the time. They spend their money freely in such a condition. Harry Hill watches the course of affairs closely during the evening. If he knows a guest and likes him, he will take care that he is not exposed to danger, after he is too far gone in liquor to protect himself. He will either send him home, or send for his friends. If the man is a stranger, he does not interfere—only, no crime must be committed in his house. Thieves, pickpockets, burglars, roughs, and pugilists are plentifully scattered through the audience. These men are constantly on the watch for victims. It is easy for them to drug the liquor of a man they are endeavoring to secure, without the knowledge of the proprietor of the house; or, if they do not tamper with his liquor, they can persuade him to drink to excess. In either case, they lead him from the hall, under pretence of taking him home. He never sees home until they have stripped him of all his valuables. Sometimes he finds his long home, in less than an hour after leaving the hall; and the harbor police find his body floating on the tide at sunrise. Women frequently decoy men to places where they are robbed. No crime is committed in the dance hall, but plans are laid there, victims are marked, and tracked to loss or death, and, frequently, an idle, thoughtless visit there, has been the beginning of a life of ruin. The company to be met with, is that which ought to be shunned. Visits from curiosity are dangerous. Stay away. To be found on the Devil's ground is voluntarily to surrender yourself a willing captive to him. Stay away. It is a place in which no virtuous woman is ever seen, and in which an honest man ought to be ashamed to show his face.

CHAPTER LI.

THE WICKEDEST WOMAN IN NEW YORK

We have already quoted at some length from an interesting work entitled "*Asmodeus in New York*," recently published in Paris, and we now ask the reader's attention to the following sketch of an entertainment given at the mansion of a female, whose infamous exploits as an abortionist have earned her the title of "the wickedest woman in New York."

A BALL AT THE WICKEDEST WOMAN'S.

We entered. The lady of the house, richly attired in a silver-brocaded dress and wearing a crown of diamonds, very kindly welcomed us, thanking Asmodeus for bringing in a distinguished stranger. The introduction over, we mingled with the crowd, and went through the rooms opened to the guests, while the lady led to an adjacent room a few female friends, to show them her necklaces, rings, bracelets, and other jewels.

'American ladies,' said Asmodeus, 'avail themselves of every opportunity to exhibit their treasures, down to their silver, china, and linen. They are fond of jewels, the most showy being especially in favor. But I would not warrant that all those gems that flash in the gaslight are genuine stones. There is such a demand now for California diamonds that, very likely, many sets now adorning the wives of lucky speculators are mingled with worthless imitations. Time is necessary to learn how to distinguish precious stones from spurious ones, and few persons can devote as much leisure as did yonder Jew banker in collecting pearls, the smallest of which in his possession is worth twenty thousand dollars. He recently gave to his wife a necklace made up of twenty of such pearls, and their number increases every year.'

In the meanwhile, dancing had commenced in several spacious rooms; in others, card-playing was being indulged in. Servants, wearing black garments and white neckties, were busy carrying refreshments around. Many persons, preferring the pleasure of eating to those of playing or dancing, were seated in another room at a table loaded with meats and delicacies. Next to this, another room, elegantly furnished, was crowded with young and old men, indulging in smoking. Boxes of cigars were piled up on elegant *étagères*; and I noticed that many a smoker, besides the cigar he was smoking, filled his pockets with that luxury. While going through the several rooms opened to the public, Asmodeus called my attention to their costly furniture. Some of these rooms were lined with fine *brocatelle*, imported from France, Italy, China, and Japan, the latter conspicuous for their fantastical drawing and patterns; others with Persian and Indian cloths; and the several pieces of furniture were of unexceptionable taste. Some were inlaid with gold, bronze, or china; some were made up of rosewood, artistically carved. Gems of art and curiosities of every description were displayed upon *étagères*; and through the house, made bright as day by hundreds of gaslights, one walked on soft, smooth carpets of the best manufactures of Europe. They alone were worth a fortune.

Amazed at such luxury, exceeding that of many a patrician family in Europe, I thought our Amphitryon was either one of those wealthy merchants whose ships carry the American flag over the broad ocean, or those manufacturers who build up enormous fortunes at the expense of the public.

'You are mistaken,' said Asmodeus. 'We will call, by and by, on one of those merchant-princes you allude to. For the present we are in the house of one of Juno's priestesses. You are aware, Juno was called Lucina when she superintended the birth of children. But the lady who has welcomed us so kindly is far from assisting in the birth of children; her calling, on the contrary, is to prevent it; she practices infanticide every day, and it is by carrying on this business she has obtained the wealth she is making so great a display of. Every one of those window-shades, so nicely arranged to ward off the rays of the sun, cost one thousand dollars. They were painted by our best artists, none of them having declined to display his talents for the benefit of Madame Killer—such is the name of the owner of this splendid residence. As there are thirty windows, you may easily figure up the cost of those gorgeous shades. That of all the furniture is in the same proportion: every piece of it, I dare say, has been purchased with the money received for the murder of a child.'

Bewildered at these revelations, I thought Asmodeus was deceiving me. He quietly continued:

'That stout gentleman, going from one to another, and making himself affable with everybody, who looks like a good-natured person, and whose unctuous manners remind one of a clergyman, is the husband of Madame Killer. He is an accomplished scholar, and has obtained his diploma from one of

our best medical colleges. He might have obtained a competency by honest practice. But when Madame Killer, already enriched through her nefarious business, hinted that she was disposed to marry him, Bungling eagerly took the hint, and espoused this abortionist.

'Of course, after the marriage, Madame Killer retained her own name, as it was already a notorious one. Love, you may be sure, had nothing to do with this matrimonial transaction. Madame Killer married Bungling because his science might be of some service in many delicate circumstances—in about the same way a merchant takes in a partner when he has too much to do. The couple have been uniformly prosperous since they married, about ten years ago. True, they had two or three unpleasant misunderstandings with the police, on account of a few poor creatures dying of ill-treatment at their hands; but they came out of all of them triumphantly.'

'Must I infer from this that the laws of America do not punish infanticide?' said I, 'that fearful crime of getting rid of children before or after their natural birth. Even the unfortunate who stakes her life to conceal the consequences of a fault, is amenable to law; she is punished for child-murder, as well as her accomplice, in every civilized country.'

'By and by,' answered Asmodeus, 'I will explain that subject to you. I will content myself, for the present, by saying that the laws of America are no less severe than those of Europe, as regards the crimes of infanticide and abortion. But in such cases, as well as in many others, the law often remains a dead letter.'

I longed to depart from the house. I fancied, after Asmodeus's frightful revelations, the very air we breathed was impregnated with deadly miasma. Dancing had been interrupted for awhile; and in a hall, connected with a conservatory, filled with rare and odoriferous plants, a concert was beginning. Every note from a sonorous piano sounded in my ear like the wailing of one of those poor little beings the Amphitryons had brought to an untimely death. And then, of what character were those women, crowding the rooms, in spite of the crumpling of their splendid dresses? Who were those men, who had either accompanied or were courting them?

'You are quite mistaken,' said Asmodeus, 'if you believe we are in the midst of a mixed crowd, such as that denominated the *demi-monde* in the French capital, and not tolerated, as yet, at private receptions here, or at places of public resort. To be sure, what is called the social evil unfortunately exists in New York, as in the large cities of Europe; but it keeps aloof from decent society. It is true, that such is the discretion of corrupt females, it is often impossible to distinguish an honest woman from one who has lost her chastity. Of course I do not speak of those creatures so deeply fallen into habits of corruption, that they shrink no longer from exhibiting their degradation. Perhaps we shall have an opportunity of visiting the backgrounds of our civilization, where those wretched creatures live. For the present, I must set you right concerning the standing in society of the guests of this house.

'Most of those men, who so often appreciate the good things served around by the waiters, are wealthy merchants, lawyers, and physicians. I even recognize among them a few magistrates and legislators. They have accompanied their wives; and some, even, have brought their daughters to this dreadful house, where some unfortunate woman is, perhaps, dying in the upper story, and paying with her life the violation of nature's laws. Some guests have come through curiosity, attracted by the splendors of a residence opened for the first time to the gaze of strangers. Others have availed themselves of the opportunity of gayly spending here a few idle hours, and do not trouble themselves with the Amphitryons' respectability. Lastly, many guests did not deem it safe to decline Madame Killer's invitation; for that Thug of society holds in her hands the honor of hundreds of families, and it would be dangerous to arouse her resentment. A single word from her lips, some well-concocted story, would bring on awful scandals. She could, for instance, apprise yonder husband, so attentive to his wife, that the latter, during the two years he has served his country abroad, has applied to Madame Killer's art to remove the consequences of an adulterous intrigue. That young man, who has just inherited a large estate, and seems so much enamoured of that light-haired young lady, might learn, tomorrow morning, through an anonymous letter, that the fair beauty, instead of spending, as he believes she did, the summer months in the country, had secreted herself in Madame Killer's hospitable house.

'Undoubtedly, the dread of some awful revelation has brought here many persons, as out of five hundred invited guests only a few do not attend Madame Killer's *soiree*. But I am far from believing that they would not have come, under any circumstances, even had they been free from fear of personal consequences. Madame Killer is wealthy, and nobody cares about the way she has obtained her wealth. Whoever is worth one million dollars, no matter how acquired, honestly or dishonestly, is welcome everywhere, and his *soirees* and receptions are attended by the best society. I see, for instance, talking with Madame Killer, a merchandise broker, whose name was given to a ship launched this very morning, and who would be shut out of decent society in any other country. Three years ago, he failed

to the amount of two or three millions of dollars. According to his balance-sheet, he could pay fifty cents on the dollar. But, when his book-keeper joyfully informed his employer of such an unexpected result, "Change it, by all means," exclaimed the broker, "my creditors do not expect even fifteen cents on the dollar, and were I to give them fifty, what benefit would I derive from my failure?" And he paid ten cents only on the dollar.

'Near that honest broker—who has become wealthy in consequence of that transaction, and at the same time a man of importance, being now a director of a trust company, and other concerns—see that young man, wearing side-whiskers, after the English fashion. His light hair and blue eyes denote his German origin. He is an exchange broker, and made two hundred thousand dollars last year in this quick way: Pretending to have realized large profits in stock gambling, he succeeded in inspiring such confidence in the president of one of our most respectable banks, where he kept his account, that his checks were indiscriminately certified by that officer. One check for two hundred thousand dollars was in that way certified, and the money had just been paid out to a compeer, when the directors of the bank discovered that the adventurer had but a small deposit in their hands. He failed the next day, and the president, who had rashly caused a heavy loss to the bank, blew out his own brains.

'The guest who is making his bow to the lady of the house, was formerly secretary of one of our railroad companies. The stock had gone up one hundred per cent. above par, on the strength of the manager's report, exhibiting the prosperous condition of the company's affairs, when an over-issue of stock, to the amount of two millions of dollars, was detected. To satisfy the public clamor, the secretary and another officer of the company were discharged. But all inquiry respecting this stupendous fraud was indefinitely postponed. The discharged employés of the company now live in high style, and give parties, which their former employers, the directors of the railroad concern, do not fail to attend.

Next to him, that dandy, who is talking with a gentleman whose beard, though he is a judge of the Supreme Court, might grace the chin of a musketeer, is a wealthy banker's son. He is fresh from the State's prison; and, strange indeed, the magistrate he is speaking to, is the very one who sentenced him—perhaps, because of the pressure of public opinion, which must, after all, be taken into consideration. Our dandy, when his father retired, became sole manager of a banking house, and attempted to double, in a few weeks, the wealth his father had toiled thirty years to accumulate.

Discarding legitimate speculation, he gambled at the Stock Exchange, which soon swallowed up the money and other deposits confided to his keeping. Then he became almost crazy. To keep up his credit with our banks and procure resources—and led astray by the hope of realizing profits large enough to make up his losses—he became a forger. He imitated the signatures of his correspondents, his own friends, in fact, of everybody in town; and, one morning, the people were startled in reading in the newspapers that forged notes, amounting to several millions of dollars, were flooding the street. The young man was sentenced to prison for a term of five years—one for each forged million! as remarked the wag who is now talking with him.'

'How is it he is out of prison?'

'That is precisely a point of American law which deserves a passing notice. Most of the State governors are vested with the pardoning power. When the exercise of such a prerogative devolves upon State legislatures, corrupting influences are less to be apprehended. A single individual may be coaxed to pardon by his political friends, or even bribed. But money, and political connections, are of little avail when one has to deal with one hundred legislators. In New York State, the legislature has no control over the pardoning power, which is vested exclusively in the governor. The family and friends of that youth represented his crime, stupendous as it was, as the first he had ever committed. Its enormity was represented as a proof of temporary insanity—the great argument, now-a-days, of our lawyers—and he was set free by the governor, after remaining a few months in prison. He shows himself again among the wealthy classes, and is as kindly received by them as he would have been had he never forged notes to the amount of several millions of dollars—so deeply-rooted in the American people is the feeling of tolerance, and especially when those who are the objects of it are millionaires, or in a fair way to become so.'

* * * * *

At this moment, we noticed some excitement among a few young ladies standing near a songstress who had just been rapturously applauded. A gentleman of commanding appearance, but deadly pale, was speaking to her, in a tone loud enough to be heard by those standing by. 'You are certainly much indebted to Madame Killer,' said the gentleman, 'but I wonder how you can sing in a house where you brought to death an innocent being!' And, bowing low to Madame Killer, he disappeared among the bewildered assembly.

'"Ah!' said Asmodeus, with a sarcastic smile, 'the wronged husband tells his false wife some bitter

truths."

[Illustration: Scene at the "Wickedest Woman's"]

HOW SHE CONDUCTS HER BUSINESS.

The wickedest woman lives in a magnificent house, in a fashionable street. A part of her fortune was made as a female physician. She made money rapidly. The police were frequently called on to arrest her for child murder, but she always managed to escape conviction and punishment. After several years of profitable practice, she opened a home for unfortunate women. She advertised her business extensively, and soon became well known. Women who wished to conceal the results of their shame, sought her out, and found a tender and thoughtful friend during their period of trial. Such conduct, on her part, brought her a constant run of custom, and paid well.

Her present business is conducted upon the same system. Her rooms are elegant, and perfectly secluded. Her patients have every comfort, every care, bestowed upon them. The doctress is gentle and considerate in everything, and her patients soon learn to love her as a friend. She charges heavily for all this, and her fees are usually paid, in full, in advance. Sometimes the party engaging the rooms gives no name, sometimes an assumed name is given. The wickedest woman asks no questions.

Honest wives, in the comfort of their own homes, surrounded by love and respect, shrink from that hour of trial and anguish, which is at once a woman's cross and crown. How sad, then, is the trial of the erring creature in this splendid mansion. Terror, anguish, despair, remorse, and shame, struggle at her heart, and deprive her of courage, prudence, and almost of reason. At such times, few can resist the appeal of the wickedest woman, to confide in everything to her. The poor sufferer reveals her whole history, her name, and that of the father of her child. The wickedest woman, while soothing her, listens attentively, and carefully records the whole story, with all the names. If the child is born alive, it is faithfully attended to, and every precaution is taken by the doctress to have it reared in health. The mother knows nothing of its fate, and, with recovered health, goes back to her position in society, carrying with her the assurance of the wickedest woman that her secret is safe.

The wickedest woman never loses sight of either patient. As those who seek her assistance are apt to be persons of means, she has a motive in doing so. It may be one or ten years after her services were rendered, but, at what she considers the proper time, she renews her acquaintance with them. She will startle them by a call, or a note, recalling to them the events they would gladly forget, and soliciting a loan for a short time. The appeal is generally made to the man, and is sustained by such strong proofs that he dares not refuse to comply with the demand. Of course he knows that the wickedest woman will never return his money, but he is forced to send whatever sum she pleases. The child, which has been carefully reared, is a living witness against him, and the wickedest woman threatens to produce it if her demands are refused. Every year the demand is renewed. Men have been driven to bankruptcy, to ruin, and to death, by these heartless extortions. Still, the wickedest woman continues her course. She boasts that society in New York cannot do without her, and the facts seem to justify this boast.

CHAPTER LII.

BABY FARMING.

A recent number of a city journal, contained the following account of the system of bringing up and adopting out illegitimate children in New York. We present it in place of any description of our own.

FEMALE MEDICAL ESTABLISHMENTS.

[Footnote: The writer of this article is a woman.]

Having read in the English and Scottish journals of the day a great deal of curious and startling matter in reference to the practice of 'baby-farming,' as it is called, and having constantly accumulating proof submitted to our eyes and understandings of the existence of similar practices in our midst, here, in this great Christian city of New York—having also read with mingled shame and wonder, and with suspended judgment (as to the vital question whether, as the world goes and must go, they were criminally injurious or socially beneficial) concerning the numerous private establishments where wounded love and brazen immorality alike find refuge and concealment, and where the true orphans of

life, those innocents who know not and who can never know, their fathers or their mothers, find a temporary home, prior to their entrance upon life and their struggle with the world—a married lady friend of mine and myself determined recently to personally inquire into these subjects and to investigate their condition and practical workings, so far as possible, and to make public our investigations for the benefit of the world at large and of all whom it may concern.

Having arrived at this determination, the next morning we glanced over the advertising columns of the papers, and having read and reread the subjoined advertisement—

'Important to females. Dr. and Mrs.—(20 years' practice) guarantee certain relief to married ladies. Patients from a distance provided with board, nursing, etc. Private advice letter free. Office,—. New York'—

We resolved to visit this establishment that very day.

We found it located upon Third Avenue, near—street, over a shop, and situated in the neighborhood of a number of little stores, sandwiched, as it were, between all varieties of trades. A sign on the exterior of the building directed us to pull the bell and walk up stairs. This injunction was probably designed to give the parties notice of the approach of persons desirous to see them, and to put them, and whoever might chance to be with them at the time, on their guard. The correctness of this view was proved by the fact, that, as we entered, we saw a woman peering at us from the floor above, who immediately withdrew on seeing us. We were shown into what had evidently been intended for a hall bed-room but now served the purpose of a reception room or office. Here we were, in a few moments, waited upon, by the very lady or woman who had just peered down upon us, but who, of course, assumed to be totally unconscious of this fact. She was neatly dressed, and of quiet manner; and bowing, awaited our introduction of the object of our visit. We made a poor enough show, doubtless, in our pretended statement of our design in calling, but between us we gave her to understand, as we had previously arranged, that we acted in behalf of a lady friend of ours who had been 'unfortunate,' and who desired nursing, medical attention, and above all, secrecy. Mrs.— listened to our statement in a matter of fact way, as though our story was 'as familiar as household words,' and then, it must be confessed, kindly enough, with more delicacy and feeling (or show of it) than we would have, *à priori*, given her credit for, explained to us the *modus operandi* to be pursued. No patients were received at the office in Third Avenue; they were all sent to another branch of the establishment in—street, presided over by a Dr.—.

The terms were in all cases strictly the same. Twenty five dollars per week were charged for board and lodging, or one hundred dollars for the month, 'payable invariably in advance.' The fee for nursing and medical attendance was one hundred dollars; while the charge made for receiving and taking care of the child reached the same figure—making in all the considerable sum of three hundred dollars, for which amount it was guaranteed to furnish the most comfortable lodging, the best professional skill, and the most inviolate seclusion—certainly a convenient arrangement on both sides of the transaction.

"It must be here mentioned that no pay whatever, not even in the shape of presents or equivalents, is received from the parties who 'adopt' the children thus confided to the care of Mrs.—and Dr.—. On the contrary, this amiable couple are only too glad to get rid of the 'infant darlings' in some lawful way, and thus to avoid any further expense or delay upon their account. Those to whom the children are really indebted for their birth are required to bear the expense, which, as just stated, is fixed at one hundred dollars. And the only fear entertained by the madame and the doctor is, that 'people will not apply fast enough for the babies,' who are, from the day of their birth, sent at once to wet-nurses dispersed over the city, who, if the regular methods fail, are themselves allowed to adopt the children, or to dispose of them, by 'adoption,' to other parties."

But few of these "private establishments" are well managed. The majority are conducted by ignorant, avaricious quacks, who have no knowledge of surgery or medicine, and who either kill or injure their victims for life. Frequent arrests of these people are made every year, but the punishment is seldom inflicted as it should be. It is, as a general rule, only in such first-class establishments as that of the wickedest woman that patients are well treated or skilfully served. In the majority of them the most horrible suffering and certain death await the poor creatures who enter them. There are very few exceptions to this rule. The newspapers are full of the advertisements of the wretches who conduct these establishments, and there are always an abundance of applications from unfortunate women. They come here from all parts of the country. In the best establishments nature is allowed to take its course. In the others, the ignorant quacks attempt to hasten the result by artificial means. The end in such cases is death.

A JUVENILE ESTABLISHMENT.

You will see in almost any city paper a number of such advertisements as this:

"ADOPTION.—Two beautiful infants, male and female, five and six months old. Call upon Mrs.—, No. 25 E.—th street."

The following will show the meaning of such advertisements:

There is located on 19th street, New York city, a large establishment devoted to the obtaining and preparing of infants for 'adoption.' This Temple of the Innocents is presided over by a Madam P—, and combines with the features common to the establishments elsewhere referred to, the new and novel feature of a 'nursery' in which the innocents are kept, nursed, and clothed, after a fashion, until they are 'adopted.' The babies are housed in a large and airy room, plainly but neatly furnished, and are attended by a corps of nice-looking nurses. Each babe has its own cradle, and a rattle or toy or two, and the little creatures are really well attended to, as it is evidently and directly the interest of Madam P—to have her stock in trade as healthy-looking as possible, in order to dispose of them rapidly and to advantage. Madam P—is a stout brunette, gaily dressed, and has made a great deal of money by the practice of her peculiar 'profession.'

She possesses a large wardrobe of baby-dresses, in which the infants are attired when 'presented,' in order to look as captivating as possible; and the lady is a thorough 'artist' in her way. She has been 'assaulted' by the papers, and 'interfered with' by the police, but, nevertheless, the facts are stated as we have found them.

"Another institution, located near that portion of the metropolis denominated Yorkville, is of a much more nefarious description. Here children are left by their unnatural parents to be 'disposed of,' and 'disposed of' they are—not killed outright, but neglected—given to suspicious characters, to mere strangers, and never heard from or thought of afterwards. A pensive-seeming, expressively-faced young woman clad in black, with a shawl thrown over her person, is engaged occasionally to appear as 'the mother'—'the poor, heart-broken mother' of the babies. By her appearance and well-feigned tears, she excites the sympathies of such ladies (few in number) as visit the establishment in good faith for the purpose of 'adopting' infants, and her bursts of maternal tenderness and grief when imprinting a 'farewell kiss, forever' upon the lips and cheeks of her departing darling, seldom fail to draw an extra fee from the benevolent pocket of the 'adopting' patron."

Many mothers offer their children for adoption, simply to get rid of the trouble and expense of supporting them. Others part with them with tears and heart pangs, in the hope that the little one's future will be bettered by the change. Various causes are assigned for such acts.

AN INCIDENT.

"A French schoolmistress, a pretty young woman, who taught her native language to the younger scions of several of our 'first families,' having been brought to Dr.—'s establishment, expressed her willingness to allow her child to be adopted, and it was accordingly placed at the disposal of a fashionable lady and her husband, who visited the establishment, and were about to bear the child away, when, suddenly, the poor young mother rushed down stairs, and, seeing her own flesh and blood, her own baby, clasped in another's arms, and about to be torn from her heart and her grasp forever, fell at the feet of the lady of fashion, and plead piteously, passionately, desperately, for permission to retain her child. In vain the lady of fashion remonstrated; in vain she argued the matter; in vain she offered the girl-mother money; in vain, too, were the upbraidings of the astonished housekeeper and her assistant; nature would have its way, and the mother would have her child, and the contest of Gold *versus* God terminated, as all such struggles should, in the victory of God and Heart, and the French mother kept her child."

A FASHIONABLE "INNOCENT."

Some strange, almost romantic incidents have occurred in the history of the 'patients' of the establishment of Dr.—.

"A lady of the highest fashion, residing in Madison Avenue, accompanied by her husband, (not like the poor girl, who, seeking a refuge, must come secretly and alone,) called, one day, in reference to the receiving within the accommodating shelter of the asylum, her own sister, who had been 'unfortunate,' as women go. The 'sister'—a fair-haired brunette, with exquisite eyes—was accordingly admitted, (it being announced to her circle, the curled darlings of society, that the young lady would be 'out of town, visiting some of her friends in the country' for a limited period.) In three months, the young lady returned to her admirers, and a delicious cherub (given out to nurse) is at the present writing almost daily visited by a beautiful young lady, 'who has conceived a great liking for it,' and by an older and

more matronly lady, who speaks of, at some future time, 'adopting' the little darling (who, *apropos*, bears a strong resemblance to the younger lady) for her own."

FACTS.

Some years ago, a handsome young woman, of respectable parentage, sought the shelter of the convenient establishment of Dr.—. The lady subsequently married a well-to-do farmer, from the West, and in the full confidence of the marriage state, trusting to the passionate devotion of her husband, she revealed the secret of her early misdemeanor to her liege lord, who proved himself well worthy of her confidence. The wife, who resided in Illinois, came to New York; visited Mrs.—, (the lady who acted as Dr.—'s agent, and a call upon whom has already been described,) and begged Mrs.—to restore the child, who had been separated from her and 'adopted' by other parties, years before. With this request Mrs.—refused to comply. She knew the whereabouts of the child well enough, but she also knew that it was now the *protegé*, the pet, the heir of a wealthy old couple, who were devotedly attached to it, and whose hearts would be almost broken by parting with it, while the worldly interests of the child would also be materially injured by the removal. Above all, the revealing of the child's *locale* would be a violation of a 'professional obligation,' and would be initiating a very dangerous precedent in matters of this kind; and so Mrs.—'s lips were sealed, and to this day the real mother knows naught of her own child; would not even be able to recognize her offspring, if they were to meet face to face in the streets of New York.

"A rising young politician of this city has recently married a lady, whose early history resembles that of the mother just mentioned. But the politician is of a different mould from the Western husband, and having ascertained the 'little episode' in his wife's history, is now negotiating with her for a separation. Unlike the mother just alluded to, however, the politician's wife has recovered her child, and finds consolation in the fact, even in view of the contemplated separation.

"A terrible scandal, which was on the verge of becoming the property of the greedy public of New York, compromising a young Jewess of great wealth and high social position, has been recently, and let us trust, finally 'hushed' through the invaluable aid of Dr.—'s establishment. A horrible revelation of domestic depravity has thus escaped publication, and a woman who would otherwise have been an outcast from her circle, and a blot upon the religion of her people, is now, thanks to skill, secrecy, and money, the admired wife of a leading Hebrew merchant."

CHAPTER LIII.

THE FIRST DIVISION, NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARD.

The City is very proud of its military organization, and both the municipal and State governments contribute liberally to its support. The law organizing the First Division was passed in 1862, when the old volunteer system was entirely reorganized. Previous to this, the volunteers had borne their entire expenses, and had controlled their affairs themselves. By the new law, important changes were introduced.

The division consists of four brigades, and numbers thirteen thousand men. This includes a proper force of field artillery and cavalry. The United States provides the arms and uniforms, which are, when furnished by the General Government, those prescribed by the army regulations. The best regiments, however, prefer a handsomer dress, and provide their own uniforms. The city makes an appropriation of five hundred dollars per annum for each regiment, for an armory. The cost of parades, music, etc., is paid by the regiments themselves. Each regiment has its armory, in which are deposited the arms and valuable property. An armorer is in charge of the building, and it is his duty to keep the guns in good order. A reading room and library are attached to some of these armories, and are used as places of social reunion for the members of the command. Drills are held at stated times, and a rigid discipline is maintained. The men are, as a general rule, proud of their organizations, and enthusiastic in military matters. They are well drilled, and will compare favorably with any troops in the world, in both appearance and efficiency. Nearly all saw service during the late war, and there is not a regiment, we believe, that does not treasure some smoke-begrimed, bullet-rent flag, as its most precious possession. Out of the thirteen thousand men comprising the force, nine thousand were in the field, in active service, at one time during the war, and the division gave the country three thousand seven hundred and eighty officers for the struggle.

These troops are always ready for duty. They are scattered all over the city, pursuing various useful callings, but at a certain signal, sounded by the City Hall bell, they will rally at their armories, and in an hour, there will be thirteen thousand disciplined troops ready to enforce the laws in any emergency. The past services of the division prove that it can always be relied upon.

[Illustration: Old Bowery Theatre.]

CHAPTER LIV.

PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

The peculiar character of the population of New York, together with the immense throng of strangers always in town, makes it possible to sustain a great many places of amusement in the city.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, on fourteenth street and Irving Place, comes first on the list. It is generally occupied by the Italian Opera, but lately has been used for various purposes. It is one of the largest public halls in the world, and is handsomely fitted up.

PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE, on Twenty-third street and Eighth Avenue, rivals the Academy in the beauty and taste of its internal arrangements. The entrance is through a magnificent marble building, also the property of Mr. Pike, which is one of the ornaments of the city.

BOOTH'S THEATRE, on Twenty-third street and Sixth Avenue, is a handsome freestone edifice. It is the property of Mr. Edwin Booth, the famous tragedian. It is devoted exclusively to the legitimate drama, and will be conducted in a style worthy of the fame of its distinguished proprietor.

BROUGHAM'S THEATRE, in the rear of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, was used during the war for the night sessions of the Gold Board. It is a handsome little building, elegantly arranged internally, and is conducted by Mr. John Brougham, the famous comedian and author.

WALLACE'S, on the corner of Broadway and Twelfth street, is one of the coziest and best conducted places of amusement in the city. It is the property of Mr. Lester Wallack, and is devoted to the legitimate drama. It has the best company in the city, and the two Wallacks are to be seen here alone.

THE OLYMPIC was built for Laura Keene, but has now passed into other hands. It is a well arranged, pleasant hall, and for the last year has been famous as the headquarters of that eccentric individual called "Humpty Dumpty." It is in Broadway below Bleeker street.

NIBLO'S, is in the rear of the Metropolitan Hotel. It is a large comfortable hall, handsomely fitted up. It is devoted entirely to the sensational drama. It was here that those splendid spectacles, the "Black Crook" and the "White Fawn," were produced in such magnificent style.

THE BROADWAY, in Broadway below Broome street, is the property of Barney Williams. The Irish drama is its specialty. It is well patronized.

THE OLD BOWERY, in the Bowery below Canal street, is the only old style theatre in the city. Its audiences come from the east side. The place occupied in modern theatres by the parquette, is here devoted to an old fashioned pit, into which the juveniles of the Bowery region are packed like sheep. One has a fine chance to study humanity in this place. It is managed well, and is devoted to the sensational drama.

THE STADT THEATRE, nearly opposite the OLD BOWERY THEATRE, is the largest in the city. It is the property of Germans, and its performances are in that language. It is well supported.

WOOD'S THEATRE, corner of Broadway and Thirtieth street, is a popular establishment. It is very high up town, but the manager has made it so attractive that it has drawn excellent houses. It has a museum, the successor of Barnum's American Museum, attached to it, and is very popular with the young folks.

Besides these there are several second and third class theatres, many negro minstrel halls, concert rooms, and other places of amusement for all grades and classes. The majority advertise in the daily journals, and by consulting these monitors, one can always find the means of passing a pleasant evening in the Great City.

CHAPTER LV.

FORTUNE TELLERS AND CLAIRVOYANTS.

The city journals frequently contain such advertisements as the following:

"A TEST MEDIUM.—THE ORIGINAL MADAME F—tells everything, traces absent friends, losses, causes speedy marriages, gives lucky numbers. Ladies fifty cents; gentlemen, one dollar. 464—th Avenue."

"A FACT—NO IMPOSITION. The Great European Clairvoyant. She consults you on all affairs of life. Born with a natural gift, she tells past, present, and future; she brings together those long separated; causes speedy marriages; shows you a correct likeness of your future husband or friends in love affairs. She was never known to fail. She tells his name; also lucky numbers free of charge. She succeeds when all others fail. Two thousand dollars reward for any one that can equal her in professional skill. Ladies fifty cents to one dollar. Positively no gents admitted. No. 40—Avenue."

It seems strange that, in this boasted age of enlightenment, the persons who make such announcements as the above, can find any one simple enough to believe them. Yet, it is a fact, that these persons, who are generally women, frequently make large sums of money out of the credulity of their fellow creatures. Every mail brings them letters from persons in various parts of the country. These letters are generally answered, and the contents have disgusted more than one simpleton. The information furnished is such as any casual acquaintance could give, and just as trustworthy as the reports of the "reliable gentleman just from the front," used to prove during the late war. The city custom of these impostors is about equal to that brought to them from the country by means of their advertisements. Some of them make as much as one hundred dollars per day, all of which is a clear profit. The majority earn from three to six dollars per day. Servant girls are profitable customers. Indeed, but for female credulity the business would go down.

Still, there are many male visitors. Speculators, victims of the gaming table and the lottery, come to ask for advice, which is given at random. The woman knows but little of her visitors, and has no means of learning anything about them. Sometimes her statements are found to be true; but it is by the merest accident. The clairvoyants do not hesitate to confess to their friends, in a confidential way, of course, that their pretensions are mere humbuggery, and they laugh at the credulity of their victims, whilst they encourage it. It seems absurd to discuss this subject seriously. We can only say to those who shall read this chapter, that there is not in the city of New York an honest fortune-teller or clairvoyant. They knowingly deceive persons as to their powers. It is not given to human beings to read the future—certainly not to such wretched specimens as the persons who compose the class of which we are writing. The only sensible plan is to keep your money, dear reader. You know more than these impostors can possibly tell you.

Many of these fortune-tellers and clairvoyants are simply procuresses. They draw women into their houses and ply them so with temptations, that they frequently ruin them. This is the real business of most of them. They are leagued with the keepers of houses of ill-fame. No woman is safe who enters their doors.

LOVE-CHARMS.

These parties will also offer for sale "amulets," "charms," or "recipes," which they say will enable a person to win the love of any one of the opposite sex, and excite the admiration of friends; or "to give you an influence over your enemies or rivals, moulding them to your own will or purpose;" or to "enable you to discover lost, stolen, or hidden treasure," etc., etc. For each or any of these charms the modest sum of from three dollars to five dollars is demanded, with "return postage." All these, as well as "love powders," "love elixirs," etc., are either worthless articles, or compounds consisting of dangerous and poisonous chemical substances. Many of the men who deal in them have grown rich, and the trade still goes on. The world is full of fools, and these impostors are constantly on the watch for them.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE HARBOR.

The harbor of New York comprises the Hudson or North River on the west side of the island, the East River on the east side, and the inner bay lying between the mouth of the Hudson and the Narrows. Beyond the Narrows is the lower bay, which is little more than an arm of the sea, though the anchorage is good and secure.

The harbor contains the shipping of all civilized nations, and the flags of some of the barbaric powers are often to be seen at our piers. The North River piers are devoted to the great ocean steamship lines, and the steamers to domestic ports, while the East River is occupied by the old sail-vessels almost entirely. Each river has its peculiar characteristics, so that in leaving the water on one side of the island, and passing over to it again on the other side, one might easily imagine himself in a different port from that he has just left. The harbor is always full of vessels, and sometimes as many as fifteen first-class steamships will sail from the bay in a single day, bound for foreign and domestic ports. This is exclusive of the large number of river and sound steamboats, and sail-vessels, that arrive and depart daily.

THE HARBOR POLICE.

The peace and safety of the harbor are watched over by a police force, whose head-quarters are on a steamer. The force is composed of resolute and daring men, as the persons they have to deal with are mostly hardened characters, reckless sailors and the like. There are twenty-five men in the whole force, under the orders of a Captain and two Sergeants. They have charge of the two rivers and the upper and lower bay, and are constantly moving to and fro in their steamer and row-boats. The headquarters steamer is a gloomy looking black craft, called the "Metropolitan," which may be seen at all hours of the day and night moving swiftly around the city. The harbor police render efficient service during fires in the shipping, and are often called upon to suppress crime and violence, which are attempted beyond the reach of the patrolmen on shore.

THE RESCUE STATIONS.

Accidents are common in every large port, but the peculiar construction of the New York ferry houses renders the number of cases of drowning doubly great. In order to guard against this, and to afford timely assistance to persons in danger of drowning, "rescue stations" have been established along the water front of the city. There is one at each ferry house, and the others are located at the points where accidents are most likely to occur. These stations are each provided with a ladder of sufficient length to reach from the pier to the water at low tide, with hooks at one end, by means of which it is attached firmly to the pier; a boat hook fastened to a long pole; a life preserver or float, and a coil of rope. These are merely deposited in a conspicuous place. In case of accident any one may use them for the purpose of rescuing a person in danger of drowning, but at other times it is punishable by law to interfere with them, or to remove them. The station is in charge of the policeman attached to the "beat" in which it is located, and he has the exclusive right in the absence of one of his superior officers to direct all proceedings. At the same time he is required to comply strictly with the law regulating such service on his part, and to render every assistance in his power. The law for the government of those using the "rescue apparatus" is posted conspicuously by the side of the implements, as are also concise and simple directions as to the best method of attempting to resuscitate drowned persons. These stations have been of the greatest service since their establishment, and reflect the highest credit on those who originated and introduced them.

CHAPTER LVII.

QUACK DOCTORS.

Many years ago a sharp-witted scamp appeared in one of the European countries, and offered for sale a pill, which he declared to be a sure protection *against earthquakes*. Absurd as was the assertion, he sold large quantities of his nostrum, and grew rich on the proceeds. The credulity which enriched this man, is still a marked characteristic of the human race, and often strikingly exhibits itself in this country. The quack doctors, or medical impostors, to whom we shall devote this chapter, live upon it and do all in their power to encourage it.

There are quite a number of such men in New York, and they offer to cure all manner of diseases. Some offer their wares for a small sum, others charge enormous prices. Frequently one of these men will personate half a dozen different characters. The newspapers are full of their advertisements, some of which are really unfit for the columns of a respectable journal. Besides these, they send thousands of circulars, through the mails, to persons in various parts of the country, setting forth the horrors of certain diseases, and offering to cure them for a fixed sum. The circular contains an elaborate description of the symptoms or premonitory signs of these diseases. A very large number of persons, reading these descriptions, really come to the conclusion that they are affected in the manner stated by the quack. So great is the power of the imagination in these cases, that sound healthy men are, sometimes, absolutely led to fancy themselves in need of medical attention. A short conversation with their regular physicians, would soon undeceive them, but they foolishly send their money to the author of the circular in question, and request a quantity of his medicine for the purpose of trying it. The nostrum is received in due time, and is accompanied by a second circular, in which the patient is coolly informed that he must not expect to be cured by one bottle, box, or package, as the case may be, but that five or six, or sometimes a dozen will be necessary to complete the cure, especially if the case is as desperate and stubborn as the letter applying for the medicine seems to indicate. Many are foolish enough to take the whole half dozen bottles or packages, and in the end are no better in health than they were at first. Indeed they are fortunate if they are not seriously injured by the doses they have taken. They are disheartened in nine cases out of ten, and are, at length, really in need of good medical advice. They have paid the quack more money than a good practitioner would demand for his services, and have only been injured by their folly.

It may be safely said that no honest and competent physician will undertake to treat cases by letter. *No one worthy of patronage will guarantee a cure in any case*, for an educated practitioner understands that cases are many and frequent where the best human skill may be exerted in vain. Further than this, a physician of merit will not advertise himself in the newspapers, except to announce the location of his office or residence. Such physicians are jealous of their personal and professional reputations, and are proud of their calling, which is justly esteemed one of the noblest on earth. They are men of humanity and learning, and they take, perhaps, more pleasure in relieving suffering than in making money. If a patient cannot pay for their services, they give them free in the name of the Great Healer of all ills. They have no such things as private remedies. They use their knowledge for the good of mankind, and are prompt to make known their discoveries, so that all the world may enjoy the benefit, they themselves being rewarded with the fame of their inventions.

Not so with the quacks. A few have some medical knowledge, and are even graduates of regular colleges, but the majority have neither medical knowledge nor skill. They know their remedies are worthless, and they offer them only to make money. They know in many cases that their nostrums will inflict positive injury upon their victims; but they are careless of the harm they do. They live upon human misery.

We may safely assure the reader that not one single physician, so called, who conducts his business by means of advertisements or circulars, is really competent to treat the cases he professes to cure, and that no one knows this better than himself. Do not answer any advertisement you may see in the newspapers. They are worthless. Above all do not take the medicines sent you by the advertisers. Some of them are poisonous substances. If you doubt this assertion, take the compound to any druggist of your acquaintance, and ask him to analyze it, and tell you what it is worth as a healing agent. If you need medical advice, go to some physician that you know and have confidence in. Don't put yourself in the hands of a man you know nothing of, who would just as soon poison you as heal you, and who pursues his calling, in most cases, in violation of the laws of the land. Let quack doctors, or, in other words, advertising doctors, alone_.

PATENT MEDICINES.

As a general rule, the various medicines advertised as "specifics," or "panaceas," for various ills, are humbugs. They are worthless. Many of them are made up of harmless drugs, which can do no harm, if, as is very certain, they do no good; but others are composed of very dangerous substances. The remedies advertised for "private diseases" rarely fail to make the patient worse, either by aggravating the disease itself, or by permanently injuring the constitution. The "Elixirs of Life," "Life Rejuvenators," "Vital Fluids," etc., are either dangerous poisons, or worthless draughts. They contain mercury to a very large extent; and anyone acquainted with the properties of this substance can easily understand how great is the danger of using them. The certificates accompanying them, as testimonials of their merits, are simply forgeries. Some rascally proprietors have not hesitated to use the names of prominent public men, without either their knowledge or consent, in this way. Some of these forgeries have been discovered and exposed, but the majority pass unnoticed. Rest assured, dear reader, that men of character are very chary of such use of their names.

The various bitters which flood the country are only cheap whiskey, or rum and water, made nauseous with drugs. They have no virtue whatever, as medicinal agents, and merely injure the tone of the stomach. Their chief result is to establish the habit of intemperance. They are more fiery than ordinary liquors, and more destructive in their effects.

The various medicinal wines which are offered for sale, are decoctions of elderberry juice and kindred substances, and are more hurtful than beneficial.

The "washes," "lotions," "toilet fluids," etc., are generally apt to produce skin diseases. They contain, in almost every instance, substances which are either directly or indirectly poisonous to the skin.

The "tooth washes," "powders," and "dentrifices," are hurtful. They crack or wear away the enamel of the teeth, leave the nerve exposed, and cause the teeth to decay. If you are wise, dear reader, you will never use a dentrifice, unless you know what it is made of. The principal constituent of these dentrifices is a powerful acid, and there are some which contain large quantities of sulphuric acid, one single application of which will destroy the best teeth in the world.

The "hair dyes," advertised under so many different names, contain such poisons as nitrate of silver, oxide of lead, acetate of lead, and sulphate of copper. These are fatal to the hair, and generally injure the scalp.

The "ointments" and "onguents," for promoting the growth of whiskers and moustaches, are either perfumed and colored lard, or poisonous compounds, which contain quick lime, or corrosive sublimate, or some kindred substance. If you have any acquaintance who has ever used this means of covering his face with a manly down, ask him which came first, the beard, or a troublesome eruption on the face.

RETIRED PHYSICIANS.

One of the popular "dodges" of the rogues who sell such compounds as we have been describing, is to insert such an advertisement as the following in the newspapers of the country.

"A RETIRED PHYSICIAN, of forty years' practice, discovered, while in India, a sure remedy for consumption, bronchitis, colds, etc. Having relinquished his practice, he has no further use for the remedy, and will send it free on receipt of a three cent stamp to pay return postage."

Sometimes the advertisement is that of a "retired clergyman," and sometimes it is in the following form:

"A lady who has been cured of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers, the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, Mrs.—, P. O. box —, New York, and the prescription will be sent free by return mail."

A single moment's reflection ought to convince any sensible person that the parties thus advertising are humbugs. It costs a great deal to advertise, and as the announcements we refer to can be seen in every paper in the land, it is safe to say that the "retired physician" and "clergyman," or the "nervous lady," expend each from five to ten thousand dollars per annum in advertising. The reader will see at a glance, that, however benevolent such parties may be, they cannot afford to give away so much money every year. The manner in which the business is managed is as follows:

The "retired physician" and "clergyman," and the "nervous lady," are one and the same individual. The man personating them is an ignorant knave. He scatters his advertisements broadcast over the land. Letters come, asking for his valuable recipe. He sends the prescription, and notifies the party asking for it, that if the articles named in it cannot be procured by him at any drug store convenient to him, he, the "retired physician," "clergyman," or "nervous lady," will furnish them, upon application, at a certain sum, (generally averaging five dollars,) which he assures him is very cheap, as the drugs are rare and expensive. The articles named in the prescription are utterly unknown to any druggist in the world, and the names are the production of the quack's own brains, and, as a matter of course, the patient is unable to procure them at home, and sends an order for them with the price, to the "retired physician," "clergyman," or "nervous lady," and in return receives a nostrum compounded of drugs, which any apothecary could have furnished at one half the expense. In this way the "benevolence" of the quack is very profitable. Men have grown rich in this business, and it is carried on to an amazing extent in this city. It is done in violation of the law, and the benevolent individual not unfrequently falls into the hands of the police, but, as soon as released, he opens his business under a new name. As long as there are fools and dupes in the world, so long will the "retired physician" find an extensive practice.

Any one who chooses to do so, can verify our statement by a simple application at the police headquarters of this city. The accomplished and energetic Superintendent of the Metropolitan force is a

stern foe to swindlers of all kinds, and he can furnish any one who desires it with more interesting details on this subject than we can possibly give. One proof of our assertions is the fact that these quack doctors and patent medicine proprietors rarely use their own names in their business. They operate under a variety of *aliases*.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE RACES.

The old "Fashion Course," on Long Island, which was formerly the scene of the triumphs of the monarchs of the turf, has of late been eclipsed by the course at "Jerome Park," in West Chester county. This course is situated near Fordham, and is the private property of Mr. Leonard W. Jerome. The grounds are large, and handsomely ornamented, and the race-course has been prepared with great care and skill. The meetings of the American Jockey Club are held here. They attract vast crowds. The best points of view, and the most beautiful parts of the grounds, are reserved exclusively for the use of the members of the club and their friends, and the remainder of the enclosure has been thrown open to the public. Mr. Jerome's liberality is appreciated by the outside throng, and the races are not marred with any act of rowdyism or lawlessness.

The races are the occasion of a great deal of money changing hands. Bets are freely offered and taken on the various horses, and the struggle of the noble beasts is watched by thousands of anxious eyes. The greatest excitement prevails amongst the *elite* in the private stands, as well as throughout the common herd below. Every eye is strained to watch the swift coursers as they whirl down the track, and when the quarter-stretch is gained, the excitement is beyond all control. The victor steed flashes with lightning speed by the judges' stand amidst a storm of cheers and yells of delight. Bayonet, Bonnie Lass, and Stonewall Jackson, are the favorites, and the winning horses during the present season.

The course is still new, but the system which it has inaugurated is becoming more thorough every year. The management is in the hands of gentlemen of character, who are seeking to make at least one place in the country where the blackguards and reckless gamblers who disgrace the American turf shall be powerless to control affairs. The benefits of this management will be very great. The stock of the State will be vastly improved, and the metropolis, especially, will be able to boast some of the finest blooded racers in the world.

During the meetings, the road from the city to the course, which lies through the Central Park, presents a scene richly worth witnessing. It is thronged with brilliant equipages, and some of the finest and most dashing horses to be seen in America. All classes are represented. You will see Commodore Vanderbilt, with his fine buggy and splendid trotters, while, behind him, follows hard a butcher's cart and its merry occupants, the fiery little cob throwing the dirt in the eyes of many a Fifth Avenue team. The greatest good humor is manifested on all sides, and all press forward eagerly to witness the sport in store for them at "Jerome Park."

CHAPTER LIX.

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

In almost any New York journal you will find such advertisements as the following:

"An honorable gentleman, established in business, desires for a wife a lady of means and respectability. Address M. J. P., Station D, New York."

"A gentleman of the highest respectability, who has lately come into possession of a large fortune, desires to make the acquaintance of a lady with a view to matrimony. Must be handsome, accomplished, amiable, healthy, and pious, and not over twenty-five. Address Husband, Herald office."

It is probable that some of the parties thus advertising may be in earnest, but it is very certain that

matrimony is the last intention of the majority of them. There are not many persons who will care to marry a woman won through the columns of a newspaper. Such simpletons would deserve whatever trouble or shame such an alliance would bring about.

Many young men and women insert these advertisements for the sake of "having a little sport," though, as we shall show, the sport thus produced is of a very dangerous character.

A DANGEROUS PLEASURE.

A young man, not long since, advertised for a wife through the columns of a city paper, merely designing the affair as a piece of sport. His communication was answered by a woman, whose handwriting was that of an educated person. Several letters passed between the parties, and the young man, wishing to see his unknown correspondent, asked an interview with her. She demanded to know if he really meant to marry her. She would not see him without a positive answer on this point. She enclosed him her photograph. The picture was that of a young and beautiful woman, and of course inflamed the young man's desire to see the original. It would have been well for him if he had dropped the correspondence at once, but he foolishly allowed himself to be led on farther, and wrote to the woman, declaring that he was serious in his intentions, and would marry her if she would have him. He consoled himself with the thought that he had signed a fictitious name to the letter. The next day he received a communication from the woman, asking him to call upon her at her residence, which was given. He did so. He found that her picture had not deceived him—that she was both young and beautiful.

She received him graciously, and in the course of the conversation asked him if the letters she held in her hand, were his. He glanced at them, and assured her that they were. After a short interview, he took his departure, promising to visit her the next day. Judge his surprise when she saluted him, upon his return, by his proper name. In great confusion, he denied his name, but she quietly told him that he had been followed from her house by friends of hers on the previous night. She had taken good care to establish his identity. Besides that, she had had two witnesses concealed behind the heavy window curtains during the previous day, who had overheard his acknowledgment of his written offer of marriage. She told him frankly that she had no wish to marry him, and would surrender to him his letters, and leave him in peace, if he would pay her five thousand dollars. If he refused, she would bring suit against him for ten thousand dollars damages for a breach of promise. He refused her demand, and left the house. He went immediately to a lawyer and laid his case before him. The lawyer consented to see the woman, and report the result of his interview. He did so, and the result was that, finding the woman to be one with whom no man's name ought to be associated in such a matter, and seeing that her case was so strong, he advised his client to comply with her demand, and receive back his letters. This advice was taken, and the young man, who was, fortunately for him, quite wealthy, and able to pay the money, secured his letters and lost his money. He has not advertised for a wife since then.

Men, however, are not often caught in this way. The victims are chiefly young girls, who think it a fine thing to answer an advertisement. One of these foolish girls, living in a neighboring State, once answered an advertisement for a wife, thinking it would be fine fun to carry on such a correspondence. She received and replied to several letters, but as she signed her true name to none of her own, considered herself safe. She was surprised one day by being summoned into the parlor by her father. She there found a villainous looking fellow, who announced himself as her correspondent. He had come from New York with his last letter, and had watched the post-office, until he heard the young girl call for it, and had followed her home. He had all her letters with him, and demanded five hundred dollars as the price of them, threatening, in case he was refused, to make the matter public in the town. The girl was overwhelmed with shame and confusion at her folly, and her father was very angry with her. He threatened to have the man arrested for endeavoring to extort money in such a manner, but the fellow reminded him that such a course would only make the scandal greater. There was no help for it. The girl had been foolish, but had done nothing to merit the scandal which would ensue if the matter were made public, so the father bought back the letters at the scoundrel's price, and the affair was hushed up. The girl was cured of her folly, and will never again commit so thoughtless and foolish a blunder.

By far the greatest number of advertisements of this kind are inserted by persons who wish to levy black mail upon those who are foolish enough to reply to them. Persons unaccustomed to these wretches cannot imagine how patiently and persistently they will work to discover the names of their correspondents. Distance is no obstacle to them, for they can follow a letter anywhere. The best plan is not to notice matrimonial advertisements at all.

MATRIMONIAL BROKERS.

There are several women in the city who advertise to introduce strangers into the best society, and to procure wives and husbands from the same element for their customers. As a general rule, these women are simply procuresses. If, however, a man desiring to marry a woman in this city, seeks their aid, they will always find some means of assisting him. The charge for their services is either a percentage on the lady's fortune, or a certain specified sum. The woman, or broker, will devise some means of making the acquaintance of the lady against whom her arts are to be directed, and will proceed cautiously, step by step, until she has caused her victim to meet the man for whom she is working. The arts used vary according to circumstances, but they rarely fail of success. Men who wish to accomplish the ruin of some innocent girl, also seek the aid of these brokers, and frequently, through their assistance, effect their purpose. If it is necessary, the victim, after being allured to the broker's house, is drugged. These women are the vampires of society. It is very difficult for the authorities to make a case against them, and they generally go unpunished.

CHAPTER LX.

PERSONALS.

The first column of the *Herald*, and a prominent column of nearly all the city papers, bears the above heading. The advertisements in these columns are curiosities in their way. The most confidential communications are inserted here without fear of detection. Where meetings are desirable, and letters would be read by parties interested in preventing such meetings, these personals accomplish the object quickly and without danger. The vilest and most infamous transactions are thus arranged. Roués make appointments with their victims, thieves announce to each other some plan of action for a daring robbery, and false wives notify their lovers of the time and place of a future meeting. All classes use the personal column for all purposes. Some of the advertisements are utterly unintelligible to any but those for whom they are intended. Others are easily deciphered.

"SERVED HIM RIGHT."

The following, which we clip from a city paper, will explain one use to which the personal column is put. We need hardly say that all such affairs do not end so harmlessly:

A few months ago, the following personal advertisement appeared in one of our morning papers:

'SWEET FACE AT THE WINDOW.—Will the beautiful young lady who smiles nearly every morning upon the gent who rides past her house on the Eighth Avenue cars, have the kindness to address a note to "Admirer," Station "E," stating when and how an interview may be had?'

Chancing to know the smitten youth, who inserted this amorous 'personal,' we resolved to see what came of it. He was what is generally termed a quiet man, and the last person in the world to engage in a flirtation. It seemed even strange that he should venture to such an extreme in order to make the acquaintance of any lady, and that he must have been desperately in love with that 'sweet face at the window' was the only conclusion that we could arrive at.

The next day he received nine different letters in answer to this advertisement, showing beyond a doubt that there was more than one 'sweet face at the window' that smiled on some fortunate passenger or other, every morning, and who undoubtedly imagined that her face was the one alluded to by this advertiser.

Our friend was in a quandary. Some natures would have embraced them all, but his heart only sought the one 'sweet face' that had haunted him so long, and in his perplexity he sought our counsel. It was finally arranged that he should answer the entire lot, and appoint a meeting with each at a well-known restaurant, where, unknown to all save the one he sought, he could not only have an opportunity of viewing the other 'sweet faces,' but see and recognize the one he sought for without disturbing the expectations of the others.

The evening came, and our friend entered the saloon and took a position at a table where he could observe all who entered. As the hour approached, quite a number of ladies came in, and took seats at various tables. They each bore on their 'sweet faces' looks of expectancy, and after taking a good observation of each gentleman present, they placed themselves in such positions as to be able to see

whoever entered after them. There might have been a question about the peculiar 'sweetness' of all of them, but there could be none relative to their matrimonial desires. They all, or a majority of them, had passed that bewitching period when woman's charms are the most enticing, and seemed anxious not to pass into the sere and yellow leaf without some one on whom they could lean for support.

Finally his eye fell upon the object of his search. He left the table and his refreshments, and approached her as she came toward him. The meeting was as cordial as might have been expected, and even more so. He led her back to the table he had just left, and, ordering more refreshments, he fell to talking in the most cordial manner, while the other 'waiting ones' looked on in wonderment. To a few of them the truth was plain, but a majority still lingered in hopes of being made as happy as the other young lady now appeared to be. But our friend soon sought the open air with his fair companion, leaving the others to whatever fate might be in store for them.

She was really a fine looking woman, and those qualities, taken in connection with a good education and a quaint brilliancy of conversation, would have made her really attractive to any man of taste, and, on this occasion, completely carried our poor friend's heart by storm. The hours glided by, like the silvery chime of bells, and before ten o'clock, the hour mentioned as the one bordering her furthest stay, she had completely won our bachelor friend, and counted him among her jewels new.

So sincere and true is he that he is too apt to look for the same qualities in others, and, in this instance, he bared his whole heart and confessed his love. But she had such a delightful way of laughing off a serious proposition, and of disserting that the lover was only trying to make himself agreeable, (which, under such circumstances, was perfect justifiable, she thought,) and that he would probably forget her when out of sight, and in the presence of a handsomer face; that, to say nothing of their short acquaintance, it could not be that he really meant anything of the kind, so that by the time he had arrived at the location of where they were to part, she had completely dazed the poor lover, and leaving him with a kind good-night, he stood riveted to the spot, gazing after her as one gazes on the track of a meteor.

No sleep for him that night. The next morning, as he rode down to business, that 'sweet face at the window' greeted him, more radiant than ever, but at the same time more puzzling; for mingling with the ripple of her smile, there was something that looked like triumph on her face. At all events, from the first hour of their meeting a capital flirtation was kept up on her part, although her victim was in downright earnest, and deeply in love.

With all the ardor of Romeo, he sought to win her love; to turn her from the lightness and frivolity of coquetting, to the more womanly aspirations of home and marriage, and to penetrate the veil of mystery and doubt in which she seemed enfolded, and into which she plunged herself the more closely if followed. But all to no purpose. Weeks and months passed away, and she seemed to be enjoying her new sensation hugely. Drives through the park, excursions to the suburbs, balls, operas, theatres, all, all in the same mode, and all seemingly looked upon as the adjuncts of a splendid flirtation.

At last he awoke from the spell she had cast so bewitchingly around him, and openly accused her of trifling with his affections, and of caring nothing whatever for him beyond the part he acted as beau and cavalier, which part he had become tired of acting. To this she plead not guilty in such eloquent terms, bringing to her aid a woman's most powerful auxiliaries, her tears, that the poor dupe repented of his accusations, and was ready to fall upon his knees and crave her pardon.

She loved him, she said, but why should either of them rush madly and blindly into matrimony, without considering or knowing each other? How could either of them be sure that their present love would continue beyond a honeymoon? In this way she paved the road for another six months' flirtation, during the continuation of which she managed to conceal her identity as effectively as ever.

But there came a time when the mask fell, and the veil was rent in twain. A gentleman waited upon him one evening, an entire stranger, having in his hand a small box, which he placed upon the table, and accepted a seat with coldness and importance. He was, he said, and perhaps unfortunately, the husband of the young woman to whom our friend had been paying his attentions for quite a time, and, as he had been convinced that he was acting innocently and in the dark, he had come to make an explanation.

The poor fellow attempted to speak, but some emotion choked his utterance; and he reseated himself in the chair from which he had arisen. The man went on to state that he had become acquainted with his wife in a similar way to the one which had brought them together; that he had married her, and had been compelled to witness the continuation of her flirtations, and acknowledged that our friend was not the only one with whom she was maintaining such relations even then. He then coolly opened the box and handed him back the various presents he had bestowed upon his wife, after which he retired as politely as possible.

"The lover was cured. He patronizes another line of horse cars, and to this day never allows himself to be led into another flirtation, however attractive may be a 'sweet face at the window.'"

CHAPTER LXI.

SOLDIER MINSTRELS.

You may see at certain points on Broadway, maimed and battered veterans, sitting through the whole day grinding a hand-organ for a living. These men have heard sterner music than that by which they earn their scanty subsistence, and have participated in a nobler struggle for life.

THE STORY OF A PATRIOT.

In the spring of 1861, there went through the States of the Union a cry that had never been heard in them before. It was the thrilling appeal of the Union for aid against its foes. How it was answered, how thousands of warriors started forth at the call, all men know.

Among those who responded to this call, was a young man just entering upon the great drama of life. He had worked hard during his boyhood, and was at this time one of the most promising and skilful mechanics in one of our eastern cities. It was a great sacrifice for him to abandon all the bright prospects before him; but the love of country was warm in his breast, and he made the sacrifice cheerfully.

John Williams saw his first active service in the numerous outpost and picket encounters, which marked the autumn and winter of 1861, while the army under General McClellan was organizing on the banks of the Potomac. There he distinguished himself by his firmness and vigilance, as well as by his unflinching courage.

[Illustration: The Soldier Minstrel.]

When the campaign of the Peninsula began, he was with the advance of the army, and participated in the great reconnoissance of the 5th and 6th of April, 1862. At Williamsburg he was wounded in the arm, and did not return to the army until the great battles of 'the seven days' had commenced. He bore himself bravely through the whole of this trying time, and came out of the fights unhurt.

During the retreat through White Oak Swamp, it was necessary to destroy a small foot-bridge over a little watercourse. The enemy were pressing on behind, and the task of demolishing the bridge was one of great danger. General Sumner, seeing the condition of affairs, called for one volunteer to cut away the log that still supported the structure. John Williams sprang forward, and, seizing the axe which was held out to him, dashed towards the bridge. In another instant his heavy blows were falling on the log, sending its chips right and left. He had scarcely begun when the enemy's skirmishers appeared on the other side of the stream. Seeing him thus engaged, they opened a rapid fire upon him. The balls flew all around him, two went through his hat, and his comrades looked every moment for his death. But he did not shrink from his post. He only brought the axe down heavier and faster upon the log. A minute of painful suspense to his friends went by, and then the bridge fell, with a crash, into the stream. Waving his cap triumphantly, the brave fellow rejoined his company. For this gallant deed Private Williams was, at General Sumner's special request, made a corporal.

From Harrison's Landing he went with the army to the Potomac again, and followed McClellan to South Mountain and Antietam. Here his conduct again drew upon him the notice of his officers; and when the army lay at Harper's Ferry, preparatory to its advance into Virginia, he received his sergeant's warrant, and a flattering note from General Sumner, who, although wounded himself, had not forgotten him.

He was at Fredericksburg, and there lost his left arm. It was a severe trial to him, for in the trade to which he had been trained, and to which he hoped to return at the close of the war, both arms were necessary. Nevertheless, he bore up against everything, and submitted to his long and painful suffering as only a brave man can. When the wound was healed, he went back to his command. He had no idea of claiming his discharge for the loss of only one arm. He said, cheerfully, he would only leave the service when the other arm, or a leg, went from him.

He was well enough to participate in the battle of Chancellorsville, but not sufficiently restored to health to meet the fate which there befell him, for, toward the close of the second day's engagement, he was taken prisoner. A few days later he was marched to Richmond, and there became an inmate of the famous 'Libby prison.' A dreary attack of sickness followed his arrival there, and lasted several months.

Hospital life, even among one's own friends, is not pleasant. To a prisoner, among his enemies, even though they be kind and humane, it is horrible. He is constantly haunted by the fear that he will die there, and that his fate will never be known to his friends at home. So, in spite of the bravery of Sergeant Williams, this feeling constantly preyed upon him and retarded his recovery.

The weeks and months went by slowly, and at last the long imprisonment came to an end. The sick man was sent back to the North, among a number of others, who were exchanged under a special arrangement. A furlough was granted him to go home and recruit his health. He was so weak and thin when he went back to his old home, that his friends scarcely knew him. But his native air, and the cheerful home scenes, soon brought him up again, and when he returned to his regiment, he was as well and as hearty as ever. He reached the army just after Grant had taken command of it, and was reorganizing it for the last grand campaign against Richmond.

He began the march with a light heart and happy anticipations. They were cut short at Cold Harbor, where he lost his right leg. His days of service were now over, and he went into the hospital to await his recovery, when he would have to go back to the world unfitted for almost any avocation. Still he consoled himself with the hope that the people for whom he had fought and suffered, would not let him lack for some means of employment.

When he was able to leave the hospital, the war had been decided, and the great struggle was over. He received his honorable discharge from the government, and transportation to the city where he had enlisted. After a brief rest, he set about looking for employment.

It was a harder task than he had anticipated. No one had anything for him to do, 'Times were so dull,' 'there was so little to do,' that no one could think of employing him. In vain he urged his services to the country and for them. They were very sorry for him. They would help him if they could; but really it was impossible.

Every day his small stock of money grew smaller, and with it his hopes grew fainter. At last he disappeared from the notice of his friends, to re-appear again in a short time under different circumstances.

One day his friends were attracted by the sight of a crowd collected around a cracked and rickety hand-organ. Approaching it they found that the organ-grinder was no less a person than Sergeant Williams. He was clad in his suit of faded blue, with his sergeant's chevrons and all. He was grinding away at his old hand-organ as the last means left him for support. Every day he may be seen along the principal streets of the city, patiently and sadly earning his pittance in this way—a mode so very repugnant to one's manhood.

This is the end and reward of his services and sufferings. In a land so prosperous, so favored as our own, a soldier of the Union, in his garb of honor, who has given for his country everything but his life, is forced to resort to an avocation formerly considered only fit for vagrants. It is no discredit to him, for he bears himself there as proudly as he did when following the old flag; but there is a bitter, burning sense of wrong in his heart. Perhaps you may know, dear reader, who is responsible for it.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE ABATTOIRS.

Formerly the city was much injured and rendered unhealthy, by the practice of killing animals for market in the crowded sections. In the summer these slaughtering establishments were perfect pesthouses. Now the slaughtering is done almost entirely at the abattoirs, or slaughter houses, at Communipaw, New Jersey. The buildings used for this purpose are large, and are fitted up with every convenience. The cost of killing is slight, and the butchers are well repaid by having their meat sent to them in excellent condition. The abattoirs are situated on the shore of the bay, where the pure sea breezes keep them fresh and healthful, and the refuse matter and filth are thrown into the water and

carried off by the tide.

The mode of slaughtering is by machinery, as far as possible, and is a great improvement on the old method. Any one who has witnessed the slaughtering of animals in our small butcher shops could not fail noticing that more brutality was used upon the creatures than was necessary to secure death. According to methods which were formerly general in their application, and now are by no means exceptions to the practice, beeves were killed with heavy hammers, the butcher pegging away upon their heads until insensibility ensued; and sheep and hogs were either pounded to death or see-sawed across the throat until their heads were nearly severed from their bodies. When the bodies were shipped for market, much difficulty was found in effecting a ready sale, on account of their bruised and bloodless appearance. The system by which the work is performed at the abattoirs is as humane and painless to the animal as the taking of life can be; and as a large portion of the business is done by machinery, the bodies are not subject to contusions, and, consequently, present a fresh, healthy appearance after death. To show the superiority of the new system over the old method of slaughtering was the object of our former illustrations. Upon recent observation, we found that where the average weekly number of cattle killed, dressed, and shipped was about fifteen hundred, that of hogs was nearly ten times as great, and we now give a faithful representation of this portion of the work.

"The apartment in which hogs are slaughtered is upon the second floor of the building, and our first scene is that of the pen into which the animals are driven from their quarters. A chain clasp, patented by Mr. P.W. Dalton, who superintends this department, is fastened to one of the hind legs, and this being attached to a rope connected with a huge wheel, the hog is raised from the floor and swung to a stand, where a ring of the clasp is caught on a large hook descending from the axle of a sheave or wheel, which runs along a railway, and the hog is pushed through a small passage-way into a second pen.

"By the time it has reached this place, its excitement has subsided, and it hangs in a comparatively quiet manner. The butcher watches a fitting opportunity, and cuts the hog's throat with a sharp knife, and swings it further along on the railway.

"As soon as each sheave is used the hogs are lowered into the scalding-tub, which is about fourteen feet long, four feet wide, and three and a half feet deep. They are allowed to remain in boiling water one minute, and are then turned out upon the scraping-bench by an instrument extending across the tub, and furnished with several long teeth. At this bench are about fourteen men, each of whom has something to do on every hog that is sent down. The first two on each side, technically known as scuddlers, scrape the bristles from the head and shoulders; the next four shave, with long knives, the remainder of the body, and roll it to the end of the bench, where a final scraping takes place; a gambrel is inserted in the hind legs, and the hog is forwarded on a sheave to the dressers' table.

"For this work there are several men, each one having a special portion assigned to him. As soon as the entrails have been removed, and the body properly cleansed, it is removed to the drying apartment, where it remains suspended on parallel 'runs' until the following day, when it is weighed, and then delivered to the wagons from windows, by means of shoots. The entrails, and other portions removed from the bodies, are taken to another part of the building, where a most extensive and complete lard manufactory is in constant operation.

"Here are eight monster iron caldrons, into which the raw material is thrown; a powerful current of steam is introduced from beneath, and the fat is rapidly reduced to a liquid state. It is then run off into smaller vats, where it remains to settle and cool sufficiently to be packed for shipping. During the busy season one hundred and twenty tierces of pure lard and forty tierces of soap grease are drawn off daily. The sediment at the bottom of the vats is removed, and assists in filling up the Hackensack river.

"With all the hurry and confusion incident to the immense amount of work done, it is remarkable how the building can be kept in so inoffensive a condition, and all the labor performed in such a quiet and orderly manner. The most scrupulous cleanliness is observed in every department, and the ventilation is perfect."

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE MORGUE.

There is located on the East river side of the great city, an establishment which has been but lately introduced. It is the Morgue, or Dead House, and is modelled after the famous place of the same name in Paris. Bodies found in the streets, or in the harbor, are brought here and left a certain time for identification. Each article of clothing found upon them, or any trinket, or other property, which might lead to the discovery of the name and friends of the dead, is carefully preserved. Bodies properly identified are surrendered to the friends of the deceased. Those unclaimed are interred at the expense of the city, and their effects are preserved a much longer time for purposes of identification.

It is a gloomy looking building, this Morgue, and it is rarely empty. In a dark, cheerless room, with a stone floor, there are rows of marble slabs supported by iron frames. Over each one of these is a water jet. Stretched on these cold beds, are lifeless forms, entirely covered with a sheet except as to their faces, which stare blankly at the dark ceiling. A constant stream of fresh water falls on the lifeless breasts, and trickles over the senseless forms, warding off decay to the latest moment, in the vain hope that some one to whom the dead man or woman was dear in life may come and claim the body. It is a vain hope, for but a few bodies are claimed. Nearly all go to the potter's field, where they sleep well in their nameless graves.

The dark waters of the rivers and bay send many an inmate to this gloomy room. The harbor police, making their early morning rounds, find some dark object floating in the waters. It is scarcely light enough to distinguish it, but the men know well what it is. They are accustomed to such things. They grapple it and tow it in silent horror past the long lines of shipping, and pause only when the Morgue looms up coldly before them in the uncertain light of the breaking day. The still form is lifted out of the water, and carried swiftly into the gloomy building. It is laid on the marble slab, stripped, covered with a sheet, the water is turned on, and the room is deserted and silent again. Shall we tell you the story, reader, of this unfortunate man.

Step back with us, and look at the face lying so cold and white under the trickling water. It is that of a young man; there is a deep gash in the forehead, and the sheet over the breast is stained with blood.

Only two days ago this young man, in high health, and full of life and spirits, left his home in a neighboring State for a visit to the great city. A mother's blessing and a sister's kiss hallowed his departure, and even his faithful dog seemed loth to part from him. He laughed at the fears of his dear ones, and gayly promised a speedy and safe return. [Footnote: The reader will find this story told with inimitable fidelity in our illuminated title page, the scenes embodied in that engraving explain themselves, and convey no uncertain warning.] He reached the city, and his business was soon transacted. He had heard much in his country home of the dangers to which unsophisticated strangers were apt to fall in the Metropolis, but he had laughed at the idea of his being so silly as to allow himself to be treated so. He would take just one glance at the shady side of city life, to satisfy his curiosity, and have something to talk about at home, and would then start on his return. He would merely be a looker on.

A gaudy transparency in front of a cellar caught his eye, and invited him to come and enjoy the hospitalities of Madame X—'s Varieties. An inward voice bade him shun the place, but as he was only going for curiosity, he silenced the faithful monitor, and boldly entered. He would not have liked to have any friend see him there, and he entered the hall timidly. Not knowing what else to do, he seated himself at a neighboring table. The room was full of girls, whose very appearance made him blush for shame, and with men who eyed him with no friendly looks. In a moment, two girls came and seated themselves beside him, and bade him "be sociable." Not wishing to appear "verdant," the young man, whose rusticity was evident to every one in the room, threw off his timidity, and boldly ordered liquor. He drank deeply, to keep up his courage, and, determining to "have his fun out," commenced a lively conversation with the girls. A man and a woman soon sought the same table, and the party became the very merriest in the room. The young man, who had come only through curiosity, was determined to enjoy himself. At a late hour, he left the hall, with just enough of reason remaining to know what he was doing. As he reached the street he was joined by two men, who had followed him from the saloon. Accosting him, they told him they were glad he had left the hall.

"Why?" he asked in surprise.

"Because," he answered, "those girls you were with had laid a plan to make you drunk, and rob you. They know you are a stranger in the city, and they are after your money."

The young man's liquor had robbed him of his discretion, and he answered, thickly, that he had over two hundred dollars with him, that he had collected that day. A look of intelligence passed between the two men. One of them asked the young man if he would not go into a neighboring barroom and drink with them. He muttered something about wanting to go to his hotel, but they assured him that, after a friendly drink, they would take him there. He went with them. Glasses were filled and drained, and the young man was in high spirits with his new friends. If the bar-keeper suspected anything, he held his

peace.

The three men then left the "Gin palace" together, and the young man, relying upon their promise to conduct him to his hotel, went with them without suspicion. They led him down dark, crooked streets, assuring him that he was almost at his lodgings. The air grew fresher and fresher, and at last the low ripple of the waves was heard as they dashed in upon the shore. A momentary ray of prudence flashed through the drunken helplessness of the doomed man, and, alarmed by the strangeness of the scene and the sight of the river, he stopped short, and declared he would go no further.

His prudence came too late. In an instant, he was felled to the ground by a heavy blow from one of his companions. At the same moment, they were joined by two other men, who came up so suddenly that they almost seemed to spring out of the darkness. A handkerchief was tied tightly over the victim's mouth, and, catching him up in their arms, the four men bore him rapidly out to the end of one of the most deserted piers. The sense of his danger roused the poor fellow from his drunken stupor, and almost sobered him. He struggled violently to free himself from his assassins, but they held him down with grips of iron. A heavy blow on the forehead from a "billy," rendered him senseless, and a well-aimed knife-thrust sent him into eternity. The murderers, accustomed to such work, quickly rifled his pockets of money, watch, and other valuables. Then there was a heavy splash in the dark water, and the secret was confided to the keeping of the silent stars.

The harbor police found the body, as we have described, and conveyed it to the Morgue.

Weary with waiting and watching, the friends of the young man will come hurriedly to the city, and the police authorities, who know well where to look for such missing ones, will take them to the Morgue, where their lost darling lies waiting for them.

Young man, if curiosity tempts you to seek to penetrate the secrets of the great city, remember that you may learn them only to your cost.

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE OLDEST MAN IN NEW YORK.

Strangers visiting the Church of the Ascension, in New York, cannot fail to notice the presence of an old gentleman, who occupies an arm-chair immediately in front of the chancel, in the middle aisle, and who gives the responses to the service in a very loud and distinct manner. This is, perhaps, the oldest man of the entire million of New York city inhabitants. It is Captain Lahrbush, formerly of the British army, but for the last twenty years a New York resident. He was born in London, on the 9th of March, 1765. It is not extravagant to say, that his life has been more remarkable, embracing more various and extraordinary experiences, than that of any one now living, in any quarter of the globe. He entered the military service of Great Britain, October 17, 1789, and fought, under the Duke of York, with the Sixtieth Rifles, in Holland, in the campaign of 1793. Five years later, he was present when Humbert surrendered to Lord Cornwallis, at Pallinauck, in Ireland. In 1801, he was with Lord Nelson at the taking of Copenhagen. In 1806-7, he was an attaché of the suite of Lord Castlereagh, at Vienna; and on the 22d of June, of the latter year, he witnessed the memorable interview between Napoleon and Alexander, at Tilsit. During the next two years, he was with the Duke of Wellington, in the Spanish peninsula, and was knighted at Talavera, having received promotion for distinguished gallantry at Busaco. In the year 1811, he was sent to the Cape of Good Hope, and bore a prominent part in the Caffre war of 1813. When Napoleon was imprisoned at St. Helena, Captain Lahrbush was charged with his personal custody, as commander of the guard, a delicate and responsible duty, which he performed for the greater part of 1816-17. The following year, wearying of the military profession, he sold his commission in the Sixtieth Rifles, and retired to private life, but subsequently went to Australia, in the capacity of superintendent of a convict station at Cathure; and in 1837, at the age of seventy-one, removed to Tahiti. From this point he made many voyages, to the East Indies, to China, and to different parts of South America. In 1842, in consequence of having taken sides with the Protestant missionaries against the Roman Catholic propaganda, he was forcibly removed from Tahiti to France, and took occasion of this removal to travel on the continent. In 1847, when eighty-one years of age, he undertook the management of Lord Howard de Welden's estate, in the Island of Jamaica; and, in 1848, came with his widowed daughter and grandson to New York. Both mother and child died soon after their arrival, leaving him, at his advanced age, lonely indeed. But the old man has lived on, to the present moment, in the enjoyment of unimpaired, and a truly wonderful degree of bodily health. In 1867, he celebrated

his one hundred and first birthday, at a breakfast in the house of an eminent gentleman of New York, where many officers and citizens were invited to meet him. His appearance is that of a hale man, and, as seen in church, he looks the junior of many others in the congregation. The most surprising fact connected with the old gentleman's prolonged life, is, that for many years he was in the habit of taking seventy-five grains of opium—and, on one occasion, he took one hundred and fifty grains in a dose. Though he has long abandoned the use of the drug, he feels certain he could drink half a pint of laudanum with impunity. Captain Lahrbush is said to retain, with surprising freshness, the scenes and events of some of the grandest and most imposing of modern history of which he has been the eye-witness. He speaks of Blucher as having been very good company, but a heavy drinker, who swore terribly at Napoleon. Louisa, the Queen of Prussia, he thought the handsomest woman of her time, and Alexander, of Russia, the most elegant-looking man in Europe. As for Napoleon, whose face he had an abundant opportunity to study, he declares that no likeness that was ever taken of him, conveys the proper idea of his features and their expression. The closest resemblance, he says, is that of the coins of the empire, especially the profile upon the five franc pieces.

CHAPTER LXV.

DIVORCE LAWYERS.

In any issue of certain city newspapers, you will see such advertisements as the following:

"Absolute divorces legally obtained, in New York, and States where desertion, drunkenness, etc., etc., are sufficient cause. No publicity; no charge until divorce obtained; advice free. M—B—, attorney, 56—street."

The persons so advertising are called divorce lawyers. They make a specialty of putting asunder "those whom God hath joined together."

The laws of New York specify but one ground for a complete divorce, adultery; but in spite of this these lawyers encourage persons to apply for a sundering of their matrimonial bonds.

A man or woman, wishing to get rid of his or her partner, applies to one of these lawyers, and a bargain is drawn up, signed and sealed, pledging the payment of a good round fee in case a divorce is obtained. The first step on the part of the lawyer is to obtain a thorough knowledge of the habits and movements of the person against whom the proceedings are directed. Private detectives, who also make a specialty of this kind of business, are set to watch the wife or husband. Every movement is observed, and every act tortured into meaning something unlawful. Sometimes a trap is laid in which the person is led and caught. Or, if evidence of a truthful nature cannot be procured; it is manufactured for a given price.

When everything is ready, a suit is brought in the proper Court. Charges are made against the fidelity of the party from whom the separation is desired. These charges may be true or false. If true, they are the result of the system of espionage carried on by the private detectives. If false, they are sustained by the testimony of suborned witnesses. It is the custom of the Courts not to try these applications openly, but to refer them to some lawyer of ability, who hears the evidence in chambers, and reports the result to the Court, with a recommendation either in favor of or against the divorce.

Lawyers of ability are not always men of integrity. It is owing to this fact, doubtless, that the referee generally reports in favor of the divorce, which the Court grants upon the strength of this report. However this may be, there is no doubt of the fact that divorces may be easily obtained by those who are willing to pay for them. There are many secret methods of procedure known only to the initiated, but there can be no doubt of the fact that justice has become so corrupt, in both this city and State, that its acts have lost that moral force which is so necessary to the national prosperity. Men of wealth can accomplish anything, and are sure of success from the moment their causes are presented in the Courts, while those who have not the means to pay for their freedom must remain yoked to their partners until death parts them.

CHAPTER LXVI.

PAWNBROKERS.

The sign of the three gilt balls is very common in the Great City, and where the ancient badge of the pawnbroker is not seen, the words "Exchange Office" answer the same purpose. The law recognizes the fact that in all large communities, these dealers are a necessary evil, and while tolerating them as such, endeavors to interpose a safeguard in behalf of the community, by requiring that none but persons of good character and integrity shall exercise the calling. In New York, the Mayor alone has the power of licensing them, and revoking their licenses, and none but those so licensed can conduct their business in the city. "But Mayors of all cliques and parties have exercised this power with, apparently, little sense of the responsibility which rests upon them. They have not, ordinarily at least, required clear proof of the integrity of the applicants; but have usually licensed every applicant possessed of political influence. There is scarcely any instance where they have revoked a license thus granted, even when they have been furnished, with proofs of the dishonesty of the holders." [footnote: Report of the Prison Association.]

As a consequence, the pawnbrokers of the city are, with a few exceptions, a most rascally set. They are little more than receivers of stolen goods. The police frequently trace stolen property to them. Upon one occasion a whole basket of watches was found in one of these establishments. Another possessed a diamond worth over seven hundred dollars, which had been pawned for two dollars and a half. It had been stolen by a servant girl.

Goods taken to these men are received by them without question. They advance a fraction of the value of the article which is to be redeemed at a certain time at a high rate of interest. If not redeemed, the article is sold. Some of these dealers do not wait for the expiration of the time when an article of value is concerned, but sell it at once, and flatly deny ever having received it. The rate at which all articles are taken is sufficiently low to render it certain that the sale of it will more than cover the advance.

The principal customers of these men are the poor. Persons of former respectability or wealth, widows and orphans, are always sure to carry with them into their poverty some of the trinkets that were theirs in the heyday of prosperity. These articles go one by one to buy bread. The pawnbroker advances not more than a twentieth part of their value, and haggles over that. He knows full well that the pledges will never be redeemed, that these unhappy creatures must grow less able every day to recover them. Jewelry, clothing, ornaments of all kinds, and even the wedding ring of the wife and mother, come to him one by one, never to be regained by their owners. He takes them at a mere pittance, and sells them at a profit of several hundred per cent.

You may see the poor pass into the doors of these shops every day. The saddest faces we ever saw were those of women coming away from them. Want leaves its victims no choice, but drives them mercilessly into the clutches of the pawnbroker.

The majority of the articles pawned are forced there by want, undoubtedly, but very many of them go to buy drink. Women are driven by brutal husbands to this course, and there are wretches who will absolutely steal the clothing from their shivering wives and little ones, and with them procure the means of buying gin. God help them all, the sinner and the sinned against.

DIAMOND BROKERS.

The best class of pawnbrokers lend money only on such securities as jewels. These are known as diamond brokers, and of course are patronized only by the upper classes, both respectable and disreputable.

'The tricks in trade,' practiced in connection with gems and precious stones, are almost infinite in variety, and the shifts of individuals, who are as extravagant personally as they are needy pecuniarily, to obtain them, are really wonderful in ingenuity and impudence.

To illustrate by a case in point: A diamond broker, whose office is located on the central portion of Broadway, was recently visited by a remarkably handsome and elegantly attired young lady, who at once entered upon business in a straightforward style, which greatly impressed the broker in her favor, he being a thorough business man himself. She wished to negotiate for a loan upon some diamonds in the possession, at that moment, of 'a Safe Deposit Co.,' where he could obtain a view of them, if the 'preliminaries' to this step were satisfactorily arranged. These 'preliminaries' consisted in information as to the amount of money the broker could at once advance, what rate of interest he would charge, how and when payments were to be made, etc., etc. These matters were pleasantly and precisely settled by a conversation of some ten minutes, during which the lady looked at and examined, merely with a natural feminine curiosity, a number of precious stones, pearls, etc., which were displayed in the

broker's cases for sale or show purposes. At last the lady rose to depart, appointing the hour of eleven the next morning as the time for their next meeting, when the lady would exhibit to the broker her diamonds, upon which, if they were as valuable as she represented, she was to obtain the agreed upon amount of money, on the terms already arranged.

As she rose to leave, however, the quick eye of the broker noticed that a valuable pearl was missing, and at once he 'made up his mind' as to the true character of his fair visitor, and the whereabouts of the missing pearl. He rushed to the door, barred the 'lady's' exit, and said, quietly but firmly, 'You have a pearl about your person which does not belong to you—restore it.' The lady assumed the looks and attitudes of the most virtuous and violent indignation, but in vain. The broker was inexorable and still barred the door of departure. 'You have been too light-fingered for me, I confess, madam. You are an accomplished woman, and have thrown me off my guard, but I must have my pearl, nevertheless.'

The lady still protested; the broker still persisted; finally the former, with a mingled aspect of wounded modesty and triumphant innocence, said: 'Sir, you may search my person if you like, and convince yourself of your gross mistake, but remember that you shall bitterly atone this outrage to which I am now forced to submit.' Without further parley the broker took the lady at her word, and searched her person—delicately or indelicately as you are disposed to regard it—but thoroughly, certainly. No pearl was found, and the lady, imagining her innocence to be hereby established, expected to find the broker overwhelmed with confusion; but, on the contrary, the gentleman referred to simply handed the woman a bottle, and coolly and firmly commanded her to drink therefrom. 'And wherefore should I drink?' asked the astonished woman. 'Because it is an emetic,' was the broker's reply. 'And what has the fact of this bottle containing an emetic to do with my swallowing its contents?' inquired the lady. 'Why, everything, answered her involuntary host, quietly; 'you have *swallowed* my pearl, and *this*, being a powerful emetic, will compel you to disgorge it. Come now, no nonsense, madam,' (still more quietly and *still* more firmly,) 'or you will compel me to communicate with the police.' The word police, that magically terrible word to the evil-doer, terminated the dialogue. The woman (who proved to be an adventuress of the most 'fashionable' order, whose very professional existence depended upon the 'secrecy' in which she 'operated,') was alarmed by the threat of publicity, and the criminal court, swallowed the emetic, and—need we say more than that the broker recovered his pearl, and the 'lady' left New York for a period.

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE MARKETS.

Two thirds of the people of New York deal with "corner groceries" and "provision stores," consequently there are very few markets in the city. The principal are the Fulton Market on East River, at the foot of Fulton street; the Washington, at the end of Fulton street, on North River; the Jefferson, at the corner of Sixth and Greenwich Avenues; and the Tompkins Market, opposite the Cooper Institute. The Washington Market is more of a wholesale than a retail establishment, as is also the Fulton Market. The supplies of meat, fish, and vegetables brought to the city, are originally sent to the wholesale dealers at these markets, to be sold on commission. The dealers will frequently go into the country and engage a truckman's entire crop of vegetables or fruits, and then retail them out to the city dealers at their own prices.

The streets in the vicinity of the markets on the two rivers are always dirty and crowded. The buildings themselves are outwardly dirty and uninviting. The interior, however, presents a sight worth witnessing. In the spring and summer it is filled with the most tempting displays of fruit and vegetables. One can hardly imagine that all this immense quantity will be eaten, but it does not require more than a day to get rid of the whole display. Fruits are high in the city and sell readily. The market is never overstocked. The same may be said of vegetables. Good vegetables are always in demand. All such things have to be brought so far to market, that by the time they reach the consumer's kitchen they are almost half-decayed. Those who can furnish pure fresh vegetables, or animal food, are always sure of doing a profitable business in the city.

Almost anything can be found in the Fulton Market. There are all kinds of provisions, eating-stands abound, bar-rooms are located in the cellars, cheap finery is to be seen in the stalls, books, newspapers, and periodicals are to be had at prices lower than those of the regular stores, ice creams, confections, and even hardware and dry goods are sold in the booths. The oysters sold here have a world-wide reputation. *Dorlan's* oyster-house is the most popular. It is a plain, rough-looking room, but

it is patronized by the best people in the city, for the wares sold here are famous. Ladies in full street dress, and young bloods in all their finery, come here to eat one of the proprietor's splendid stews.

Dorlan began business in New York more than thirty years ago; and has made a handsome fortune. He has done so by keeping the very best goods in the market. He is one of the best-known men in the city, and is deservedly popular. He is conscientious and upright in the minutest particular, and gives his personal attention to every detail of his business. Although wealthy to-day, he may be seen at his stand, in his shirt-sleeves, superintending the operations of his establishment, setting an excellent example to younger men who are seeking to rise in the world.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

The public buildings of New York are many, and, as a general rule, handsome. They are widely scattered over the island, and our limits forbid more than a notice of the principal structures.

THE CITY HALL.

This building is located in the Park, and is nearly opposite Murray street. It faces the south, and the ground line is perpendicular to Broadway. It is too small for the present uses of the city, having been built between the years 1803 and 1810. The front and ends are of marble, but the rear is of brown stone. It is said that the city fathers, at the time of its erection, thinking that the town would never extend beyond the lower line of the park, were anxious to save the additional cost of the marble at this side.

The clock-tower, and upper portions of the building, were set on fire by the pyrotechnical display in honor of the Atlantic Telegraph of 1859. They were rebuilt soon afterwards, in much better style.

[Illustration: The Bible House.]

Previous to the completion of the new cupola, our city fathers contracted with Messrs. Sperry & Co., the celebrated tower-clock makers of Broadway, to build a clock for it, at a cost not exceeding four thousand dollars, that our citizens might place the utmost reliance upon, as a time-keeper of unvarying correctness. During the month of April the clock was completed, and the busy thousands who were daily wont to look up to the silent monitor, above which the figure of Justice was enthroned, hailed its appearance with the utmost satisfaction. It is undoubtedly the finest specimen of a tower-clock on this side of the Atlantic, and, as an accurate time-keeper, competent judges pronounce it to be unsurpassed in the world. The main wheels are thirty inches in diameter, the escapement is jewelled, and the pendulum, which is in itself a curiosity, is over fourteen feet in length. It is a curious fact that the pendulum bob weighs over three hundred pounds; but so finely finished is every wheel, pinion, and pivot in the clock, and so little power is required to drive them, that a weight of only one hundred pounds is all that is necessary to keep this ponderous mass of metal vibrating, and turn four pairs of hands on the dials of the cupola. The clock does not stand, as many suppose, directly behind the dials, but in the story below, and a perpendicular iron rod, twenty-five feet in length, connects it with the dial-works above.

The building contains the offices of the Mayor and city officials.

In the rear of the City Hall is the new County Court House, which, when completed, will front on Chambers street, and constitute one of the handsomest edifices in the city. It is built of white marble.

THE PARK BANK,

Situated on Broadway, below Ann street, is a magnificent white marble edifice, ornamented with a profusion of statuary and carving. The bank-room is a model of beauty. The vaults are the most perfect and secure in the city.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY,

In Lafayette Place, is a substantial building of red brick. The property, and the library, are the gift of John Jacob Astor to the trustees, for the benefit of the cause of education throughout the land. The interior is in keeping with the exterior. It is simple and elegant, and contains a collection of over one hundred thousand volumes, carefully and judiciously selected. It is free to all persons, on condition of good behavior and careful usage of the books. The officers are courteous and obliging, and every care is taken to make the institution meet the wishes of its founder.

THE COOPER INSTITUTE,

In Astor Place, is a handsome freestone building, devoted to science and art. It occupies an entire block, and is the gift of Peter Cooper, Esq., to the public. It contains lecture rooms, rooms for experiments, free schools of science and art for the working classes, a reading room, and a library. The street floor and that, above are rented out for stores and offices, and yield an annual income of from twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars.

THE BIBLE HOUSE,

Faces the Cooper Institute, and occupies a whole block, being bounded by Third and Fourth Avenues, and Eighth and Ninth streets. It is an immense structure, nearly triangular in form. It is the property of the American Bible Society, and was erected at a cost of three hundred thousand dollars. The revenue of the society is about five millions of dollars annually. Thousands of copies of the Bible are printed here annually, and sold or distributed in all parts of the world. The Bible has been printed here in twenty-four different dialects, and parts of it have been issued in others still.

[Illustration: Cooper Institute.]

About six hundred persons find employment in this gigantic establishment. Of these about three hundred are girls, and twenty or thirty boys. The girls feed the presses, sew the books, apply gold-leaf to the covers ready for tooling, etc. About a dozen little girls are employed in the press-room in laying the sheets, of the best description of Bibles, between glazed boards, and so preparing them for being placed in the hydraulic presses. Every day there are six thousand Bibles printed in this establishment, and three hundred and fifty turned out of hand completely bound and finished. The sheets of the Arabic Bible, which has been so long in preparation, are now exhibited to visitors, and elicit universal admiration, both on account of the peculiarity of the character, and the striking neatness and elegance which the work exhibits. A large edition of this translation has just been forwarded to Constantinople. Much of the mechanical portions of this admirable work has been executed by children. They are fairly paid by the Society, and appear to be very happy and comfortable at their work.

THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN,

At the corner of Twenty-third street and Fourth Avenue, is one of the most beautiful edifices in the city. It is built in the pure Gothic style of the thirteenth century, and the external walls are composed of variegated marble. It has an air of lightness and elegance, that at once elicit the admiration of the gazer. The interior is finished with white pine, ash, mahogany, oak, and black walnut in their natural colors; no paint being used in the building. Schools of art, a library, reading room, lecture room, and the necessary rooms for the business of the institution, occupy the first and second stories. The third floor is devoted to the gallery of paintings and the sculpture room.

An annual exhibition is held during the winter months, when the public are admitted at a small charge. Only the works of living artists are exhibited.

The hospitals and benevolent institutions of the city are numerous, and are conducted in a liberal manner. Visitors are admitted to all of them at stated times, and much instruction and profit may be gained from an examination of the system upon which they are managed.

CHAPTER LXIX.

THE POST-OFFICE.

The General Post-office of the city is located on Nassau street, between Cedar and Liberty streets. It

was formerly the Middle Dutch Church, and was built long before the Revolution. It was in the old wooden steeple of this building that Benjamin Franklin practiced those experiments in electricity, which have made his name immortal. When the British occupied the city, during the War for Independence, they occupied this church for military purposes. The building was very greatly injured by the rough usage to which it was put, by its sacrilegious occupants. The pews and pulpit were broken up for firewood, and the building was used first as a prison, and then as a riding school. It was repaired in 1790, and again used for religious services. Some years later, it was purchased by the Government, and fitted up as a post-office. The growing business of the office has made it necessary to make so many additions to the structure, that it is hard at present to distinguish the original plan of the edifice. The building is much too small to accommodate the business required to be transacted within its walls, and efforts are being made to secure the erection of a larger and handsomer building, at the lower end of the City Hall Park. It is supposed that the movement in this direction will be successful, though the Government would seem, by its delay in the matter, not to consider it a matter of much importance to accommodate the citizens of the metropolis in this respect.

The Post-office being situated so low down in the city, it has been found necessary to establish branches, called "Stations," in the upper part of the island. They are distinguished by the letters "A," "B," "C," etc. Many persons receive and mail their correspondence here. The drop letter system places an immense amount of business in the hands of these stations.

Street boxes, for letters, are scattered through the city. They are never more than a block or two apart, in any of the streets below Fifty-ninth street, and the distances are not very great in the other portions of the island. Letters dropped in these boxes are collected seven or eight times during the day, and there is a delivery of letters and papers by the postman every hour. These are left at the houses of the parties to whom they are addressed, without additional charge. The system is excellent, and is a great convenience to all classes of the population.

CHAPTER LXX.

THE PATTERERS.

By this term we refer to the street vendors of the city, who hawk their wares through the public thoroughfares. A recent number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, of London, contains the following interesting description of this class:

As New York is the largest city in America, we naturally find more of this class there than anywhere else. It takes a long residence in the city to become familiar with them, for they vary with the season, and their occupations change according to circumstances. In many respects New York city resembles London or Paris. And so would any other town with a million of inhabitants, surrounded by a cluster of cities, which swell the united population to almost two millions. It may well be doubted if there is a city in Europe which presents so many strong characteristics as the American metropolis. The population of Manhattan Island is a mixture of all the peoples under the sun, fearfully and wonderfully jumbled together. About one thousand foreigners a day arrive in New York from all parts of the world the year round. The resident American is always coming in contact with Spaniards, Germans, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Africans, Chinese, Japanese, Indians, Mexicans, Scotchmen, Canadians, Englishmen, Arabs, Prussians, Swedes, and Italians. The Frenchman is as much at home as in his native Paris; the Scotchman hears the bagpipes in the City Hall Park, and sees the shepherd's dog at the Central Park; the Chinaman can find a whole street devoted to the selling of his teas, his native idols stare him in the face as advertisements before a Yankee shop door, and all the ladies on Broadway are toying with his fans; the Irishman rules the city, and hoists his green flag upon the public buildings; the African is the most important man in the crowd, and expects soon to colonize the whites in British America, or somewhere else, while the German has his sangerbunds and his schutzenfests and lager bier, and runs a *halle* and a boarding *haus*. Great is the mystery of New York.

But to the patterers. These are that large class of people who hawk their wares upon the street, or get a living at a stand. Some of them do a thriving trade, others barely eke out a miserable existence. Take them all in all, and they are a very curious class of people, interesting to study. A large number of them are women, from the oldest gray-haired grandmother, tottering on her cane, down to the young woman of sixteen. There are numerous little girls struggling to get a living, too, from three years old upwards. The women always excite our pity, and we patronize them in preference to the men.

The women patterers are usually a very ugly-looking set. That is, they are not handsome. Most of them are Irishwomen, although we now and then see an Italian or German woman. We never saw more than two American women patterers in New York, and have no recollection of ever seeing a Jewess, a Scotch woman, or a Spanish woman. The women and girls sell flowers, newspapers, candy, toothpicks, fruit, various kinds of food, turn hand-organs, sell songs, and beg. A woman never sells cigars or tobacco, and we have never seen one crying gentlemen's neckties. There is an old woman on Nassau street, not far from the General Post-office, who sits behind a stocking stall, covered with ladies' hose and gentlemen's socks, suspenders, mittens (the women always were fond of dealing in mittens) list slippers, yarns, and such stuff. So far as we know, this woman is an exception to her sex.

Very few women patterers in New York cry their wares. There is one ancient dame in the vicinity of St. John's Park, who screeches '*straw-ab-berries*' in the spring time, following it up in the summer with '*blackberrie-e-e-s*.' She seldom gets above Canal street, and always stays upon the west side of Broadway. Her voice has been familiar in that section of the city for the past five years, at least, and would be sadly missed if some day she should happen to get choked with one of her own *berries*, and, turning *black* in the face, be laid out on a bier of *straw* ready for *burial*.

There is a very stout old lady who always sits by the City Hospital gate, on Broadway. She has been in that selfsame spot, ever since before 'the late war,' and how much longer we know not. She is immensely stout, and must weigh at least two hundred pounds. Rain or shine, hot or cold, there she sits, with a little stand of newspapers before her—the *Tribune*, *World*, *Herald*, *Times*, and *Sun*. She only sells morning papers, and leaves when they are all sold. She always has her knitting-work, or sewing with her, and can often be seen making her own garments. Now and then she grows weary, the eyes close, the head falls forward, the mouth opens, the fingers stop, (still holding on to the knitting work,) and she dreams! What are her dreams? Possibly of a happy home in a distant land, a long time ago, when she was a little girl, and had a father to bless her, and a mother to love. A brace of omnibuses come thundering down the pavement, and she awakes. If people purchase papers of her while she is asleep they drop the pennies upon her stand, and pass on. This old body has a daughter who sells newspapers at a stand directly opposite, upon the other side of the street. The daughter is not as dutiful as she ought to be, and sometimes there is a family jar upon the street, not at all to the edification of those who witness it.

One of the saddest sights in New York is that of a pale-faced, light-haired woman, middle-aged, who can frequently be seen sitting on a Broadway curbstone behind a small hand-organ, from which she grinds a plaintive tune, the notes of which are seldom heard above the thunder of the street. She always appears bareheaded, and with a small child in her lap. The little straw hat of the babe is put upon the top of the organ to catch the pennies and bits of scrip. We are glad to notice that many men remember her in passing.

City Hall Park, Printing-House Square, Bowery, and Nassau street, are the great centres for all kinds of patterers. Here women sell ice cream, lemonade, doughnuts, buns, tropical fruits, and sweetmeats. Bananas and pineapples are favorite fruits and all forms of chocolate candies are in great demand. Most of the women who attend stalls grow very stout, as they get little or no exercise. It is noticed that very few of them ever partake of the fruits or other edibles which they deal in. They always bring a lunch with them of bread and butter, cold soups, and cold tea or coffee, with occasionally a bit of meat. One evening, opposite the Fifth Avenue Hotel, we saw a young woman, evidently nineteen or twenty, playing upon a violin. She was blind, and, as it was a warm, bright moonlight night, her head was bare. The countenance had a very sad, sweet expression, and the air she played was a far-away dreamy romance. We never saw her but once.

The poor little girls of New York do a wonderful number of things to get a living. They sell matches, toothpicks, cigars, songs, newspapers, flowers, etc. There is a good deal of romance published in the newspapers, about the flower-girls, which does not exist. The *Evening Post* once said they were as handsome as the flower-girls of Paris. If they are, the Paris flower-girls must be frightful little wretches. The flower-girls of New York cluster about St. Paul's churchyard and the Astor House, and can be found scattered up Broadway as high as Twenty-third street. They sell magnolias, hand bouquets and button-hole bouquets for gentlemen's coats. They appear on the streets with the earliest spring violets, and only disappear with 'the last rose of summer.' A rainy day is a very good one for the flowers, and they sell better than in fair weather. When the skies are lowering, man wants something to cheer him, and so he takes a tuberose and a geranium leaf, and puts it in the button-hole of his coat. The girls buy their flowers of the gardeners out in the suburbs of the city, and then manufacture their own bouquets.

Some of the little girls who patter upon the street make a tolerably good living, if they are industrious and stick to their business. Oranges and sponges sell well, and often from two to four dollars' worth are disposed of between the rising and the setting of the sun. Pattering is only profitable during business hours, which, in New York, do not commence much before 9 o'clock, and close by 5 P. M. So the

patterer is a gentleman with the rest of them, and shuts up shop at the same time A. T. Stewart and H. B. Claflin do their marble and sandstone palaces. There are exceptions to this rule, as there are to all rules. Those who patter at the Battery, and in the vicinity of South Ferry, where a constant stream of people is passing back and forth far into the night, stick by their stands as long as there is any one upon the street. At midnight, when the thunder of the streets is hushed, and the moon is rolling beneath a dark cloud, the heads of old men and women can be seen *nid, nid, nodding*, from Bowling Green to the Battery wall. Where they go to when they close up their stalls and crawl away in the darkness, it is impossible to say.

The most interesting sights in connection with pattering may be seen in the vicinity of Castle Garden, and on the east side of City Hall Park, opposite Park Row. At Castle Garden the patterers meet with a constant stream of freshly arrived emigrants. They have just landed in 'free America,' and the first thing which greets their eyes after they have left the officials, and passed the portals of the Garden, is a long row of patterers behind stalls filled with ginger-cakes, lemonade, tropical fruits, apples, etc. Many of the poor peasants from the interior of Europe never saw a bunch of red or golden bananas, they know nothing of the mysteries of a pineapple, and are unacquainted with cocoa-nuts. They look with no little astonishment upon these products of the soil, but hesitate to purchase them. They are shy of the new-fangled American drinks, but being very thirsty, occasionally indulge in a glass of lemonade. How their eyes sparkle as the delicious nectar runs down their throats. Such *wasser* is unknown to the springs of Germany. Bread, cakes and apples are readily bought by them, but as they deal in hard cash, and talk German, and as the old woman they are trading with speaks Irish-English, and has nothing but scrip, it takes some little time to conclude a bargain. A great deal of talking is done on the fingers, and the emigrant goes away satisfied, nay, pleased, at the great amount of something to eat he is able to buy in America with a small lot of silver. Besides this, the old woman behind the stall gives him a variety of paper money, curiously printed. He looks at it, then doubles it up, and puts it carefully away.

The men patterers are a much larger class in New York than the women. They are engaged in all imaginable occupations and dog your steps at every corner. Some of these men are middle-aged, able-bodied fellows, quite strong and healthy enough to be clearing up land in the West or laying bricks at five dollars a day. For some unaccountable reason they prefer to remain in New York, living from hand to mouth, and doing nothing to improve themselves, mentally, worldly, or financially. We have one of these in mind now. Sitting on the west side of Broadway, not far from White street, a young man of about thirty-two or three, healthy, stout, and quite intelligent looking, employs his time in tending a small stand, upon which a few gum-drops and chocolates are displayed for sale. Here is enterprise and ambition for you. We have passed his stand several times a day for the last year, and we never saw him selling anything to a man. They are ashamed of his presence on the street in such an occupation. A girl, or a poor woman, would get some sympathy, but for an able-bodied man in America, none! The fellow has a wife, and sometimes she takes place. There is a sad, disconsolate look upon her face, and well there may be, since she is united to such a lazy dolt of a husband.

It has been noticed that dwarfs and deformed people often resort to pattering. Like Gloster, in King Richard III., they are

———'curtailed thus of fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinished, sent before their time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at them.'

Through these misfortunes they hope to tell upon the feelings of the public, and thereby secure a larger share of patronage. One of these 4 unfashionable human beings stands on Broadway, with a bunch of carpet dusters in his hand-leather thongs fastened to a handle. Another poor fellow in front of the *Times* office has no arms, and therefore supports himself by whittling kindling-wood for the benefit of the public. A dwarf on the sidewalk, not far from the St. Nicholas Hotel, has an immense head, with ugly and snubbish features, a short body, and ungainly limbs. He peddles apples.

The other men and boy patterers of New York sell cigars, whips, neckties, sleeve-buttons, dogs, young bears, watch-chains, resurrection plants, sponge-cakes, and all the articles sold by women. A man does a thriving business at the foot of one of the large marble columns of the Sub-Treasury on Wall street. He keeps fresh home-made sponge cakes, which sell for five or ten cents each. One of these is enough for a man's lunch.

The dog and bear men lurk in the vicinity of the Astor House. They always have a basket in which they carry their animals, and during business hours spend the most of their time scratching their backs with a comb. These men seem to be a little unsound in the upper regions. They wear long hair, loose

fitting clothes, broad-brimmed hats, and are perfectly happy whether they sell a dog or not. No one has yet been seen offering cats for sale. Maps, pictures, and songs are frequently indulged in by the street patterers. Most of them are horrible prints, highly colored, representing favorite priests, the Presidents, naval conflicts, battles, and fires. The maps have the Irish harp in one corner and the United States flag in the other. The favorite maps are those of Ireland and New York City.

Since the police have banished the banner-men from the side-walks, the various trades have taken to representing themselves in odd costumes on the backs of ambitious patterers. Just now walking awnings, barber's poles, whalebones, etc., are the rage. Like everything else in a city, this will be tolerated until it becomes a nuisance, when the police will take them off to the station-house and they will be among the things that were.

"The patterers of New York could well be dispensed with. Most of them deserve none of our sympathy, and should be taken in charge by the government, and set to work at some useful occupation. This would clear the streets of a great many disgusting sights, and give the town an air of thrift and respectability, which it is not likely to have as long as such a horde of spendthrifts hang about all the corners."

CHAPTER LXXI.

LOTTERIES.

The New York correspondent of a provincial journal, recently published the following excellent sketch of the lottery business as practiced in this city.

Few persons realize to what an extent American lotteries are patronized in this city, and in a great many other cities of the country. A lottery business has been built up within a few years, secret and silent from general public inspection, which draws thousands of dollars yearly from the pockets of credulous fools, into the coffers of the designing men who manage these traps for the fortune-seekers. New York is the general headquarters for these Southern lotteries, though they are not drawn here; and in this sketch we will take a look at them.

The regular authorized American lotteries are the 'Kentucky' and 'Missouri.' There are several other branches of these concerns—two or three off-shoots growing out of a feud between the managers of the old Kentucky lottery, last winter, but as the side-establishments are not recognized as legitimate, either by patrons or the lottery board, I will pass them by in silence.

The two lotteries above named are drawn daily at noon and night. The 'Kentucky' is drawn at Covington and the 'Missouri' at Lexington. The drawings are made in public. Immediately after the numbers are taken from the wheel, the telegraph sends them over the country to the various lottery offices, those for the East coming to the general headquarters in this city, where they are forwarded to every lottery dealer in New England and the Middle States.

The lottery schemes are what is known as the ternary combination of seventy-eight numbers, being one to seventy eight, inclusive; or, in other words, 'three number' schemes. The numbers vary with the day. To-day seventy-eight numbers may be placed in the wheel and fourteen of them drawn out. Any ticket having on it three of the drawn numbers takes a prize, ranging from fifty thousand dollars to three hundred dollars, as the scheme may indicate for the day. Tickets with two of the drawn numbers on them pay an advance of about a hundred per cent. of their cost. Tickets with only one of the drawn numbers on them get back first cost. On another day only seventy-five numbers will be put in the wheel, and only twelve or thirteen drawn out. And so it goes.

The owners or managers of these concerns are prominent sporting men and gamblers of New York and elsewhere. Considerable capital is invested. It is said that it takes nearly two million dollars to work this business, and that the profits average five hundred thousand dollars or more a year. The ticket sellers get a commission of twelve per cent. on all sales. The tickets are issued to them in lots, one set of combinations going to one section of the country this week, another next; and all tickets unsold up to the hour for the drawing at Covington, are sent back to headquarters. In this way many prizes are drawn by tickets which remain unsold in dealers' hands after they have reported to the agents; and the lottery makes it clear.

Together with the sale of tickets is carried on an extensive game of gambling known as 'policy.' To

'policy' is to bet on certain numbers coming out in the drawing, for either morning or evening. Thus, if I believe 4, 11, 44 will be drawn, I stake a dollar at the lottery office, or any sum I see fit, up to five hundred dollars, and if all three of the numbers make their appearance on the drawing, the liberal managers will give me two hundred dollars for my one. You can take any three numbers of the seventy eight and policy them. The three numbers taken are called a 'gig;' two numbers a 'saddle;' four numbers a 'horse'—either of which pays its own rate, which is from two to six hundred dollars for one; a 'saddle,' however, only giving a small advance on your stake.

Now, perhaps you will say that is simple enough, and a fine chance to make money. It must be possible to strike three numbers often. Try it. The lottery, by its large advance on the amount you stake, tells a different story. A man might play three numbers every day for a year, and not have the satisfaction of seeing all three come out at one time on the drawing. Two will come out with a number just ahead or below the third; and you will pay more money and try again. Why there are men who are veterans at policy-playing, using all their spare funds, going without everything which makes life pleasant, and yet it is rarely they hit the 'gig.'

In this city, where all kinds of gambling flourishes, from the Stock Exchange to a Fifth Avenue faro 'hell,' a 'sweat' board in Baxter street, or greasy marked cards in a cellar drinking den—these American lotteries are sold in no less than six hundred places over and across the town. They are known by the dignified name of 'Exchange.' Go where you will, their signs will meet your eye. On Broadway, down town, there are several large lottery offices, well known, frequented by merchants and well-to-do business men, where policy is played with high stakes, where hundreds of tickets are sold daily. There is one near John street, on Broadway. The front office is a money broker's counter; but passing through, you come into a long, well-furnished room, all parts of the day filled with policy players. Here they do a great business in lottery tickets. There are five clerks employed. Across the wall hangs a large slate, upon which the drawn numbers are chalked. A little sign over the ticket desk gives notice that 'plays will not be taken for over ten thousand dollars.' This is the great office of the city. The proprietor has an interest in the lotteries, besides making his commission as seller.

A good many stories are told of this 'Exchange.' A man came in one day and laid a dollar on the counter before the clerk, and said: 'Here, give me a ticket that will draw a prize! That dollar is all I have got; but I dreamed last night that I would draw something big!' The clerk laughed, and carelessly passed him a ticket taken at random from the bunch. It was numbered 16, 42, 51. Did it draw the prize, you ask? No, not that drawing. The man came in at night, read the list of drawn numbers, turned away without a word, and went out into the street. He had been gone but a moment before the report of a pistol rang out clear, sharp, alarming. The people in the policy office hurried to the door. The unfortunate man had shot himself dead! The next morning what should come rolling out of the lottery wheel but his numbers—16, 42, 51—a prize of twenty thousand dollars! Tricked by fortune, the man lay cold and stark at the Morgue.

Another story. A boy came into the office not long since. 'Father wants to policy two dollars on this gig,' he said, giving the three numbers to a clerk. That was for the noon drawing. About two o'clock the father came to inspect the list. He cast his eye down the big slate, and found his 'gig' there. He had won four hundred dollars! 'I have spent five thousand dollars on this accursed thing, and this is the first money that has come back,' he said, as the greenbacks were placed in his hand. 'Try it again,' said the affable clerk, as an historical affable spider once said, 'walk into my parlor!' to a foolish policy-playing fly. The man who was five thousand less four hundred dollars out, did try it again. He kept trying it. He kept winning as if a good angel stood behind him dictating the plays. He struck two thousand dollars one day. He followed it up by bagging thirty-two hundred soon after. The lottery folks were afraid of him. Before two months was out the man was 'in' to the tune of twenty-seven thousand dollars. Every third or fourth play seemed to hit. Did he stop and carry his large gains away from the fascination of gaming? He became intensely nervous, wild over his rare fortune. No day but to play. At last the office refused to receive plays from him. This excited him so much that in raving over it he fell down in a fit in the very 'Exchange' where he had made his pile. He was taken to the City Hospital; from there, hopelessly insane, he was taken to the mad-house, on Blackwell's Island. And the best part of the story is that a loving wife and mother, who had vainly attempted to check the husband in his dangerous course, received the money, and, for the first of several years, is enabled to live comfortably, caring for the hapless victim on the Island, part of the time, and devoting the rest to the training of a young son.

Some of the lottery gamblers have a regular system. Their dreams give them numbers to play. If one dreams of a house on fire, a horse running away, a ship sinking at sea, a bald-headed man, or a monkey going up a cocoa-nut tree, straightway he rushes to play the numbers indicated. You would think they were destitute of brains, if in all other things they didn't show plenty of sense. When a man or woman gets lottery-mad, nothing is too absurd for them to do in getting 'numbers.'

The negroes of the city are great policy-players. In every district where they live you will find dingy

little lottery offices, patronized mostly by them. Some of them make as much as forty or fifty dollars a week. A negro must play his policy even if bread is lacking at home. Now and then they make a lucky 'gig,' and win a few dollars. Some are born with a policy luck, I do believe. One old darkey woman, a kind, motherly sort of a body, who used to attend to the linen of the house where I resided, has had a wonderful streak of luck in policy. Out of four or five years playing she has obtained money enough to set up a pretty cottage in Harlem, and furnish it well. She says she dreams her numbers! The sale of lottery dream-books is really immense. One firm on Ann street sell several thousand a month of these books, wherein every possible dream is described, and the proper 'policy' attached to it.'

The poverty, the evil, the utter and abominable waste that results from these lotteries, cannot be realized, save by those who have investigated the subject. Hard working, sober men, good citizens, respectable and worthy in every other way, are bound down to this mean gambling, which always keeps them poor, which continually keeps the wolf at their doors. And all for what? That a set of rascals may wear fine linen, and walk Broadway with lofty airs. A man who becomes infatuated in lotteries, becomes lost almost beyond chance. I can count up in passing no less than six men who are mad on policy, who save from food, from clothes, from the family, money, to spend in these lottery hells. They never draw anything. The next time it is hoped better luck will come. So they have gone on for years, and are no nearer the prize. Strange human blindness! They haven't strength enough to dash away from it all; and drop by drop the very life-blood is sucked out of them.

If you want to see anxious faces, drop into one of these 'exchanges' about the time the drawings come in. The office will be full. All classes of men are represented. There is the day-laborer with his tin pail, the merchant with an unmistakable business air, the gambler glittering with diamonds, clerks with inky fingers, men of leisure, cool and vacant looking, and I have even seen very ministerial looking men, who might have been divines, or dealers in a faro bank; it is hard to tell one from the other in New York, where, if a man has a very respectable appearance, he is put down as belonging to one of the two professions. But there is a marked look of concern on all faces, 'waiting for the verdict' on their plays.

The numbers come in from headquarters. One by one they are called off and chalked on the slate, so that he who runs may read. One man has struck something, and his face lights up with joy. It is only a small amount, and instead of blessing his stars that he has been so fortunate, he is bewailing his prudence in staking so little. Another turns away with a dreary sigh, for the slate tells him the same old story of no luck. Another has just hit it—all but one figure! if he had played 'seven' instead of 'six,' what a pile he would have taken in! Yes; but the good managers knew you would play seven, and so were perfectly willing to offer you two hundred dollars for one. A woman crowds her way into the throng. Does she invest in lottery tickets or policy? She has a slip of paper with numbers on, and compares them with the slate. Now she turns away, and there is no light of victory in her eyes.

"Poor fools, waiting, hoping, longing for a prize! The flaring printed poster on the wall tells of fifty thousand dollars to be drawn to-day. A fortune to be paid to the lucky holder of the right ticket. Of course you will all go in for it, lottery maniacs, as you have done many times before. You will lay out hard-earned money—I pity you, but no urging can stop you; and all the while the lottery is laughing in contempt at you; and the radiant managers are flashing costly diamonds in your faces, and enjoying themselves in splendid mansions up town, living on the fat of the land—airing themselves in the Park behind blood horses with famous names—all bought with the dollars you have given them so freely! Work for more and give them! Starve your family to add to the spoils! Go ragged yourselves that they may dress richly! Who knows but that you may draw that tempting prize in time!"

CHAPTER LXXII.

GIFT ENTERPRISES.

There are more than two thousand persons in the city of New York, who make their living by conducting gift enterprises. These schemes have various names, but are conducted substantially on the same plan.

THE SYSTEM.

The parties engaged in the swindle open an office in some conspicuous place in the city, and announce a grand distribution of prizes for the benefit of some charitable association, such as "The Gettysburg

Asylum for Invalid Soldiers and Sailors," "Southern Orphans' Aid Association," etc., etc.; or they announce a grand gift concert, to take place at some public hall at a given time. The tickets to this concert are sold at prices ranging from one to five dollars, the former being the usual price. Directions of other cities are procured, mailing clerks of newspapers are paid for copies of the list of subscribers to their journals, and country newspapers are procured for a similar purpose. A large number of names is thus obtained, and a circular issued, setting forth the scheme, the list of prizes, and the manner of procuring tickets. There is scarcely a place in the United States to which these circulars are not sent. Each of the persons so addressed is requested to act as an agent; and is promised a prize in the distribution if he will use his influence to sell tickets and say nothing of the inducements offered to him, as such knowledge would make others dissatisfied. The prize is said to be worth a great deal, and the party requested to act as agent sets to work promptly, and generally succeeds in getting a number of names and dollars, which he forwards to the managers of the grand concert. No concert is ever held, and no drawing takes place. The money is lost to the senders and pocketed by the swindlers who receive it.

THE BANKERS' AND BROKERS' GIFT ENTERPRISE.

During the winter of 1867-68, a swindler or set of swindlers opened an office in the lower part of Broadway, under the title of "The Bankers' and Brokers' Gift Enterprise." The affair was ostensibly managed by the firm of Clark, Webster & Co. As many thousand persons were victimized by these villains, it is possible that some of our readers may be able to vouch for the statements contained in the following extract concerning the affair, from the *Missouri Republican*, published in St. Louis.

For some months, certain papers, both in the East and West, have been displaying an enormously large advertisement, of the Bankers' and Merchants' First Grand Presentation Enterprise, to be commenced on Thursday, October 24th, and continued for 'one hundred and fifty days from the date of commencement, at the rate of ten thousand tickets per day.' The scheme was a magnificent one; every ticket holder was entitled to such a premium as would fully insure him against loss—that is, he would draw a prize equal to the money invested, minus five per cent., and would run a risk of winning an enormous prize, of which there were several 'on the bills.'

Of course this spread like wild-fire, the cholera, or yellow fever; hundreds, who should have possessed some discretion, sent their dollars to Clark, Webster & Co., 62 Broadway, New York, expecting to realize handsome fortunes. How they supposed that the proprietors could ever give such premiums, we cannot say; but certain it is they did, and hundreds and thousands have been most fearfully victimized; how, will be easily explained.

The enormous prizes were not in money; they were stocks, and the like, in fancy companies, somewhere—where, we do not know; where a nominal half a million would not be worth half a dollar.

But it was not in the dollar paid for the original ticket that the chief swindle lay. Nearly every man drew a 'prize' and was at once notified, on receiving the sum of five per cent. of the value, it would be forwarded; and as the nature of the prize was not stated, but only its nominal value in money, thousands of persons have, doubtless, sent the five per cent., and will continue to send it, and receive in exchange some worthless oil stock, or a similar valueless piece of paper.

Even in this city, where the people should read the daily papers, and be posted in such swindles, a large number have been victimized, two of whom have furnished us with their experiences, which we give below:

The first is a young man, the son of a well-known politician in this city, but who requests us to suppress his name. A few days since he received the following note:

'You are hereby notified that one of your tickets has drawn a prize valued at two hundred dollars. Five per cent. on this amount will be ten dollars. This amount of assessed per centage must, in all cases, be sent on receipt of this notice, with directions by what express you wish the prize sent. Yours, very respectfully, 'CLARK, WEBSTER & CO.'

The young man, 'green' as he must have been to invest a dollar in the swindling concern of the fictitious Clark, Webster & Co., was yet too sharp to send the ten dollars without an investigation, and accordingly went to a friend, a well-known banker of this city, and requested him to correspond with reliable parties in New York, and ascertain the responsibility of the parties, and, on doing so, Mr. Davis received the following reply:

'Office of Gwynne & Day, No. 7 New Street,
'New York, Nov. 12, 1867.

Messrs.—& Co., Cincinnati, Ohio:

'Gentlemen: We have received your favor of the 9th, with enclosure as stated.

'In regard to the prize drawn by———, we went to Clark, Webster & Co., to see about it. The prize consists of two hundred shares in the Sand River Petroleum Company. We did not get it, as we do not know the market value of the stock (and probably never will). We enclose it to you, as we do not think it is worth ten dollars.

'Yours respectfully,
"GWYNNE & DAY."

Another correspondent tells his story as follows:

CINCINNATI, *November 15.*

Messrs. Editors: Last summer I was foolish enough to place sufficient confidence in an advertisement of a "Grand Presentation Enterprise of Merchants and Bankers of New York," that appeared in a Cincinnati paper a number of times, as to invest one dollar in a ticket. The prizes consisted of greenbacks, diamonds, watches, sewing machines, etc., to be drawn October 24. A few weeks afterward I received a letter in which I was requested to act as their agent in this city, for the sale of their tickets, promising, in consideration thereof—in case my ticket drew a blank—they would insure me a handsome present. But I did not bite this time. Two or three other circulars were sent me after this; one announcing the postponement of the drawing, to enable them to dispose of all their tickets; another postponement was announced in September, because their 'agents had sold more tickets than were issued, so that now they were compelled to increase the number of tickets from 1,300,000 to 1,500,000.' All this was announced in staring capitals.

In the latter part of October another circular was received, announcing the commencement of a drawing on October 24th, and that it would take two or three months to complete it, as they could draw and register but 10,000 per day; and also informing the 'lucky' ones, that upon being notified that their ticket had drawn a prize, they were to remit immediately five per cent. of the value of the prize, if under \$500, and ten per cent. if over \$500; the money obtained in this way was to be used to meet the extra expense incurred in printing the additional tickets and in their distribution.

Soon after this I was notified my ticket had drawn a prize, valued at \$200, and I must remit them five per cent. of this within ten days, or forfeit the prize. I wrote to a friend of mine in New York, to call at 62 Broadway, and ascertain if such a firm as Clark, Webster & Co.—the firm name signed to the circular—held forth there, and, if so, to present my ticket, and claim the prize.

He called, as requested, and writes me that there is no such firm there. The 'Merchants' and Bankers' Grand Presentation Enterprise' is a grand swindle, carried on by one Hill, who has been arrested a number of times for swindling the public in this manner, but has, so far, by the aid of money, freely used, managed to keep out of the Penitentiary. When my friend presented the ticket, and demanded the two hundred dollar prize, they offered him stock in an oil well out West, which (well) is all a myth. So I concluded to retain the percentage, and forfeit the 'prize.' In one of the circulars it is announced that a second 'grand distribution' will take place this winter, and I make this matter public that none of your readers may be deceived. "ALMOST A VICTIM."

Complaints from the victims of this infamous swindle, became so numerous, that the police authorities seized the premises of Clark, Webster & Co., and all their books and papers. These last comprised six truck loads, and contained printed or written directories of every city and town in the Union. No such persons as Clark, Webster & Co., could be found. A man calling himself William M. Elias, claimed to be the owner of the books and papers, and endeavored to regain possession of them by legal process. The Police Commissioners, knowing what use he intended to make of them, refused to surrender them, and gave bonds. Elias was arraigned before the Tombs Police Court, on a charge of swindling, by some of his victims. The Court room was full of those who had suffered by the grand lottery. The proceedings amounted to nothing, and as the man left the Court room, he was followed by the excited crowd, and severely pelted with snow balls, until the police came to his assistance.

[Illustration: A Gift Enterprise Swindler Snowballed by his Victims.]

Messrs. Reade & Co., who profess to do business at No. 6 Clinton Hall, Astor Place, are extensive swindlers. The police have made rigid searches for them several times. They have arrested the clerks and managers, but have failed to discover the principals, who, doubtless, have no real existence.

A CLEVER SWINDLE.

Many of these swindlers adopt the following system: They send a circular to some one in the country, notifying him that he has drawn a prize in their lottery. The circular used by one of these firms is as follows:

MR.—, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

DEAR SIR: You are hereby notified that ticket No. 5,114, has drawn a gold watch, valued at two hundred dollars. Five per cent. on the valuation is ten dollars. The percentage must be paid or forwarded within twelve days from the date of this notice.

Those receiving prizes, in the preliminary drawing, receive them with this understanding, that they will either buy tickets in our grand distribution that takes place in November, or use their influence in every possible way to sell tickets. Any parties receiving this notice, who are not willing to assist in our grand enterprise, will please return the ticket and notice as soon as received.

HALLETT, MOORE & Co.,
Bankers and Financial Managers,
575 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

By Order of the
NEW YORK JEWELLERS' CO-OPERATIVE UNION.

N. B.—No prizes will be shipped until the percentage is received.

We shall be ready in fifteen days to fill orders for tickets in the grand distribution of five millions of dollars' worth of goods, the drawing of which is to take place in the building of the New York Jewellers' Cooperative Union, November 16, 1868. By order of the BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

The person receiving this circular well knows that he has purchased no ticket in the above concern, and at once supposes that he has received through mistake the notification intended for some other man. Still, as the parties offer to send him, for ten dollars, a watch worth two hundred dollars, he cannot resist the temptation to close with the bargain at once. He sends his ten dollars, and never hears of it again.

Another plan is to notify every one who has bought a ticket that he has drawn a prize, and demand five per cent. on it. The value is always stated at two hundred dollars, and the amount asked is ten dollars. Strange as it may seem, this ruse succeeds in a majority of instances. The luckless ticket holders are delighted with their good fortune, and send the assessment at once. They never see their money or their prize.

The scoundrels who carry on these enterprises feel perfectly safe. They know that their victims dare not prosecute them, as by purchasing a ticket a man becomes a party to the transaction, and violates the laws of the State of New York. No one cares to avow himself a party to any such transaction, and consequently the swindlers are safe from prosecution.

The post-office authorities of the city state that over five hundred letters per day are received in this city from various parts of the country, addressed to the principal gift establishments of the city. Nearly all of these letters contain various sums of money. Last winter these mails were seized and opened, by the Post-office Department, and some of the letters were found to contain as much as three hundred dollars.

The profits of these swindlers are enormous. Those which are well conducted realize half a million of dollars in three or four months. Instead of resting satisfied with this amount, the rogues close up their business, and start a fresh enterprise.

From this description the reader will see how the various gift enterprises, under whatever name they are presented, are managed, and how certain he is to lose every cent he invests in them. The description applies also to the various Manufacturing and Co-operative Jewelry Associations, and all schemes of a kindred nature.

JEWELRY ASSOCIATIONS OR UNIONS.

A recent publication contains the following clever description of the way in which these associations are managed.

No doubt these enterprises are of the purest benevolence—at least such is the impression their

projectors seek to convey. That everybody who wants a gold watch for a dollar may know how to get it, we copy the following extract from the advertisement—without charge, on this occasion:

'One million certificates, bearing upon their face the names of the articles as above enumerated, are each inclosed in plain envelopes, and sealed, undistinguishable one from another, mixed and placed in a repository, without choice, and they are drawn as ordered. The sealed envelopes, containing certificates marked with the name of the article, description, and marked price it entitles the holder to, will be sent by mail to any address at twenty-five cents each; on receipt of the certificates, the purchaser ascertains the exact article he is entitled to, which he can obtain upon the return of the certificate and one dollar to the office of the Association.'

Not wishing, however, to encourage too sanguine hopes, we would add an account of the success of an experiment made last year by an incredulous individual, who was so curious as to find out how it was these people made money by selling gold watches for a dollar. He spent a hundred dollars for the 'certificates' above referred to, and found himself the lucky possessor of a lot of paper tickets purporting to represent property to the value of two thousand one hundred and fifty-three dollars, and this property he was entitled to receive on the further payment of four hundred and fifty-eight dollars. Not wishing, however, to impoverish these rashly-benevolent Samaritans, and reflecting, perhaps, that he had already spent one hundred dollars, for which he had as yet received nothing but 'certificates,' he selected a hundred of those that promised the most valuable articles, and sent them for redemption—paying another one hundred dollars for the articles. He received a lot of watches, jewelry, gold pens, etc., of which the nominal value was five hundred and ninety-nine dollars.

Very good investment of two hundred dollars, was it not? But stop a minute. We said *nominal* value. As the articles were all gold and silver—at any rate, professed to be—it was easy to ascertain their actual value; so they were sent to the United States Assay Office, melted up, and a certificate of the net proceeds returned. And how much does the ingenious reader suppose this five hundred and ninety-nine dollars of gold and silver proved to be worth? *Just nine dollars and sixty-two cents* (\$9.62)! That was what our friend got for the two hundred dollars cash he had invested. And that is about what anybody will get who chooses to invest money in enterprises of this kind.

The certificate jewelry business is, in fact, under whatever name carried on, nothing but a gigantic fraud, extending far and wide over the country, and causing many innocent but rather green people losses they can ill afford. During the war, the soldiers were cheated enormously by it. Millions of dollars have been paid for utterly worthless stuff.

But it is not only in bogus jewelry that prizes are warranted. Gold pens are held out as an inducement. What village poetaster or scribbler for the weekly journal—enjoying a reputation among his acquaintances for 'smart writing'—imagining himself a second Byron or another Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., but what likes to sport a gold pen with 'silver case' before the admiring eyes of friends or the envious glances of rivals, as the instrument with which the flow of melody or pathetic romance in the 'Trumpetown Blower' is produced. By such the circular of the '—Gold Pen Co.' sent through the post-office, is warmly welcomed. A careful perusal, a comparison of the different styles and prices, and then, of course, a remittance. The pen arrives in a handsome velvet-lined box. A glance and the possessor is entranced; he tries it, it writes smoothly, and forthwith it is cleaned, placed in the pocket and carelessly shown by accident' to friends. Another trial—alas! the ink sticks; the pen corrodes; the gold comes off; the silver holder turns black; polishing fails to produce a shine, and eventually it is apparent that a swindle has been perpetrated and that the 'cheap gold pen' is, after all, but copper or brass; thousands of these pens are sent in a week by express to all parts of the country and as many dupes made to pay fifty times their value to the adroit swindlers who manufacture them.

"The postmaster at Wakeman, Huron county, Ohio, having heard of this— Pen Co., sent for a circular, which was at once forwarded. Selecting a certain pen he remitted the money for it; in reply he received an old copper pen not worth three cents; he immediately remonstrated in a second letter, and a third, of which no notice was taken, and the unfortunate United States official was obliged to consider himself swindled. This is but an instance of many."

Remember, dear reader, there is no royal road to fortune. Keep your money, or invest it more sensibly, for there is not one single gift association in the world in which you will meet with anything but the vilest deceit and dishonesty. You will be robbed in any and all of them.

DOLLAR STORES.

The Dollar Stores of the land are mere humbugs. The articles sold are dear at the prices asked. The watches are worthless, the diamonds and other jewels are paste, and the gold is pinchbeck or Dutch metal. An article for which they ask one dollar is worth in reality about ten cents. On higher priced

articles their profit is in proportion. A few weeks' use will show the real value of a purchase made at one of these places.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

SITUATION AGENCIES.

Those employment agencies whose advertisements may be daily seen in our city papers, are well exposed in the following experience of a young man in want of a situation.

I have no trade or profession. My parents were well off in the world, and; without thinking that their riches might take to themselves wings and fly away, they considered it of no importance that I should become master of anything but the graces of society. But misfortune did come and left them without a dollar in the world, although neither of them lived long to contend with poverty. I found myself illy adapted to anything, and was, as you may well suppose, at a loss which way to turn.

I applied to one or two acquaintances; but they could make no use of a man who knew nothing at all of the ways of trade, or of the arts and sciences; and so I was treated to not a few very gloomy forebodings. While glancing over the columns of a daily newspaper, my eye rested on the following advertisement.

'WANTED, clerks, copyists, collectors, timekeepers, watchmen, potters, bartenders, coachmen, grooms, two valets to travel. Immediate employment.'

It was such a spontaneous affair; so general and so pliable that I resolved to avail myself of some of its many chances. So I entered the 'office' with great expectations.

I am a good penman and at once resolved to take up the situation as copyist, and using that as a foundation for future superstructure, to do my best, early and late. I entered the room. There didn't seem to be such a rush of applicants there as I had anticipated; in fact, the room was entirely unoccupied, save by a flashy youth who seemed to be doing his best to smoke himself out with a very bad segar. I mentioned my errand to him and he instantly became very polite.

The proprietor was not in just then but would probably be in sometime during the day. The first thing, however, for me to do, was to register my name and pay a fee of two dollars, which would entitle me to the situation I coveted. What was two dollars with a prospect of business before me? I paid it and was told that I had better call in the afternoon and see the proprietor.

I called again as he requested. The proprietor had been in, but a man whose name was down ahead of mine had taken the place of copyist that had kept my heart up so eagerly, and I should be obliged to wait until a similar situation presented itself, when, of course, I should stand first of all, or take up with something else. I asked about clerkships, but a hasty glance at his book convinced him that everything had been taken up, and that I had better call to-morrow.

Unwilling to lose my money without some attempt at securing a place, I called again the next day. The flashy fellow of the day before was not there, but in his place a black-whiskered man, with keen black eyes, so small and retiring that you would scarcely be aware of his possessing such assistants until he turned them fully upon you. This proved to be the proprietor. To him I made known my wants. He nodded, placed the book before me, and handed me a pen.

I explained my transactions of the day before, but he said that the fee for each day encompassed only the chances for that day; that if I desired to take my chances for this day I must again favor him with my name and two dollars. This I refused to do, unless he would guarantee me a situation similar to the ones he had advertised openings for, at the same time expressing my disgust in warm, if not eloquent language.

But his assurances were so strong that, with his promise to give me a note to a man who was then desirous of a copyist, I again enriched him from my scanty stock of money. Taking the letter, I followed the directions upon it until I was led into the fourth story of a building on Nassau street. I found a man seated at a desk, whose voice and general manner was strongly like the flashy individual whom I had met at the 'agency' the day before. But his whole exterior was changed, and as he seemed to be very busy over some writing, I did not have a good chance to verify my suspicions.

He did not wish a copyist, but his friend Brown did, and was willing to pay handsomely for such services. Unfortunately, however, Brown had been called out of town on some important business, and would not be in until the next day; but if I would have the kindness to leave my address, there was no doubt but he would send for me there at once. I wrote my address, but told him that I would call myself.

While I was allowing him to bow me out, I made some inquiries relative to the responsibility of the 'agency,' and he gave it an unqualified recommendation, speaking in such high terms of Mr. Bucker, the proprietor, that I almost repented the few hard feelings I had indulged in toward him. If Mr. Bucker enjoyed the confidence of the leading merchants, he certainly was a man for me to trust.

I called the next day, and Mr. Brown was poising his feet upon his desk, smoking, and soothing his heart in the columns of a newspaper. I mentioned my name and business. He looked up, and in reply to my question as to whether or not he was Mr. Brown who desired a copyist, he said that he had the honor of being a Mr. Brown, but I must be laboring under some misapprehension, if I supposed that he was in want of a copyist. The Brown to whom I alluded, in all probability, had gone to New Jersey, and owing to sundry unsettled accounts he would not be likely to return so suddenly as he had departed. I explained my position, but he disclaimed all knowledge of the affair, and would give me no satisfaction whatever. I went back to the 'agency,' but on inquiry I found that Mr. Bucker had sold out, and another swindler had taken up the business of robbing the unwary poor.

I made my case known to the police, but a shrug of the shoulders was all the consolation I received. Such swindlers do exist, they say, but owing to the artful manner in which they conduct their business, it is next to impossible to convict them.

"My object in sending you this for publication is to warn others. I have since learned that the majority of these 'agencies' are established on the same principle, and that not one in a hundred who apply and pay their money ever receive a situation; that the merchants and those whom they profess to represent have no faith and no connection with them whatever."

CHAPTER LXXIV.

THE PATENT SAFE GAME.

One of the most barefaced swindles ever practiced in New York has now almost gone out of existence. It is called the "patent safe game," and was much practiced during the late war, as many of our soldiers can testify. It was carried on principally in the neighborhood of the Hudson River Depot, and the complaints of the victims, to the police, were loud and numerous. The mode of operation was as follows:

A stranger in the city would be accosted by a well-dressed individual, who would immediately begin a careless, friendly conversation. If the overtures of this individual are not repulsed in the first instance, he is soon joined by his accomplice, who professes to be a stranger to swindler number one.

The accomplice has in his possession a small brass ball or sphere, which he says is the model of a patent safe, much used by merchants in China and India. He is trying to introduce it in this country, and would like to show the gentleman his model. This brass ball is, to all appearance, solid, but to the initiated it is soon made hollow, by pressing on a certain inner circle, when the centre of the ball, which is in the shape of a small cone, drops out. The bottom of the cone may be unscrewed, when a little chamber is revealed, in which is a long piece of white paper, carefully folded and secreted. The other end of the cone, the top of it, can be unscrewed, and a second chamber is revealed, in which is a second piece of paper, exactly like the first.

Swindler number one takes the ball, examines it, and declares that it must be solid. The accomplice then presses the spring, and the centre drops out. He then unscrews one of the chambers, and reveals the paper to the admiring stranger and swindler number one. The accomplice's attention is here called away for a moment, and swindler number one, quietly winking at the stranger, abstracts the paper from the chamber, screws the lid on, and replaces the centre in the ball. Handing it back to the accomplice, he whispers to the stranger that he is about to win some money. He then bets the accomplice a sum which he thinks proportioned to the means of the stranger, that there is no paper in the ball. The bet is promptly taken by the accomplice. Swindler number one finds that he has no money, and asks the stranger to lend him the amount, offering to divide the winning with him. The stranger,

who has seen the paper abstracted from the ball, is sure his new-found friend will win, and not being averse to making a little money on the spot, produces the desired amount, and hands it to his friend. The accomplice then opens the second chamber, reveals the duplicate piece of paper, and claims the stakes. The stranger loses his money, and is taught a useful lesson. He may apply to the police, if he wishes to do so, but the probabilities are that he will never see either his "friends" of the safe, or his money, again.

POCKET-BOOK DROPPING.

This is a common occurrence in New York, and it is well for strangers to be on their guard against it.

A gentleman was once standing in front of a handsome show window on Broadway, gazing at the wares it contained, when he felt himself tapped on the shoulder. Looking around, he saw a well-dressed man standing by him, holding in his hand a well-filled pocket-book.

"Did you drop this, sir?" asked the stranger. "I have just picked it up at your feet."

"It is not mine," said the gentleman, feeling for his own wallet, and finding it safe.

"Strange," said the man. "It was lying at your feet." As he spoke he opened it, and revealed several heavy rolls of bills. "There must be several thousand dollars here," he said.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked the gentleman.

"I don't know," said the man. "I'm a stranger in the city, and I am compelled to leave town in a couple of hours. This pocket-book will undoubtedly be advertised to-morrow, and as the amount it contains is heavy, the reward will be large. Do you stay in town to-day, sir?" he asked, suddenly.

"Yes," said the gentleman, "I shall be here several days."

"Then I will turn the pocket-book over to you," said the man, after thinking a moment. "You can advertise it. Give me twenty dollars, and take the wallet."

"What do you suppose will be the reward offered?" asked the gentleman.

"Not less than fifty dollars. In that case you will make thirty dollars clear."

"Why don't you keep the money?"

"Sir," said the man, sharply, "do you take me for a thief?"

"Not at all," was the reply. "I meant no offence." The gentleman was thoughtful for a moment, and then drew out his wallet. The fellow, he reasoned, was evidently an honest man. The owner of the wallet would certainly reimburse him for the amount he paid the finder, and might offer more and the contents of the wallet would insure him against loss. He hesitated a moment longer, and then handed the man two ten dollar bills. The stranger gave him the pocketbook, and after a few words more, walked off.

At the first opportunity, the gentleman examined the notes in the wallet carefully. They were all of the denomination of ten dollars, and amounted in all to five thousand dollars, *but were each and every one counterfeits of the very grossest character*. He had paid twenty dollars for a lot of worthless trash, and the game was now plain to him.

This method of swindling is still very popular with the rogues of the city.

THIMBLE RIGGING.

The headquarters of this game are in the neighborhood of the City Hall and Printing-house Square.

"The 'little joker' is a very simple trick, and yet, from its very simplicity, all the more successful in entrapping the unwary. The apparatus is (occasionally) a small stand, three brass thimbles and a little ball, resembling, in size and appearance, a green pea. Often the former is dispensed with, and the crown of a hat or the knees used instead. The 'rigger,' in the most *nonchalant* manner imaginable, places the ball apparently under one of the thimbles, in plain view of the spectators, and offers to bet any sum that 'it isn't there.' Our friend from the country who is looking on, an interested spectator—is astonished at such a proposition, and looks upon the individual making it as little better than a fool; for didn't he see the ball placed under the thimble, and therefore must it not be there still? His idea on this point is soon confirmed—a bystander takes up the bet, the thimble is raised, and there sure enough is

the ball—just where *he* knew it was!

"Again the ball is covered, and once more the bet is offered. Eager to prove his sagacity, our friend produces a 'V' or 'X spot' and covers the sharper's money. The thimble is raised, a moment of expectation, a single glance, and *the ball is gone!* A shout of laughter from the swindler and his confederates standing around, announces the fact that the gentleman from the rural districts has been 'sold.' Pocketing, not his money, but his loss, the victim walks away disconsolate, painfully conscious that he has been 'done,' not only out of his cash, but has had the wool pulled over his eyes in a (to him) most incomprehensible manner."

SEWING MACHINE SWINDLES.

The country newspapers are filled with advertisements of cheap sewing machines. From one to ten dollars is the price asked. The men who insert these advertisements are amongst the most unprincipled swindlers in New York. The machines they offer for sale are worthless.

A lady living in a neighboring State once sent five dollars to one of these fellows for his machine, and received in return a flimsy little instrument, so small that she could put it in her pocket. The needle could not be used at all, and after turning the handle a few times the cranks and wheels became bent, and twisted into one confused and useless mass. The machine was not worth twenty-five cents.

A fellow, some time ago, advertised a machine for fifty cents, and proclaimed it to the world as "the most perfect ever invented." It was simply a brass instrument in the shape of a fly, and the only use to which it could be put was to fasten work to a table. It was so flimsy that it did not last more than two or three days in this way.

THE POCKET TIME KEEPER.

Almost every reader of this book has seen in some newspaper the advertisements of the various "Pocket Time-Keepers," manufactured and offered for sale in this city. The price is usually one dollar. The article is merely a *pasteboard sun-dial*. The purchaser can make little or no use of it, and is swindled out of his money.

MOCK AUCTION'S.

The day of mock auctions has gone by, but there are still one or two of these establishments lingering in the city. These are managed in various ways.

At some of these establishments a lot of pencil cases, watches, or other goods, is offered for-sale. The lot generally contains a dozen or a gross of articles. Bids are started by the "decoys" of the proprietor, who are scattered through the crowd, and strangers are thus induced to make offers for them. Each man supposes he is bidding for a single lot, and is greatly astonished to find the whole lot knocked down to him. He is told he must take the entire lot, that his bid was for all. Some are weak enough to comply with the demand, but others resist it.

Admiral Farragut, during the war, made a bid for a penknife at one of these places, and was astonished at being told he must take the whole gross of the article. The old hero was not to be caught in this way, however, and he quietly called in a policeman, and gave the auctioneer in charge for attempting to swindle him.

[Illustration: A Mock Auction—Kicked Out After Being Fleeced.]

A well-known Broadway auctioneer was brought before the Mayor, some time ago, on the following complaint. A gentleman, who appeared against the auctioneer, stated that he had attended his last sale. The auctioneer put up a box containing twelve silver pencil-cases, and the gentleman, supposing from his manner and language, that he was selling them fairly, bid two dollars and fifty cents for the lot. To his surprise, he was told that he had bid two dollars and fifty cents for *each* pencil-case, and that he must pay thirty dollars for the whole lot. The money had been paid and the auctioneer refused to return it, insisting that the gentleman should take one pencil-case or nothing. The Mayor compelled the scamp to refund the money, and warned him that he would revoke his license if a similar complaint were again made against him.

In some of these establishments, a stranger who attempts to remonstrate against the swindle fares badly. He is hustled out by the confederates of the proprietor, and if he attempts to defend himself, is handed over to the police on a charge of attempting to create a disturbance.

Other establishments sell watches and cheap jewelry. A really good article is put up, and passed around through the crowd as a sample. It draws bids rapidly, and is knocked down to the highest bidder. It has by this time been handed back to the auctioneer, and when the purchaser demands it, he is given some worthless article, which the dealer and his assistants swear was the one exhibited to the crowd. Remonstrances are useless. The bogus article must be taken or the money lost, unless the victim calls in the police. The city authorities have recently stationed a policeman at the door of one of these establishments, to warn strangers of its true character.

A friend of the writer—a "verdant countryman," too—once attended one of these auctions. A magnificent hunting-case watch was put up, and knocked down to John, as we shall call him, at the low price of ten dollars. As the announcement of the sale was made, John, who had his money in his hand, stepped briskly to the desk.

"Will you let me see that watch a minute?" he asked.

"Certainly, sir," said the auctioneer, handing him the watch.

"That's a magnificent watch," said John, admiringly, "and I think I got it pretty cheap!"

"Yes," replied the man, "that's the cheapest watch I ever sold."

"Well," said John, putting the watch in his pocket, and laying his ten dollars on the desk, "I'm very well satisfied with my bargain."

The auctioneer, alarmed for the repeater, which was his own, exclaimed quickly,

"We generally give a case with our watches, sir; let us fit one on that."

"No," said John, quietly, as he turned away, "I'm satisfied with the watch—I don't want a case!"

He walked leisurely away, but the auctioneer sprang after him.

"That watch is not for sale," said the man, angrily.

"It's bought and paid for," said John, coolly, buttoning his coat across his breast.

"I don't want your money, I want my watch!" shouted the man.

"It was a fair sale!" said John. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, turning to the crowd, "I appeal to you. Was not it a fair sale?"

"Yes!" "Yes!" "Keep the watch!" cried the spectators, delighted that, for once, the sharper had met his match.

[Illustration: How a Countryman "Bought a Watch."]

A policeman now approached, and John, stating the circumstances of the case to him, placed himself under his protection. The officer and the crowd accompanied him to his hotel, which he reached in safety. He left for home the next morning, taking his prize with him, and to this day boasts that he was "rather too much for New York, if he was from the country!"

CHAPTER LXXV.

LOST IN THE GREAT CITY.

In a side-room of the main hall of the Central Police Headquarters, on the second story, in Mulberry street, is a desk at which sits an old rosy-cheeked, white-headed police officer, named McWaters. McWaters is famous in New York. He is the theatrical critic of the Police Department. His opinions on music and the drama are of weighty authority among members of the force, and, like most critics, he is dogmatic and forcible.

But, McWaters is at present known to fame as being the officer detailed, by Inspector George Dilks, to take charge of a department organized in November, 1867, to supply a great want, and which is now in successful operation. This department is known as the "Bureau for the Recovery of Lost Persons."

Officer McWaters was formerly in the City Hall Precinct, under Captains Thorne and Brackett, and is very well acquainted with the city, so his services have been made available in this new bureau.

MISSING MEN AND WOMEN.

The manner of investigation in regard to a missing relative or friend, is as follows: As soon as a person disappears from home, the nearest relative, on learning of the missing person, goes to police headquarters, and makes application to the 'Missing Bureau' for information. The age, height, build—whiskers, if any—color of eyes, dress, hair, the place where last seen—the habits and disposition of the person?—are given to the inspectors, and officer McWaters makes proper entries on his register, which he keeps for that purpose, of all these facts. The personal description of the missing person is compared with the returns made by the Morgue every twenty-four hours to the police inspectors. Should the description answer to the person and clothing of any person found at the Morgue, word is at once sent to the relatives of the joyful news. Besides this, another very necessary precaution is taken to find the person or persons missing. Cards are printed, five or six hundred in number, and sent to all the police officers on special duty in the different metropolitan precincts, with instructions to the captains to have his men make active and energetic search for the person.

THEORIES ABOUT LOST PEOPLE.

Over seven hundred people have been reported as missing to police headquarters during the past twelve months. Of this number, a majority have been found, it is believed, as no record can be kept of those who are not reported when found, by their relatives or friends, to headquarters. Occasionally, a person who reports some one missing, belonging to them, will give all the details about him—but, if found, will fail to notify the authorities, from a sense of shame, where domestic difficulties have occurred in families, or from laziness, or a sense of forgetfulness. Thus, all track is lost of those who have been found, unknown to the police, and accurate statistics are baffled in the matter of inquiry.

WHERE AND HOW PEOPLE ARE LOST.

The manner in which missing men are advertised is as follows. A card, of which the following are fair examples, is circulated among the police:

OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF
METROPOLITAN POLICE, 300 MULBERRY STREET
NEW YORK, *January 11, 1868.*

MISSING.—Since Thursday evening last—Mary Agnes Walsh; twenty-three years of age, residing at 281-1/2 Elizabeth street, five feet high, medium size, slim built, dark complexion, dark brown hair, dark eyes, had on a black alpaca dress, black plush coat (or cloak), black velvet hat. It is supposed she is wandering about the city in a temporary state of insanity, as she has just returned from the Lunatic Asylum, where she has been temporarily confined for the last three weeks. Any information of the above to be sent to her brother, Andrew Walsh, 2811/2 Elizabeth street, or to Inspector Dilks, 300 Mulberry street.

MISSING.—Morton D. Gifford, about twenty-five years of age, light hazel eyes, brown hair, full beard and moustache same color, height five feet six and three quarter inches, has lost the two first joints off the middle fingers of right hand. Had on a light brown cloth suit bound with black, the vest cut without a collar, a black cloth overcoat made sack fashion, with black velvet buttons. Was last seen on board the steamer City of Norfolk, running between Norfolk and Crisfield, in connection with the Crisfield, Wilmington, and Philadelphia Railroad, Annamesic line, on the 3d of February, 1868. Had with him a black leather satchel, containing a full suit of black clothes, hat, linen, etc. Was a soldier in the Union army, and has recently been in business in Plymouth, North Carolina. Any person having any information regarding him will please communicate with Inspector Dilks, 300 Mulberry street, New York.

MISSING—Since Thursday, November 14—John F. McCormack; when last seen he was on board the steam-tug Yankee, at the foot of Charlton street; age twenty-four years, eyes and hair dark brown, height five feet four inches, heavy eyebrows. He was dressed in a brown sack coat and brown vest, black pants, flat-crowned black hat. Any person knowing his whereabouts, or having seen him since the above date, will please call at the residence of his uncle, Robert McCormack, No. 12 Talman street, Brooklyn, or on Inspector Dilks, police headquarters, 300 Mulberry street. November 30, 1867.

FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Missing from Bay street, Stapleton, Staten Island, since Wednesday, November 25, 1868, Willy Hard grove, a boy eight years of age, medium size, dark hair, dark, clear

complexion, blue eyes; has a recent scar on his cheek, made by the scratch of a pin; dressed in a dark striped jacket and pants; the pants button on the jacket with light bone buttons; old, strong boots, no hat. He is rather an attractive boy and very familiar with strangers. It is feared he has been abducted, from the fact of his musical abilities. He can sing in a good tenor voice any tune he may hear once played, but can't speak plain. The above reward will be paid by his father, Terence M. Hardgrove, Stapleton, for such information as will lead to his recovery. Information may be sent to Inspector Dilks, police headquarters, 300 Mulberry street.

MISSING.—Annie Hearn left her home on Monday last. She is ten years of age, dark blue eyes, black hair cut short, has a slight scar on her left temple. Was dressed in a dark alpaca frock, black woollen santon with white border, black velvet hat, no-trimming, high laced boots, striped stockings. Any information relative to her will be gratefully received by Richard Burk, 217 Madison street, or Inspector Dilks, 300 Mulberry street.

LEFT HER HOME, at Hyde Park, Scranton City, Pa., on Monday June 14, Sarah Hannaghan, aged fifteen, tall for her age, short brown hair, light eyes and fair complexion. Had on a tan-colored dress, light cape, drab hat, trimmed with ribbon of the same color. Had with her a dress with a yellow stripe, made short. Information to be sent to Inspector Dilks, 300 Mulberry street, New York, or to James Hannaghan, 152 Leonard street.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS REWARD, will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest or recovery of Henrietta Voss, aged sixteen years. She left Seacus, Hudson county, New Jersey, Tuesday, July 21, about 7 A. M. She is tall, slim built, and a little stooped; brown hair, blue eyes, long thin pale face. Dressed in a full suit of black. The gratitude of a father, who desires to save his daughter, will be added to the above reward. JOHN Voss.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.—Missing, an insane man, named Frederick Liebrich, native of Germany, speaks English, German, and French. Supposed to lodge at night in the police station houses about the lower part of the city, is very stupid looking, and clothed in rags. Was last seen in Washington market, about the middle of last November. He is about thirty-eight years of age, eyes and hair black, large regular features, and very dark complexion, about five feet ten inches high, stout built, straight and well made. The above reward will be paid for his recovery, or direct evidence of his death; by Frederick Cumnick, 82 Washington street, Brooklyn. Information to be sent to Inspector Dilks, police headquarters, 300 Mulberry street.

LOST CHILDREN.

"Hundreds of 'Lost Children' bear testimony to the carelessness of mothers and nurses who are more intent on other business, when their charges stray off to be found afterwards in out of the way places by stray policemen. Quite often a pedestrian will notice, on going along one of our side streets, a young child, its eyes bubbling over with tears, and red from irritation and inflammation, who has strayed from its parents' residence. Sometimes it will have a stick of candy in its infantile fists, or else an apple, or a slice of bread, butter, and molasses to console it in its wanderings. It is very seldom, however, that these children do not find their way back to their parents, unless that there is foul play, as in such instances where a child may be kidnapped by people who are childless, or through their agency, for the purpose of adoption in barren families. The practice of baby-farming has not as yet attained, in America, the height that it has reached in England, and therefore the lives of children are not yet so endangered as they are across the water. It is calculated that at least one thousand children are missing every year in this city, but they are nearly all returned before the close of the day on which they are first missed."

THE DENS OF MIDNIGHT.

"If the thousand and one noisome crannies, nooks, and dens of this great city could be exposed to view, day after day, the bodies of many a missing man and woman might be found festering and rotting, or their bones bleaching for want of decent burial. Where do the bodies come from that are fished up, bloated and disfigured, night after night, by the harbor police, in haunts of the docks and from the slime of the Hudson? It is fearful to think of men influenced by liquor, who, with their gold watches, pocket-books, and other valuables exposed in the most foolish manner, are to be seen, night after night, in the dens and hells of this great, sinful city. Many of these men are from far off country villages and happy homes, and when thrown into our streets at night under the flare of the gas lamps, and among crowds of showily dressed women, whose feet are ever downward into the abyss, it becomes almost impossible for them to resist the thousand and one meretricious temptations that are placed before them."

THE HORROR OF A BREAKING DAWN.

"Instances may be related of how men disappear and are never heard of to be recognized. A well-to-do person from Ohio, who had never visited New York before, pays a visit to this city, and, stopping at a down-town hotel, sallies out in the evening in search of what he has been taught by his limited course of reading to call 'adventures.' He believes, in his Ohio simplicity, that he will meet with a beautiful and rich young lady in New York who, struck with his rural graces and charms, will at once accept his hand and farm. Well, he takes a look at the 'Black Crook,' or 'White Fawn,' or 'Genevieve de Brabant,' and returning late to his down-town hotel is struck by the beauty and grace of a female form that glides before him on his way down town. Pretty soon she makes a signal to him that cannot be mistaken, and our Ohio friend, rather astonished at the freedom of the aristocratic and well-bred ladies of the metropolis, but nothing loth, hastens to her side, and accompanies her to her richly voluptuous mansion in Bleecker, Green, Mercer, or Crosby streets. In the watches of the night he awakens to find the aristocratic lady fastened on his throat, and a male friend of hers, with a villainous countenance, poisoning a knife for a plunge in his neck. The work is done quickly, a barrel well packed, or a furniture chest, placed in a carriage at night, can be taken up the Hudson River road and there dropped in the river, and after a day or so the head of another dead man will be found eddying and floating around the rolling piers near the Battery, his face a pulp, and no longer recognizable. The sun shines down on the plashing water, but the eyes are sightless, and never another sun can dim their brilliancy or splendor. It is only another missing man without watch, pocket-book, or money on his person."

MISERY, SHAME, AND DEATH.

Another missing instance. A beautiful maiden, born in a village on the Sound, where the waters of that inland sea beat and play around the sandy pebbles of a land-locked inlet, is reared in innocence and virtue until she reaches her seventeenth year. She is as lovely as the dawn, and her life, peaceful and happy, with no greater excitement than the Sunday prayer-meeting, has never been tainted by the novelty of desire. At seventeen, she visits New York for the first eventful time in her life. She is dazzled with its theatres, its balls, its Central Park, the Broadway confuses and intoxicates her, but opera has divine charms for her musical ear, and she is escorted night after night by a man with a pleasing face and a ready tongue. She is yet pure as the undriven snow. One night she takes a midnight sleigh ride on the road, and they stop at a fashionable-looking restaurant in Harlem Lane or on the road. She is persuaded to take a glass of champagne. She is finally persuaded to drink an entire bottle of champagne. That night the world is torn from under her feet. She has tasted of the apples of death. She returns to her peaceful home by the silken waves of the Sound a dishonored woman. To hide her shame she returns to New York, but her destroyer has gone—she knows not whither. Then the struggle begins for existence and bread. She is a seamstress, a dry-goods clerk, but her shame finds her out when an infant is born to her, unnamed. One night, hungry, and torn with the struggle of a lost hope, she rushes into the streets and seeks the river. On a lone pier she seeks refuge from her 'lost life.' The night-watchman, anxious about the cotton and rosin confided to his charge, does not hear the cry of 'Mother' from a despairing girl, or the plunge into the gloomy, silent river below. She is not found for days after, and then her once fair face is gnawed threadbare with the incisors of crabs, and the once white neck, rounded as a pillar of glory, is a mere greenish mass of festering corruption. She is not recognized, and thus fills the page devoted to missing people. [Footnote: New York World.]

CHAPTER LXXVI.

CONCLUSION.

Our task is done. We have told, as far as we are capable of telling, the secrets of this great and growing city. Our purpose has been two-fold, to satisfy a reasonable curiosity on the part of those who never have seen, and probably never will see New York, and to warn those who design visiting the city, of the dangers and temptations which await them here. We warn them earnestly to confine their visits to the numerous harmless and innocent attractions of the Metropolis, and to shun those other, darker quarters of the city, which are but so many gateways to the paths that lead down to ruin and death.

THE

BLUE-COATS

And How they Lived, Fought and Died for the Union,

WITH SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE GREAT REBELLION

Comprising Narratives of Personal Adventure, Thrilling Incidents, Daring Exploits, Heroic Deeds, Wonderful Escapes, Life in the Camp, Field and Hospital, Adventures of Spies and Scouts. Together with the songs, Ballads, Anecdotes, and Humorous Incidents of the War.

Embellished with over 100 Fine Portraits and Engravings.

* * * * *

There is a certain portion of the War that will never go into the regular histories, nor be embodied in romance or poetry, which is a very real part of it, and will, if preserved, convey to succeeding generations a better idea of the spirit of the conflict than many dry reports or careful narratives of events; and this part may be called the Gossip, the Fun, the Pathos of the War. This illustrates the character of the leaders, the humor of the soldiers, the devotion of women, the bravery of men, the pluck of our heroes, the romance and hardships of the service.

From the beginning of the war the author has been engaged in collecting all the anecdotes connected with or illustrative of it, and has grouped and classified them under appropriate heads, and in a very attractive form.

Prominent among the sparkling contents of this work, and which give to its four departments their peculiar attractiveness, may be named:— Striking Instances of loyalty to the flag, and valor in its defence; Bravery on the Battle-Field and Quarter-Deck; Examples of Youthful Courage in the storm of Combat; Infantry, Artillery and Cavalry in line of action—the tramp and onset; extraordinary fortitude under suffering; undaunted heroism in death; the roll of fame and story. Reminiscences of victory and disaster of Camp Picket, Spy, Scout, Bivouac and Siege, with feats of Daring, Bold and Brilliant Marches, Remarkable Cases of Sharp-Shooting, Hand-to-Hand Encounters, Startling Surprises, Ingenious Strategy, Celebrated Tactics, Wonderful Escapes, Comical and Ludicrous Adventures on Land and Sea; Wit, Drollery and Repartee, Famous Words and Deeds of Women, Sanitary and Hospital Scenes, Prison Experiences, Partings and Re-unions, Last Words of the Dying, with affecting illustrations of the home affections and mementoes of the tender passion; final scenes and events in the great Drama, and all those momentous hours, acts and movements, the memory of which will live in letters of blood before the eyes, and burn like fire in the hearts of those who participated in them. These, sifted like gold, are here presented in all their attractions. Thus the rank and file, as well as the superior officers, both North and South, are made illustrious in these pages by whatever of valor, skill or achievement personally distinguished them.

Amusement as well as instruction may be found in every page, as graphic detail, brilliant wit and authentic history are skilfully interwoven in this work of literary art.

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