

XIV.

SUNDAY IN NEW YORK.

SABBATH MORNING. — CHURCH-GOERS. — PLEASURE-GOERS. — RELIGIOUS PECULIARITIES. — FOREIGNERS AND SUNDAY.

SABBATH MORNING.

THE quiet of a Sabbath morning in the lower part of the city is in marked contrast to the confusion and hubbub of the week. Crossing the street is a dangerous effort to life and limb near the South Ferry or at Bowling Green during any week day. On Sundays it is as quiet as a cathedral. Broadway, on which Old Trinity stands sentinel at one end, and aristocratic Grace at the other, is swept clean and is deserted. An occasional coach, bringing to the hotels a Sabbath traveller, or a solitary express wagon loaded down with baggage, is all that breaks the solitude. The broad, clean pavement of Broadway glistens with the morning sun, and is as silent as the wilderness. The revellers, gamblers, the sons and daughters of pleasure, who ply their trade into the small hours of the morning, sleep late; and the portions of the city occupied by them are as silent as the tomb. The sanitary blessings of the Sabbath to a great city are seen in all the lower part of New York. Laboring classes cease from toil, loiter about, well shaved and with clean shirts, and smoking

their pipes. Children from the lowest dens, the foulest cellars, the darkest alleys, come on to the sidewalk with an attempt at cleanliness, with their best robes, or an effort to mend their dilapidated appearance by a little bit of ribbon or a rude ornament. Newsboys, with their faces washed, their hair combed with their fingers, offer their papers in subdued tones. In a quiet voice the bootblacks ask, "Black your boots?" and exhibit their own shoes polished out of respect to the day. The utmost quiet prevails along the docks. Piers and wharves are swept clean, and the silence of a pestilence pervades these noisy marts of trade. The sailors do their morning work quietly in a holiday rig. On the North and East Rivers are moored thousands of vessels, every one of which carries its flag at its mast-head. Bethel churches and floating chapels are open to seamen. The dram-shops make a compromise with the day by sanding floors, putting their employees in clean shirts, and closing up one half of their shutters.

CHURCH-GOERS.

The churches are generally well attended in the morning. As the bells call to prayer, New York comes to the pavement, elegantly dressed, as for a soirée or a matinée. The streets present an attractive and gay appearance. The cars are crowded with people on their way to their religious homes, without regard to distance or locality. Wealthy church-goers come out with their dashing teams. Their splendid outfits appear to great advantage on a beautiful Sabbath morning. Churches the most crowded in the morning have a poor attendance in the afternoon. But for the name

of it, most of them might as well be closed the rest of the day. New York boasts about a half dozen sensation preachers, who have a hold on the masses, and can draw a second audience. But for "gospel preaching," as it is called, one sermon a day is as much as our people care to hear, and more than they inwardly digest. Clustering together in a fashionable locality, within sight and sound of each other, are more costly churches than can be found on any spot in the world. Most of these churches have come from down town. Selling their property in lower New York at a great price, they all want a fashionable up-town location. Leaving other parts neglected, these churches crowd on to one another. Two or three of them are on one block. The singing and preaching in one church is heard in another. Costly and elegant, most of them are thinly attended. Looking on their rich adornments, and inquiring the price of pews, one is at a loss to conceive where people of moderate means go to church in this city.

PLEASURE-GOERS.

The sermon over, the dinner digested, then comes pleasure. The morning quiet of lower New York gives place to revelry. Funerals, attended by a military or civic procession and bands of music, are kept till Sunday afternoons, if the corpse has to be packed in ice. Central Park is crowded. Fashionable people turn out in immense numbers. Everything that can go on four legs is engaged of liverymen for Sunday in advance. An afternoon's drive costs from ten to fifty dollars. The same cars that convey people to morning worship convey those who do not own teams to their afternoon

pleasures. Theatres of the lower order are opened. Public gardens, concert saloons, and lager-beer enclosures are crowded. Dancing, bowling, drinking, carousing, gambling, occupy the crowd.

The removal of the down-town churches leaves an immense population to spiritual neglect and indifference. The strongholds of piety are levelled, and on their foundations Mammon holds her high carnival. Where once the aristocratic lived are reeking tenement-houses, and the day is given up to revelry and dissipation.

RELIGIOUS PECULIARITIES.

If a minister has a rich and fashionable congregation, success is certain, though his talents are feeble and his gifts small. He may be an able and popular pulpit orator, and he will generally fail if he depends upon the popular ear. Over one of our congregations, the most fashionable in the city, where it is difficult to get a seat at any price, a minister has been settled for years, on a high salary, who could not get a call to a common country congregation. His intellect is not above the average, his feeble voice does not half fill the house, his utterance is choked and muddy, he has a jerky delivery, and his manners are forbidding and unattractive. On the other hand, men come to New York who bring with them immense local popularity. Having succeeded elsewhere, they expect to carry New York by storm. They are brought here to rescue waning congregations, to fill an empty house, to sell costly pews. The reputation they bring avails them nothing. A man must make his own mark in the city. Men who have been eminently successful in other places

do not succeed at all here. Men of talent, genius, eloquence, are preaching in halls, preaching in little chapels, preaching to small and humble congregations, preaching on starving salaries, who would make their mark elsewhere. But New York is very fascinating, and men hold on.

Not long since one of our religious societies held its anniversary. It secured a popular New England minister to preach, one who fills any house in his own vicinity. A commanding church was selected, and, to accommodate the crowd who were expected, extra seats were put in the aisles, vestibule, and on the platform. The evening came, with the preacher, but the crowd came not. In the face of the vacant chairs and empty extra seats the services were conducted with a deadening effect. New Yorkers did not know the preacher, and would not go to hear him.

FOREIGNERS AND SUNDAY.

The foreign population in the city is immense. Every nationality is represented. Should the great bell of the City Hall clang out its peal, and draw the population that live around it to its doors, a man standing on the steps could speak to as motley a group as Peter addressed on the day of Pentecost. The Jews occupy whole streets, and drive out other nationalities. Their stores are open on Sunday, and a large part of them keep neither their own Sabbath nor ours. The Germans, Irish, Italians, Portuguese, abound. Noisy trade goes on in the quarters where foreigners live, and the Sabbath is filled with noisy, wanton, and drunken violators. Places of amusement are many,

and dancing, drinking, and revelry, guided by heavy brass bands, girdle the city. The great mass of the foreign population attend no church. The Sabbath of the Continent is becoming common in the city. The observance of the day grows less and less. Pleasure-seekers are more open, and their number is increased by the fashionable and influential. Every wave of foreign emigration lessens the dry land of religious observance. Churches are swept away, and none arise to take their place. The infidel German, the undevout Jew, the illiterate foreign population, led by an omnipotent press, unite to create a popular sentiment that is pushing out gradually, but surely, the observance of the Sabbath and the attendance on public worship. The Sabbath of the Hollanders promises to be a thing of the past.

XV.

DETECTIVE FORCE OF NEW YORK.

ITS ORIGIN. — QUALIFICATIONS OF A DETECTIVE. — OLD HAYS. — HOW THE
DETECTIVES DO THEIR WORK. — WHY ROGUES GO CLEAR.

ITS ORIGIN.

THE system of detectives is not old. In former times the idea of a sharp criminal officer was expressed in the adage, "Set a rogue to catch a rogue." The modern theory is, that integrity, tact, industry, are the best qualifications of a good detective. For many years there existed a set of men in London known as Bow Street officers. They were remarkably shrewd, were more than a match for the sharpest villains, and could ferret out crimes and outwit the shrewdest rogues. When the London Metropolitan Police system was adopted, an order of men were introduced, called *detectives*. This force was composed of men who seemed to have a gift for detecting crime. They could scent out a murder, and track the perpetrator over oceans and across continents. They could unravel the mysteries of a robbery, and bring to light things of darkness. Under Mr. Matsell, in this city, a small force was gathered, and were known as *shadows*, because they silently and persistently followed their victim. In

1857, the detectives, as a distinct corps, were created. The force is small — about twenty-five men. It is very efficient. Captain Young, the chief, who has had many years' experience, is cool, keen, brave, clear-headed. He is so adroit in catching rogues and restoring stolen goods, that many persons, after their property has been returned to them, go to the commissioners and demand that Captain Young shall be tried for complicity. They do not believe that a man could bring back stolen property unless he has some share in the original theft.

QUALIFICATIONS OF A DETECTIVE.

Good detectives are rare. An unblemished character is indispensable, for the temptations are many. A detective must be quick, talented, and possess a good memory; cool, unmoved, able to suppress all emotion; have great endurance, untiring industry, and keen relish for his work; put on all characters, and assume all disguises; pursue a trail for weeks, or months, or years; go anywhere at a moment's notice, on the land or sea; go without food or sleep; follow the slightest clew till he reaches the criminal; from the simplest fragment bring crime to light; surround himself with secrecy and mystery; have great force of will; a character without reproach, that property and persons may be safe in his hands; with a high order of intellectual power. The modern detective system is based on the theory that purity and intelligence has a controlling power over crime. Detectives must be pure men, and, like Cæsar's wife, be above suspicion when they come out from the ordeal through which they have to pass. To obtain the right kind of men, the force has often to be sifted and purged.

OLD HAYS.

So the old High Constable of New York was known. He was the first real detective of the city. He was a short, thick-set, stout-built man, looking as if nature intended him for a giant, and altered her mind. He had a round, stolid face, of the hue of mahogany — a genuine Jewish physiognomy. He was an honest man, of high moral and religious character, and a consistent member of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, then worshipping in Grand Street. He lived in the time when the guardians of the city were watchmen. With their old camlet cloaks and huge lanterns, they prowled about the city at night, and were known as leather-heads, from the leather cap they wore. Hays had a small office in the Tombs. He was a regular autocrat, and held the monopoly of catching thieves. He was about the only police officer in the state who did any business. He was really a great man. So successful was he as a detective, that his fame spread over the whole civilized world. He was as well known in London as in New York. He was a terror to evil-doers. "Old Hays is after you!" would send juvenile scamps off at any time. He could track a rogue by instinct. Men believed he was in league with criminals all over the world, and that his religious profession was a sham and a blind. If a robbery was committed in Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore, Liverpool or London, the matter was put into the hands of Old Hays. Fifteen years after his death, letters came from the chief of police, London, pertaining to criminals and crime, addressed to "Jacob Hays, High Constable of New York."

HOW THE DETECTIVES DO THEIR WORK.

Crime is not only systematized, but classified. Each adroit rogue has a way of doing things which is as personal as a man's handwriting. We have really few great men; great orators, men of mark, distinguished authors, or men of towering success, are few. If a princely donation is made, or a noble deed done, and the name withheld, the public at once point out the man — it would be so like him. Bad talented men are few. Adroit rogues are not many. Men capable of a dashing robbery, a bold burglary, or great crimes, do not abound. If a store is broken open in New York, a bank robbed in Baltimore, or a heavy forgery in Boston, the detectives will examine the work and tell who did it. As painters, sculptors, artists, engravers, have a style peculiar to themselves, so have rogues. A Chicago burglar, a safe-breaker from Boston, a bank-robber from Philadelphia, a New York thief, have each their own way of doing things. They cannot go from one city to another without observation. If a crime is committed, and these gentlemen are round, detection is sure to follow. The telegraph binds the detective force together in all parts of the Union. A great crime is telegraphed to every leading city. When an adroit rogue leaves the city, his whereabouts are sent over the wires. The detective on his track is the gentlemanly-looking, affable personage with whom he has been chatting in the railroad car. The rogue lands in New York, and the friendly hand that helps him up the gang-plank, or off the platform, is that of a detective. A keen eye is upon him every moment till he is locked

up or departs from the city. When he leaves, the car is not out of the station-house before the telegraph announces to some detective far away the departure and the destination. His haunts are known, his associates, the men who receive stolen goods, and his partners in crime.

WHY ROGUES GO CLEAR.

The detectives often recover goods and money while the criminals escape. People wonder why the criminals are not brought to punishment. The first duty of the officer is to bring the offender to trial. But this cannot always be done. The evidence is often insufficient. The next best thing is to secure the money or property. Many robberies are committed in places of ill-repute. Parties are compromised. Victims from the country, who are respectable at home, do not like to read their names in the newspaper. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually returned to their owners through the detectives, which would have been lost without their vigilance.

XVI.

A NIGHT AMONG THE DETECTIVES.

HEADQUARTERS. — THE ARREST OF A PICKPOCKET. — AN OLD MAN IN TROUBLE. — A MINISTER IN TROUBLE. — A SEA CAPTAIN IN DIFFICULTY. — BURGLAR DETECTED BY A BUTTON. — A SHADOW ON THE PATH. — PRIVATE DETECTIVES. — HUMANITY OF DETECTIVES. — THE OTERO MURDER.

HEADQUARTERS.

In the elegant marble building on Mulberry Street, where the Metropolitan Police force centre, there will be found the headquarters of the detectives. Though it is under the charge of the general superintendent, the detectives are an independent body within the police force. The chief, Captain John S. Young, has been many years at the head of this department. He is a heavy-built, stocky person, with an immense head and face, sandy hair, somewhat curly, a stolid and heavy look, and nothing but his eye indicates that he is the sharpest, coolest, bravest, and most adroit detective in the civilized world to-day. His room is homely, ill-furnished, and unsightly. He never seems to be doing anything, or to have anything on hand, or to be interested in anything. His associates in the room — a dozen men, more or less, dressed in quite ordinary citizens' clothes — lie round on the benches, straddle the