

clothes at night, put on under-clothes, and keep his room ventilated; arrest vagrants; and, while enjoying his own political and religious opinions, be a delegate to no political convention; salute his superiors; try all the doors; must not be found off his post; must not talk to citizens; not visit his own house while on duty; report all nuisances thrown into the street; arrest men who attempt to steal, or commit assault, or carry slung shot; arrest all who are fighting, brawling, or threatening, or violate decency; arrest an omnibus driver for loitering, or a carman who has no number on his cart, or a hackman who is extortionate, or drivers of vans or wagons who go over six miles an hour. Such are some of the lessons learned in the school. Over one thousand nine hundred men have been instructed in this school within three years. When the men go out to their duties, they know exactly what they have to do, and know that the Commissioners will sustain them in the prompt, bold, and faithful performance of it.

XLII.

LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

INTERESTING FACTS, GIVEN TO THE WRITER BY REV. S. P. HALLIDAY, SUPERINTENDENT OF FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.—HOMES OF THE LOWLY.—A NIGHT TRAMP.—BAREFOOTED BEGGAR.—A STREET BOY.—A SAD SCENE.—GENTEEL SUFFERING.

HOMES OF THE LOWLY.

THE extreme value of land in the city makes tenement-houses a necessity. Usually they occupy a lot twenty-five by one hundred feet, six stories high, with apartments for four families on each floor. These houses resemble barracks more than dwellings for families. One standing on a lot fifty by two hundred and fifty feet has apartments for one hundred and twenty-six families. Nearly all the apartments are so situated that the sun can never touch the windows. In a cloudy day it is impossible to have sunlight enough to read or see. A narrow room and bedroom comprise an apartment. Families keep boarders in these narrow quarters. Two or three families live in one apartment frequently. Not one of the one hundred and twenty-six rooms can be properly ventilated. The vaults and water-closets are disgusting and shameful. They are accessible not only to the five or six hundred occupants of the building, but to all who choose to go in

from the street. The water-closets are without doors, and privacy is impossible. Into these vaults every imaginable abomination is poured. The doors from the cellar open in the vault, and the whole house is impregnated with a stench that would poison cattle.

A NIGHT TRAMP.

With a lantern and an officer, a visit to the cellars where the poor of New York sleep may be undertaken with safety. Fetid odors and pestiferous smells greet you as you descend. There bunks are built on the side of the room; beds filthier than can be imagined, and crowded with occupants. No regard is paid to age or sex. Men, women, and children are huddled together in one disgusting mass. Without a breath of air from without, these holes are hot-beds of pestilence. The landlord was asked, in one cellar, "How many can you lodge?" "We can lodge twenty-five; if we crowd, perhaps thirty."

The lodgers in these filthy dens seem to be lost to all moral feeling, and to all sense of shame. They are not as decent as the brutes. Drunken men, debased women, young girls, helpless children, are packed together in a filthy, under-ground room, destitute of light or ventilation, reeking with filth, and surrounded with a poisoned atmosphere. The decencies of life are abandoned, and blasphemy and ribald talk fill the place.

BAREFOOTED BEGGAR.

On one of the coldest days of winter two girls were seen on Broadway soliciting alms. The larger of the two awakened sympathy by her destitute appearance.

An old hood covered her head, a miserable shawl her shoulders. Her shivering form was enveloped in a nearly worn-out dress, which was very short, exposing the lower part of her limbs and feet. She had on neither shoes nor stockings. Nearly every person that passed the girl gave her something. Believing they were impostors, Mr. Halliday approached them, and demanded where they lived. On being told, he proposed to attend them home. They misled him as to their residence. They attempted to elude him, and at length the younger said, "Mister, there is no use going any farther this way; she don't live on Fifty-third Street, she lives on Twelfth Street, and she has got shoes and stockings under her shawl." She was taken before a magistrate, and committed to the Juvenile Asylum.

A STREET BOY.

It is estimated that there are over ten thousand street boys in New York. They swarm along our parks, markets, and landings, stealing sugar, molasses, cotton. They steal anything they can lay their hands on. They prowl through the streets, ready for mischief. Mr. Halliday gives an interesting account of one of this class. He was the son of a widow. He played truant, and became a regular young vagabond. He was one of the young Arabs of the city. Mr. Halliday resolved to save him. He introduced him into the Home of the Friendless. He ran away, and resumed his Arab life. He was sought for, and found on one of the wharves. The following dialogue took place: "Where have you been, Willie?" "Nowhere, sir." "What have you been doing since you ran away from the

Home?" "Nothing, sir." "What have you had to eat?" "Nothing, sir." "What! have you eaten nothing these two days?" "No, sir." "What was that that fell out of your hand just now when you struck against your brother?" "A soda-water bottle." "Where did you get it?" "I stole it." "What were you going to do with it?" "Sell it." "What were you going to do with the money?" "Buy something to eat." "Are you hungry?" "Yes, sir." "Where have you staid since you left the Home?" "On Tenth Street." "Whose house did you stay in?" "Nobody's." "No one's house?" "No, sir." It had rained very hard the night previous, and I asked again, "Where did you stay last night?" "Corner of Avenue A and Tenth Street." "Whose house did you stay in?" "No one's." "But you told me just now you stopped last night corner of Avenue A and Tenth Street." "So I did." "And you slept in no one's house?" "No, sir." "Where did you sleep, then?" "In a sugar-box." "In a sugar-box?" "Yes, sir." "Did you not get wet with the rain?" "Yes, sir." "How did you get your clothes dry?" "Stood up in the sun until they were dry." He was again placed in the Home of the Friendless; again ran away; and finally was put into the Refuge, as all kindness seemed to be lost upon him.

A SAD SCENE.

In the so-called chapel of the prison sits a little girl amid a throng of dirty, drunken women. She is small, and only seven years of age. Her story is told in a single line — her father is in the Tombs, her mother is

at the station-house. What she calls her home is a single room, nine feet under ground, without fire, though the thermometer is at zero. A portion of an old bedstead, a broken tick part full of straw, with a pillow, on which are marks of blood, lies upon the floor. The father was a cartman. He came home one night drunk and brutal, and knocked his wife down with a heavy stick. Afterwards he stamped upon her with his heavy boots, until she was unable to speak. The woman died, and the man was arrested. The little girl was sent to the Tombs as a witness, and was placed under the care of the matron. When the trial came on, it was decided that the little girl was too young to testify. The man pleaded guilty of manslaughter, and was sent to the State Prison. It was a happy day for little Katy when she sat on the bench with those miserable women hearing a sermon preached. She found a kind friend in Mr. Halliday, and through him obtained a happy western home.

GENTEEL SUFFERING.

Sudden reverses reduce well-to-do people to poverty. Sickness comes into a household like an armed man. Death strikes down a father, and leaves a family penniless. One day a lady of very genteel appearance called at the Mission. Bursting into tears, she said to the superintendent, "Sir, I have come to ask for assistance. It is the first time in my life. I would not now, but I have been driven to it. I could bear hunger and cold myself, but I could not hear my children cry for bread. For twenty-four hours I have not had a mouthful for myself or them. While there was work, I could

get along tolerably well. I have had none for some time ; now I must beg, or my children starve." Her husband had been a mechanic. He had come to New York from the country. The family lived in comfort till sickness stopped their resources, and death struck the father down. The mother attempted to keep her little family together, and support them by her own labor. Five years she had toiled, planned, and suffered. Her earnings were small, and from time to time she sold articles of furniture to give her children bread. Over-exertion, long walks in rain and cold to obtain work, insufficient clothing, want of nutritious food, with anxiety for her children, prostrated her. She was obliged to call for aid on some of our benevolent institutions. She is a specimen of hundreds of noble suffering women in New York.

XLIII.

SOCIAL EVIL IN NEW YORK.

EXTENT OF PUBLIC PROSTITUTION. — AN OFFICIAL STATEMENT FROM HON. JOHN A. KENNEDY, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE. — HOUSES OF THE FIRST CLASS. — HOW THEY ARE FILLED. — AGENTS AND RUNNERS. — STARTLING FACTS. — VICTIMS FROM NEW ENGLAND. — A NIGHT ENCOUNTER. — A MAYOR'S EXPERIENCE. — HOPELESS CLASSES.

EXTENT OF PUBLIC PROSTITUTION.

PUBLIC vice is not as general as is commonly supposed. It is one of the things that can be easily estimated. It is not like gambling, done in a corner. People who keep houses of ill-repute have no motive to keep their trade and houses a secret. The police do not meddle with such, unless they are noisy, disturb the peace, or become a public nuisance. The keepers of such resorts seek custom, and take all possible pains to make their establishments known. All the public houses of prostitution are known to the authorities.

In January, 1864, there were, in the city of New York, five hundred and ninety-nine houses of prostitution, of all grades, two thousand one hundred and twenty-three prostitutes, and seventy-two concert saloons of bad repute. In January, 1866, there were six hundred and fifteen houses of prostitution, ninety-