WHERE THE VERY POOR LIVE

NO FAMILY LIFE HERE TO EQUAL THE WORST IN LONDON.

Wretched Tenement House Quarters and Lodging Houses in which the Beds Are the Only Homes of the Tenants—The Swarming and Misery that Have Grown Permanent Near the Five Points.

The Rev. Henry Kimball, who is devoting the evening of his life to laboring among the poor, was asked whether there is in New York any such utter degradation and shocking misery as exists in London, according to the report of the Congregational Union of that city, which was reprinted in THE SUN recently.

"There is not," said he. "There is nothing like it. I read that report, and I have heard a great deal more about London from persons who have been there. I am certain we have no such poverty here. I wonder England can contemplate such a condition of things on her soil. I have been in thousands and thousands of the habitations of the poor in New York, and have some across no such scenes as those therein described. Except among the Italians and Chinese, there is no such living and herding together in this city."

"Where is the most utter poverty to be found?" the reporter inquired.

"Well, I think it is to be found in Washington and Greenwich streets, near Washington Market. The people seem to trust to getting food without earning it. They send their children with baskets through the market, and are pretty certain of a meal upon the proceeds."

Wherever a reporter made inquiry he was informed that the utmost wretchedness to be seen in New York was to be found in the Fourth and Sixth wards—that is to say, in Cherry street, Roosevelt street, Mulberry street, and Baxter street. In those thoroughfares it is to be found crowded into whole blocks, and shared by hundreds, if not thousands, in each district. There are similar spots elsewhere, but they are confined to one or two or three houses in a place. They remain a few years, and then vanish like "Little Africa" in Thompson street. But in the streets above named they are older than men with grandchildren who remember the beginnings of them when they themselves were children. Men and women are dying also of starvation, or are fighting it in cellars and in attics in almost every district in the city, but one cannot find them. It is in the permanent poor quarters only that any man can see it at any time.

Capt. Tynan of Oak street station cheerfully volunteered to send a man who knows the Fourth ward by heart along with the reporter, and Special Officer John Canavan was chosen. He is a typical detective; quick, observant, persistent, and yet quiet. He threw his overcoat back, put his hands in the pockets of his sack coat, and walked quietly through the dwellings, explaining in a few words who he was and what he came for, and then relapsing into silence. Once out of doors, his remarks showed how narrowly he had scanned his surroundings. It was at night. In the daytime the majority of the people, especially the men, are not to be counted on at doors. In the evening the inhabitants of the rooms have doubled in number. By midnight nearly all have reached their homes.

"Where are you going to take me?" the reporter asked.

"To the alleys in Cherry street first," said he. Just below Roosevelt street in Cherry street he turned into a narrow, dark alleyway, paved with stone. On one side was a board fence. On the other side five-story tenements towered. Two gas lamps gave little light. A few windows hung thirty feet apart over the flagging and shed feeble light upon the way. By it one could see that the doors were lettered, as they are in some prisons. The hallways were jet black with darkness. A man who proved to be the janitor came along. He showed the visitors a long room, clean and set with many chairs. Its walls were bright with chromos. He said this was a sewing room, where children are taught by the ladies of a charity society. They have a whole floor for their use. He did not know the name of the society. Mr. William E. Dodge used to be connected with it. Through the shutters of the windows of another room he pointed out some basket straw on the floor, and said that the children make baskets there. The houses are but one room deep, he said, and four rooms broad. Each family has two rooms. There are fifty-five families on the alley. On the first floor two rooms fetch $4 a month; on the central floors, $4.50; on the top floor, $4. On the first floor rooms are rented for $8. He took his visitors into a dark hallway, and up a narrow stairway with a plain pine baluster. That was the worst part of the house. There was no sign of startling poverty or of disregard of decency in the cramped houses. The next place was a building's length further on. It was the Double Alley, so called because it has tenements on either side, and so known throughout the neighborhood. The houses back against those on the Single Alley. It was like a bit out of a sketch book of London. Overhead the skeleton iron fire escapes rose in double lines. Streams of the water of melting snow spattered on the black flagging. Long lines of drying lines were swung across from side to side, as if to escape. Enclosing the alley is a tall iron fence of slender round bars like that which separates the yard of Sing Sing prison from the river shore. Some women were filling pails at the hydrant, for there are no water faucets in the houses. They were gossiping as they met. Nobody would think of offering anybody in either alleyway any food or clothing, and as for the knowledge of religion that is said to be wholly lacking in London's poorest quarters, the children, pictures of saints, and photographs of priests show how different the case is on Cherry Hill.

"The men here are 'longshoremen, peddlers, and mechanics," said the janitor. These hand-carts in the double alley are rented out to peddlers by a man who lives in one of the rooms that he rents for storing fruit in. Here is a man that has lived here twenty odd years."

He opened the door of an apartment, disclosing a room with a bureau, table, chairs, lamp, a good fire in a stove, and a table set with a meal of bread and meat and butter and tea on the bare table top. A light-hearted, wrinkled Irishman of 80 years bade the intruders welcome. A stout white-haired man who is known as "The Pensioner" smiled and nodded. He has been a soldier and lives on a pension now. The old Irishman offered his bedroom for inspection. It looked neat and the air in the room was sweet and pure. There was no London poverty there.

"And yet, nice as you think it," said Mr. Canavan, "the police have trouble with these alleys. There is fighting and drunkenness there, and once a thief gets in there you may as well give him up. He is able to go over all the roofs or hide in the rooms, and he may stone a policeman from the roofs or topple a chimney over on him. The Single Alley has a north opening on Roosevelt street. There it is just above the school house. See that gang of young fellows standing by it? When they see a policeman they all dive into the alley."

You have to go under a house through a long narrow tunnel to get into Paddy's court. It is almost under the Brooklyn Bridge. It has six houses on each side, and at the back a house only one room wide. Mr. Reilly, the aged patriarch, lives in a basement. He is so obliging and clean, and seems so free from the idea that there is nothing the matter with it, no half-air notwithstanding, he says. These houses, again, are only one room deep. The plaster above the dirty stairs is gapping with holes and stained with dirt. At the landing the hallway is made to do for the fire escape was open so that there was plenty of air in the halls. The families each have two rooms. One is the kitchen and parlor, the other is the bedroom. The air in the rooms was hot and close, and in that and every other house the reporter visited the majority of the little ventilating windows were either closed or covered with paper or cloths. The poorest people in this court live in the narrow sleeple-like building at the further end. Old Mr. Canavan lighted his visitors up the dark hallstairs with a huge candle. The ends of the halls are open in the court, but railed waist high, so that they look like the halls in pictures of old Venetian structures. In the little rooms the beds, stoves, chairs, tables, parents, and children were all in a heap. Twenty-five families live in this court. The people did not look sickly. They all spoke in hearty praise of their homes. Wherever the reporter went they did that. Nobody would dream of offering food or alms of any sort in Paddy's court. There may be short periods when money and food are lacking, but there is never a time when the tenants look for alms.

As the visitors went out a woman frenzied with drink filled the court with her expletives and curses. The window flew up and the men, women, and children leaned out, looked, and listened. Another alley is opposite. It is another tunnel under a house, and leads to a court, on one side of which is a brick tenement facing a frame building. In the main it was like the court across the street. Mrs. Conroy, the janitress, had her neat and clean home in an attic puzzling to get at. A woman and five brazen girls are as easily stowed away in a cellar. Another was playing of tunes on a tin whistle, another was making the two beds, and the others were eating an attractive-looking Irish stew. In the halls dirt and wear and tear were apparent. Some of the homes were clean, others were grimy with the dirt of years. In one were gathered a score of Italians, they two families. Here too, there was a slight disturbance. A rough young fellow called from what looked like a window in a dark corner.

"Mrs. Conroy, you're a d——fool. Why don't them people come in the daytime? You're a d——fool."

"Get to bed, you," said the stout matron, snuffing her candle with her fingers; "get to bed, you, and shut up."

The patrolman on post had something to say about these alleys that was worse than could have been observed in one short tour of them. He said, in the first place, that they give the police a great deal of trouble. He was no sentimentalist, but he spoke gravely of the effect of such scenes and modes of living upon little children brought up as participants in them.

Foulest women were to behave in the streets as do some of the young girls brought up in those places," said he, "we would be obliged to lock them up. Their mothers look on from the windows and laugh at what would startle you if you should see it."

But the worst was to come. Before he led the way into a house in Roosevelt street, near Cherry, the detective told of a recent affray in there, in which one man cut another horribly with an axe. It is a lodging house, one room deep. The landlady has the first floor front, and her daughter, with some children, occupies the second floor hall room. Out of the other two rooms, containing seven beds and a sofa, the landlady makes her living. She is a stout, red-faced person, fond of saying: "I'm a poor, lone, helpless widow." She led the way up the bare stairs, and touched a door open before her. This disclosed a small room almost filled up by four beds and a stove. The ceiling was low, the air was thick and foul, the walls were dirty, and the floors were bare. In fact, the reporter did not remember that he had as yet seen a bare carpet, except in the room of Mrs. Conroy, the janitress of one of the alleys. Three men were crouched over a stove, in which the fire was so low that the evening meal, a small piece of pork in a pan, refused to fry. A wretched looking woman sat a little apart from the men. Up a story higher, by means of a ladder-like flight of steps another door was opened, and three beds and a sofa were revealed hedging close around the stove. Here were a couple of stupid-seeming, low-browed men, and a woman whose intellect was almost gone.

"Where is your home?" the reporter asked.

"Here," said she, pointing to the dirty bed behind her. "This is mine and my husband's."

"Yes," said the landlady, "that is hers and her husband's. These men sleen in that bed. There's a family not in yet."

Two little children ran in. Their home was one of the beds, but the reporter forgot to ask which bed it was. The atmosphere was, in fact, so frightful that the idea of getting out of it controlled his mind.

And yet that house was several degrees pleasanter as a place of abode than the one next visited, in Cherry street, a few doors north of Roosevelt. This was another lodging house. The hall door was nailed up, so that all who enter or quit the place must go through the storeroom, where the proprietor sits. The proprietor said that if that hall door were open his tenants would walk away with their beds and the stoves. When the reporter went in, this storeroom contained eight or ten men and three or four women seated around a stove. The place, the people, and the air were filthy. As the hall door was passed a woman, not shockingly in need of clothing. The house proved to be a large, old-fashioned one, with many rooms and big ones. The inmates were in a flutter because the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children had made some arrests there. The walls of the hall were being whitewashed because the Board of Health had under consideration the matter of revoking its license. The rooms were full of beds, on which were men and women breathing in hot and foul atmosphere. The proprietor and his family had beds in one of the rooms, and in a corner stood a handsome Christmas tree gay with cheap ornaments. Even the garret was full of beds, and around the wall were filthy bunks. Here sat or reclined men and women, husbands and wives, male tramps and decrepit outcast women. All were in rags, and all seemed to have been wrecked by liquor. Stoves were well fed with fire made the air insupportable. Children were met in the halls who evidently lived in this place.

"What's the matter with it?" inquired a young man, who seemed to be in charge, and who referred generally to the house and particularly to the garret. "Ain't it all right? I tell you it's all pre-ju-dyce a getting up a kick about a place as good as this."

"That's the worst place I know of," said Policeman William Mackey. "You were too early to see it. It isn't half as full as it will be later on. Then men and women pay five cents to sit in the chairs or on the benches, and ten cents to sleep in a bunk or on a bed. We have to go in there once in a while to make arrests. The other night I arrested a woman on the complaint of her husband, who said she hit him with a bottle. The place was packed full of lodgers lying about in drunken stupor. I took the woman to the station house, and, while she carried a baby on one arm, three little children followed her. In the station the husband refused to press his complaint, and the Sergeant let her go."

"Well, said Mr. Canavan, "there's more if you want it, but it's of the same sort, exactly."

YET LOWER DEPTHS OF DEGRADATION.

"I suppose there is no doubt that the worst misery in New York is to be found in this ward," said Capt. Petty of the Elizabeth street station. "In the neighborhood of the Five Points some of the streets have been the haunts of crime and poverty for half a century."

The Captain remembers the neighborhood when Baxter street was called Orange street, before it was renamed in honor of a gallant Sixth ward boy who fell a Colonel in the Mexican war. Forty years ago Worth street was neither widened nor cut through. It was lined with evil haunts as far away as Chapel street, now West Broadway. In Baxter street Pete Williams, a colored man, kept a dance-house frequented by white women, and it was shown to all the dignitaries who came to the city sightseeing. The building remains there to-day. Parts of Mulberry, Bayard, Worth, and Baxter streets have been given over to filth, moral and physical, for fifty years. The Captain kindly offered the services of Special Officer John Seims as a pilot through this region. It is an open book to Mr. Seims. He patrolled it for years. The miserable people hail him as he moves along the sidewalks, sometimes crying

"How do?" sometimes "Cheese it, the cop," and sometimes "Munis! munis!" the Italian word for policeman. He walks into their houses and talks with them all, and as if unused in the places that he may come and go as he pleases, and the people seem to understand it. He is kindly in his manners. The other night some of them snarled, but the majority smiled at him.

The "Bend" in Mulberry street is the abode of the poorest, the filthiest, and the most degraded of all the dwellers in New York. The scenes in the street, in fact in all the streets near by, create the impression that the houses are full to overflowing, and that the multitude on the sidewalks represents the number that can't be accommodated indoors. You see heads in all the windows, groups in the hallways, knots of men and women on the stoops, and flank the swarm in the street. But that is only the exterior. It is only the shell of the egg. The middle of each block is where most of the people are. The whole of each inner square is built up with houses, and the houses are packed with people. It is a question whether a closer, more intensive preservation of human life would receive credence. It would not be proper to print such a description in a newspaper.

"Now, look in here," said Mr. Seims as he leaped to the stone stoop of a once handsome old-fashioned house. In an instant he was in a pitch dark hallway. In another instant he had thrown open the door of what had been the front parlor. The air was brown with smoke, and it was hot as the air from an oven. It took half a minute to comprehend the scene. The place was packed with men and women sitting shoulder to shoulder on pine benches arranged in close rows. Room was left for the stove. There must have been forty persons in that room. A tomato can was being passed along a rear line from mouth to mouth. Some of the men suffered from the smoke and women looked up at their visitors, others did not turn or raise their heads. They were Irish, Germans, English, and Americans.

"That's a stale beer den," said the detective. "The beer sells for two cents a pint. Whoever has two cents can stay there as long as he or she likes."

Out in the muddy, wet, dark hall the reporter bumped against a woman hugging the wall. It was just possible to see her outline.

"Says the poor woman to the stale beer as she can get," said the detective; "she is hoping that somebody will come along and give her two cents."

Many another such woman was met with afterward. The next door was pushed open. There was the same scene reproduced. The same the hall door leading to the yard. Opposite, stretching up and down the interior of the block, were tumbledown houses. The windows were sufficiently illuminated to reveal the dirt on the glass, the missing panes, and the holes that were stuffed with rags. The houses were dilapidated, the stoops, balconies, and exterior stairs seemed ready to fall from decay. There were many men and women in the stone-clad court. Children ran from house to house. What was seen in the dark hall cannot be reported. The reporter's companion flung open a door here and a door there. The same scene in every room. Lines of men and women in rags, with bloated faces and uncombed hair, seated on benches, all facing a stove, and some drinking from a can or a cup, a pitcher or a glass. The same brown atmosphere, the same nauseating air, the same half tipsy, fuddled faces.

"What are these women?"

"I don't know what they are," said the detective. "You can guess what they have been. But they long since sank lower than that." One he pointed out as the former keeper of a house of ill repute; well to do then, but now half paralyzed and unable to beg. Room after room was visited. Up stairs, down stairs, in rear houses in the buildings facing the street, on the left-hand and on the right-hand sides of the street, from the interior of one block to the middle of another, the two men went pushing doors open, and always facing that same sickening, painful, miserable presentation of adults packed together in hot rooms, drinking stale beer, lying and by the reporter begun to perceive that in each room there was the fetid air of hell. He was seen serving the leers standing by the stove looking at his lodgers, or lying like a nabob on a pallet of rags.

"Don't take those landlords for paupers," said one of their countrymen, an intelligent man who had been long in this region. "They are all right. They buy 5500 or $1,000 with which to go back to Italy and live in comfort for a few years. They manage to live in the places they land in. Oh, never mind how we look in this country,' they say; 'once back in Naples we'll buy fine clothes. That is all they think about, saving here to spend in Italy."

On and on went the two men from the best dens of infamy in the house to the beer dens of another; up black-dark stairs, through foul halls; along rickety balconies. Wherever light fell upon a wall it was seen to be thickly crusted with black dirt. Wherever the stairs could be seen they were found to be filthy, decrepit, and rudely patched or dangerously broken. Everywhere were Irish, German, and Irish-American or German-American faces. Sometimes, however, the Italian landlords had families. In such places the wives and the young daughters, the little boys and toddling babies moved among the outcasts. The reporter had seen enough, but his companion wanted to show him some rooms lined with bunks, the lodgings of Italian men exclusively.

In a foul court, piled high with snow in two ridges, between which ran a path and water course combined, the reporter met a singular little boy in long trousers and a short jacket.

"Hello!" said he; "looking for fine houses? There's fine houses down in those cellars. What's in 'em? Bums and stale beer. They gets turned out when it gets late, and then they sleep in the streets. I live in that one up stairs. Healthy? Oh, yes. Nobody never gits sick, an' nobody never dies."

"Come in," said the landlord in one house; "me show-a you Kissamas." Picking his way among his stupefied lodgers, and leaving the door open to let the tobacco smoke float into the hall, he pointed to a strange conglomeration of toy trees, toy houses, toy mills, and bright glass and wooden ornaments arranged to compose a country scene. Little candles were fixed in the foundations, and these be lighted. Their rays fell upon the toy baby in a toy manger, surrounded by cows and horses.

"There!" said the Italian proudly, "zat is Jesu."

Many rooms were visited that were the homes of Italian families who took in no lodgers. These were all alike. There was a big bed, a cooking stove, a table, and a lamp in each one. Every closet was a bedroom. Each room seemed filthier than the preceding one. Over everything in each inside room rags were hanging on clotheslines drying.

There was a break in this succession of nightmares when Mr. Seims plunged into a cellar in Baxter street. It was crowded, all but a small bare space in the middle of the floor. There was but one end of the cellar. Two men were playing dance music, one with a violin, the other with an accordion. Young Italian men and girls were dancing in couples. What they danced was very like an Irish reel. They had happy, handsome faces. But the air was very foul, and one hated to rub against his neighbors. Many such places were seen.

"Say this for the Italian girls," said the guide. "They are virtuous, and they remain so. You never hear of one going astray. Most of them marry at 13 or 14 years of age."

It was in coming out of one of these cellars that the reporter felt refreshed by the air of Baxter street, which ten minutes before he had thought unfit to breathe.

OLD NEW YORK.

A Gentleman Away Down in Mississippi Seeks a Little Information.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I am an old New Yorker. Occasionally I see in your newspaper reminiscences of the olden time in the city. I like to read them. They remind me of my old home. I should like to know who the artist was and what became of the equestrian statue of Washington that I saw years ago taken out of a house on the corner of Leonard and Elm streets. It was carried on slides on Leonard street and down Broadway, and put in the lower end of the Park. I think it was about the year 1818.

About that time I was a boy. I know that I used to like to get up before daylight on a Fourth of July morning and go down to the Battery to see the old heroes of the Revolution and hear the cannon roar at sunrise. The veterans were a lively set of old men. They used to wear big brass plates on their cross belts and cocked hats, with black and red feathers. There was a large company of them then. Now there is none, I suppose.

How times have changed! I think that there were over one or two public schools at that time. I went to the Episcopal school in the rear of Trinity Church in Lumber street. Mr. John Young was my teacher. Then every religious denomination had its school. The scholars carried their hats on the middle of their backs with a string that went over their shoulders. Every New Year's day the boys and girls would march up Broadway to Vesey street, just above St. Paul's Church. They marched up to Bishop Hobart's house. They entered the front door after climbing the steps of a high stoop. The Bishop stood on the stoop, with his pockets filled with sixpenny pieces. He gave every boy and girl a sixpence. The boys and girls marched through the hall and down stairs to the basement hall and out under the stoop. There two men had charge of a basket of New Year's cakes and a basket of oranges. Every boy and girl got a cake and an orange.

I don't think there was more than one theatre in the city at that time. That one was the Park Theatre. Scudder's Museum stood near it. Between Howard and Grand streets there was the old Broadway Circus. The actors then were named Jack Bowlegs, Jack Brown, Joe Hunt and Hunter, Rogers and Tatnall. About that time, however, Americans took up the profession; such men as Sweet, Whittaker, Spencer, and others. I know that they were among the first Americans who tried the stage.

The pound of July used to be a lively day. Old Gen. Morton inspected the troops in the Park. Col. Rutgers used to shine around considerably. Then there was Sergeant Wallace, the man who bore the wounded Lafayette from the battle of Brandywine. Lafayette was followed by said to be the Harvey Birch of Cooper's "Spy," also turned out every Fourth of July.

I tell you I saw some big days in New York when I was a boy, such as the celebration of the opening of the Erie Canal, and the landing of Gen. Lafayette and Gen. Jackson. I remember the Chittenden Band that turned out every New Year's Eve. I was a boy in New York in 1822, the yellow-fever year, when the city was filled with dead bodies, and the Board of Health was made. The old City Hospital in St. John's Park and Fulton Market was moved to Chatham square. In those days a boy thought that he was pretty well out in the country when he got as far as Union square, or to Bellevue, or to Corlear's Hook, that was afterward called the House of Refuge.

I recollect only two or three public gardens. One was between Pearl and Duane, on Broadway, where they built the Masonic Hall. The other was on the corner of Canal street and Broadway, and it was called The Old Stone Bridge Garden."

There have been more changes in ship-building in the last forty-five years than in anything else I know of. In the winter of 1836-37 I was carpenter on board of the ship Oxford, Capt. Rathbone, a Black Ball liner. She was only about a thousand tons burden, but she was about as large as any of the ships that sailed out of New York at that time. In 1834 I was in the ship Loverin, an ex-line London packet ship, Capt. Robert Griswold. I see by the newspapers that now-days they are building ships three or four times as large. I have been living in Mississippi for the last forty-four years.

J. W. WHEELER.

WOODVILLE, Wilkinson county, Miss., Dec. 17.

PHOTOGRAPHING DOLLS.

Little Misses who Delight in Having Pictures for Exchange.

"Do I photograph dolls? Why, of course I do, when anybody wants me to. I photograph domestic animals, freaks, wild beasts, anything! I'd photograph the beast with seven heads and ten horns if you'd get him up into my gallery."

"But, seriously, do you photograph dolls?"

"Certainly; often. Pretty little misses come in and want their pretty little dollies pictured with them, and, as mamma's willing, I take the pretty little pairs together. And I have been called upon to take dolls' photographs separately too, little girls who wanted to make exchanges with their little playmates of the pictures of their little pets. Once, too, I remember some ladies ordered a lot of photographs of a magnificent French doll, in bridal robes—worth $200 or $300 at least, I suppose—which were to be circulated as a sort of gentle stimulant to encourage the sale of chances in some pious lottery where that doll was to be the principal prize. Another time a woman came to me for a photograph of a doll, and she cried so bitterly when she explained her as to the cause of her grief. She was a poor widow and her only child, a little girl, had been taken sick with malignant small-pox while at the home of some relatives in Bethlehem, Pa., had died and been buried. The mother had no picture of her, but fancied that the doll resembled her so much that she wanted a picture of it to send to some distant friends, to give them an idea of the appearance of her lost darling. My! I never heard of making a business of taking dolls' pictures to be sold along with the dolls in stores. It may be done in France, but not here."

An importer of dolls said that he had seen in a newspaper the assertion that "it is now the fashion for including French dolls to have their photographs sold with them," but as far as he was concerned that was all he knew about it.

A Robber with Lots of Pluck.

Frank McGoughey, a laborer, 25 years of age, of 340 East Thirty-second street, started home on Christmas evening with $25 in his pocket. When within three quarters of his home he was seized by George Hanlan, a youth of age, of 334 East Thirty-ninth street, an ex-convict and two other men, and dragged into a hallway. While the other men held him Hanlan took the money from McGoughey's pocket, and pointing a pistol at him, said that he would shoot him if he told anything about the robbery. McGoughey knew Hanlan very well by sight and knew of his recent release from prison after a three months' struggle, and was carried in triumph on the shoulders of the admiring crowd.

Joe Dehning, the heavy weight champion of Williamsburgh, and John Hughes the champion light weight of Brooklyn will meet at Clarendon Hall on Thursday evening to spar four rounds. Marquis of Queensberry rules. Admission 50 cents. The winner will take $300 and the receipts of the house.

The reason that Hanlan asked Stevenson to release him from his engagement to row in San Francisco is that Hanlan has received a letter from his mother in that place, in a better course and where is ger receipts could be expected. Hanlan offered Stevenson $1,000 and his expenses to go East, and the latter has accepted.

Edward Winship, one of the old Tree sachem of days gone by, died at North Shields, north of England, on Dec. 14. He was one of the winning crew in the champion four-oared races on the Thames at the national regattas of 1861, 1862, and 1863, and won the championship pairs with R. Chambers in 1860, 1861, and 1862. He was 61 years of age.

SUNDAY DOG FIGHTS.

Ned Whips Sport in Three Hard-fought Scratches, and Fly Whips Jip.

Two hundred and ten men were present at a fight on the Atlantic coast yesterday afternoon between a brindle dog, weighing 23 pounds, and Sport, a white dog with black spots, weighing 22¾ pounds. Ned belongs in this city, and Sport is owned by a South Brooklyn butcher. Jimmy Mellen handled Ned and Johnny Callaghan handled Sport. A gentleman known to those present as Mr. Johnson was referee. The fight was for $200. Ned's backers offered $100 to $80. At 4:15 the dogs were led into the pit and let go.

FIRST SCRATCH.—Ned got a good hold on Sport's jowl and held on for some time, finally tearing and dragging his foe to free himself. He failed successfully and caught Ned by the throat, the latter getting Sport's right ear in his mouth and chewing it with all his might, compelling him to let go his hold on his throat. Ned soon recovered his grip on Sport's neck and held it for a long time. Both were bleeding freely. The referee ordered the dogs to be separated. Neither had any advantage in this scratch.

SECOND SCRATCH.—Ned bounded across the pit and again got a good hold on Sport's throat. He shook him and finally threw him on his back. Sport managed to get one of Ned's legs in his mouth.

THIRD SCRATCH.—Whenever were let go for this scratch it was evident that Ned was the best dog, and his backers increased the odds to $150 to $80, with few takers. Ned again took the initiative and got a vise-like hold on Sport's throat. Sport did his best to free himself, but was too weak to do so. He succeeded, however, in getting a hold on Ned's shoulder, and tore at it until Ned let go his hold on his throat. The immediate result applied again. Both were covered with blood, and it was almost impossible to tell one from the other. When the referee ordered them to be separated they were pretty well exhausted.

When the referee ordered them to be let go for the fourth scratch Sport fell in a fit in the centre of the pit, and Ned rushed on him, but was taken off. Sport lay motionless in the pit, and had to be carried away. At first it was thought that he was dead, but on being washed down and receiving some stimulant he revived. Ned was declared the winner in one hour and forty minutes. His backers received the stakes and about $1,500 in bets.

While Ned and Sport were struggling, another fight was taking place not many miles away between Fly, a brindle, weighing 21½ pounds, the property of a Greenpoint politician, and Jip, a white dog with a black spot over his right eye, owned in Brooklyn. The fight was for $25 a side and the gate money. There were about fifty sporting men present. Mike Kelly of Williamsburgh handled Fly, and Mr. Conners of Brooklyn handled Jip. A Williamsburgh politician was selected referee. Fly was the favorite when the dogs were let go. He got a hold of Jip's throat and threw him with ease. Jip freed himself, but it was only for a moment. Fly again caught hold, and they tumbled about the pit. It was clear that Fly was the better dog, and Jip's backers gave up the fight, saying they did not want their dog killed.

THE TREASURY SURPLUS.

History of the Legislation Providing for its Distribution Among the States.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30.—At a recent meeting of the Philosophical Society of Washington, Comptroller John Jay Knox read a paper on the subject of "The Distribution of the Surplus Money of the United States Among the States," of which the following is an abstract:

President Jackson, in his message to Congress in 1829, referred to the difficulty in adjusting the tariff so that the revenues of the Government should be but slightly in excess of its expenditures. He considered the appropriation of money for internal improvements by Congress as unconstitutional, but suggested that, if the anticipated surplus in the Treasury should be distributed among the states, according to their ratio of representation, such improvements could then be made by the States themselves. If necessary, it would be expedient to propose to the States an amendment to the Constitution authorizing such legislation. In his message for the following year he again suggested the same proposition.

On Jan. 1, 1835, the country was virtually out of debt, and the receipts of the Government largely exceeded the previous estimates of the Secretary. The amount of surplus on Jan. 1, 1837, was $28,328,876, and on the same date in 1836 $36,740,863. On Jan. 1, 1837, it amounted to more than $42,000,000. In 1834-5-6 the public money, which had heretofore been deposited in the Bank of the United States, was deposited in favorite State banks by order of Gen. Jackson. This was followed by financial distress, and during the year 1836 and previous thereto, prominent Democrats began to favor the plan for distribution of the surplus revenue among the states as a measure of relief. During the session of 1835 a select committee was appointed in the Senate, which reported a resolution to amend the Constitution so that the money remaining in the Treasury at the end of each year, until Jan. 1, 1842, should annually be distributed among the States and Territories. Both President Jackson and Secretary Woodbury were opposed to this proposition, as tending to the dispersal of public moneys would deprive the State banks of the deposits, and would be likely to increase the financial troubles. A bill to distribute the surplus was, however, introduced in the Senate, and passed by a vote of 25 to 20. It was vigorously vetoed by the House, but passed the House, as a majority of its members considered the bill, in the form of a distribution, as unconstitutional. The friends of the measure in the Senate determined to change its form so as to remove the difficulty. A bill then pending in the Senate was so amended as to transform the proposition for distribution to a proposition for deposit with the States, and in this form it passed the Senate, and subsequently the House by a large majority—155 to 38.

This act of June 23, 1836, provided for the deposit with the treasurers of the several States of $37,468,856 in four installments during the year 1837—the secretary of the Treasury to receive certificates of deposit therefor, signed by competent authority, in such form as he should prescribe, which certificates should express the usual legal obligation, and pledge the faith of the State for the safe keeping and repayment of the deposit, from time to time, whenever the same should be required. The act then provided that if the Congress of the United States should deem it necessary in this emergency, and an extra session of Congress was called by President Van Buren during the session, on Sept. 11, 1837, a bill was reported from the Finance Committee of the Senate, providing that the transfer of the fourth installment should be indefinitely postponed. The opposition to this bill was persistent, and there was a long debate. A bill was finally passed providing for the postponement of the deposit of the fourth installment until Jan. 1, 1838. It was vetoed by President Van Buren, and contained an amendment proposed by Mr. Buchanan, providing that the deposits should not be subject to the requisitions of the secretary of the Treasury, but should remain until called for by Congress. On Jan. 1, 1838, there were no funds in the Treasury available for the payment of the fourth installment, and from that date there has never been a surplus in the Treasury above the debts and estimated expenditures of the Government.

The amount of the three installments was $28,101,645, and the amount placed in the Treasury of each State has since been carried among "unavailable funds of the general Treasury. The fourth installment, amounting to $8,367,211, never was paid to the States. Maine and recently the State of Virginia, through the action of its Legislature, and the State of Arkansas, through the action of its Treasurer and one of its United States senators, have applied to the Secretary of the Treasury for the payment of this last installment.

It is generally believed that the moneys deposited by the Government with the different States were for the most part, wasted or employed in works of internal improvement which were unnecessary. The data for a full investigation of this subject are not at hand, but it is known that the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, and Missouri have appropriated a considerable portion of the income from this fund to the support of public schools, and that in many of these States the income from the whole fund has been from the commencement, and still is, devoted to the education of the people.

Mr. Knox said that the Government has assumed the Arkansas bonds formerly held by the Smithsonian Institution, and that the Government also held quite a large amount of the bonds of the States of Virginia and Arkansas in the Indian trust fund. He thought if legislation should be obtained authorizing the payment of the fourth installment to these States, such legislation should provide that the payment be made in the bonds now held by the Government.

Over the Snow.

Yesterday was another great day for sleighing, though the snow dwindled a good deal under the warm sun, and many of the crossings were left bare. Among the many on the road ex-Alderman Charles Weide drove his 17-year-old black gelding Dazzle, who went like the wind; M. Calvin drove Sadie and Ida; Judge J. Burke drove his recently purchased bay mare Fedora, Sam Devere drew behind his Dandy; J. O'Brien and James Mack drove their rapid team Bob Langdon and Gig; M. McNamara drove his bay mare Maude Kernan; Seth Harris drove his fine cross team Uncle Bill and Farley Boy; A. R. Phyfe drove his bay gelding Electric; Thomas Mac Grove his bay stallion Middletown Mohawk; Capt. Frank Osborn drove his chestnut team Mobile Taylor and Ida Langdon, and in a brush with Thomas Canary's Addie Miller and brown Harvester, the winner of the last Brooklyn Cup, Mac drove his newly purchased bay gelding Fred Cook; Sir Joseph Doyle urged his sorrel gelding Prince; F. F. Hunkott drove his powerful team Rifle and Roman Chief; Matthew Moore drove his Dan Shay; Maurice Sullivan drove the beautiful black stallion Royal Knox; M. J. Duff of Harlem drove his bay mare Bessie; Charles Johnson drove his bay mare Peggy; J. J. Harbeck drove his gray gelding Arthur; J. J. Bevins drove his chestnut mare Hattie May; Rufus Simpson drove his bay mare Bessie, and F. D. Farrell drove Brummer Boy and Farmer Boy in 2:27½.

Base Ball Notes.

J. A. Sullivan, the manager of last year's St. Louis Club, has accepted the management of the new St. Louis Union at a salary of $3,000. He will at once make a tour of the country to secure players for the new club.

The Youngstown Base Ball Club has disbanded after settling up its accounts. A new club will be formed.

SPORTING NOTES.

William Elliott is matched against Hubleur to row for the Thames championship on Jan. 28 over the Thames Ref ed full course.

Arthur Chambers's late importation from England, William Sheriff, the Prussian, is very anxious to take Paddy Ryan's place and spar John L. Sullivan four rounds. He says that if he doesn't face Sullivan for the four rounds he wants no pay.

In the wrestling match in San Francisco on Saturday night, between Muldoon and Bauer, for $1,000 a side and a championship belt, the latter won the first two falls after a three hours' struggle, and was carried in triumph on the shoulders of the admiring crowd.

Joe Dehning, the heavy weight champion of Williamsburgh, and John Hughes the champion light weight of Brooklyn will meet at Clarendon Hall on Thursday evening to spar four rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules. Admission 50 cents. The winner will take $300 and the receipts of the house.

The reason that Hanlan asked Stevenson to release him from his engagement to row in San Francisco is that Hanlan has received a letter from his mother in that place, in a better course and where is ger receipts could be expected. Hanlan offered Stevenson $1,000 and his expenses to go East, and the latter has accepted.

For All Bronchial or Lung Complaints

Use Gillig's Tasteless Cod Liver Oil with Lime and Wild Cherry. Sold by druggists. Depot, 6 Bowery.—Adv.

GEORGE W. LANE DIES SUDDENLY.

At Business as Usual on Saturday and Entertaining Friends in the Evening.

George William Lane, President of the Chamber of Commerce, who was at business on Saturday as usual in his tea store in Front street, died yesterday morning at his residence, 8 West Twenty-ninth street. Three weeks ago he had complained of slight pains, and his physician had detected the first symptoms of Bright's disease, but Mr. Lane had not been confined to his house. On Saturday evening he entertained a party of clergymen, members of the Chi Alpha Society. At 8 o'clock he complained of a headache, and retired to his room at about 10. He soon became unconscious, and died at 1½ A. M. yesterday without having recovered consciousness. There will be funeral services in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church on Wednesday at 10 A. M. The burial will be in the family plot in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Mr. Lane was born in January, 1818, near Lake Mahopac, in Putnam county. His father, Nathan Lane, had died two months before. At 14 young Lane became a clerk in Front street. At the instance of W. F. Havemeyer, and through his influence, Mr. Lane formed, in 1840, his first partnership. It was in the grocery business, and David Hoadley was the senior partner. He died in 1841, and Mr. Lane formed a partnership in the same business with James J. Craig, a brother-in-law of Mr. Havemeyer. Louis Bonnell and Russell Crane were admitted as partners with Mr. Lane when Mr. Craig retired, in 1856, and the firm became George W. Lane & Co. In 1863 Mr. Lane determined to confine his attention to teas. Mr. Bonnell and Mr. Wm. Adams formed the firm of Bonnell & Adams. Mr. Lane and Mr. Crane associated with them Mr. Lane's son-in-law, Alexander Woodruff, son of the late Judge Woodruff. Mr. Crane retired in 1875, and Thos. A. Philan was subsequently admitted as a partner. All these were Front street firms.

Mr. Lane was married on Oct. 8, 1840, to Augusta A. Bulkley, daughter of Archibald Bulkley. He had by her nine children, six of whom, all daughters, and all residing in New York, survive him. Four of these daughters are married, being respectively the wives of Morris Woodruff, Henry C. Eno, M. D., Wm. F. Bridge, and E. C. Stanton. Mr. Lane's first wife died in 1869. In 1866 he was married to Harriet C., daughter of the late William C. Gilman. She died in 1881, and in May last Mr. Lane was married to her younger sister, Louisa A. Gilman of Norwich, Conn., the ceremony taking place in New Haven. On the following day Mr. Lane sailed with his wife for Liverpool, returning in September.

When Mr. Havemeyer was elected Mayor he made Mr. Lane City Chamberlain. Mr. Lane was at the time of his death an Aqueduct Commissioner.

SHOTS AT FLYING BURGLARS.

Policemen Neatly Catch Three Men Chased from George S. Croker's House.

George S. Croker, a brother of Fire Commissioner Richard Croker, lives at 217 East E