NEW YEARS.

Welcoming the Birth of Young Seventy-Three.

NEW YORK ON A VISIT.

Scenes and Sights Among the Callers.

The Compliments and Hospitalities of the Season.

NEW YEARS IN PRISON.

How the Day Was Observed in the Churches and at the Charitable Institutions.

The old year died away like a man dying in his sleep, and the eyes of the new year opened yesterday upon a more cloudless sky and amid a more genial temperature than has blessed the coming of this annual infant within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The arctic wave of cold air had apparently ceased its chilly vibrations to tender the heir-apparent a warmer welcome, and the sun that usually hides his head at this periodical tallying of his evolutions shone out as if he, too, had made the usual new year resolutions and was about to turn over a new leaf. Under foot the earth presented

A DOUBLE FACE.

It was evidently trying to look severe when the festive jollity of the occasion permitted only geniality. On one sidewalk the rays of the sun had forced the earth into a sort of genial thaw, while on the other the old dame had held her flinty countenance firm. On one sidewalk was wet, unwholesome walking; on the other glassy, treacherous ice. On one side a warmth that allowed of Summer overcoats; on the other a snowy chill that called for mufflers. One sidewalk represented the temperate zone and the opposite one the arctic. Young New York in its rounds could visit in the neighborhood of the North Pole or cross the way to the tropics. This phenomenon was noticeable all over the city where the sun's rays could penetrate, and pedestrianism was given in consequence

A CHOICE OF TWO EVILS.

The choice usually lay on the icy side of the street; for, in his fine attire, and imbued with that jollity of the season which recognizes even a fall as a good-natured joke, young New York preferred a dislocated limb to bedraggled boots.

THE SLEIGHING

was very bad, and there were but few sleighs out. Now and then a cutter or a family sleigh, with dusty fellows in it, would dash comfortably along Fifth avenue, and finally come to grief in a side street, where the snow had been cleared away or had evaporated under the genial influence of the sun. Again, a number of sleighs, by a judicious mapping out of visiting lists, were enabled to keep pretty well within the snow limits. When there is an appearance, however deceptive, of good sleighing, the New Yorkers who visit are averse to cabs or coupés. It seems like slighting the goods the gods provide for us to make a pleasure round on wheels when runners seem to have a chance, and, consequently, there was

A LACK OF WHEELED VEHICLES.

The stands about Fifth avenue and the City Hall Park were crowded all day with carriages, and the drivers stood around with their hands in their pockets waiting to turn an honest penny until the day had slipped by. Between the sleighs, the coupés and the pedestrianism, however, visiting was indulged in to even a greater extent than usual. The "nobs" of society and the "apes" of the same indefinable element were out early and remained out late. The wine and cake in the ladies' parlors were never at rest. The bell handles were continually clicking and "John," the man in the hall, was kept for eighteen hours bowing to the incomers and showing or helping them in to the parlors. At a few doors

THE CARD BASKETS

were hung, and the usual tricks of the "intoxicated" were played upon them. One inebriated young gentleman put a raffle ticket for a stunning turnout into a card basket on Fifth avenue, and afterwards looked all through a basket in Fourteenth street for it. He will probably advertise it. Many put ten cent pieces in the baskets, and in one instance a nobby young gent, who had made his ninety-ninth visit by six o'clock, deposited in one basket a dollar bill, on which he had written for the edification of the father of the girls, "something to help you along, old man; we know you're poor." The father of the girls is worth a million. The handwriting of the young miscreant is known.

THE INEBRIATION

on the part of the visitors was woeful. Early in the afternoon groups of individuals nearly overcome were to be seen meandering down the avenue, discussing excitedly whether they had not already called on "old Jones' gals," and a well dressed man, who wore lavender kids, diamond studs and a gold watch chain, and nervelessly handled a tiny cane, was overtaken by his "inwards" in a street car, and ruined the vehicle by the rebellious eruptions of his stomach. Half a dozen Houston street pickpockets eyed him ravenously throughout and offered to help him home, but he was confident he could go by himself and zigzagged away, followed by the hungry throng. Another overloaded individual rendered the day disagreeable to all his fellows by throwing up his soul over the rear of a stage high on Fifth avenue. He had made only his eighteenth call, and it was about five o'clock in the afternoon.

DURING THE NIGHT

the streets might have been howling wildernesses. Yells and songs and arguments among belated callers startled the night air until the sun of another day came forth to purify the atmosphere. The effort made by

THE TEMPERANCE PEOPLE

and the suggestions set forth in the HERALD in favor of coffee and cake instead of wine and sumptuous dinners as an element of the New Year entertainment were productive of great good in many places, and quite a number of families, who had hitherto entertained in the orthodox way, presented only the cup that not inebriates to their young visitors. The result in most instances was an overhauling of the entertainers by the visiting party after they had left, and a general opinion that the host was a "high, moral, stingy old prig." A withdrawal to the nearest sample room to make up the deficit was usually resorted to—"just to take the taste out of your mouth." Thus, although the wine bibbing at friendly houses—the evil of passing the bottle to your neighbor, and the greater evil of fair hands pressing the ruby cup upon young lips, was greatly decreased, the inebriation was not perceptibly diminished, and the New Year of 1873 ended for the average caller just as usual, with a sick stomach, a bewildered head, a parched throat, a "taper off" on soda next morning and a thousand good resolutions.

At some of the large sample rooms and put up houses of

A SPORTING CHARACTER

the compliments of the season were lavishly illustrated. Costly free lunches, with wine and grapes and cake, were set out for the gratis delectation of customers. At one place a huge bowl of champagne punch, with festoons of Malaga grapes about the edge of the bowl, was on exhibition. Whole roast pigs, standing on their four legs, with a carver knife stuck through their vitals, invited the hungry at another. At one of the most fashionable gambling saloons a table was set and kept up till midnight, at which 1,200 visitors partook during the day. The *maisons de joie* were equally prodigal of their hospitalities. In fine, the day was devoted more generally than usual to the gratifying of the stomach and the paying of jovial visits, and passed as New Year's usually does, in the repetition of good wishes, the making of good resolutions for the year that has come, and the vain attempts to fathom the possibilities, to relieve the doubts and encourage the hopes of

SEVENTY-THREE.

Look in mine eyes!
Wilt thou change, too?
Shall I fear surprise?
Shall I find aught new?
In the old and dear,
In the tried and true,
With the changing year?

AT THE INSTITUTIONS.

Girls' Lodging House.

Yesterday was a day of joy for the poor girls in the Girls' Lodging House, 27 St. Mark's place. They are always kindly treated, have good food and all the comforts they can enjoy; but yesterday the dinner and supper were particularly good, and in the evening all the girls came down into the parlor and had a jolly dance. There were no gentlemen to dance with; but the girls did not mind that a bit, and danced away until a late hour. One of them played, and the girls danced the polka, waltz, galop, Lancers and Virginia reel until they were completely tired out and could dance no more. Two of them wore elaborate dresses of sheets and pillow cases, so as to improvise a masked ball. They are all poor, respectable girls. Some of them came from the country and could not get work; others were taken from the street sick and destitute. The Children's Aid Society is doing a good work in this institution. Many of the girls world have perished in the street or been exposed to the worst temptations if the Girls' Lodging House had not offered them a temporary home. Mrs. Hurley, the matron, is very kind to them all, and the girls are as comfortable as they can be.

St. Barnabas' House.

In St. Barnabas' House, 304 Mulberry street, the day was passed very quietly. There was no celebration of New Year except the usual morning service in the chapel. The HERALD reporter who went through the building found everything in the neatest and cleanliest condition, and the inmates of the House will all be comfortable this new year. Last year the house furnished 75,585 meals and 18,206 lodgings—a magnificent record, of which the Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd, who are devoting themselves to this excellent work, may well be proud. There are few institutions in the city which are deserving of a more liberal support than St. Barnabas' House, and yesterday the representative of the HERALD was informed that the house had not money enough to pay its current expenses. Efforts are being made to obtain funds, and it is to be hoped—for the sake of hundreds of poor women and helpless infants—that they will be successful.

Five Points House of Industry.

In the Five Points House of Industry the children had a merry time yesterday. They gave a party—a party with ice cream and cakes and lemonade and apples and oranges and candy. Every child got a paper bag of choice candies and every child ate them up in no time. The little girls who made all the arrangements and prepared the feast deserve much credit for their taste and skill. The children played at every conceivable game from three until seven P. M. They enjoyed the handsome toys which they had received on Christmas. The discipline in the house is excellent. When the Superintendent and the HERALD reporter entered the large playroom an almost deafening noise greeted their ears. At least a million voices seemed to be engaged in this universal yelling and shouting. The Superintendent gave a signal with his whistle and in one instant all was silent as the grave. No jumping, no shouting, no screaming; every child was quiet and recognized the presence of the teacher. The lady teachers were also at the children's party, which was a complete success. The children danced and romped and frolicked until it was time to go to bed. They were all delighted with the advent of the new year which had given them such a happy time.

The Howard Mission.

The Howard Mission was very quiet yesterday, and Mr. Charles Cook, the energetic Superintendent, had for once a few hours of leisure. The 250 poor children who come every day to attend school in the Mission and to get their good warm dinners besides spent the day in their homes. The eleven little girls who live at the Mission all had a splendid dinner. At the Helping Hand for Men, 316 Water street, which is a branch establishment of the Howard Mission, some three hundred destitute men had a good turkey dinner. The new year opened auspiciously for these poor persons, for it gave them what they were sure to thoroughly appreciate—a good, warm meal. Epicures dining at Delmonico's never enjoyed a meal so much as these men enjoyed their turkey yesterday. They all had excellent appetites, and they declared unanimously that this was, indeed, a "Happy New Year."

The Newsboys' Lodging House.

Last night the newsboys assembled in the spacious lecture room of the Lodging House to celebrate the "Happy New Year." They had celebrated it already the night before, when they drew their savings for the month, and went out to buy all sorts of nice things with the money. Some of the boys who had been industrious drew as much as $20 from the "bank." The entertainment last night was very enjoyable. The boys had music, singing, recitations and oratory—that is, some of them got up and delivered speeches on the "Happy New Year." The speeches were certainly successful, for the boys laughed and hooted and clapped their hands, and hurrahed. To-day many will receive their New Year's presents—new suits of clothes and boots. They were all happy boys last night, and when they went to bed you could see by their faces that they troubled themselves but little about the future, and were determined to make this indeed a happy New Year.

NEW YEAR'S CHEER ON THE ISLANDS.

In all the institutions on the islands of the East River over which the Commissioners of Charities and Correction hold sway the day was appropriately observed by religious instruction and rest from labor. At eight o'clock in the morning the Roman Catholic clergymen officiated in all the institutions at mass. About ten o'clock the Protestant Episcopal services were celebrated in the presence of large and, in many cases, devout congregations of worshippers. At the Penitentiary religious services were held almost every hour of the day, and in consequence instructions were given to the captain of the steamer to permit no visitors to the island. This order was intended to prevent a crowd of the prisoners' friends from besieging the institution and interrupting the religious exercises, as well as to prevent the smuggling into the prison of liquors—a practice not by any means uncommon on New Year's Day, when no restrictions are placed upon the visits of the friends of the inmates. Visitors, however, were allowed at the other institutions, including the hospitals and lunatic asylums on Ward's and Blackwell's islands.

Christmas is the day when the Commissioners make their great "spread" for the inmates of the institutions; but yesterday they supplied all the tables with an abundance of New Year's cake in addition to the usual ration. In the Infant Asylum, on Randall's Island, and the Boys' Reformatory on Hart's Island, in addition to the cake, the youngsters were treated to candies and nuts and were given a holiday. Warden Stephens, of Randall's Island Nursery, improvised an entertainment for his little boys and girls, and his juvenile soldier band—the Randall's Island Guard—paraded, and made, for boys, a very creditable show. There were very few visitors from the city, owing to the difficulty of small boats working through the ice from the New York shore, yet New Year's Day did not hang heavily upon the residents of the isles of the East River.

At Bellevue Hospital three services were held—at eight A. M., ten A. M. and in the afternoon. Nice New Year's cake was distributed, and the day presented the quietude of the Sabbath.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Yesterday being the Feast of the Circumcision, morning services were held at nine A. M. in most of the Protestant Episcopal churches in the city. Those at Trinity church were conducted by Drs. Dix and Ogilby and the Rev. Mr. Howden, and those at St. Paul's, corner of Broadway and Vesey street, by the Rev. Dr. B. J. Haight. The attendance was not large in either of these places of worship.

St. Alban's Church.

Although yesterday was a strictly obligatory festival in the above ritualistic church, New Year's was by no means celebrated with that pomp of ceremony which had been expected. The feast was merely honored as the Feast of the Circumcision of the Saviour. The services consisted of a low celebration of the mass, Rev. C. W. Morrill officiating, and Rev. Mr. Bobian acting assistant. The church was robed in its Christmas ornaments, and looked neat and cheerful. There was no sermon, although the congregation was rather numerous and apparently intelligent.

St. Peter's Church.

At St. Peter's church, in Barclay street, the Feast of the Circumcision was celebrated yesterday much with the same ceremonies as are used on Sundays. Masses were said from an early hour in the morning until half-past ten o'clock, when a high mass was sung, the celebrant being Rev. Father Power, one of the recently ordained priests for the Archdiocese. The noticeable feature of New Year's at this church is that it receives every year New Year's calls. Of course the calls are all made from a religious motive, and are intended to keep up the link between the ever-pressing present and the time long gone by, when the now scattered worshippers at St. Peter's were residents of the downtown part of the city. Many who were then in the early struggles of life have since grown rich and influential; many, too, have changed locations as business required of them; others, growing with the growth of the city, moved for healthy air; but all still have a kindly recollection of the old church in Barclay street, and once a year at least travel down town to St. Peter's and, if they do nothing else, help themselves by a retrospection that cannot exclude some share of grateful feelings. Through all the busy years that have built up into marble blocks of palaces the vicinity of the old church there must have been many temptations to sell the valuable property. But it still stands as a place of worship, just as Old Trinity and St. Paul's stand, and will likely, like these, see many more New Years, and in the end be a historic church landmark, loved for its old age and associations. At the high mass yesterday morning hundreds of the old friends of this church were present. The music of the mass was well selected for the service, and Mr. Pecher, the accomplished organist, with the excellent choir under his direction, gave the audience an admirable musical New Year's treat. There was no sermon.

NEW YEAR'S IN PRISON.

How the Day was Passed in the Tombs.

While all was joyous and gay hilarious without yesterday, inside the dim and gloomy chambers of the Egyptian mansion in Centre street everything was as dark and dismal as ever. Not a ray even of the gorgeous sunlight of the New Year Day came to lighten up the hearts of the victims of the law.

Warden Mark Finley ordered that the prisoners should have two hours' exercise in the corridors, and this was all the extra privilege that would be allowed. Those who had friends or relatives to look after them had a little better fare than usual—some few dainties, perhaps, but that was all.

Murderers row, on the second tier, where Stokes, Bleakley, King, Sharkey and Foster are confined, looked the same as usual, except that the distinguished prisoners gladly availed themselves of the kind permission of the warden and were walking up and down the corridors, smoking and chatting pleasantly with each other. All of these gentlemen bore themselves remarkably well and tried to make the best of the situation. Stokes was, as usual, in a pleasant, buoyant humor, and his high spirits seemed to have its effect on the rest. Scannell smiled all over his face and showed his beautiful teeth as he bade each of his companions in misfortune a "Happy New Year." Sharkey laughed jollily, but with Foster and Bleakley it was evidently an effort to keep their spirits up to the required mark.

It was hard to look on any of these men without a feeling of pity, or at least regret, at the cause that led to their confinement. All of them are men of intelligence, of vivacious temperament, warm-blooded and warm-hearted; and, through all their jollity and animal spirits, it was easy to see that they felt very keenly their situation, and the very mention of New Year's Day brought vividly to their mind thoughts of home and kindred; for most of the prisoners have parents, wives and sisters.

After enjoying their promenade to the last minute allowed them, they were escorted back to their cells and shut up again for the rest of the day and night. Stokes will be brought out again this morning to appear at the Court of Oyer and Terminer and listen again to the tedious arguments of the lawyers, the rulings of the Judge and the testimony which is to decide, perhaps, his final acquittal.

Through the whole prison the same privilege of extra exercise was allowed, and from the lowest tier to the topmost the same quick tramp could be heard upon the cold iron till the order came to close.

The Day's Doings at Ludlow Street Prison—A New Drink.

The massive pile of brick in Ludlow street known as the County Jail was yesterday the scene of no inconsiderable degree of hilarity and genial mirth. Warden Tracy, with his proverbial generosity, spread a sumptuous table, which was done ample justice to by the scores of visitors who dropped in during the day. Everything in the eating line suitable for such an occasion was there in abundance, while of sherry, Port, Bourbon, rye and brandy there seemed an inexhaustible supply. A huge bowl of delicious wine punch seemed to be an especial favorite with the "nobby boys," but the more substantial bipeds who did themselves the honor of calling

Viewed it with a critic's eye,
Nor passed its imperfections by,

preferring the article, as one of them put it, "that knocked dad off the fence." A diminutive pitcher of that heathenish and pernicious mixture known as lemonade occupied a sequestered corner, where it was justly allowed to repose undisturbed. But if this effeminate decoction was shunned there was another which was still more severely let alone. It occupied the space within the crystal walls of a colossal decanter, was of a sickly reddish hue and was labelled—

COMPTROLLER GREEN'S MIXTURE
FOR OFFICE-HOLDERS.

That it had a good, honest look none could deny, but all seemed afraid to touch it lest it might in some way get them into the unenviable fashion of retaining other people's money or prohibit the possibility of their ever after allowing that, with the exception of themselves, any one is honest. And so, choosing rather to imbibe the liquids they are familiar with than fly to others they know not of, the numerous official visitors quietly but firmly ignored the article.

About twelve o'clock the callers began dropping in, and in a short time there was a continuous stream passing in and out. Mr. Tracy, having a number of calls to make, left the building early in the forenoon, and then the task of doing the handsome devolved upon his genial deputy, Mr. Gardner, who acquitted himself most admirably. The prisoners were accorded the liberty of the building, and after two o'clock had the run of the lunch table, with their numerous friends, many of whom left little souvenirs behind, to, in a measure, assuage the misery of the captives. Ere night shed its sombre mantle the number of callers had nearly reached seven hundred, not one of whom quitted the building without feeling that it was "good to have been there."

The Day at Essex Market.

The beaming countenance of Justice Scott made itself visible in the Essex Market Police Court at the usual hour yesterday morning, backed up by the Justice himself, who announced himself as being in a state of torpid gorgeousness, adding that ere the "dying of the day"—he was extremely poetical—his gorgeousness would probably assume a hilarious attitude. The prisoners—and there was a host of them—pretty much all bore unmistakable evidence of having spent the night "calling," as they expressed it. Black eyes and bruised faces there were in abundance, but the last vagabond of them smiled, and would be merry in spite of the gloomy surroundings. One by one they were brought up and told their story, which was always to the effect that they had been enjoying New Year's Eve, and, unfortunately, took "just a wee drop too much." The good-natured Justice hadn't the heart to lock them in a cold, dreary cell, so, very properly, forgave them their little eccentricities and allowed them to depart in peace.

SLEIGHING IN 1873.

The Most Modern Way of Enjoying the Pastime—Fifth Avenue, the Park and the Lane—The Snow Wearing Away Fast—The Parade on Runners Yesterday—Why It Looked Pretty.

The lovers of sleighing must have experienced some little disappointment in the pursuit of their favorite pastime yesterday, for the condition of the snow was not by any means such as to afford the greatest possible enjoyment on runners. The fact is that the mild weather of the past two or three days has been of such a very indeterminate character that it has neither carried away the snow nor left it. It has simply "mussed" it. However, the proportion of sleighing parties out for the purpose of mere sleighing was not by any means so great yesterday as might very reasonably be supposed. True, it was

EVERYBODY'S HOLIDAY,

but everybody had something to do in the way of reviving old acquaintances, and perhaps of making new ones by following that awful, boresome custom of making New Year's calls. This very largely tended to diminish the array of sleighs in the Park and on Harlem lane, as did also the additional fact that a large number of persons concluded, as it was their "day out," to "kill two birds with one stone" and make the round of their New Year visits with the aid of a sleigh. And so the flying cavalcades of coursers and cutters were not nearly so imposing on the favorite routes of display. But in any event people want—at least they prefer—better snow than they could find yesterday. At one o'clock in the day, when, ordinarily, people begin to show out, if they mean to go out at all, the appearance of Fifth avenue, from a sleighing point of view, was

BEGGARLY IN THE EXTREME,

and at three o'clock it was but little better. The amount of travel on the avenue since the advent of the snow has already played grave havoc, and the snow has been pretty thoroughly cut through to the pavement and turned over and over until the appearance of the thoroughfare is anything but inviting. Of course no villanous and plebeian street railroad has yet scarred the face of the great thoroughfare—we grow so fast there's no knowing how soon it may—but the centre of the roadway is one long, broad streak of dirty drab, brown or mud-colored compound, of two parts snow and one part muck. This combination has been churned and minced by carriage wheels chiefly, so that the sleigh runners have been unequal to the task of pressing it down into a good compact roadbed, as would be the case in

MONTREAL, QUEBEC OR ST. PETERSBURG.

A large number of the side streets have been divested almost entirely of their covering of snow, and the long, hard, unsympathetic pavement shows itself in bare spots at frequent intervals.

IN CENTRAL PARK

the sleighing was both better and worse than on the Avenue, owing to the drifting of the snow during the first two days of its fall. The result of the drifting was that many parts of the drives were splendidly covered, while other portions of the road were scantily favored with the fleecy *sine qua non* of a festive ride. But sleighing was feasible, and, as the poet so delightfully unburdens himself, "the world is largely what we choose to make it." So those who were determined to enjoy a sleigh ride yesterday could and did do it, and there was a right lively trooping of pretty turnouts through the meandering roadways of the Park. They came from all directions, and it was really in the Park that one got

HIS FIRST POSITIVE IMPRESSION

yesterday that there was any sleighing on foot. (This is not so much of an Hibernicism as it looks; at worst it is only a rather infelicitous way of putting it; but it is so awfully hard to write about sleighing and say something new every day that even this diversion of clumsy expression in writing seems a relief.) So, to return to the other diversion, the sleighing, and to pick up the thread of the narrative it is necessary to skip back over that long parenthetical explanation and apologetic extenuation to the sleighing that was "on foot." The sleigh riders, who, it will be understood, really were not on foot, looked cheery, and, as a whole, really pretty as they whirled past, with bright eyes and the blood tinging in their cheeks in the glowing sunlight. The day above was all that could be desired. An almost cloudless sky arched above

THE PRANCING PANORAMAS

of horseflesh, beauty and luxury that stretched away along sinuous roads, into hollows and over hillocks and bridges. It was, indeed, singular, the effect which the air, the sunshine and the exercise had on that moving throng. As a body the men and women in those sleighs were certainly no better looking than the ordinary mass of people to be met in an afternoon's walk on Broadway; but somehow they looked much handsomer.

It was the spirit of pleasure, of freedom from anxiety, which characterized them, and the exhilaration of the hydrogen that lent a diamond sparkle to the eye, a rose flush to the cheek, and that rung out health bells in every peal of laughter that floated away on the air. And, of course, there was a great deal in the surroundings and appurtenances of the pleasure seekers.

Put any man who is

NOT A WOODEN MAN

behind a pair of pretty, fleet-striding ponies, and beside him a lovely, fair-haired woman, with sapphire eyes and coral lips; bury both of them to the armpits in rich furs, cloth and velvets, and sit them in a trim cutter, crimson cushioned, robed with silver-wolf skins and neatly streaked with crimson and gold; arch the necks of the horses with chimes of music bells and burnish every harness buckle to the brilliancy of gold; let this glittering group sweep noiselessly past you with an ocean of fleecy snow below and a flood of azure and gold above, and if they don't look pretty there is no use in any further attempts to make use of Hogarth's line of beauty or to harmonize colors or soften contrasts to pleasing effects. You don't notice whether the man's nose is a little pug or whether the lady's eyebrows and lashes are mere pencil. You take in the

GRAND EFFECTS OF THE PICTURE,

and it is sure to be "nifty," and that is why everybody looked pretty in the Park yesterday—excepting the Park police. Nobody ever saw a pretty policeman, unless he may have seen one or two of the Broadway squad, the good genii of the crossings.

Out over the Terrace arch and past Mount St. Vincent the troop sped. Of course they didn't all speed right slap past the mount; but some of them stopped there a while and tied up their horses and looked through

THE BOTTOMS OF TUMBLERS,

and then went on, and so got past the mount. It would be a very painful task to make some men go by that hostelry on the hill without giving them either the opportunity or excuse to "see a man" inside.

Out on the Lane things looked still more carnivalesque, for this was the focal point of the display. A man is nobody who doesn't get out on the Lane if he has got a sleigh. All the men who keep elegant equipages and handsome stock, and have handsome wives or sweethearts, go out there, and so do all the men whose business it is to raise, train and drive fast horses. One class goes out to

DISPLAY ITS "STAMPS,"

and the other goes out there to make them, and so the Lane is popular and at times populous.

Harry Bertholf's famed resort was thronged yesterday, and there was a rare exchange of New Year congratulations and compliments, washed down by floods of the rosy. All the way along to the bridge, at the Club House, Dodge's and Florence's, were moving lines and halted clusters of riders taking the air, and the last of the sleighing, and "a little something warm," you know. And neither the dam, which is not there, nor the bridge, which is, seemed to limit their scope of travel, for they sped across in large numbers, until it seemed as though many of them would get so

FAR OUT IN WESTCHESTER COUNTY

that they will have to wait for the next snowfall to get back. Altogether the day was pleasantly spent by the sleighing brotherhood and the attendant sisterhood; but it looks as though the cream of the carnival had been skimmed by the cutters that took advantage of the first few days of snow. We shall want more snow soon, or there will be any quantity of rusty sleigh runners about sundry and divers stables, back yards and carriage-houses.

SKATING AND CURLING.

"New Year's" on Ice—How Gotham's Visitors and Citizens Amused Themselves—The Fun and Frolic of the Day.

The several ponds in the Park, embracing the "Lake," "Sixth avenue" and "110th street," were well patronized yesterday, considering that it was New York's greatest festival occasion. Until noon those that visited the Lake were strangers, apparently being country cousins who, having been told of the pleasant amusement, made this the day of visitation. Occasionally these manifested courage enough to put on the "steel," and their grotesque manœuvres were not only the talk of the lookers-on, but caused many a merry laugh. About one o'clock the "city" people made the concourse look as in olden times, and the officers then could nod and speak with one another without having their intentions misinterpreted. Of course it was New Year's Day, and they had forgotten it, their politeness being of the usual pleasant order, although in this particular there cannot be any charge submitted, as they are "full of information" at all times, and though it may be invidious to direct attention to one or more on duty during the day the gray-coated individual in charge of the Seventh avenue entrance at two o'clock was especially polite to all the incoming army of ladies and gentlemen who felt that "a skate" was better than receiving or making "calls."

At three o'clock the throng was greatly augmented and the refreshment saloon full. The "fancy fellows" were out, and they gave the spectators on the "Drive" ample chance for argument in the matter of their respective skill, while they discussed the propriety of setting aside for them the space for practice which they desire. As night was approaching scores of Gotham's juveniles were noticed buckling on their skates, and then the Lake was brilliantly picturesque. Costumes new and elegant were numerous, and the "strange" ladies (those not familiar with metropolitan life) took many "notes" of scarfs, dresses and sacques. It was to them a chance not to be neglected.

The crowd seemed the same on all the ponds. Mirth, good nature and a "willing to do anything" kind of spirit predominated. In this way the day was passed, and rich and poor enjoyed themselves alike. If the same feeling of fraternity was elsewhere exhibited as noted among the visitors to the Park, then yesterday was indeed an occasion of "good will" to all. The curlers, as usual, were on hand, and on their park, between Seventy-fourth and Seventy-fifth streets, played several "scrub" games, to give them the practice necessary to enable them to be in "full feather" next week, when the "point" contests are to be inaugurated. Captain Costar took charge yesterday of the Park police, to the gratification of all who were advised of the fact.

NEW YEAR'S IN BROOKLYN.

The residents of the City of Churches began their circleway round the four seasons of the new year yesterday, with thoughts as varied, perhaps, as the number who go to make up the vast population. Some felt like closing their eyes upon the scenes through which they have passed in 1872, while others were clinging tenaciously to the memories of incidents which they would not for the world have obliterated, and therefore stepped slowly across the threshold into 1873, with their eyes over their shoulders, and waving old Time, with whom they have travelled, a fond and affectionate farewell. But young Time slid out upon the world's stage with a confidence yesterday that gave the Brooklynites an assurance that they had nothing to fear in the future, so long as they placed their trust in the Great Ruler of all. There are, no doubt, hosts in Brooklyn who have an accumulation of sins to answer for, and while the year is young and their new-formed resolutions of reformation fresh they should improve the time. Notwithstanding the discouraging picture drawn by the reform committees of Fifty and One Hundred of the Brooklyn politicians of 1872 the confidence of a large class of the citizens of Brooklyn has not been shaken in their integrity, and, as their constituents filed into their dwellings and partook of their bounteous hospitalities, nothing could have induced them to change probably even the worst politician for one from New York. The prayers of the thousands of Brooklyn's fair daughters for a clear day were answered, for the sun came out brightly precisely at the hour announced for its appearance in the almanac, and the bright eyes of those who had been looking forward for a happy time, and who had been fussing and fixing for many weeks in order to be prepared for yesterday, sparkled with delight. The young urchins who are looked upon as a nuisance on such days were out in full force upon the sidewalks with their sleds, and those who would have lingered long in their beds were aroused, and soon became alive to the importance of the voyage upon which they were to sail. A large number of the church-going portion of the community attended the services in the various churches to which they were attached, and returned blessings to Divine Providence for His goodness in the past and prayed for His good guidance in the future. There was, of course, a good attendance at the various Catholic churches—the Cathedral, St. Paul's, St. Mary's, Star of the Sea; St. Stephen's, St. Charles Borromeo's and others. At an early hour the usual custom of making calls was commenced, and the streets were soon filled with well-dressed gentlemen, making their annual visits to their friends. The custom of receiving calls this year seemed to be universal, for it appeared as if preparations had been made in every house. The sleighing was good, and the largest portion of the callers went about in sleighs. The streets resounded with the merry tingle of the sleigh bells. They served also as a warning for the young ladies who might otherwise have been caught making a "social call themselves" in order to dispel the monotony of time between calls.

There was no particular levee at the City Hall, for Mayor Powell was opposed to furnishing a municipal banquet for the rag-tag who heretofore filed into line long before the hour for the ceremonies to commence. He was at his office, however, and entertained a large number of callers. The keeper of the City Hall, Patrick Tourney, was not aware he had so many friends as gathered about his table during the course of the day.

All the city and county officials received their calls at their residences, and the occasion was one enjoyed by both host and guest. Everybody wished everybody else "a happy New Year," and the young lady who escaped being kissed would to-day be a curiosity.

Pickled oysters along in the evening appeared to have a bad effect upon some of the callers who had not gauged their capacity to a nicety. Professor Doremus will have to analyze some of the bivalves done up in pickle to ascertain what injurious qualities they possess and how many it is safe for a man to take who has lost his front teeth, is a little freckled, bald and has a large family looking for him at home.

"HONEST JOHN CAMERON."

Death of Captain John Cameron by an Apoplectic Stroke on New Year's Day, After Forty Years' Faithful Service.

Yesterday morning, at a few minutes before ten o'clock, one of the bravest, most efficient and oldest police officers in New York died at the corner of Third avenue and Twenty-third street. "Honest John Cameron," as he has been called for over twenty years, while attempting to catch a Grand Central car going south, at the upper corner of Twenty-second street and Third avenue, tripped and fell while running between the curbstone and the inside car track, and lay in the street on his face gasping for breath. The pedestrians and bystanders, noticing the brave old gentleman lying prone and helpless, ran to his assistance, and he was carried into the drug store at the same corner, from which he started to run for a car. A crowd collected, and Captain Leary, of the Twenty-sixth precinct, who was just going down town on the same errand on which Captain Cameron had started from the Eighteenth precinct station house—namely, to make his morning returns at Police Headquarters—seeing a crowd gathered, plunged into the drug store and took charge of the dying officer. Police Surgeon White, of the Eighteenth precinct, and Drs. Fersch and Lawson were summoned to the assistance of the Captain, and as soon as they arrived they applied restoratives of various kinds—sal volatile and ammonia—but it was all in vain. There was a nervous twitching of the eyelids, an effusion of blood to the face and head, and in less than ten minutes after he had been carried into the drug store Captain Cameron, one of the best police officers in the Metropolitan Department, was dead—stone dead. Officer La Rue, who has been for many years under the command of Captain Cameron, was the first man to go for a doctor, and he called on Dr. Belcher, in Twentieth street, and, telling him the circumstances, asked for his immediate assistance. Dr. Belcher informed him that he had a patient then under his charge and that he could not attend Captain Cameron.

Officer La Rue then ran to inform Warden Brennan, at Bellevue Hospital, having ascertained that doctors had arrived to furnish assistance—that an ambulance was needed to take the body of Captain Cameron to his residence, at 119 Cannon street, between Stanton and Houston streets. Warden Brennan was thunder-struck at the news of the sudden and unexpected death of Captain Cameron; but, acting with his usual promptitude, he got the ambulance out himself and drove it down to the drug store. The body of the old officer was carried out carefully, his white hair and whiskers looking pitiful as crowds of New Year's callers passed to and fro, not giving a thought, perhaps, to the long years of faithful service given by the old man in the cause of law and order. The body was then driven by Warden Brennan to the late residence of Captain Cameron in Cannon street.

A reporter of the HERALD called at 119 Cannon street yesterday afternoon. The house is an old-fashioned brick structure of three stories, with green blinds, a high brown stone stoop with iron railings, and in front of the house was a huge snow bank with a large cutting made in it. The door handle was draped with crape, and a plain and well-worn brass plate bore the inscription,

J. CAMERON.

The reporter knocked at the door, and a tall, sensible-looking lady appeared in answer to the summons, followed by a bluff, honest looking man, who wore large whiskers and seemed to be a sea captain from his appearance. The reporter stated the object of his call, and the lady said, "It would be better, perhaps, that you should see Mrs. Cameron in the back parlor. She is very much broken about this sudden loss, but she will tell you all." The reporter walked back into the room, and there saw an old and respectable-looking lady, who wore spectacles and seemed bowed with sorrow. The room was plainly and neatly furnished, and over the bed hung a portrait of the old officer in uniform, taken some years ago. Over the mantelpiece also hung a colored representation of the Chief of the Cameron clan, in the Cameron tartan and plaid. In the front room, concealed by the rosewood folding doors, lay the corpse of poor John Cameron. In answer to inquiries made, Mrs. Cameron stated that her husband was born September 30, 1807, and was consequently in his sixty-fifth year. Captain John Cameron was a native of Norwalk, Conn., of Scottish descent. Mrs. Cameron is in her sixty-eighth year, and is also a native of Connecticut. Mrs. Cameron is not in very strong health. She has but one child, a married daughter, forty years of age, the wife of Mr. Stephen St. John, of the South Norwalk Iron Works. The Captain has two brothers—one in the tea and coffee business in Bridgeport, and the other, who resides in Brooklyn, is engaged in the iron railing business in this city.

Captain Cameron's services as a policeman began as far back as 1834. He was one of the old municipal police force or city watch, known as the "Leatherheads." For nearly forty years he has been a police officer, and never during that long period was he known to falter in his duty or do a dishonest act. Other police captains have got rich in office, but he only rented the house in Cannon street, a part of the Costar property, and, excepting the old homestead left him by his mother at Norwalk, he leaves nothing behind him. Captain Cameron was a very distinguished member of the Masonic order, and was high in the Scottish degree and the various commanderies of the Knights Templars. He was an active and honored member of Alma Lodge, and this body will take charge of his funeral, which is to take place at one o'clock on Sunday afternoon, from St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church, in Fourth avenue. The Masonic display will be a very imposing one. Mr. Senior, the undertaker, will have charge of the obsequies. The doctors think that Captain Cameron died either of disease of the heart or of an apoplectic stroke. The station house in East Twenty-second street was yesterday heavily draped with mourning, and all the policemen connected with the precinct seemed to feel that they had lost a friend as well as a superior officer. He had been Captain in the Eighteenth precinct for nearly twelve years. Coroner Keenan will hold an inquest on to-morrow.

NEW YEARS AT THE CITY HALL.

The Retiring Mayor and Mayor Havemeyer Desolate Appearance of the Mayor's Offices—Courtesies of the Ex-Mayor and the Mayor—The Reception of Citizens in the Governor's Room—Mayor Havemeyer Looking for His Portrait.

Shortly before noon yesterday Ex-Mayor Hall arrived at the Mayor's offices in the City Hall. The familiar apartments wore a dismantled appearance. The paintings, the photographs and the engraved portraits of prominent city officials had been removed from the walls; the numberless articles of adornment that indicated the excellent and refined taste of the chief occupant of the rooms, and which gave to all visitors the idea of beauty and fitness, had been sent away, and all that was left was the furniture of Ingersoll, which only served to fill up the empty, cold, cheerless aspect of the offices and give to the eyes of visitors a dull gray of grim utility instead of that beauty of adornment that to the unreflecting even is an unconscious joy. Ex-Mayor Hall stood in the waiting room leading to the private offices, wearing his overcoat, chatting with a number of visitors, who had partially surrounded him, waiting to introduce his successor and give him possession of the official apartments. Observing the date-rack on the Mayor's desk, Mayor Hall called the attention of several gentlemen to the error that had evidently been made by one of the attendants in placing the date as January 11 instead of January 1, and remarked that that must be

A MISTAKE,

unless the attendant meant to indicate by it that there was one going out and one coming in. The laugh that followed this characteristic joke had scarcely died away and the faces of the group returned to that appearance of expectation that is always so manifest on the waiting for a great event, when Mayor Havemeyer, followed by Mr. John Foley and other distinguished reformers, entered the Mayor's private office. The retiring Mayor then shook hands with the Mayor, and then, turning to the empty chair, said:—"Mr. Mayor, I desire to restore you to that vacant chair, and to give you the keys of your private office, and wish you a very happy New Year." Mayor Havemeyer received the keys from the retiring Mayor, and said:—"I thank you very much for all your kindness to me," and then sat in the civic chair and assumed the office and