LANDED PROPERTY.

A BRILLIANT WEEK'S BUSINESS.

The Sale of the Famous Post Estate---Establishing Values of West Side Lots.

Three Million Dollars' Worth of Property Sold.

THE CITY'S EXPANSION.

Its Imperial Destiny Northward.

"HOW THE OLD THING WORKS."

The Elections of Morrisania and West Farms Place Their Stamp of Approval on Annexation by the Vote Cast at the Late Election.

The Subject Favorably Considered by the Common Council.

RECENT PRIVATE SALES, &C.

Croakers and bears in real estate have derived but little comfort of late, and the fact that nearly three million dollars' worth of property changed hands during the past week demonstrates clearly that no amount of decrying has any tendency to depreciate the value of landed estate.

The feature of the past week has been

THE SALE OF THE FAMOUS POST ESTATE,

which realized very close on one million and a quarter dollars. Everybody waited for it before making investments, and, by a sort of an implied understanding, operators decided to abide the result and estimate values by the prices obtained for these west side lots. The sequel proved that the shrewd speculators had rightly calculated. The figures received exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the veriest bull, and sadly disappointed the bruin element. Conjectures as to the sums for which the Riverside Park lots would sell were rife among parties interested in real estate. The two prominent lots corner of Riverside avenue and 122d street, were variously estimated to bring all the way from $12,000 to $15,000; but when the northeast corner was knocked down to Mr. Cyrus Clark, a heavy land owner and speculator, for $18,100, it was at once conceded that the prospective sale would be an immense success. The opposite corner, not quite so eligibly located, brought $18,000, and the inside lots proportional rates. In the aggregate each lot as it was mapped out, good, bad and indifferent, averaged all the way through $7,900. It may be imagined that holders of property on the west side feel highly elated over this great result, as it enhances their possessions manifold.

EFFECTS OF THE MONEY LOCK-UP.

It is generally conceded that a tight money market has no influence upon the disposal of well located real estate, and in the flush of excitement attendant upon the sale of the Post estate the existing monetary stringency seems to have been left out of sight by those in attendance. But a heavy rate of discount for accommodations and a failure to realize upon other collaterals have debarred a good many persons from attending said auction, who otherwise would have been very heavy buyers. Thus this branch of trade is effected by scarcity in currency as much as dry goods or any other traffic. Looking at

THE GENERAL RESULT OF THIS SALE

and those following leads us to the conclusion that a healthy activity in real estate operations has set in, and we can confidently anticipate now a lively business for some time to come. Another fact has been most vividly brought home to us, and that is "an estate of executors will bring an amount largely in excess of that of other property." This arises from the natural cause that the former must be sold at any price, and even if the heirs buy it in, it nevertheless establishes rates, while with the latter there may be buying in if the "set" price is not reached by the auctioneer.

ANNEXATION.

Brooklyn is experiencing difficulty in her ambition to extend her municipal jurisdiction over all the towns of Kings county. Some of the towns positively object, and, as is but right under such circumstances, the Legislature hesitates to annex them to that city against their will. They will probably, therefore, be allowed an opportunity of voting on the question.

But in the Westchester towns of Morrisania, West Farms and Kingsbridge there seems to be

NO OCCASION

to take the sense of the people by ballot on the subject of annexation to the city of New York. In each of those towns the people are as nearly unanimous in favor of annexation as people usually are on any public measure. The preference is so unmistakably expressed as to be a matter of absolute certainty, and no one is bold enough to gainsay this fact. Yet there occasionally crops out there from "ring" quarters, disturbed, no doubt, by the fear of losing long enjoyed opportunities in political hunting grounds under their control, a suggestion to impede the wishes of the people of said Westchester towns for immediate annexation to the city by compelling them, as a condition precedent, to vote at some future time as to whether, after all, they may not be mistaken in respect to their real wishes on the subject. This is exactly what a proposition to take the vote of either of the towns in reference to annexation to New York city amounts to, and the people of Morrisania, West Farms and Kingsbridge are

FULLY ALIVE TO THE MOTIVES

of those who assume to practise this officious and mischievous interference ostensibly in their behalf, but in reality, as is easily seen, for the maintenance of mere personal interests. That leaders in both political parties are confederated in such a discreditable intrigue by no means relieves it of the imputation of partisanship, but rather proves it to be a compound partisanship, the ingredients consisting of the proverbial "six of one and half a dozen of the other," if, indeed, the Westchester politicians thus combined to lead the people by the nose number so many as a dozen in all.

The proof that annexation to the city is popular in the towns is amply evidenced by the

MULTITUDE OF SIGNERS TO MEMORIALS

to the Legislature in favor and the few opposed. In Kingsbridge scarcely a man can be found in opposition. At the recent town meeting in West Farms the question was put to the electors in a body and the response was unanimously and enthusiastically in the affirmative. In Morrisania, also, the feeling in favor is intense and determined—so much so that, notwithstanding there was apparently no serious opposition to the recent election of the democratic candidate for supervisor in that town on general grounds, his friends recognized the necessity of referring in public print during the canvass to a rumor prevailing, for political effect, as they alleged, that he was opposed to annexation, and of their asserting therin on "authority" that the rumor was false, as no man in the town was more heartily in favor of the question than he. As a consequence of this assurance the gentleman referred to was elected by a large majority, the only votes against him having been cast for a republican whose name was kept on the ticket after he had declined the nomination, for the purpose of keeping up the party organization in the town, and who was himself also earnestly committed in favor of annexation. In addition to this nearly

UNANIMOUS EXPRESSION FROM THESE TOWNS,

the supervisors of the county have also by deliberate resolution in behalf of and as expressing the sense of the people of the county, signified their concurrence in the measure. If, therefore, the representatives of Westchester county in the Legislature do their duty in the premises, and are sustained in it by the city members, we may reasonably expect the annexation of the Westchester towns of Morrisania, West Farms and Kingsbridge to the city of New York to become an accomplished fact before the termination of the business of the present session. In which event, let all parties concerned keep a sharp look out for a period of business activity in the city and annexed towns, among capitalists, traders, mechanics and working men, such as comparatively few may now fully anticipate, but through which multitudes are destined to become prosperous beyond their present most sanguine expectations.

THE FAVORABLE RECOMMENDATION

of the law committee of the Board of Aldermen, in reference to the annexation of the Westchester towns to this city, was considered by the Board at their meeting on Thursday, and was adopted by that body. The subject being of magnitude and importance, it was discussed by the Aldermen with considerable animation, and the resolution was finally amended so as to call for the submission of the whole question to the people of the counties of New York and Westchester at the next election.

No one will dispute the right of any Alderman to claim this privilege for his constituents in whatever light the wisdom or

EXPEDIENCY OF THE PROPOSITION

may be viewed; but when he attempts a similar drag on the measure, as representing the interests of the Westchester county electors, his right and his motives become questionable. It is possible, however, that the submission proposition was pressed under circumstances not inconsistent with the highest sense of honor and the most exalted public spirit on the part of the Aldermen who supported the amendment, as they may have been misled through an invidious provision inserted in the Annexation bill after its friends had deemed it complete, but which was subsequently stricken out by the Committee on Cities of the Assembly as

UNNECESSARY AND MISCHIEVOUS,

requiring the transfer of the public property of the towns to be submitted to a vote of the electors thereof before taking full effect. But no well-informed person, entitled to be regarded as even just to the citizens of the Westchester towns, would represent them, as was done in the Aldermanic debate, as favoring annexation to the city, and consequent amenability to its traditional municipal government, to enable them to escape taxation. The contemplation of any such illusion in respect to "jumping out of the frying pan into the fire" provokes rather grave reflections, especially in connection with a politico-economical scheme of our present city daddies that is now pending in the Legislature, to destroy the finest and grandest structure of Egyptian architecture outside of the land of the Pharaohs, in the promotion of

A COMPANION MASTERPIECE

to the "County Court House" enterprise, which, if accomplished, will, in effect, dedicate the criminal courts and prisons of the city and county of New York to the elevated purposes and designs of the ancient order of "shysters," in some sequestered quarter of the city that will be practically inaccessible to the honorable members of the legal profession and to the citizens generally.

In considering the arguments against this project of annexation one cannot fail to be impressed by the facility with which they answer and refute themselves. This

UNFORTUNATE WEAKNESS

of that side of the question has been heretofore pointed out in the HERALD, and it was rather ludicrously apparent when the sharp Westchester townsmen were charged in the debate by an Alderman, who was opposing annexation, with making their money in the city, and escaping its taxation by residing "over the bridge."

"LET US ANNEX THEIR TERRITORY, THEN,"

was the opposite response of another Alderman, "and we may thereby compel them to pay their taxes in our own city." And this passage between the two worthy city magnates is a fair indication of the staple of the annexation argument wherever it occurs. After calmly

SURVEYING THE WHOLE FIELD,

our candid opinion is, that the strong and only available point of all who are intent on obstructing the measure is a rigid adherence to the device of the experienced Westchester "ring" of requiring the concurrence in advance of each of the separate municipalities or governments concerned, to be expressed by the vote of their several populations. In the multitude of counsels thus demanded there is a chance for a slip-up of the measure somewhere, even if so desperate an expedient as a false and stuffed ballot box and a knocked-down inspector of elections has to be resorted to, as is alleged to have been the case at the recent election for town officers in the First ward of Morrisania.

SUBURBAN RESIDENCES.

A new era of prosperity seems to dawn for the beautiful sea-girt Staten Island, especially that portion known as New Brighton. The stiff prices demanded by owners of houses in this city drives people of moderate income away, and hundreds have flocked to New Brighton, where very comfortable residences are rented at very moderate rates. We have heard of a number of rentals in this vicinity within the past week. The elevated location of property here renders habitation desirable, and the climate is as salubrious as anywhere within thirty miles of New York. Increased ferry facilities are now offered to the residents of the island, thus virtually establishing a "rapid transit" unequalled by any elevated railroad.

PRIVATE SALES.

We have received the following reports of private sales effected last week:—

BY F. ZITTEL, 1,026 THIRD AVENUE.

1 house, s. s. 62d st., between Lexington and 3d avs., 12.6x50x100 ..... $13,500
1 house, n. s. 83d st., between 8th and 9th avs., 16.8x 50x100 16,500
1 house, s. s. 60th st., 240 ft. e. of Madison av., 20x52 x100 37,000
1 house, 323 East 62d st., 3 story b., 17x48x100 7,978
1 house, n. s. 83d st., between 8th and 9th avs., 18.9x 50x102 18,000
1 house, n. s. 83d st., between 8th and 9th avs., 20x 50x102 23,000

BY LESPINASSE AND FRIEDMAN.

1 lot, 50x100, s. s. 117th st., 370 ft. s. w. of 5th av 8,500
1 lot, n. e. corner Boulevard and 139th st., 25x100 12,750

BY THOMAS G. HOJER, 936 THIRD AVENUE.

870 3d av., house and lot, 25x75 28,250
872 3d av., house and lot, 25x75 24,250
623 Lexington av., 20x64 19,000
342 East 59th st., 25x100 8,000
286 18th st., Brooklyn, house and lot, 17x100 4,500

PUBLIC EDUCATION.

The New Board of Education Meet and Adjourn Without Organizing—Custom House Lobbyists.

At four o'clock yesterday afternoon the members of the Board of Instruction, nominated in accordance with the provisions of a recent act of the Legislature, assembled at the hall corner of Grand and Elm streets. On motion Mr. Alban P. Mann was unanimously voted to the chair. The meeting room was thronged by principals, vice principals and various other friends of education. On the right were seated President Hunter, of the Normal College; Professor Scott and the city superintendents. A novel scene was witnessed outside the railing. There, in noisy and busy conlabulation, stood many of the satellites of the Custom House, whispering to different members and firing knowing winks and nods in all directions. Prominent among them were Isaac H. Bailey, Jackson Schultz, Tom Acton, Jimmy Davis and W. Hall. Many of the Commissioners appeared to be thoroughly conversant with the intentions of the lobbyists, and gave them a wide berth. It is understood that the Custom House gentlemen, not being able to influence the Mayor to nominate all the Commissioners of their choice, intend to "work upon" the new officials for the purpose of securing the hitherto non-partisan patronage of the Board, and thus make a machine of the most important department of the city government. The contemptible practice of appealing to religious feelings in aid of the object has been in some instances resorted to; but the officials, fortunately, don't appear to be the men to listen to those appeals. They are all venerable, intelligent-looking individuals, and present a very favorable appearance. Except Commissioners Patterson and Kelly (the latter gentleman is in the South), all the new appointees were in their seats. A debate arose among them as to the power of the new Board to act on Saturday, the fifteenth day after the passage of the act not having then expired. (Yesterday was the fifteenth day.) The lawyers of the Board were unanimous in the opinion that the term of the old Board had not yet expired and could not legally expire until twelve o'clock that night. It was true the old Board had adjourned *sine die;* but that fact did not alter the workings of the law. A motion was accordingly made to adjourn until Monday afternoon, which was unanimously carried. To-morrow evening, therefore, the destinies of 100,000 children, a vast number of public educators and the control of a great department will pass into the hands of the Board.

THE YOUNG INVESTIGATION.

Second Session of the Committee of Supervisors as to the Conduct of J. B. Young—Renewal of the Testimony as to the Woodward Warrants.

Before the proceedings were formally renewed yesterday in the J. B. Young investigation Mr. Taintor stated to the committee that he desired to disclaim any personal feeling in the inquiry against Mr. Young. The results that had been and were to be presented to the committee had been the result of an examination of the books of the city and county fifteen or sixteen months ago. He was not actuated by political or partisan motives. Wherever he had detected irregularities, no matter who it referred to, he had made it his duty to present those particulars to the proper municipal officer. On the 16th of January he had seen Mr. Young and told him of these charges, and had also sent some of Mr. Young's friends to tell him also.

Mr. Dexter A. Hawkins then examined Mr. Taintor as to the details of certain warrants already published, and which have been given more or less in detail in the criminal and civil trials of Mr. Tweed and Mr. Hall. The only new features were the deposits of Woodward in the Broadway Bank, as given by Mr. Taintor. The division and percentage of certain amounts to Tweed, Garvey and Watson were described, and the particulars, as already published, given in detail. The amounts received by Mr. Young, as already published, were detailed by Mr. Taintor, and traced to the respective amounts.

Mr. Taintor's examination was not concluded when the committee adjourned, to meet again on Monday morning at eleven o'clock.

COLLISION IN THE SOUND.

A collision occurred yesterday morning at five o'clock between the tugboat Oyster Bay and an unknown schooner, nearly opposite Whitestone. Happily there was no loss of life; but two hands from the tugboat's crew were lifted into the air, whence they fell into the cold water of the Sound. They were rescued from their perilous situation by the heroic endeavors of Hell Gate Pilot Harris. The Oyster Bay, in her disabled condition, was taken in tow by the steamtug Niagara. The schooner, little damaged, proceeded on her course.

A SUNDAY AT THE TOMBS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

There are churches and churches, and I sometimes wonder what the Creator thinks of most of them. I particularly wonder what His private opinion is of the religious services held in the cheerful corridor of that thing of beauty and joy forever, the Tombs. I have been lost in this particular wonder ever since a desire to know what was being spiritually done for criminals led me to risk my health by visiting our salubrious city prison for a few hours. Having run this risk and returned home alive, a wiser if not a better man, perhaps the HERALD may like to be equally wise and equally no better. Assuming this supposition to be correct, I will make as truthful a pen and ink sketch as lies within my power. Emerson says that he who tells the truth will find himself in sufficiently dramatic situations. Emerson is more practical in this remark than in many others, and at the risk of my neck (for after all "hanging is not played out") I will give myself all the rope required to hold the Tombs up to life.

We enter the gloomy portals of the prison and stand without the railings, waiting for the arrival of some potentate whose beck means "open sesame." The ordinary bustle of secular days has yielded to the quiet dulness which is supposed to denote respect for the Maker of the universe. I have often thought that if this respect manifested itself by less chicanery and rowdyism on week days and more mirthfulness on Sunday, humanity would benefit by the change; but I am not the President of the United States, nor do I belong to the Custom House party, consequently what I think is of no consequence. My attention is attracted to a notice hanging within a few feet of the doorkeeper, whose business it is to receive the passes of all having access to the Tombs:—

NO SMOKING ALLOWED IN THIS PRISON.

"Ah!" I say to myself, "a very good rule; for if visitors and officials added tobacco fumes to air already poisoned by swamp, bad drainage and overcrowding, what would become of the wretched prisoners?" My reflections are cut short by observing that the doorkeeper is consoling himself with a cigar. I am somewhat staggered at this violation of regulations, but then I regain a speedy composure by remembering that the object of making laws is to break them. The greatest pleasure in life is eating forbidden fruit. Eve made this discovery early in her varied career and men have been profiting by it ever since. It is not long before the potentate arrives, beckons, and we pass through the door that affords ingress and egress to more misery than any door in Christendom. Entering the confined courtyard I see where Foster died a double death; first from the administration of prolonged prayer, and second, from the administration of law. I behold the window of the condemned cell, which is so conveniently situated to the gallows as to convey all sounds of its construction to the murderer's quick ears. This refinement of cruelty does credit to our civilization, and I draw attention to it that all Christians may applaud.

Within the men's prison is a moving spectacle. I fancy myself on board a Great Eastern, anchored in the lake beneath, that once was seventy feet deep. Surely I stand in the engine room of a vast steamer. Here, on the ground floor, are three large stoves that a vivid imagination may liken unto furnaces. Three pipes run up into the air and disappear in the skylight. These are the smokestacks. Three tiers of galleries run around the narrow corridor, men in dirty shirt sleeves lounge about, prisoners are tramping, tramping, tramping, taking their exercise for all the world like ocean passengers. Every moment I expect to hear the boatswain's shrill whistle and the cry of "All hands forward!" It does not come, however. One by one the prisoners are shut up in their cells, preparatory to religious exercises, and we mount one flight of steps taking our stand on what I believe to be the Captain's lookout. Gazing around and aloft, my eyes catch sight of quotations from the Bible, printed on pasteboard and hung up between every cell. There is supposed to be an eternal fitness in everything, and I wish you to remark the singular propriety of the mottoes put up by well-intentioned people for the good of sinners. I read, "The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain," and from the adjoining cell I hear such blasphemy as ought to make that pasteboard curl. "I say unto you, love your enemies," and a prisoner who turns his back on the injunction assures me that once out of prison he will have his revenge on those by whom he has been wronged. "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch!" "Just as though we didn't," retorts a prisoner when asked for a criticism. "You better believe we watch, but a darned sight of good it does after a fellow gets into this here place." "Without Me ye can do nothing." "I don't believe in them things," replies a young burglar whose cell is plentifully supplied with the *Day's Doings*, the *Clipper* and other highly instructive journals. "What does it mean, anyhow? There ain't no beginning nor end to it. I've done lots of things. What does it mean? They come round here and give us tracts and religious newspapers. We take 'em, but, you'd better believe, we laugh. What do we want with such stuff? What we want is to get out and have a fair chance. I don't want to steal if I can get a living some other way. Will those tract people give me something to do? Blessed if they will. Now look at that. 'No man can serve two masters; ye cannot serve God and Mammon.' Mammon's money, isn't it? Suppose you haven't got any money, what's up? I don't believe it for a cent. It's all gammon. And there's another—'I am the way, the truth and the life.' Why don't they talk on the square? What do they want to go fooling round for, telling a fellow that is locked up, 'Be not afraid—be of good cheer, it is I?' Do they take us for fools? Well, we ain't, by a long shot." No, these young burglars are not fools, whatever else they may be.

"The Lord reigneth," proclaims the motto on the wall. "That's the way He reigns," exclaims a keen-eyed prisoner, overhearing an oath from his neighbor. "These visitors mean well, you see, but they don't understand their business. Now, the other day, what does a woman do but go and begin singing psalms at ——, who was seated in a chair by the stove. She put her hand on the chair and went at him like a good 'un. You ought to have heard the men go on! 'Go it again!' cries one. 'Bully for you!' said another. 'Put her out!' shouted a third. Some whistled, some bellowed and then they got up a chorus of howls. I couldn't help laughing and I tell you it's no sort of good trying on religion in that style." As I pass along the gallery one prisoner calls to another opposite, "I say, ——, what do you suppose a woman said to me yesterday?" "Give it up," replies his friend. "Well," the old fool said, 'Now, when you get out you won't try and kill anybody again, will you?' "Of course not, ma'm,' said I," and then the two roar with laughter. Most assuredly the keen-eyed man is right in asserting that philanthropists do not understand their business. If there is one thing more than another that criminals despise it is goody-goody twaddle, and this is the moral pabulum upon which they are fed. Cleanliness being considered next to godliness, sweeping of the galleries sets in before the beginning of services. Considerable dust is thrown in our eyes, but not sufficient to prevent our seeing a church by daylight. Ladies bearing copies of the weekly religious press appear, and although the motto nearly assures me that "Charity thinketh no evil," I am wicked enough to recall the prisoners' criticisms, and wonder whether the road to reform is by the way of newspapers that are pronounced a bore. Stools, placed on one side of the gallery, are covered with daily newspapers. On these visitors and ladies and gentlemen constituting the choir take their seats. My friend sits on the *Tribune* and I sit on the *Sun*. We are fortified by these grand moral organs. New mottoes come before me. Beside the cell occupied by the great American Dictator, George Francis Train, I read—"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." Presently a printed canvas is unrolled and hung up opposite the choir. It is a hymn, entitled, "Just as I am," the first verse running thus:—

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come.

A benevolent-looking Episcopalian clergyman arrives with a sermon. He has volunteered his services. The pastor of the prison reads a hymn, and, without accompaniment of any kind, the choir sings in the drawling, nasal manner peculiar to psalm singing. It is thought to be devotional in its tendencies. I pity the prisoners; but, remembering that their ears have not been cultivated, I begin to believe that poor music is better than none, for I perceive that the prisoners approach the doors of their cells and place one hand outside the gratings, as though they were absorbing sound through the pores. The litany is read; no responses come from the cells, and then the venerable clergyman unrolls his manuscript. "What will he say to these present, but invisible, men?" I ask myself. "Can any talk be more difficult? Can any one dare to address them who does not feel fitted for most peculiar work?" Evidently the well-intentioned old gentleman has no such scruples. He has selected a sermon which he considers eminently suited to time and place. He tells his unseen audience that the Lord is angry with the wicked every day; that God's words are not idle speeches, and gives such a picture of the Deity as is not calculated to soften obdurate hearts. He assures them that misery is the work of a holy and offended God, a statement that strikes the inquiring mind peculiarly. I wish to ask whether the misery arising from the murder of Phyfer by Nixon is the work of God, and, if so, why Nixon is to be hung? Is the starvation of the sewing girl due to God's anger? I long to put several questions to the reverend gentleman, but refrain. He talks about conscience, yet admits that it may be lulled into repose. He speaks of sinning against the laws and the sin being found out, but he does not tell us how much responsibility there is for sin when humanity is reared in brutal ignorance of conscience. He declaims against the hardened transgressor; declares that all our sins are remembered by God; that as He is holy He must hate what is evil; that as He is just He must punish. The good man tells us, further, how God chastises those He loves, adding that if He punishes those He loves what can others expect? Evidently nothing but everlasting torment; and if any of the prisoners have listened (which I doubt), they are much more hardened in transgression than before the delivery of the sermon. As the preacher meanders through his broad river of text the hands gradually disappear from the gratings. Doors are closed with a bang. A boy visiting one of the prisoners begins to talk loudly. Exhausting conversation he sits on the floor with his feet dangling over the gallery and reads the *Police Gazette*. Howls, succeeded by groans, are heard in the distance. A voice not far away exclaims, "Damn you, hold your yawp!" The two young men in the cell opposite my seat begin to laugh, cards are produced, and quickly distance the preacher in interest. The youth occupying the cell directly beside me whistles irreverent airs and tries to add to my comfort by puffing tobacco smoke in my face. The more the reverend old gentleman preaches the more the irreverent young gentleman puffs.

The latter evidently thinks that I am related to the preacher and sympathize with his views. I long to undeceive him, but for fear, and inhale more bad tobacco smoke in less time than I dreamed possible to the most capacious lungs. Hilarity increases until even the cat below becomes indecorous and plays with her tail in a highly reprehensible manner. The preacher heeds his audience no more than his audience heeds him, and when it is all over I leave the prison sick at heart. Is this the best that can be done for criminals? Shall religion be made a mockery? If prisoners be talked to at all, should it not be by impassioned, earnest, eloquent souls capable of awakening emotion? Will droning platitudes ever produce wholesome effects upon shrewd, alert minds? I do not blame the prisoners for shutting their doors. Had I sat within a cell I might have howled. It should be remembered that the majority of prisoners are Catholics, to whom a Protestant service is objectionable; and I contend that it is no more just to expect Catholics to tolerate Protestantism than to expect Protestants to tolerate Catholicism. At present no Catholic service is held in the male prison of the Tombs. If all services are like the one I have described, all are worse than useless. Far better would it be to make the Sunday exercises entirely musical. A piano and a few good voices singing not hymns only, but English and Irish ballads calculated to recall long lost homes, would do more to touch hearts not entirely hardened than all the common-place sermons that have been preached since the days of Luther. It is a crime against crime that so little is done to appeal to the better nature after the law has laid hands upon offenders. Music speaks a language to which every soul can give the interpretation most desired, and I maintain that the organ, considered absolutely necessary in churches, is far more necessary in prisons. Were there a miserable piano in the Tombs it might be possible to test the power of music. Many a pianist, many a singer would gladly volunteer. Is the city so poor that it cannot afford this luxury? And if a new prison be erected is there any chance of seeing an organ built in every department? It is not enough to shut up criminals, the majority of whom are youths led astray by miserable birth, poverty and bad company. Something must be done to lure them into honest paths. Thoroughly human men and women who are not too good to understand temptation, and who do not force their own righteousness down rebellious throats, ought to set themselves to work at this greatest of all charities. First, how to prevent crime, and secondly, how to stay its course, are the problems of the age. Certainly the present prison *régime* is fraught with direful consequences, not the least of which are those caused by the weekly performance of a ghastly burlesque called Divine Worship.

There are Berghs for animals; where are the Berghs for human souls? REFORM.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

From J. B. Ford & Co.:—"Beecher's (Henry Ward) Sermons," seventh and eighth series; "Star Papers," by Henry Ward Beecher; "Motherly Talks with Young Housekeepers," by Mrs. H. W. Beecher; "New Life in New Lands," by Grace Greenwood.

From Harper & Brothers:—"The Treaty of Washington; Its Negotiation, Execution, and the Discussions Relating Thereto," by Caleb Cushing; "Little Kate Kirby," a novel; by Frederick W. Robinson.

From T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia:—"High Life in New York," by Jonathan Slick.

FATAL PORTER HOUSE ROW IN GREENWICH STREET.

An English Pugilist in Trouble.

Last Wednesday night a gang of bruisers and drunken bummers met in William Smith's porter house, 549 Greenwich street, and there imbibed benzine or other potent poison to a fearful extent, after which Robert Smith, a quarrelsome English pugilist, and Patrick McDermott, all the way from Hoboken, became involved in a rough-and-tumble fight, which lasted for several minutes. During the progress of the bloody fight Edward Doran, a confirmed inebriate, interfered and endeavored to separate the belligerents, and for his trouble received two powerful fist blows from Smith, one taking effect on the face and fracturing his jaw, and the other in the pit of the stomach, which not only knocked him down, but reduced him to insensibility. When taken up and removed to the Greenwich street police station Doran was vomiting blood, which indicated most unmistakably that he had received severe internal injuries.

Immediately afterwards Doran was removed to Bellevue Hospital. Smith lost no time in making his escape; but being pursued by Sergeant Townes and Detective Van Gretchen, of the Twenty-eighth precinct, was arrested in a free-and-easy resort, corner of Houston and Wooster streets, and taken before Justice Ledwith, who committed him to await the result of Doran's injuries. The latter lingered in Bellevue Hospital till yesterday morning, when death ensued.

Doran was forty-two years of age, born in Ireland and a laborer during his sober intervals. He, however, had no permanent home or substantial means of support. Smith is a middle-aged man and lives at 144 West Twenty-ninth street. Coroner Young has been notified and will give the matter a thorough investigation.

THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER CASE.

Third Session of the Coroner's Investigation of the Goodrich Tragedy.

Charles Green, alias George Baker, the Bogus Watchman.

Highly Interesting Inside View of the Degraw Street Degradation—A Dramatic Scene Between the Murdered Man and His Mistress—The Rejected Woman Attacking Her Betrayer.

Testimony of Surgical Experts To Be Taken.

The interest among the people of Brooklyn to learn every particular which may be elicited by the Coroner's investigation touching the death of Charles Goodrich is still unabated. Before the commencement of the third session of the inquest yesterday afternoon the court room, in which the inquest is held, was crowded with spectators, who patiently listened to the testimony of the three witnesses examined. The session opened about a quarter past two and closed at fifteen minutes after five o'clock. Among those present were Corporation Counsel De Witt, Mr. W. W. Goodrich and several New York detectives. The latter officers made frequent notes in their books of points in the testimony.

The first witness called was Charles Green, alias George Baker. This man failed to respond, and the Coroner expressed his surprise at Green's absenting himself, as he had been subpœnaed to appear.

Officer Patrick Hughes, of the Tenth precinct, was called and testified that he had done

POST DUTY ON DEGRAW STREET

in January and February of this year; did not know Mr. Goodrich by sight (picture of deceased shown); had seen that man with a lady about the middle of the month of February; was on patrol and saw a light in the basement, and, looking in the window, saw a gentleman and a lady sitting by a table; thought that these people had just moved in there; don't think I attracted their attention while looking in; never saw Mr. Goodrich after until I saw him dead; never saw a man and woman sitting on any stoop in that block; don't remember hearing any

DISTURBANCE ON VALENTINE'S DAY;

was on that post nine nights out of the twenty-eight; the woman I saw was dressed in black and of medium size; she was of dark complexion and light hair, and had a Roman nose; have seen no woman since that impressed me that she was the person I saw in the basement; it was between nine and ten o'clock in the evening that I looked in at them through the shutters; they were not taking tea.

THE BOGUS WATCHMAN'S STORY.

Charles S. Green, having arrived at this juncture, was called to the witness stand. He testified that he resided at 519 East Eighteenth street, New York; my business is in the lumber line; knew Charles Goodrich for twenty years; he was my brother-in-law; was not very intimate with him; have not seen him very frequently for the last three years; on the 17th of February I last saw him alive; it was either that date or the 18th of February; saw him previously in September, on the 12th of the month, I think; it was in De Kalb avenue, at some church; it was during the wedding of a brother of mine; talked with him then; recollect a time when he said he wanted to see me on a certain business; that was on the 14th February, at his room 217 East Thirteenth street, New York; he asked me to call on him; went there on the night of February 14 to make a social call on him; he said he would like me to come and watch his houses in Degraw street; he said he had

GOT INTO A SCRAPE WITH A WOMAN,

and wanted me to help him out of it; he said he had got acquainted with a girl who was living in one of his houses, and he wanted her to get out of the house; he made her acquaintance through a personal a year ago last Spring; he wanted her to go because he expected his father and mother and he didn't want to be exposed; he told me the woman generally came home between six and seven o'clock at night; the things belonging to her he had placed in another house, and he told me to tell her of it when she came; Mr. Goodrich and myself were in the areaway when we saw a woman get off the car and go up Fifth avenue; he went down the avenue and returned soon to tell me it was she; she came shortly and I told her where her things were; she said she didn't know

WHY HE TREATED HER SO;

she sat down on a trunk then and began to write; I told her she would find Mr. Goodrich at the Fulton ferry; he came into the apartment where she was while she was writing, and she struck him on the breast,

CALLED HIM A DEVIL,

and threw a smoothing iron at him; he talked with her for twenty minutes in private and then left; she acted strangely; she began playing on an accordeon and crying, singing and groaning; she said she thought she would go crazy; she tried to wrench a piece of lead pipe off the sink, but I prevented her from doing so; in the morning she took her departure; about eleven o'clock he returned to the house; about four o'clock he went down to the Fulton ferry and crossed to New York, where he met her; I followed them at his request; on William street they stood talking for some twenty minutes; they went into Crooks' Hotel; next Monday night he told me she was back again in one of the houses, but was going away again that night; they did go away together; he did not tell me in what paper he saw the personal; he met her at the Forty-second street depot;

HER NAME WAS "AMY SNOW,"

as near as I can recollect from what he told me; he said he wanted to make her a virtuous woman, a decent woman, and to furnish a room for her in New York.

Q How would that make a decent woman of her? Witness—I don't know, unless it was to enable her to work in her business, which was making straw hats; he spoke of her being pregnant to me; he said there had been an abortion performed on her; he told me that Dr. Smith had told him where to go when he had asked for advice; don't recollect his wanting Dr. Smith himself to perform the operation; the nurse's house was on the west side of town somewhere; forget the name of the physician that performed the abortion; he said he thought this woman came originally from

THE WOMEN'S HOME, ELIZABETH STREET;

she told him that she had come from there; don't remember the number of that institution; he thought she came from the New England States; he saw a letter from Boston addressed to her; said he had tried to find out where she had come from for quite a while; he said she did not want him to find where she had come from; I think he said the child was born dead; she claimed afterwards that the child was living; he said she said she would write to his folks and tell them she was married to him—that there had been a mock marriage; she asked me my name and I told her George Baker; I told her I was watching the houses for Mr. Goodrich, and she said she would give me more money than he if I would let her go into the houses; I told her

IT WAS "TOO THIN;"

she said he had not treated her right, but did not tell me in what way; she said she would leave the place if he would

GIVE HER THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS;

she believed he wanted to get another woman in there; she said she saw another woman visit the house; asked her what she was writing, but she did not answer me; I told her she was a loose character; she was tall and slender, and a blonde; had a Roman nose, firm chin and mouth, fair hair, and was about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age; nothing was said that night about her having had a child; she said she wanted money all the time, but he would not give it to her; Mr. Goodrich said there had been a great deal of glass broken in his houses and he thought she did it; he never expressed any fear of personal harm at her hands; there is some resemblance between Mrs. Armstrong and the woman I speak of about the nose and chin; cannot say as to the teeth, as I did not notice them; she said to me that

SHE WOULD GET SQUARE WITH HIM

and that she did not care if he was dead; I was present when she struck him and threw the flat-iron at him.

By the jury—I am twenty-two years of age; I was in his employ as a clerk for several years; I quit three years ago to go into the wool business; remained two months; for some three months I was out of employment; then went to work for my father as clerk in the lumber business; when Mr. Goodrich told me he was in a scrape with a woman I laughed at him; I suggested that he put her

UP ON THE ISLAND

for six months, twice a year; he said it wouldn't do for him to do that, for it would expose him; before the woman came, while I was on watch at the houses in Degraw street, Mr. Goodrich was with me; there was a roll of drugget, two trunks, a handbox, and a dress in the basement, in which she wrote the letters; she sat down on the trunk and wrote on her atlas; she wrote from about seven until about nine o'clock; Mr. Goodrich came in about nine or ten o'clock; when he entered she jumped up and called out you "damned devils;" and

STRUCK HIM ON THE BREAST;

don't know whether she included me as one of the devils; he suggested the name of George Baker, as I did not want my folks to know that I had been acting as watchman; she slept on the floor on a piece of the carpet for an hour toward morning;

I SAT ON THE RANGE;

there was no fire in it; the window was broken and it was very cold; I thought it was natural for her to feel indignant at the treatment she received; the writing was rapid and good, though rather large for a lady; the ink used was black; would know her if I saw her again; did not think Mrs. Armstrong was the woman I saw there that night; Mrs. Armstrong mumbled or mouthed her words more than the other girl; the girl spoke in a clearer and more distinct voice; Mr. Goodrich said he would be willing to give her $20 or $30 to help to furnish her rooms and return to a virtuous life; he said he was in the habit of giving her money; when she said she was going crazy she cried out, "Fire!" and asked me if I had seen

THE FLAMES OF CHICAGO;

she wanted to burn the shelves, but I would not let her; on Crook's Hotel book, New York, on the 16th, their names are registered—hers as "Kate Stoddard;" don't know what his name is down as;

THE DETECTIVES TOLD ME

they found their names on the book; I saw the officers go into the hotel, and they told me that was what they went there for.

By the Coroner—It occurred to me that she acted in the strange manner described at the Degraw street house from sheer ugliness; the cold was very great, and it might have been necessary to exercise to keep up the circulation; he did not pay me anything for my services; it was on Sunday night that I followed them to Crook's Hotel; she had hold of his arm, and he was holding an umbrella over her; he asked me to follow them, as he was afraid that she might make a scene on the street; he told me they left her there and then went up to his rooms in Thirteenth street, New York; my impression is that he passed his days in Degraw street and his nights in Thirteenth street; the room in Thirteenth street had a bed, a desk, two or three chairs, everything showing regular occupancy; he had his meals at a restaurant; on Monday when I went back to Degraw street I saw him coming out of the house with a woman, but where they went to I don't know; that was the last time I remember seeing him.

By the Coroner—She said that she would get crazy on the night we passed in Degraw street; I think she meant that she would "play crazy;" Mr. Goodrich told me that he thought

SHE LOVED HIM;

I do not think that he loved her, as he would not have used her in that manner if he did; heard him say that he confided in Dr. Smith a good deal, and understood that he had told the Doctor all about her.

By the Jury—He said she had told him she would say a mock marriage had been performed; he did not say whether it was or not; he said he had trouble with other women during a conversation at his house on one occasion; never indicated that he was afraid of any harm being done to him by any one; heard of the death of Mr. Goodrich by a note from his brother; when I first heard of it it struck me that it was this woman who had caused his death; I have the same opinion at present; she may have either done it herself or get somebody else to do it for her.

William P. Knapp, residing at 759 Degraw street, testified that he had known deceased for the past five years; met him the day after the disturbance was overheard in his house; there was a

SCRATCH ON HIS NOSE;

it didn't occur to me that a woman's finger nails would cause such a mark; it