SING SING SECRETS.

Peering Into the Present Management of the State Prison.

How the "Moral Suasion" Rule Is Working—What Is Thought of the Revolt of "Wes" Allen—The Probable Causes That Lead to Escapes—A "New Departure" by the Warden—Music in the Cells—Another Instance of Convict Skill and Ingenuity—Threatened Trouble by an Old Jail Bird Who Is Sighing for Repose.

"It won't work, sir, this moral suasion rule that is now being tried at the prison. Convicts in general are men who require to be kept in subjection with a rod of iron."

This pithy remark was addressed to a HERALD representative on Tuesday, in the village of Sing Sing, by a gentleman whose intelligence and social standing lend additional weight to his opinion. The brief conversation which immediately preceded it was in relation to the numerous recent escapes from the prison, and the unmolested rebellion of "Wes Allen," who had at that time openly defied the prison authorities for nearly twenty-four hours. Some of the citizens expressed their regrets to the writer at the humiliating spectacle of a single convict defying the power of the entire State of New York. It was not difficult to perceive that the apprehensions of these people were aroused as to the probable effect of such flagrant insubordination on the minds of the other convicts rather than to any prospective damage Allen might inflict with his carving knife and bottle of nitro-glycerine. During a subsequent interview with Warden Hubbell that officer was asked by the writer whether he did not believe that the fact of allowing such an unmitigated case of revolt to continue, even for a moment, was calculated to prove subversive of prison discipline. He replied in the negative, adding that all of the convicts knew who "Wes Allen" was, and rated his loud-mouthed threats at their true value. It remains for the immediate future to determine whether the Warden's estimate of

OPEN INSUBORDINATION

is strictly correct, as it is well known that the prison contains more than one hundred far more desperate and determined ruffians than Allen, who, by the light of their past lives, would appear but a tyro in the school of villany. Should Allen's successful revolt be not turned to advantage by those men, then, indeed, may it be said that a change for the better has been wrought in the *morale* of the institution.

The transition from democratic to republican rule, which was ushered in with the present year, does not, as yet, appear to have produced such beneficial results in the prison management as some of the dominant party journals predicted. Taking the recent number of escapes alone into consideration would be sufficient to sustain this assertion. These latter, which have not been uncommon, however, at any period of the prison's history, are often attempted to be accounted for in various ways; but, apart from the natural affection of moral obliquity which is known to have manifested itself among the subordinate officials in times past, the most reasonable explanation that can be offered is the palpably

EXPOSED CONDITION OF THE PRISON

and the greatly inadequate number of guards and keepers. Until these glaring defects are remedied escapes will continue to occur.

Since Warden Hubbell took charge he has introduced many features in the prison management for the amelioration of penal existence which, while being creditable to his philanthropic nature, are pronounced by many thinking men to be impracticable in the successful government of that institution. Among these is the abolishment of all forms of punishment except confinement in a dark cell for twenty-four or perhaps forty-eight hours, and the "bath and chain," both of which correctionary measures are regarded with the most contemptuous indifference by the more refractory jail birds. Heretofore the latter class, with but few exceptions, could always be reduced to submission by the magic mention of the "shower bath," or an intimation that there was a vacancy then existing on the "thumb screws." It will not be denied that both of these were

INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE,

which have now disappeared forever from our State prisons, in accordance with the enlightened sentiment of the age. But, on the other hand, is it not possible that philanthropy towards felons might result dangerously to the law-abiding community?

Another feature of the present management permits any convict who may desire to obtain a private interview with the Warden to leave his work at a certain hour of the day and proceed to the office of the principal keeper, where scores of the hypocritical jail birds congregate daily, for the ostensible purpose of pouring their real or fancied grievances into the ears of the generous hearted Warden. This, it is claimed by men experienced in prison matters, is calculated to destroy whatever little authority the keepers formerly possessed, and tends to bring the latter into contempt, as at present the sullen convict, at any hour, may throw down his tools, snap his fingers at the powerless keeper, and, while sauntering out of sight of him who is supposed to be responsible, not only for his daily task but also for his safety, scarcely deign to offer the information that he is "going to see the Warden." The benevolent policy indicated is also apparent in other respects.

Last Tuesday, about noon, when the HERALD representative was walking past the main prison, tranquility seemed to reign within its perforated walls, the serene stillness only being varied by the mellifluous strains of an accordeon, from which floated on the ambient atmosphere the ever popular air

"WHEN OTHER LIPS AND OTHER HEARTS," ETC.

"Surely this," it would be thought by the unsophisticated philanthropist, "must be a happy, happy place for erring mortals to make atonement for their crimes—an abode in which the groans and sighs of tortured or half-starved members of the human family have given place to ecstatic serenity, and the dismal clanking of chains has yielded absolute supremacy to the refining power of music." This rose-colored estimate of penal servitude might be altered, however, if it became known to the philanthropist that the felonious troubadour, who was ostensibly surfeiting his senses with the "food of love" while thus plaintively apostrophizing his, perhaps, wayward mistress, was in all probability mentally mapping out the proportions of a "dummy," which should be an artistic counterfeit of himself, or else casting his eyes heavenward in the hope of discovering some defective spot in the roof of the prison which he could perforate some quiet evening, preparatory to sliding down one of the lightning rods and taking his departure. If the success of his plan depended only on the cutting of a guard's throat or smothering him by means of a gag, that part of the programme would be a mere bagatelle.

A UNIQUE FEATURE OF PRISON LIFE.

It was ascertained upon investigation that the privilege of playing music in their cells is not neglected by the convicts, some fifty of whom possess instruments of various kinds. A few of these have been the gifts of thoughtful relatives and friends, while the majority of them are of prison manufacture, and, although formed out of rude materials, are said to combine marvellous harmony and sweetness. Some of the negro convicts are said to be especially skilful in this respect, only requiring an old tin mustard box and a few other scanty materials to produce a model banjo. To a convict who is wearied with his day's task and anxious to obtain a little rest when locked in his cell at night, the sounds elicited from these multifarious instruments cannot be very soothing. And here an incident bearing on this point as well as on the effect of "Wes" Allen's insubordination may be related.

AN INCORRIGIBLE CONVICT.

Among the oldest and most inveterate wrongdoers in the prison is a convict named "Pete Wiley," who is at present serving out his third or fourth term. Under former administrations "Pete" ranked among the most ugly customers in that institution, and on one occasion, when he was taken from the foundry and ordered to work in the cabinet shop, he doggedly refused. The "shower bath" was used several times on the refractory convict, but he would not bend to the will of the prison authorities. The "showering" of Wiley was kept up for some days, and at the conclusion of each "bath" he would be conducted by his keeper into the cabinet shop and ordered to commence his task. Determined that he

WOULD NOT BE SUBDUED,

however, Wiley one day, after being led from the punishment room to the shop, seized a large drawing knife, and, placing his hand on a block, almost severed four of his fingers, and, then, shaking the permanently mutilated hand in the face of his keeper, exclaimed triumphantly, "Now, damn you, make me work here if you can!" Like "Wes Allen," who refused to be drafted, he carried his point. Since then, however, Wiley has settled down into the status of a well-behaved convict, giving but little trouble, his apparent contentment being doubtless owing to the satisfactory nature of his present employment, which consists of running a small stationary engine in the prison yard. Of late, however, a portentous cloud has settled on Wiley's brow, and he has been overheard while muttering his intense dissatisfaction at the inharmonious melody picked from the attenuated ribs of numerous guitars, banjos, violins and other instruments, all of which the sorely-tried man is compelled to hear in his cell *nolens volens*. Last Monday night, while Allen was still in open rebellion, insolently

DEFYING THE PRISON AUTHORITIES

from behind his improvised arsenal, Wiley gave vent to exasperated feelings by uttering the most horrid yells, which he interlarded with dire threats against the musicians. One of the night guards approached Wiley's cell, and, on ordering him to keep still, the convict replied that he had at length got the "hump on his back up," and he "intended to raise hell in the prison" until the practice of playing music in the cells was stopped, in order that he might be allowed to read a few magazines furnished by his friends, or otherwise go to sleep after his day's toil.

From the above it is evident that the cultivation of music in the prison is not universally popular among the inmates. It would appear, however, that the musical fever has almost reached a crisis, as the chaplain is now engaged raising money by subscription from the convicts to purchase a new organ for the prison, at a cost of about eight hundred dollars. Whether the convict breast is as susceptible of being soothed by musical "charms" as that of the savage, time alone must decide.

THE LATE JAMES COULSON.

Funeral Yesterday of the Unfortunate Young Journalist—Coroner Kessler's Letter to the Herald and Its Curious Purport—He at Length Thinks Proper to Investigate the Strange and Sad Mystery.

The funeral of the late Mr. James Coulson, the talented young journalist, whose career, as already announced, has been so sadly cut short, took place yesterday morning at nine o'clock. The remains were conveyed from the Morgue to his late residence, No. 12 Union square, and committed to the dust and his soul to God in the touching ritual of the Episcopal Church, for whose ministry he had studied in his early youth before he turned to journalism to adapt it as a profession. The pallbearers were E. T. Flynn, D. J. Kirwan, R. B. Davenport, W. J. C. Meighan, Walter A. Rose, E. M. Brandt and J. J. Rourke. The Rev. James B. E. Kenny (of the Bible House), officiated, and many of the friends of the deceased, some of whom had been his schoolmates in Europe, and others, who had conceived warm friendships for him during the comparatively short time that he had been in this city, were present to pay their last tribute of sincere sorrow and respect to his memory. Among them were prominent journalists. A beautiful cross of jasmines and other snowy white blossoms was laid upon the coffin, and, after the services, the remains were carried to Greenwood, followed by a numerous procession, and were gently given to the embrace of earth.

Coroner Kessler Awakes.

The following letter was received from Coroner Kessler yesterday. Soon after its receipt a representative of the HERALD proceeded to the offices of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, in Eleventh street, and there met Coroner Kessler and the Deputy Coroner, Dr. Leo. The Commissioners declined to entertain the case in any way, and Commissioner Bowen informed the Coroner that the latter had ample power to make all the investigation he desired. The result of this suggestion has been that, on reflection, Coroner Kessler has decided to conduct the investigation himself, and will hold it at the Coroner's office this day (Thursday), at one o'clock.

CORONER'S OFFICE, 40 EAST HOUSTON STREET, NEW YORK, July 30, 1873.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

Coroner Kessler, who claims the sole and entire credit of having brought about the identification of the body of James Coulson, found at the foot of East Forty-fourth street and then removed to the Morgue, authorizes me to state to you that he has laid the case before the Board of Commissioners of Charities and Correction, the inquest having been held on premises under their jurisdiction, with the request to have the whole matter thoroughly investigated.

Further action in the matter he reserves till after the close of the official investigation. Very respectfully yours, SIMEON N. LEO, M. D.

A MELANCHOLY DROWNING CASUALTY.

A boy named Henry Wentz, aged fourteen years, met with a sad and fatal accident yesterday in the Assanpink Creek, at Trenton, N. J. He was eating his breakfast in a house which overlooks the creek, when his attention was attracted to a rowboat drifting down the stream without anyone in it. He at once procured another boat and was soon sailing down in pursuit of the empty one, until he rowed as far as the Green street dam, over which he was suddenly precipitated and drowned before any succor could reach him. He was respectably connected and his parents feel distracted. A Coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental drowning.

THE JERSEY AND ALBANY RAILWAY.

An excursion took place yesterday from Jersey City to Tappantown, in celebration of the opening of the Jersey City and Albany Railroad. The train consisted of five cars, which were well filled with members of the press and distinguished citizens of New York and Jersey. Among those who were present were ex-Mayor Hall, Erastus Brooks, ex-Senator Cauldwell, Dr. Dunn English, the poet; Major Haggerty, A. J. H. Duganne, Senator Cornelius Lydecker, of New Jersey; E. K. Alburtis, President of the railroad, and J. H. Simpson, engineer. The party was entertained by visits to the residence of Mr. Jordan and other wealthy citizens along the line and was enthusiastically received by the citizens of Tappantown, the present northern terminus. Speeches were made by John W. Ferdun, Charles Winfield, Erastus Brooks, A. Oakey Hall, Dunn English, M. Voorhies and Major Haggerty from the piazza of the old stone house in which Major André was imprisoned during his trial, and in sight of the old tree on which he was hanged. At the conclusion a collation was served to the party, and they returned to the city. The Jersey City and Albany Railroad has been built for twenty-five miles at a cost of $60,000 per mile, which amount the Directors believe will insure the building of the road to Albany as well as the payment of three years' interest on the bonds.

REAL ESTATE MATTERS.

There was quite an attendance at the Exchange yesterday to witness the several legal sales advertised to take place, which altogether realized $48,200. This, considering the extreme hot weather of the season, may be said to be considerable enterprise, as it is as difficult to sell a piece of property at present as to find a hen's tooth. The following are the particulars of the sales:—

BY R. V. HARNETT.
(T. B. Odell, Referee.)

3 s. bk. h. and l., n. s. 19th st., 533.4 ft. w. 1st av., 16.8x92	$5,000

BY JAMES M. MILLER.
(George P. Ingraham, Jr., Referee.)

4 s. bk. ten. h. and l., w. s. 1st av., 75.11 ft. n. 109th st., 25x75	7,500

(Richard C. Beamish, Referee).

3 s. b. s. h. and l. 735 Lexington av., e. s., 60.5 ft. s. 59th st., 20x95	19,500

(Eastman, Referee.)

4 s. bk. ten. h. and l., w. s. 1st av., 50.11 ft. n. 109th st., 55x75	7,500

(R. B. Martine, Referee.)

4 s. bk. ten. h. and l., w. s. 1st av., 25.11 ft. n. 109th st., 25x75	8,700

On Tuesday last Jere. Johnson, Jr., held a jubilee sale of lots at Darien, Conn., the result of which was as follows:—

2 lots on Central st., corner Rock st	$610
3 lots adjoining	915
2 lots on Central st., 100 ft. w. of above	620
1 plot on Rock st	260
2 plots adjoining	575
2 plots adjoining	390
1 plot on Darien av., 480 ft. from Walnut st	100
6 plots on Cottage place and Hillside st	216
4 plots on opposite corner of Cottage place and Hillside st	160
1 plot on Hillside st., adjoining	55
3 plots corner Hillside st. and Cottage place	102
6 plots on Cottage place, 250 ft. from Darien av.	250
8 plots and house, corner Noroton and Linden avs. (Noroton, Conn.)	3,450
1 plot in rear of above	120
2 plots on Mansfield av. (Darien, Conn.)	680
3 plots adjoining	1,070
Herd of cattle (ten head)	864

To-day Mr. J. M. Gibson, auctioneer, will sell, by order of Theodosia A. Midmer, William Midmer and Leon Abbett, executors of John H. Midmer, deceased, at the Belvidere Hotel, Danforth avenue, Jersey City (late Greenville), the homestead and 48 lots, being the balance of the estate of the late Sheriff Midmer, located on Atlantic and Seaview avenues and New York Bay, at Greenville (now Jersey City), Hudson County, N. J. This property is located on high, dry ground, in the midst of valuable improvements, near the line of the proposed Boulevard, only a few minutes' walk from Danforth avenue, formerly Greenville Station, on New Jersey Central Railroad; 50 trains daily; time to foot of Liberty street, New York, only twenty minutes; rapid transit an accomplished fact. Also, two minutes' walk from horse cars to Cortlandt and Desbrosses street ferries; more convenient to business than Fourteenth street. Ten per cent of the purchase money on the day of sale; thirty per cent on September 1, 1873; sixty per cent may remain on mortgage for three years.

COMPTROLLER'S RECEIPTS.

Comptroller Green reports the following amounts paid yesterday into the city treasury, from—

BUREAU OF ARREARS.

Arrears of taxes, assessments, water rents and interest	$21,963

BUREAU OF COLLECTION OF ASSESSMENTS.

Assessments for street openings, improvements and interest	2,919

BUREAU OF CITY REVENUE.

Market rents, fees and permits	2,641

BUREAU OF WATER REGISTER.

Water rents and penalties	34,437

MAYOR'S SECOND MARSHAL.

Licenses and fines	95
Total	$62,055

A KEROSENE CASUALTY.

Early yesterday morning, while Patrick Flynn, of No. 201 Academy street, Newark, was carrying a kerosene lamp across his room, it fell and his clothes caught fire. He was burned dreadfully. He may live, but he will be disfigured for life.

THE NEWARK FRATRICIDE.

Coroner's Inquest and Verdict.

The Friends of Both Brothers Trying to Screen the Murderer—The Murderous Knife Nowhere To Be Found and Nobody Knows Anything About It—Unsatisfactory Statement of the Aged Mother—Aleck Birrell's Account of the Terrible Tragedy.

Out-and-out murders are so rare in Newark, and especially fratricidal imitations of the primal murder, as related in the book of Genesis, that it may well be imagined the terrible murder on Tuesday night of James Birrell by his brother, Alexander, in their mother's house on Beacon street, as pretty fully described in yesterday's HERALD, has stirred the old town on the Passaic to its centre, more especially as the Birrell boys were well known in the community from their long and not very creditable connection with the Fire Department. Bad as both men are admitted to have been, they are not without hosts of sympathizers, who recollect the better part of both. The case of the murdered man is a veritable fulfilment of the Scriptural injunction that "whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." He slew a German some years ago, as already reported, and now he has been slain himself, not by the law, but by a man, and this man his own brother. Yesterday afternoon

THE INQUEST

was commenced by Coroner Vreeland. After the empannelling of the jury they proceeded to the house of the Birrells, on Beacon street, and viewed the body, after which they took the statement of the old lady, Mrs. Birrell. The agony of the poor creature was really heartrending, and some jurors with soft hearts shed tears of sorrow for her.

WHAT THE MOTHER OF THE TWO MEN SAID.

On being sworn Mrs. Christina Birrell stated that she was the mother of James and Alexander Birrell; that she lived at No. 17 Beacon street, Newark, the two men living with her; on Tuesday evening they came home about six o'clock, James about an hour ahead of his brother; the quarrel between them commenced soon after seven o'clock and began by Alexander's accusing James of some little thing; tried to quiet them; they stopped for a moment; went back to the kitchen from the porch and stayed there a minute; first thing witness saw was James going out of the porch as if into the garden; Alexander was standing in the porch; didn't think she heard them say anything; Alexander came in; went out and found James lying on the grass; spoke to him and then saw what was the trouble; did not see either of them have a knife, being busy cooking; didn't know where they got the knife; didn't know whether Alexander said anything, but put on his coat and go out; there were a great many shoe knives about the house, their father having been a shoemaker; when the quarrel first commenced James struck Alexander; didn't knock him down; James was sober when he came home and Alexander was intoxicated; couldn't tell who commenced the quarrel; don't know what became of the knife; all witness knew about the knife was what she had heard since the affair; thought she saw Alexander down on his knees or side after he was struck; James was thirty-three years of age.

In giving her testimony the old lady manifested an undoubted disposition to say as little as she could calculated to militate against Alexander. It was especially hard to get her to say anything about the weapon with which the fatal deed was done, and, indeed, the Coroner's effort in this direction proved almost a failure. It was the general impression that she knew a good deal more than she was willing to reveal.

The jury and Coroner then adjourned to the court house and continued the inquest.

Catharine Kendall sworn—This witness, a neighbor of the Birrell's, saw nothing of the fight, but was called in after the murder was committed; Mrs. Birrell told her that Aleck had been finding fault because supper was not ready and that James took her part; saw no knife; Alexander came in and his mother said, "See what you have done;" Alexander said, "It was done in self-defense."

James Allison, brother-in-law of the Birrill's, sworn—Witness testified to James visiting his house just before the tragedy, and after it Alexander, who said, "Come right over home as quick as you can; I am afraid I have killed Jim; he attacked me twice with a shoe knife, and I took it from him and struck him, and I am afraid I have killed him."

Dr. B. L. Dodd, county physician, testified to having examined the corpse the morning after the murder; found no marks of violence on it except near the region of the collar bone, with the breastbone, where there was a wound about an inch long; it had passed the aorta and was just such a wound as if the heart had been pierced; didn't think the man could have lived more than five minutes after the infliction of the wound; was satisfied the wound caused death.

Lieutenant Partenielder, of the police, was next sworn, and recited the statement substantially given in yesterday's HERALD, to the effect that Alexander gave himself up and said he had cut James in self-defence, exhibiting numerous marks of violence to prove his assertion. Chief of Police Rodgers corroborated the Lieutenant's story, and added that Alexander had told him that he had thrown the knife away.

A VERITABLE KNOW-NOTHING ON THE STAND.

Ralph Jefferson, an intimate friend of the Birrell's, who said he had carried the murdered man in his arms when an infant, was next sworn. The main feature of this witness' testimony was his hesitancy, disinclination and sometimes positive refusal to answer pointed questions of County Prosecutor G. N. Abeel, regarding the whereabouts of the knife. On cross-examination it was dragged out of him that Mrs. Birrell had told him "they will never find the knife," but gave no reason for saying this. Witness asked Mrs. Birrell how the affair happened and she replied "My God! I can't tell you." Witness, after a great deal of circumlocutious questioning, declined to tell all he knew about the knife.

James Cusick, policeman, and Mrs. Allison, wife of James and sister of the deceased, were placed on the stand, but their evidence was unimportant.

THE FRATRICIDE GIVES HIS VERSION OF THE DEADLY FRACAS.

Alexander Birrell, the slayer o' his brother, was next called by the Coroner, and asked if he wished to make any statement. He was advised that he need say nothing unless he wished that would criminate himself. He bore this in mind, and told the following story:—On Monday night mother bought a pound of veal cutlets and fried them for James' and my Tuesday's dinner; on that Monday night James took the cutlets and eat them; next morning when mother went to get them there were none there; she had, therefore, to fry eggs; Tuesday night, when I came home, I told mother in James' presence, "James has eaten them cutlets;" he told me that it was none of my damned business; that if I didn't keep my mouth shut he would slap it for me; he said that he would do it anyhow, and he did do it; I backed out one step from him and he ran and clinched me and we both fell in the porch; he was on top; when we fell he caught me with his left hand by the throat that way (suiting the action to the word); my head was lying on the bench of the porch; then he commenced with his right hand hitting me on the face, forehead and cheek; I suppose he hit me eight or nine times; he choked me so hard that I lost all mind and laid there a moment after he got off me; then when I got up mother said

WE OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF OURSELVES;

I answered her that I only spoke the truth, and he said, "Damn you, aint you got enough of it now?" Then he added, "I will give you some more;" and he hit me with his left hand; he then caught me by my shirt on the right side at the same time, and raised his right hand; and as he did I saw a knife in it; then he said, "God damn you, I'll cut your heart out;" as he said that I grabbed his hand (with the knife in it) with both of mine, and wrenched the knife out; I got the knife in my right hand and

GAVE HIM A PLUNGE.

I struck him with it, that's all; I did not turn the knife at all, but it might have turned round.

In answer to questions by jurors, Birrell replied as follows:—I had been at work until four o'clock; James dont work with me; my shirt was not torn; the cut on my nose might have been done by a knife—I can't say positively; James turned and went out; I then threw the knife on the sidewalk as I went out; it was a short shoemaker's knife, about two and a half inches long; he used the knife last Sunday half soling boots; the knife was generally kept in father's box; could'nt tell where James got it from; I do not know where the knife is; it was sharp on one side; he held only half the handle in his hand; he said nothing when I struck him.

At the close the prisoner bared his breast and it was observed by jurors to be very much discolored. On his forehead and cheek were also severe bruises and a severe skin abrasure across his nose. It is a noteworthy fact that beyond the one sole life-ending wound no mark of violence was found on the body of the murdered man.

THE VERDICT.

At seven o'clock the jury, after being instructed on some points of law by Coroner Vreeland, retired, and in about ten minutes agreed upon the following verdict:—"That the said James Birrell came to his death, on the 29th day of July, 1873, at Newark, from the effects of a stab by a shoe knife in the hands of Alexander Birrell."

The prisoner was handcuffed to a detective, and, accompanied by Chief Rodgers and Lieutenant Posenfelder, was conducted to the station house, whence, later in the evening, he was removed to the county jail, where he will await the action of the Grand Jury.

MARKET CHANGES.

Sour Looks of the Coffee and Fruit Sellers in Fulton and South Streets—Taking Away the Vesey Street Dump—Letting Air Into Washington Market.

Curses loud and deep were plenty about Fulton Market yesterday. Clear sidewalks are to replace the doomed coffee stands under the resolution of the Board of Health, and the stand-holders can see no reason for the change, but great hardship therein. The booths, numbering fifteen on Fulton street, seventeen on South street and six on Beekman street, were valued at from one thousand to four thousand dollars each. They were mostly held by persons, men and women, who depended upon their profits to support families. Some had, within a few months, paid round prices for the good will of a booth in which a small capital could be turned over ever day with a large percentage of gain and no risk of bad debts or unsalable stock. One had recently been offered $3,500 for his coffee stand. He said he "saw no way in which he could so well use that amount of money as to continue in the coffee and cake selling business." Now sanitary reform sweeps his livelihood away, and instead of the value of his stand he has an empty pocketbook. Others told similar tales. One gray-haired man lately refused a fair offer for his stand. He thought he had a safe, steady trade for his old age, on which he could without risk or very hard work keep his family while he lived. He is now sorry he did not sell. So are they all. Many a left-handed blessing they bestow upon the Health Board for their loss.

WILL THEY MOVE THE SHANTIES?

Not a move. They say the sheds are not worth the labor of tearing down or removal. So they content themselves with carrying away ice-chests and fixtures, and will leave to the Health Inspector the glory and the gain of pulling the old lumber down and taking it to the Corporation Yard. No business has been done in the half dozen or so stalls along Fulton street next to the ferry for several days, their floors having been removed in order to raise them up. In the balance of the condemned stalls trade is still kept up, and apparently there is more doing in them than is usual, so that they are likely to finish with a good week. Some five or six stands in South street above the market, which cover and obstruct the gutter as well as crowd the too narrow sidewalk, will share the fate of the booths joining the market. It is to be hoped, also, that the annoying obstruction of the footway along the south side of Fulton street by merchants who use the walk as a place of business will be corrected without fail.

AIR FOR INSIDE STALLS.

No one can doubt that the occupants of stalls within the market and rooms in the basements will be great gainers by the admission of air and light when the booths are cleared away. Already on the south side a decided improvement is noted, resulting from the raising of the shed roof above the sidewalk, as is also the case on the small portion of the east side where the roof has been raised. To complete the advantage, the city should raise the balance of the roof on the South street side. With the many fires inside the market for cooking oysters and other food, there is need of all the air which can be introduced, to allow the proper preservation of meats and poultry, and the retention of the east side shed roof at its present altitude will tend to exclude air even after the row of booths on the sidewalk is removed.

DEMOLISHING THE VESEY STREET DUMP.

Reform about Washington Market is progressive. Not content with stripping the market of the excrescences which kept the air and light from its recesses, the Health Board has just taken action towards relieving the neighborhood from a pestiferous stench which could not fail to poison the food gathered in the great centre of metropolitan supply. For many years the dock at the foot of Vesey street, immediately adjoining West Washington Market, has been made offensive to the most callous nostrils by its use as a dumping ground for the shipment of the street dirt and garbage from the First and Second wards. It was not an unusual sight to see twenty or thirty carts ranged in a disgusting procession of filth, blocking up West street, between Washington and West Washington Markets, waiting their turn to discharge their nasty loads into the waiting scows. In all weather this rank offence loaded the air with nauseous smells, and in dry days the vile dust raised in the dumping was waited by the west wind athwart the markets to incorporate itself with the food of all. None could escape the impartial distribution of these seeds of death. Poverty and riches took their quota alike. But this has passed. Yesterday laborers, with saw and axe and spade, were busy removing the timbers and taking away the superfluous soil, preparatory to converting the site of

THIS ANCIENT NUISANCE

into that of market stands, partly for the accommodation of those who have been ousted by the recent raid upon the gutter booths on Vesey, West and Fulton streets.

As the Board of Health has resolved that it endangers the city to continue the dump at this point, and asked the Dock Commission to assign for this purpose some dock south of Cedar street, it is to be inferred that this monstrous abuse has definitely come to an end, and that hereafter we will receive our meats from the market without the addition of street dirt, dust or the impregnation of the fetid odors of garbage.

LETTING IN THE AIR.

Windows are being placed in the west end of Washington Market, one or more in each stand, some four feet above the floor, to admit the fresh air and make a needed addition to the light where neither has been overabundant.

Nothing further appears to be doing about clearing the outer edges of the sidewalks about Washington Market. No more rent is collected from those occupying the fractions of the old outside stands. They are used by the old tenants, but as the accommodation is entirely too cramped for the business it is apparent that dealers will find stands elsewhere, and then, if used at all, the outside line will have merely a tenantry of squatters. So probably in the end the public will gain the whole sidewalk for the accommodation of passengers.

THE CITY'S OFFAL.

The Offal Boat Down in the Lower Bay—The Load of Offal It Carried—The Variety of Stenches at the Wharf of the Rendering Company.

The New York Rendering Company has at last complied with the orders of the Board of Health. At half-past five o'clock yesterday evening the offal boat was removed to the lower bay. The barge emitted a stench that was frightful, and supassed all the celebrated ninety-nine odors of the River Rhine, as enumerated by Coleridge. The odors of 700 barrels of offal of every description, of 10 dead horses, 40 dogs, 40 cats, 15 goats, 6 calves, 150 rats, 25 barrels of rotten eggs and 20 barrels of fish refuse from the various markets were all blended into one grand stench, which was enough to make the stoutest faint. The boat was towed down to the lower bay, about three miles from the "headlines," and between Coney Island Point and Sandy Hook Point, and there all this offal

WAS THROWN INTO THE WATER.

The entire trip was accomplished in about six hours, and shortly before twelve P. M. the boat returned empty to the wharf at the foot of West Thirty-eighth street.

These trips will be repeated every day, with the exception of Sunday, when no refuse is received at the wharf. What will become of the offal after it has been thrown into the water? Some persons claim that a good deal of the refuse will drift to Coney Island and Staten Island for the benefit of those two favorite places of Summer resort, but the correctness of this theory remains to be proved. It is difficult to understand why the rendering business, as carried on at the foot of West Thirty-eighth street, should be so terrible a nuisance. Mr. Smith, the Superintendent of the company, in conversation with a reporter of the HERALD yesterday, stated that "this Summer had been the lightest, the easiest, the best he had seen since he had been on the dock," and he had been six years in the employment of the company. He meant to say that

THE OFFAL RECEIVED THIS SUMMER

had been less than during any Summer for the last six years. Last week there was a daily average of 450 barrels of offal a day; besides there were from thirty-five to forty-two dogs, about the same number of cats and from eleven to seventeen horses. About one hundred and fifty barrels of rotten eggs were received during the last week.

The dumping ground is in a fearful condition. Officer Fisher, who is stationed there, said some of the manure had been there for two years! About one hundred cart loads of manure are dumped into the boats every day. Last night three boats which were loaded with manure were towed to Trenton, Long Island and other places. A part of this load was bought by Governor Parker, of New Jersey, who wanted the manure for his farm at Trenton. The ground is fragrant and would be a paradise for romantic lovers. What a lovely odor! About ten thousand cart loads of manure tempt one with their delicious exhalations. The dumping ground extends from Thirty-seventh to Thirty-eighth street, is

FOUR HUNDRED FEET LONG,

200 feet wide and probably fifteen feet deep. What a charming spot!

These various stenches are not the only ones that poison the air in this neighborhood. The sewers are all banked up with filth and emit a stench, compared to which the other stenches are about what European princes are as compared to the King of Kings, the Shah. It is such a superlative stench that the authorities who suffer it to remain ought to be compelled to inhale it for twelve hours at the very least, if they did not die before that time. Of course, there are some people whose noses become quite impenetrable after a while. One man declared that he was there every day and had "never seen a day's sickness;" but we ought to add that he weighs about two hundred and fifty pounds, and that the color of his cheeks was the delicate tint of lager beer.

The various hog slaughtering houses, tripe boilers, tripe cleaners, gut cleaners, glue factories, &c., which abound in the vicinity emit also an odor which is suggestive of filth and carelessness, and the Board of Health ought to

HAVE THEM THOROUGHLY INSPECTED.

There are seven hog slaughtering houses in the immediate vicinity of the Rendering Company, and about seven thousand hogs are slaughtered every day. The entrails, which are full of putrid matter, are brought to the boat of the Rendering Company. All this increases the vast heap of refuse to a great extent, and adds to the intolerable stench which seems to have consumed every particle of fresh air, until the very atmosphere seems poison, and the sickening, noxious vapors would seem to make it almost impossible to breathe. At Thirty-second street the stench is already perceptible, and anyone who has a sensitive nose and is in the habit of passing there in the Tenth avenue cars will be sure to put a handkerchief to his face. Now, does the Board of Health propose to correct this frightful state of things? The remedies which have been adopted thus far have given but little relief, and the time is come when something must be done to abolish the nuisance. The city pays the Rendering Company

FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR

for the work, and what is the result? a stench that threatens to breed a pestilence which may destroy hundreds and hundreds of lives.

The sheds on the bulkhead between Thirty-ninth and Fortieth streets were all torn down on Wednesday. They belonged to William McNeil, and they were used for cleaning hogs' "red gut," out of which sausage and bologna casings were made.

THE DUMPING GROUND.

A Herald Reporter's Visit to the Site of a Formidable Nuisance—How the Meats of Washington Market Receive Their Savor, and How Distempers Are Bred.

The action of the Board of Health on Tuesday, in the matter of the Vesey street dumping ground, excited great interest in Washington Market, particularly in that part of it known as West Washington Market. The fact that the Board of Health had referred the matter to the Dock Commissioners, urging upon them the removal of this dumping ground to some part of the city higher up and less objectionable than the present site, apparently convinced those in the vicinity that the recommendation would be carried out to the letter.

It will be remembered that Dr. Judson, the Sanitary Inspector, in his report to the Board of Health stated that in every way this dumping ground was in a most objectionable locality; that the constant dumping of all kinds of refuse in the immediate neighborhood of a market which does as much if not more business than all the other markets of the city combined was detrimental to the health of the city, from the fact that it was apt to taint the meats and provisions sold to the public. In the annual report of the Board of Health in 1869 it is expressly stated that the market "is in the immediate vicinity of a dumping ground which furnishes offensive odors in wet weather and in dry weather clouds of dust which are blown through market, defiling the food exposed for sale." In 1871 Sanitary Inspectors Stiles and Judson said that "This market cannot be placed in a good sanitary condition, situated as it is behind the compact heaps of a large dumping ground, where thousands of loads of street manure are forked over and exposed to the sun and rain."

Yesterday a HERALD reporter proceeded to the spot, so as to verify in what measure these dumping grounds were in the condition described. The dumping ground is immediately at the foot of Vesey street, and, as it were, in the very centre of West Washington Market. The aspect of the place is repulsive in the extreme, and

A MOST VIOLENT SMELL

pervaded the atmosphere in the immediate vicinity, and also for a distance of one block it could be ascertained that there was a nuisance in the vicinity. A long pier bulges out into the river, and on this pier the dirt, ash and garbage carts come and dump their loads of frightful filth off the pier into large barges, which are stationed below, awaiting the time when they may be sufficiently filled to move away. Every few moments a cart arrives, and if there is the slightest breeze the dust, which naturall arises from throwing a load of ashes some dozen feet down, forms for a moment a perfect cloud, which is carried away in whatever direction the wind blows. Then the cart moves off, scattering whatever particles remain about the dock, where they lay festering and rotting in the broiling sun. But this is not all, for at times the barges which collect this filth remain at the dock for a couple of days, and the great mass of putrid vegetable, animal and mineral refuse lies on the spot, sending around a great mass of putrescent odor, enough in itself to breed all manner of diarrhœal disease. On these barges it is difficult to explain what ignoble refuse rests. It is composed of all the most filthy particles thrown out from private houses, restaurants, &c., already

IN A NEARLY DECOMPOSED STATE,

but which, when once more transported through the streets and when dumped down in the barges again, is always in an advanced degree of decomposition. When the rain beats down upon the seething mass the foulest odors proceed from it, but when the sun again comes out the work of rottenness is complete. Then the mass ferments and gives forth odors infinitely surpassing anything that can be imagined by the reader. Yesterday this was the case. The rain of two days ago had pierced through the mass, and a thick deadly steam arose from the dock and the dumping barges. The huge conglomeration of putrid meat and fat, bones, rotten eggs, rotten vegetables and the thousand and one things that go make up what is commonly termed "garbage," gave forth a putrescent acridly sweet smell which seemed to pervade everything.

THE AVERAGE DUMPINGS

in the Vesey street grounds are 12,000 carts per month. The carts usually go down Vesey street, and, after dumping their loads, come back by Fulton street. On their way they drop more or less filth, which is, of course, left to rot in the streets, and particularly around the market itself. One of the men connected with the market with whom the HERALD reporter spoke yesterday said that he was greatly annoyed by this thing; that constantly the stench was so great from the droppings from the carts lying festering in the streets that the neighborhood became for the time being unendurable, until this garbage was again collected and again placed on the carts, only sometimes to fall out once more. On the dock itself the dragging of the cart over the pier leaves a great amount of this rotten stuff around, which the cartmen are by no means anxious to remove, and which in the majority of instances they entirely neglect to shovel up, only thereby adding to the already very lamentable state of affairs.

ONE OF THE WORST FEATURES

of this carelessness in dropping these particles lies in the fact of the dilapidated condition of the plank roadway in West Washington Market, where such drippings fall between the crevices and are probably never removed, remaining there until they finally, after giving their due quota of bad odors, rot away until they fall away to dust. A butcher in the West Washington Market told the HERALD reporter yesterday the stench from the dumping grounds and the pieces of