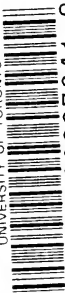


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with the
Kind Regards of
Philip Phillips
London Oct 27th 1868

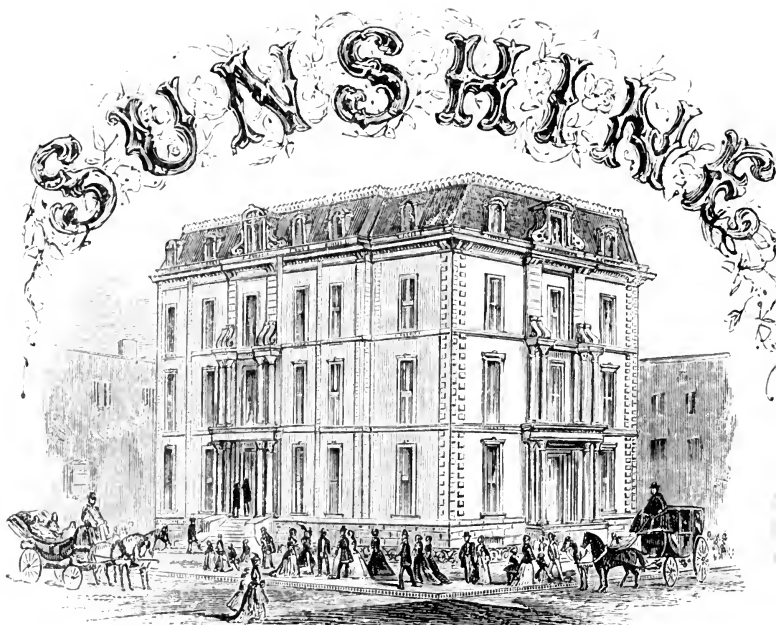






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AND



SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

IN

NEW YORK.

BY

MATTHEW HALE SMITH.

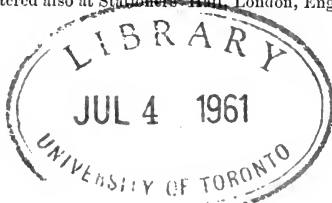
(BURLEIGH.)

' To know the country to its farthest veins,
Find out its heart; there all its being tends.
The mighty mart throbs only with the pulses
Of the wide land, which pours its streams of life
And strength into its bosom."

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INTRODUCTION.

My purpose in this book has been to draw the Great Metropolis with its lights and shades, in a series of graphic papers: to sketch New York as I have seen it. From original and reliable sources I have drawn my information and material for these sketches. I have selected representative men, and have attempted fairly to present their characteristics, and (usually as their friends' would wish to see them. Of things and places, I have drawn from my own knowledge or observation.

M. H. S.

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I.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

NEW YORK AS A PLACE OF RESIDENCE. — MORALITY OF THE CITY. — ITS
BENEFICENCE. — AN EXAMPLE. — THE MINISTRY OF NEW YORK.

NEW YORK is the commercial metropolis of America. It stands on an island defined by three rivers,—the Hudson, the East River, and Harlem,—sixteen miles from the Atlantic Ocean. The city lies at the head of the Bay of New York, one of the finest in the world. Broadway, the principal street, runs the entire length of the island, and is paved, policed and lighted for fifteen miles, from the Battery to the Harlem River. The Dutch called the island Mauritius, after Prince Maurice, who governed Holland. The Indians called it Manhattan. Later the Dutch called it Nieuw Amsterdam. The English changed it to its present name in honor of the Duke of York. From the Battery the city stretches away north, spreading out like a fan till it reaches its northern boundary. Its average breadth is about one mile and a half. The population of the city is over nine hundred thousand. It costs half a mil-

lion annually to light the city. Two thousand policemen guard the city at the annual cost of over a million and a half of dollars. Seven hundred thousand dollars a year are disbursed by the authorities in public charity. Three hundred religious and benevolent societies collect and pay out annually the sum of over two and a half millions. The Catholics number among their worshippers five hundred thousand. The Protestant faith numbers among its worshippers about three hundred and fifty thousand, who expend one million a year in support of their faith.

NEW YORK AS A RESIDENCE.

Some twenty years ago a man in Vermont proposed to visit New York. He made his will, and had prayers offered in the church that he might be kept from peril in the wicked city to which he was going. Those who live at a distance, and know the city only through the papers, suppose it to be as wicked as Sodom and as unsafe as Gomorrah in the time of Lot. As a home it has few attractions to a stranger. Its babel and confusion distract and almost craze. Its solitude is distressing. In the midst of a crowd the stranger is alone. He might live or die without any one's knowing or caring. The distinguished man, or well-to-do merchant from the country, has no deference paid to him. He is jostled by the crowd, trampled down by the omnibus, or run over by the market vans. He stands in the vestibule of a fashionable church till his legs tire and his lady faints from indignation, and when he has a seat, it probably is a back one. A short residence in New York changes things wonderfully.

Order and harmony seem to come out of the confusion. Families find themselves as well protected and as comfortable as in a smaller town. The loneliness and solitude find a compensation in the independence which each family and person secures. A man in New York can live as he pleases — dwell in a palace or in an attic, dine at night or not at all, keep a dozen servants or none, get up early or late, live in style or be old fashioned. No one will meddle with or trouble him unless he undertakes to make great display. On change, in business, in the social circle, or at church, the style of a man's living and doing harms him not. There is a warm, Christian, benevolent heart in New York, a frank and generous sociability, when one can command it, that is delightful. The family who "would not live in New York if you would give them the best house on Fifth Avenue," after a year's residence are seldom willing to live anywhere else. The climate is delightful. It is not savage and rasping. It is not enervating, like Philadelphia or Baltimore. East winds do not trouble the feeble. Clear, bracing winds come daily from the ocean, bearing health on their wings. The winter is short, and seldom severe. The spring and autumn are long and delicious. The weather for eight months in the year is exhilarating, and gives a charm to life. Broadway is a perpetual panorama. Its variety never tires. The windows are filled with the richest and most elegant goods. Gold, silver, jewels, diamonds, silks, satins, and costly fabrics flash under the plate glass for miles. The pavement is the great promenade where the eminent men of New York can be seen daily, while ladies of fame, fashion, and ele-

gance, in the richest and most fashionable attire, crowd and jostle each other up and down this great thoroughfare. In no city in the world do ladies dress so elegantly and with so much expense, for the street, as in New York. Dressed in their gayest and most costly attire, their broad skirts of the richest fabrics, sweep the dirty sidewalks, while the abundance of their flashing jewels attracts attention. The carriages of the wealthy roll up and down this favorite thoroughfare, and add to the brilliancy of a bright day in New York. Everything that is manufactured, or that grows in any part of the world, can be purchased in this city. You can have a tropical climate if you can pay for it, fruits that grow in the equator, and products from every part of the world. A New Yorker need not go abroad for amusement, recreation, or health. The eminent men who visit America never pass by New York. Distinguished artists come here to sing and perform. Orators, musicians, and men on whom nations like to look come to the very doors of residents of this city.

MORALITY OF THE CITY.

Sound morality and business integrity have a market value in New York. The city was founded in religion. The colony that bought the island of the Indians was a religious colony. The early settlers, scattered all the way from the Battery to West Chester County, met on the Sabbath for worship. "The Half Moon" cast her anchor in the North River, and the little company withdrew to an island and spent their first Sabbath in thanksgiving and praise to God. After the toil of

Saturday, companies came from beyond the Harlem River to reach the church before the dawn of Sunday, that they might not break the Sabbath. Starting after midnight on the Sabbath, the little company would walk all the way back, beguiling their path with sacred song, and reach home in season for Monday's work. The spirit of these devout Dutchmen lingers in the city. No place of its size is more secure, is freer from crime, or has law better administered. A large city is worse than a small one, because bad men can hide themselves in its solitude. They find scope for their talent and genius. The crime of England is concentrated in London. Barricades in Paris touch public security in the remotest provinces of France. Bad men locate in New York, fix there their headquarters, and reduce roguery to a system. They have their banks, expressmen, artists and agents. These men dwell in the dark recesses and hidden chambers of the city. But to New York come also the most talented and best of men. The talent, ability, integrity, shrewdness and sharpness which make a small fortune in any other place, make a large one in New York. The best ability in the nation finds scope in the city "whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth." Large societies, whose streams of humanity and religion fertilize the earth, have their fountains here. Colleges, seminaries, schools, in the new and sparse settlements of the land, are built by New York beneficence. The lamp of religion, which burns in the dark islands of the sea, is fed by the hands of the bountiful in our city. The feet of the swift runner on the mountains of barbarism, who carries the good tidings of salvation to the

dwellers in the habitations of cruelty, are made strong by the cheerful gifts of our people. In no city are churches more elegant and numerous, congregations richer and more liberal, preachers more learned or eloquent. Lawyers who have become famous elsewhere join the New York bar. The shrewdest merchants of the land, energetic, far-seeing, and successful, find full scope for their ability in this great centre of commerce and trade. The inexorable law of business for half a century demands integrity no less than talent, if one would have success. Thousands of men have commenced business in New York with the motto, "All is fair in trade," who are "as honest as the times will allow." None such have ever had permanent success. A man might as well steer his bark in a dark and stormy night, on a deep and treacherous sea, by a lantern on his bowsprit, rather than by the light-house on the fixed shore, as to expect business success without commercial principle. Success in New York is the exception, failure the general rule. One can count on his fingers the firms who have had a quarter of a century's prosperity. Such have been eminent for their commercial integrity, for personal attention to business, to the inflexible rule that the purchaser should carry away the exact article he bought.

AN EXAMPLE.

In a little room in one of the by-streets of New York, up a narrow, dingy flight of stairs, a man may be found doing a little brokerage which his friends put into his hands. That man at one time inherited the name and fortune of a house which America delighted

to honor. That house was founded by two lads who left their homes to seek their fortune in a great city. They owned nothing but the clothes they wore, and a small bundle tied to a stick and thrown over their shoulders. Their clothes were homespun, were woven under the parental roof, and cut and made by motherly skill and sisterly affection. Their shoes were coarse and heavy, and they walked the whole distance from their home to the city towards which they looked for position and fame. They carried with them the rich boon of a mother's blessing and a mother's prayers. They were honest, industrious, truthful, and temperate. They did anything they found to do that was honest. They began a little trade, which increased on their hands, and extended till it reached all portions of the civilized world. Their credit became as extensive as our commerce. They identified themselves with every good work. Education, humanity, and religion blessed their munificence. The founders of the house died, leaving a colossal fortune and a name without a stain. They left their business and their reputation to the man who occupies the little chamber that we have referred to. He abandoned the principles on which the fame and honor of the house had been built up. He stained the name that for fifty years had been untarnished. Between two days he fled from his home. He wandered under an assumed name. Widows and orphans who had left trust money in his hands lost their all. In his fall he dragged down the innocent, and spread consternation on all sides. A few years passed, and after skulking about in various cities abroad, he ventured back. Men were too kind to harm him.

Those whom he had befriended in the days of his prosperity helped him to a little brokerage to earn his bread. In one of our cities a granite store was built. It had a fair, strong outside show. The builder said it would stand if filled with pig-lead. The building was filled with valuable merchandise. In the midst of business one day, the floors gave way, carrying everything into the cellar, the inmates barely escaping with their lives. Deep down among the foundations, under an important pillar, an unfaithful workman had put an imperfect stone. The exact pressure came, and the wreck was complete. New York is full of such wrecks.

THE MINISTRY OF NEW YORK.

This city is the paradise of preachers. The clergy are independent, and are well supported. Many who came to the city poor are rich. Some have saved a fortune; others have married a fortune; others have been fortunate in speculations in stock, oil, and real estate. Ministers can do in New York, and maintain their position, what the profession can do in no other city. No churches are more elegant, or parsonages more costly, than those of the Methodist denomination, and their ministers enjoy salaries exceeded by few. Trinity Church, the wealthiest corporation in the land, has four parishes, a rector, and six assistant ministers. The rector has a salary of ten thousand dollars, and a house. The assistants have each six thousand dollars and a house. Munificent presents, a tour to Europe, a life settlement, a provision for sickness and old age, are among the perquisites which these ministers enjoy. Dr. Spring, of the Old Brick Church, came to New York a young

man and poor. He has always lived in a fashionable part of the city, keeps his carriage and footman, and is a wealthy citizen. From Philadelphia to the old Beekman Street Church of St. George came Dr. Tyng. A large salary has enabled him to live in good style. He rides in his carriage, owns valuable real estate, and is wealthy. Dr. Hardenburg, of the Reformed Dutch Church, has always lived in good style, and, possessing a fortune, dwells at his ease. Dr. Van Nest is one of the richest men in New York. His own wealth and that of his wife make a colossal fortune. The Collegiate Church, older than Trinity, and quite as wealthy, has four pastors, to each of whom an elegant house and a liberal salary are given. Dr. Vermillye, who came to the city from a small Congregational church in Massachusetts, is in possession of a handsome fortune, and dwells in metropolitan style in the upper part of New York. Dr. Adams has a fine fortune, and dwells in a fine mansion within a stone's throw of that abode of aristocracy, Madison Square. Dr. Spear, by a fortunate speculation in stocks, acquired a fortune. Dr. Smith, his neighbor, bought an oil well, and wrote himself down worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Professor Hitchcock, of Union Seminary, owns the elegant mansion in which he lives on Fifth Avenue. Dr. Taylor, of Grace Church, had one of the most costly city residences, and, with his country-seat, lived like a millionaire. Drs. Burchard and Hatfield live in fine brown-stone mansions, which they own, and in which they enjoy the comforts of a luxurious home. Dr. Crosby inherits the vast wealth of his father. Dr. Booth dwells at ease, supported by a wealthy parish

and a wealthy parent. Dr. Farley, supported by one of the wealthiest congregations in the state, resigned, and took with him, as a parting gift, a donation of twenty-five thousand dollars. Dr. Osgood has always enjoyed a large salary, has a fine city residence, and a country-seat, where he passes his summer vacations. In no place on the continent are parishes more liberal, more considerate, more devoted to their pastors, than in New York. Such seldom leave till borne to their burial.

II.

HIGH LIFE IN NEW YORK.

MONEYOCRACY. — A MASKED BALL. — WHO HAS MONEY. — PARTIES, WEDDINGS, FUNERALS. — BROWN, OF GRACE CHURCH. — CHURCH-GOERS. — THE OPERA. — YELLOW KIDS. — CLUBS.

WITH the élite of New York, so called, money is the principal thing. The best society of New York is not to be found among the élite. If you wish parties, soirées, balls, that are elegant, attractive, and genteel, you will not find them among the snobish clique, who, with nothing but money, attempt to rule New York. Talent, taste, and refinement do not dwell with these. But high life has no passport except money. If a man has this, though destitute of character and brains, he is made welcome. One may come from Botany Bay or St. James; with a ticket of leave from a penal colony or St. Cloud; if he has diamond rings and a coach, all places will be opened to him. The leaders of upper New York were, a few years ago, porters, stable-boys, coal-heavers, pickers of rags, scrubbers of floors, and laundry women. Coarse, rude, ignorant, uncivil, and immoral many of them are still. Lovers of pleasure and men of fashion bow and cringe to such, and approach hat in hand. One of our new-fledged millionnaires gave a ball in his stable. The invited came with tokens of delight. The host, a few years ago, was

a ticket taker at one of our ferries, and would have thankfully blacked the boots or done any menial service for the people who clamor for the honor of his hand. At the gate of Central Park, every day, splendid coaches may be seen, in which sit large, fat, coarse women, who carry with them the marks of the wash-tub. These people have money. They spend it in untold sums for balls, parties, and soirées, and in drawing upper New York into their gaudy mansions.

A MASKED BALL.

A young Boston lady, by an eligible marriage with a princely merchant, became the mistress of an extensive mansion in Madison Square. While in France she captivated the emperor by her superb dancing and graceful skating. His majesty sent her a costly present. At Saratoga and Newport she drove her own dashing team with her footman behind, and became the most conspicuous of the visitors at those gay places. She resolved to give a fancy ball, and all the élite were in a fever of excitement. Brown, of Grace Church, had charge of the invitations, and five hundred were given out. All the guests were in costume. Three fourths of the guests wore masks. The dresses were rich, elegant, and costly. Suits were ordered from Paris and London. The hostess appeared as the Goddess of Music. Her dress was short, and her boots scarlet and trimmed with small bells. On her head was a lyre, from which issued brilliant jets of burning gas. Stock brokers, men in high life, and fast New Yorkers, appeared in various characters, among which the representatives of a monkey and of Satan

attracted the most attention. The mansion was superbly fitted up. Thousands of dollars were spent in floral decorations. Plate of gold and silver, china from beyond the seas, adorned the table. Servants in brilliant gold and silver livery waited on the guests. Hidden bands sent music through the mansion. The supper lasted till five in the morning. The last strains of music for the dancers closed at six. The counting-rooms were thrown open, the hammer of the artisan was heard, carmen and laborers were at their work, before the festivities ended and the door closed on the last departing guest. Such is high life in New York.

WHO HAS MONEY.

Much of the society of New York is very select, intellectual, and genteel. But the moneyed aristocracy, those who crowd gilded saloons and make up the parties of the ton, who are invited to soirées, fancy balls, and late suppers, are among the coarsest, most vulgar and illiterate of our people. Money is made easily by many in New York; fortunes are acquired in a day; families go from a shanty on a back street to a brown-stone front in upper New York, but they carry with them their vulgar habits, and disgust those who from social position are compelled to invite them to their houses. At a fashionable party, persons are invited according to their bank account, and to their standing on 'change. A fashionable party is made up of representatives of all nations and all religions — men and women who can speak the English language and those who cannot, Jews and Gentiles, Irish and Germans, red-faced and heavy-bearded men, coarse-

featured, red-faced, uncultivated women, who are loaded down with jewelry and covered with satins, who can eat as much as a soldier in the trenches. If they give a party, they give it to those who ridicule their position and manners. If they go to a party, they laugh in their turn.

BROWN, OF GRACE CHURCH.

The most famous man connected with New York high life is Brown, the sexton of Grace Church. For many years, Grace has been the centre of fashionable New York. To be married or buried within its walls has been ever considered the height of felicity. For many years, Brown has stood at the entrance to fashionable life. He gets up parties, engineers bridals, and conducts funerals, more genteelly than any other man. "The Lenten season is a horridly dull season," he is reported to have said; "but we manage to make our funerals as entertaining as possible." No party in high life is complete without him. A fashionable lady, about to have a fashionable gathering at her house, orders her meats from the butcher, her supplies from the grocer, her cakes and ices from the confectioner; but her invitations she puts into the hands of Brown. He knows whom to invite and whom to omit. He knows who will come, who will not come, but will send regrets. In case of a pinch, he can fill up the list with young men, picked up about town, in black swallow-tailed coats, white vests, and white cravats, who, in consideration of a fine supper and a dance, will allow themselves to be passed off as the sons of distinguished New Yorkers. The city has any quantity of ragged

noblemen, seedy lords from Germany, Hungarian barons out at the elbow, members of the European aristocracy who left their country for their country's good, who can be served up in proper proportions at a fashionable party when the occasion demands it. No man knows their haunts better than Brown. He revels in funerals. Fashion does not change more frequently in dress than in the method of conducting funerals in high life. What constituted a very genteel funeral last year would be a very vulgar one this. Cards of invitation are sent out as to a party. Sometimes the shutters of the house are closed, and the funeral takes place in gas-light. The lights are arranged for artistic effect. Parties who have the entrée of fashionable life can tell, the moment they enter the rooms, what fashionable sexton has charge of the funeral. The arrangement of the furniture, the position of the coffin, the laying out of the body, the coffin itself, the adjustment of the lights, the hanging of the drapery, the plate-glass hearse, the number of horses, the size and quality of the plumes on the hearse and team, indicate the style of the funeral, and the wealth and social position of the family. Mourning has a style peculiar to itself, and the intensity of the grief is indicated by the depth of the crape. Brown is a huge fellow, coarse in his features, resembling a dressed-up carman. His face is very red, and on Sundays he passes up and down the aisles of Grace Church with a peculiar swagger. He bows strangers into a pew, when he deigns to give them a seat, with a majestic and patronizing air, designed to impress them with a realizing sense of the obligation he has conferred upon them.

YELLOW KIDS.

Fashionable New York is distinguished by yellow kids. The supply must be large, for the demand is great. Wherever you find fashionable New York or young New York, there you will find yellow kids. On New Year's Day, when thousands throng the streets, every man you meet, young or old, who makes any pretension to society, wears yellow gloves. When the Common Council turn out, every man sports a pair at the city's expense. In Broadway or at Central Park, at the opera or in church, these glaring appendages flash before the eye. A fashionable New Yorker may have seedy clothes, a hat out of season, boots the worse for wear, still he will sport his yellow kids.

CLUBS.

After the London fashion, clubs are becoming common among the upper ten. They have not yet got the political significance of those of the old world. The Loyal League, in its elegant quarters on Union Square, is Republican. The Manhattan Club is Democratic. But these are for occasional festivals. The members of each belong to the different clubs of the city. The most elegant buildings on Fifth Avenue are club houses. They are furnished in the most gorgeous manner. Every convenience of comfort and luxury that can be conceived is found within the walls. Nearly every club-house indicates the brief life of a New York aristocrat. A lucky speculation, a sudden rise in real estate, a new turn of the wheel of fortune, lifts up the man who yesterday could not be trusted for his

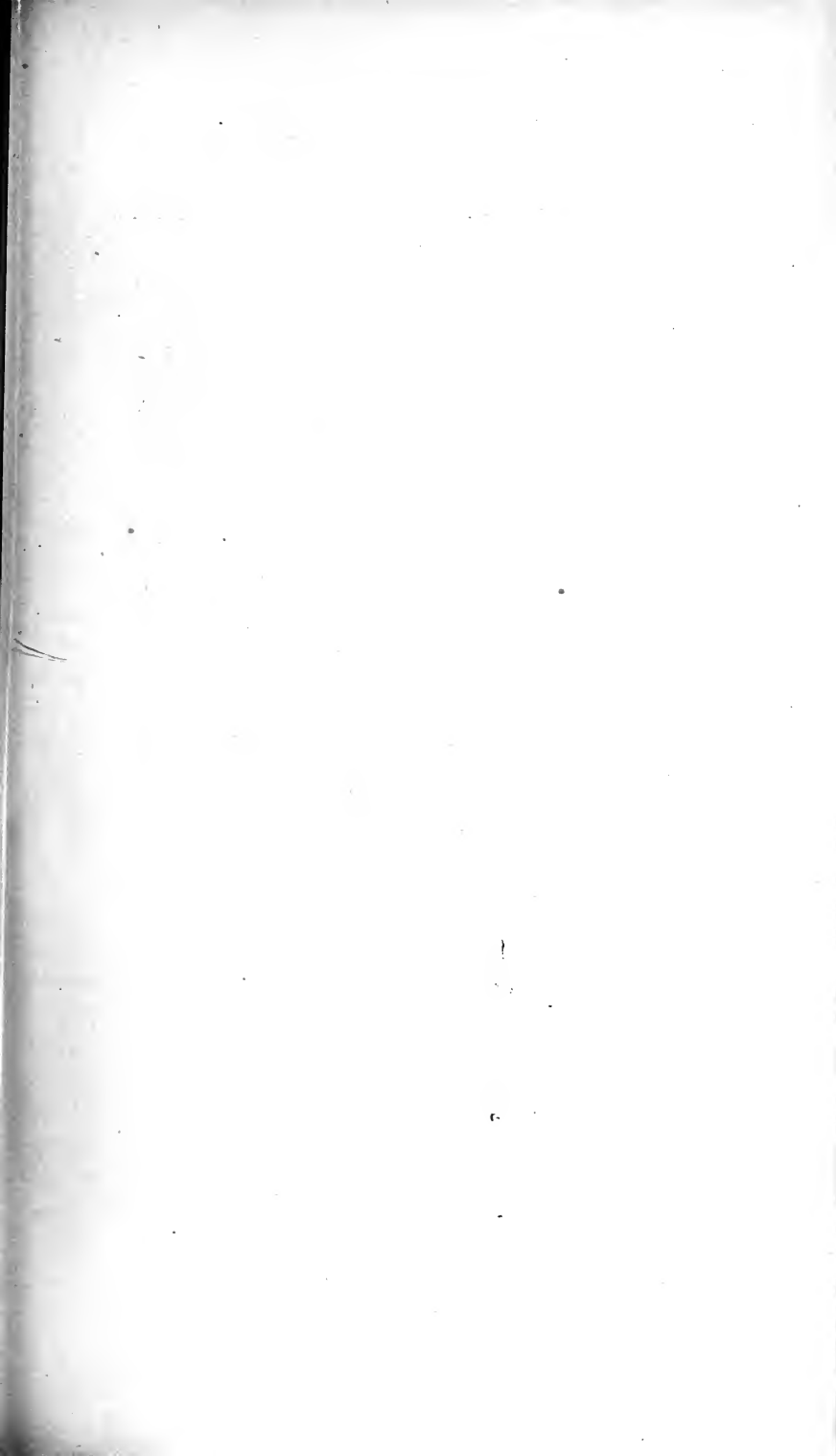
dinner, and gives him a place among the men of wealth. He buys a lot on Fifth Avenue; puts up a palatial residence, outdoing all who have gone before him; sports his gay team in Central Park, carpets his sidewalk, gives two or three parties, and disappears from society. His family return to the sphere from which they were taken, and his mansion, with its gorgeous furniture, becomes a club-house. These houses are becoming more and more numerous. They are breaking up what little social and domestic life remains in the city. Few homes are known to New York high life. Men go to the club to dine, and spend their evenings amid its fascinations.

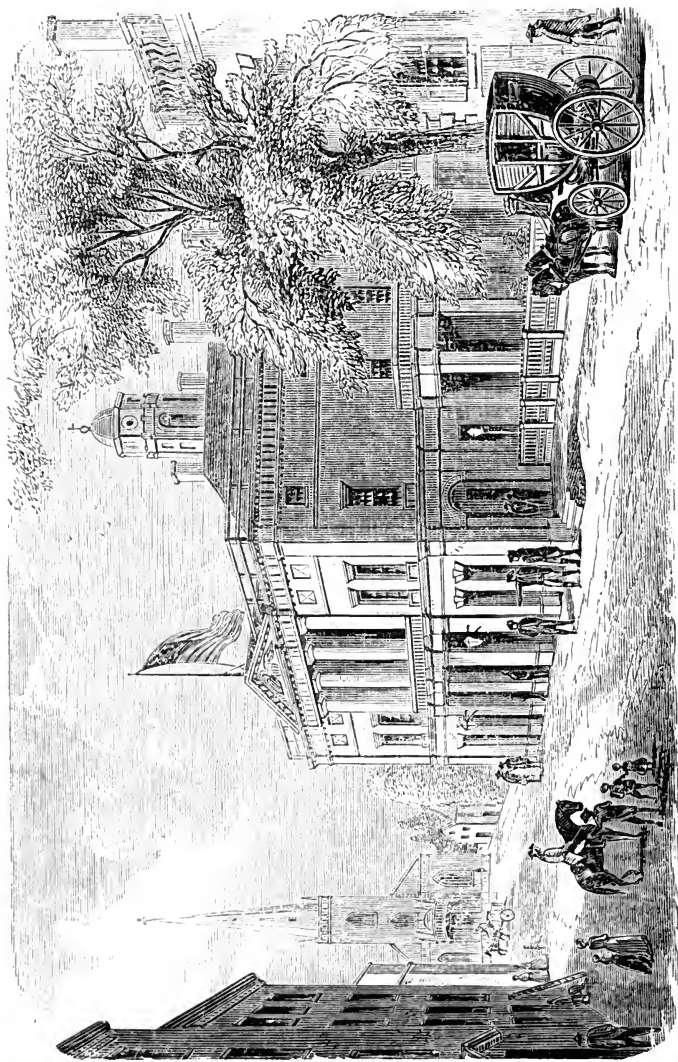
III.

WALL STREET.

INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON. — FINANCIAL CENTRE. — CAPITAL IN WALL STREET. — CHAMBER OF THE BOARD OF BROKERS. — HEADQUARTERS. — BROAD STREET. — CURBSTONE BROKERS. — AN INSIDE VIEW. — INCIDENTS. — THE SEPULCHRE OF FORTUNES. — HOW SHREWD MEN ARE RUINED.

IN the financial centre of this city the United States government was set in motion. Where the United States Treasury Building now stands, facing Broad Street, the Old City Hall once stood. On the balcony of that hall General Washington was inaugurated President of the United States. The dwelling in which he resided still stands in the lower part of Broad Street. From this place he came up under an escort. Wall Street, in the vicinity of the City Hall, and Broad Street were crowded with citizens and strangers. Washington appeared on the balcony, attended by eminent men, who, with him, had carried the Revolution to a successful issue. The president reverently took the oath of office, administered by the chancellor. When Chancellor Livingston pronounced the memorable words, — “LONG LIVE GEORGE WASHINGTON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!” they were acclaimed and taken up with enthusiasm and tears by the assembled thousands, as America took her place among the nations of the earth.





OLD CITY HALL, WALL STREET.

FINANCIAL CENTRE.

What Threadneedle Street is to England, Wall Street is to America. It is a narrow street, in the lower part of New York, running from Broadway to the East River. At the head of Wall Street stands the massive Trinity Church, the Cathedral of the city. It lifts its tall steeple to heaven, amid the din and babel of business. From its tower magnificent bells strike out the quarter and half hours of the day, and chime, with mellifluous peals the full ones, telling the anxious, excited and rushing crowd how swiftly life passes. The great moneyed institutions of the country are in Wall Street. Here stands the elegant granite building devoted to the United States Treasury in New York. The work is highly ornamental. Brilliant painting and gilding appear everywhere. Solid mahogany desks and marble counters are beautiful to the eye. But there is strength as well as beauty. The heavy vaults, where repose the treasures of the government, are caverns of massive granite. The chambers, where the gold is counted, are merely stone cells. Huge iron fences, running from the floor to the ceiling, and heavy iron gates, guard against surprise. These iron barriers cross and recross each other, so that a mob would gain but little should it obtain an entrance into the building. In Wall Street the Custom House is located. The costly banking houses adorn the street, where men whose integrity and repute have made America honorable in all parts of the world can be found. The men of money of the city, the millionnaires, speculators, and leading financiers, have here their headquarters. The heaviest financial

operations are transacted in cellars and underground rooms, in dingy and narrow chambers, in the attics of old buildings, which are reached by rickety and creaking stairs, which threaten to give way under one's tread. Here is high 'change. The men whose names are so familiar with stock and money transactions can be found between twelve and three. The heaviest operators have no offices of their own. At certain hours of the day they can be found in the chambers of leading brokers. Some of them occupy mere dens. Men who control the leading railroads, and other great stocks, who can agitate the financial world in an hour, will usually be found in some small room near Wall Street, sitting with a crowd of speculators, who are their lackeys, and who are ever ready to do the will of great financiers.

CHAMBER OF THE BOARD OF BROKERS.

This controlling institution is *entered* from Wall Street and Broad. It is a marble building, of great elegance. The Gold Room, where the daily sales take place, is one of the most brilliant rooms in the city. The vaults are models of security. They have in them two hundred and fifty safes, each secured by independent locks, which have in them a million combinations. No two locks are alike. Each member of the Board of Brokers has a safe assigned to him. In these vaults repose the treasures of the millionnaires of New York. The board was organized in 1794. At one time the entrance fee was fifty dollars. It is now three thousand dollars. A candidate is put on probation for ten days. His financial honor must be without

a stain. Application must be made through some well-known member, and the fact is made public. If no objection is made, a ballot is had. Fourteen black balls defeat an election. The initiation fee is put high, that none but men of capital and honor may be admitted. The rules are extremely stringent. A violation is followed by summary ejection. Every contract is made on honor, and must be kept to the letter, or the party is expelled, whoever he may be. For instance, a hundred shares of Erie are sold at the board by one broker to another. The seller delivers the stock, and takes in payment the check of the buyer. The check is known to be worthless. The buyer cannot pay till he has delivered the stock to the customer who ordered it. But the check will be made good before three o'clock. Millions of stock pass daily from one hand to another in this way. During all the years of the existence of the board but one member has been found guilty of fraud. Some of the sharp, bold operators, who bull and bear the market, cannot get into the board at any price. They would give ten thousand dollars to become members. Their financial reputation is bad, and they cannot enter. These men operate through members of the board.

AN INSIDE VIEW.

On entering the building, the members pass up a broad flight of stairs into a small ante-room, where their tickets are examined. They are then admitted into the Gold Room. It is a very gorgeous room. It is as elegant as wealth and taste can make it. The stuffed arm-chairs are inlaid with gold. The walls are covered

with green silk, lapped in heavy folds, instead of paper. The ceiling is elaborately painted, chandeliers hang around. The president's seat is magnificent. The president has no salary. His position is one of honor. The work of the board is done by the first vice-president, who from ten to one calls the stocks and declares the sales. For this monotonous service he has a salary of seven thousand five hundred dollars a year. The second vice-president presides over the second board, and has three thousand dollars a year for his work. A regular stock list is made out. No stock can be sold at the board that is not on the list. Guarantees are required from all parties who offer stock, and none can be put on the daily list without a vote of the board. At high 'change, the room, that will hold a thousand, is packed. In front of the president's desk is a deep basin, called the cock-pit. In this basin is an oblong table, fastened to the floor by iron clamps. Without this, the excited crowd who huddle together in the cock-pit would trample each other to death.

Daily some stock excites the market. Its unexpected rise or fall produces intense feeling. The lists of stocks are usually quietly sold without attention. The exciting stocks are well known, and when called, arouse the whole chamber. Chairs are abandoned, men rush pell-mell into the cock-pit, and crowd, jostle, push, and trample on one another. They scream out their offers to buy and sell. They speak all at once, yelling and screaming like hyenas. The scene is very exciting. Pandemonium is not wilder, or more disorderly. The presiding officer stands erect, cool and silent. Several

hundred men surge before him, stamping, yelling, screaming, jumping, sweating, gesticulating, violently shaking their fists in each other's faces, talking in a tongue not spoken at Pentecost. The president holds in his hand a mallet of ivory, and before him is a block of wood encased in brass. On this he strikes with his mallet, to control the intense excitement. Without it he would pound his desk to pieces in a short time. So many minutes are allowed for the sale of stock. In the midst of this mad frenzy and apparent disorder, every word of which is understood by the initiated, the mallet comes down with a shower of vigorous blows. "Order! order!" runs through the chamber. The noise and tempest is hushed in a moment. "No more offers to-day, gentlemen!" the officer says, as the name of the buyer is announced. If the sale is contested, the president names the buyer. If an appeal is taken from his decision, it is settled on the spot by a vote of the board. A hundred thousand dollars often hangs on that decision. The party against whom it is given can do nothing but submit.

CURBSTONE BROKERS.

Men who have a capital ranging from one dollar to ten thousand occupy the basement of the building where the Board of Brokers meet. This hall is open to all who can pay the small sum of one hundred dollars a year. It is open all day for stock operations. It has no rules, and men with character and without have a chance to speculate as they please. Men who cannot get into the upper room, or have been turned out of

the regular board of brokers, find refuge here. They run over into the street, fill the alleys, gutters, and curbstones, making a motley crowd, who all day long make the neighborhood hideous with their shoutings, yellings, and quarrellings. The sidewalk is impassable. Teams can scarcely get through Broad Street, and the brokers are pronounced a nuisance. Having nothing to lose, they are reckless, unprincipled and dishonest.

THE SEPULCHRE OF FORTUNES.

The failures and reverses of mercantile life are common to New York. Scarcely a firm stands that has been in business a quarter of a century. Stock speculations underlie these failures. Gambling is not more seductive or more ruinous. The few who rise to sudden wealth by dabbling in stocks tempt the many to venture on this treacherous sea. Professional men of all classes and all grades, merchants, retired capitalists, trustees, widows, farmers, try their hand at gaining sudden wealth in Wall Street. Merchants who have a large balance in the bank, hotel men who have made money, salesmen and clerks, are tempted to make a venture, and bring only ruin on themselves, their families, and their employers.

Men who live in Wall Street live fast, and grow prematurely old. They gamble in stocks all day. They renew the contest of Wall Street in the hotels at night. Sunday brings some of them no repose. They live high, drink deep, and the excitement in stocks during the day is exchanged for gaming at night. Bald heads on young men, premature gray hairs, nervous debility,

paralysis and untimely decay, which mark so many of the business men of New York, with ruined fortunes and characters, show how perilous and unsatisfactory is life in Wall Street.

HOW SHREWD MEN ARE RUINED.

The sudden collapse of fortunes, closing of elegant mansions, the selling off of plate and horses at auction, the hurling of men down from first class positions to subordinate posts, is an every-day occurrence in New York. In almost every case these reverses result from outside trading, and meddling with matters foreign to one's legitimate business. The city is full of sharp rogues and unprincipled speculators, who lie awake nights to catch the unwary. None are more easily ensnared than hotel-keepers, and this is the way it is done: A well-dressed, good-looking man comes into a hotel, and brings his card as the president of some great stock company. In a careless, indifferent way he asks to look at a suite of rooms. He has previously ascertained that the proprietor has from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars in the bank waiting for something to turn up. The rooms shown are not good enough. He wants rooms that will accommodate certain distinguished gentlemen, whom he names, who happen to be the well-known leading financiers of the great cities. A better suite is shown the president. The cost is high — one thousand dollars a month. But the rooms suit; he must accommodate his friends; a few thousands one way or the other won't make much difference with his company; so he concludes to take the rooms. The

landlord hints at references ; the president chuckles at the idea that *he* should be called upon for references ; he never gives any ; but if the landlord wants one or two thousand dollars, he can have it. "Let me see," the president says, very coolly, "I shall want these rooms about six months, off and on. I may be gone half the time, or more. If it's any accommodation to you, I will give you my check for six thousand dollars, and pay the whole thing up." Of course the landlord is all smiles, and the president takes possession. Before the six months are out, from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars of the landlord's money goes into the hands of the speculator, and a lot of worthless stock is locked up in the safe of the hotel.

Another scheme is equally successful. The rooms are taken, and the occupant is the most liberal of guests. Champagne suppers and costly viands are ordered without stint, and promptly paid for. Coaches with liveried drivers and footmen, hired for the occasion, leave imposing cards at the hotel. The obsequious landlord and well-feed steward pay especial attention to the wants of the liberal guest. Waiters fly at his command, and the choicest tit-bits are placed before him. Picking his teeth after breakfast while the landlord is chatting with him some Saturday morning when it rains, he expresses a wish, rather indifferently, that he had fifty thousand dollars. His banker won't be home till Monday — don't care much about it — get it easy enough going down town — wouldn't go out in the rain for twice the sum — indifferent about it, and yet evidently annoyed. The landlord goes into his

office and examines his bank account, and finds he can spare fifty thousand dollars, without any inconvenience, till Monday. Glad to accommodate his distinguished guest, who is going to bring all the moneyed men to his hotel, he hands over the money, which is refused two or three times before it is taken. On Monday morning the hotel man finds that his distinguished tenant has put a Sabbath between himself and pursuit. Such tricks are played constantly, and new victims are found every day.

IV.

ALEXANDER T. STEWART.

HIS EARLY LIFE. — ACCIDENT OF SUCCESS. — NOT WELL INFORMED. — MR. STEWART IN HIS DOWN-TOWN OFFICE. — HIS SHREWDNESS AND TACT. — HIS HOME ON FIFTH AVENUE. — ACCESS TO MR. STEWART NOT EASY. — MR. STEWART AS A MASTER.

MR. STEWART was born in Ireland. His home was a humble one. He inherited a good constitution, was gifted with energy and indomitable perseverance, blended with great shrewdness. His education was fair. Two pious Scotch women interested themselves greatly in his welfare. They hoped to see him in the pulpit. For the sacred profession he made some preparations. It is said that even now, amid his immense business, he keeps up his classical readings. He has been heard to say, notwithstanding his conceded success in mercantile life, he has doubts whether he had not mistaken his calling, and would not have done better in some other sphere. In 1825 he studied the languages, under the tuition of a celebrated actor. He then looked towards teaching as a means of livelihood, and perhaps had not abandoned the idea of entering the sacred profession.

He married, quite early, a Miss Cornelia Church, of New York, abandoned his literary pursuits, and became a trader in a small way. A little sum of money was left

him by a relative in Ireland. He set up store in a small room nearly opposite his present down-town establishment. His shop was a little affair, only twelve feet front. It was separated from its neighbor by a thin partition, through which all conversation could be heard. The store stood on what is now known as 262 Broadway. He tended shop from fourteen to eighteen hours a day. He was his own errand boy, porter, book-keeper, and salesman. He kept house in the humblest style. He lived over his store; and for a time one room served as kitchen, bed-room, and parlor. His bed was hidden from view, being enclosed within a chest or bureau. As Mr. Stewart attended to the store, so Mrs. Stewart attended to the work of the house. The increase of business demanded assistants. These he boarded, and to accommodate them more room was required. So he added to his single room. He afterwards kept house in chambers on Hudson Street, his income not warranting the taking of a whole house. His style of living was very plain in his furniture and table. Hardly a laborer among us to-day would live as plainly as Mr. Stewart lived when he began his public career. But Mr. Stewart always lived within his income, whatever that income was.

THE ACCIDENT OF SUCCESS.

Mr. Stewart began business when merchants relied upon themselves. It was not easy to obtain credit. Banks were few and cautious. Bankruptcy was regarded as a disgrace and a crime. Traders made money out of their customers, and not out of their creditors. To an accident, which would have swamped

most men, Mr. Stewart is indebted for his peculiar style of business and his colossal fortune. While doing business in his little store, a note became due, which he was unable to pay. A shopkeeper, with a miscellaneous stock of goods, not very valuable, in a store twelve feet front, had little to hope from the banks. His friends were short. He resolved not to be dishonored. He met the crisis boldly. His indomitable will, shrewdness, and energy came out. He resolved not only to protect his note, but protect himself from being again in such a position. He marked every article in his store down below the wholesale price. He flooded the city with hand-bills, originating the selling-off-at-cost style of advertising. He threw his handbills by thousands into the houses, basements, stores, steamboats, and hotels of the city. He told his story to the public; what he had, and what he proposed to sell. He promised them not only bargains, but that every article would be found just what it was guaranteed to be. He took New York by storm. He created a furore among housekeepers. The little shop was crowded with suspicious and half-believing persons in search of bargains. Mr. Stewart presided in person. He said but little, offered his goods, and took the cash. To all attempts to beat him down, he quietly pointed to the plainly-written price on each package. He had hardly time to eat or sleep. His name became a household word on every lip. Persons bought the goods, went home, and examined them. They found not only that they had not been cheated, but had really got bargains. They spread the news from house to house. Excited New York filled Mr. Stewart's shop, and crowded the

pavement in front. Long before the time named in the handbill for stopping the sale, the whole store was cleaned out, and every article sold for cash. The troublesome note was paid, and a handsome balance left over. Mr. Stewart resolved to purchase no more on credit. The market was dull, cash scarce, and he was enabled to fill up his store with a choice stock of goods at a small price. In that little shanty on Broadway he laid the solid foundation of that colossal fortune which towers to the height of thirty millions.

HIS STYLE OF BUSINESS.

Though Mr. Stewart sells goods on credit, as do other merchants, he buys solely for cash. If he takes a note, instead of getting it discounted at a bank, he throws it into a safe, and lets it mature. It does not enter into his business, and the non-payment of it does not disturb him. He selects the style of carpet he wants, buys every yard made by the manufacturer, and pays the cash. He monopolizes high-priced laces, silks, costly goods, furs, and gloves, and compels the fashionable world to pay him tribute. Whether he sells a first-rate or a fourth-rate article, the customer gets what he bargains for. A lady on a journey, who passes a couple of days in the city, can find every article that she wants for her wardrobe at a reasonable price. She can have the goods made up in any style, and sent to her hotel at a given hour, for the opera, a ball, or for travel. Mr. Stewart will take a contract for the complete outfit of a steamship or steamboat, like the *Europa* or the *St. John*, furnish the carpets, mirrors, chandelier, china, silver ware, cutlery, mattresses, linen, blankets, napkins,

with every article needed, in any style demanded. He can defy competition. He buys from the manufactories at the lowest cash price. He presents the original bills, charging only a small commission. The parties have no trouble, the articles are of the first class, they save from ten to twenty per cent., and the small commission pays Stewart handsomely. He furnishes hotels and churches in the same manner. He could supply the army and navy as easily as he could fit out a steamship.

NOT WELL INFORMED.

The late William Beecher told me that Mr. Stewart bought many goods of him when he first set up for himself. One day Mr. Stewart came into his store, and said to him, privately, "Mr. Beecher, a lady came into my store to-day and asked me to show her some hose. I did not know what the goods were, and I told her I did not keep the article. What did she want?" Mr. Beecher pointed to a box of stockings that stood before them. The young tradesman looked, laughed, and departed.

IN HIS DOWN-TOWN OFFICE.

He attends personally to his own business. His office is a small room in his down-town store. No merchant in New York spends as many hours at his business as Mr. Stewart. He is down early, and remains late. Men who pass through Broadway during the small hours of the night may see the light burning brightly from the working-room of the marble palace. He remains till the day's work is closed, and everything is squared up. He knows what is in the store, and not a package escapes his eye. He sells readily without

consulting book, invoice, or salesman. He has partners, but they are partners only in the profits. He can buy and sell as he will. He holds the absolute management of the concern in his own hands. His office is on the second story, and separated from the sales-room by a glass partition which goes half way to the ceiling. Here he is usually to be found. Else he is walking about the store, with a quiet tread, as if his foot was clothed with velvet, — up stairs and down stairs, all around, with a keen, quick, vigilant eye, searching in all places and all departments, taking in everybody and everything as he passes.

ACCESS TO MR. STEWART NOT EASY.

It is difficult to gain access to the princely merchant. Any man who has run the gauntlet once will not be fond of repeating the experiment. On entering the main door, a gentleman stands guard, who says, "What is your business, sir?" You reply, "I wish to see Mr. Stewart." "Mr. Stewart is busy; what do you want?" "I wish to see him personally, on private business." "Mr. Stewart has no private business. You cannot see him unless you tell me what you want." If the guard is satisfied, you are allowed to go up stairs. Here you are met by sentinel No. 2, — a large, full-faced, bland-looking gentleman, — who is Mr. Stewart's confidential agent, though at one time one of the judges of our courts. He examines and cross-examines you. If he cannot stave you off, he disappears into the office, and reports your case to his chief. Probably Mr. Stewart will peer at you through the plate glass. If he does not consider you of consequence enough to

invite you in, he turns away, shrugging his shoulders, and sends a snappish refusal by the guard. If otherwise, you enter, and face the lion in his den. His whole manner is hard and repulsive. He is of the average height, slim, with a decided Hibernian face; sandy hair, nearly red; sharp, cold, avaricious features; a clear, cold eye; a face furrowed with thought, care, and success; a voice harsh and unfriendly in its most mellow tones. He could easily be taken for his book-keeper or porter. He meets you with the air of a man who is impatient from interruption; who wishes you to say your say and be gone. He lives wholly by himself. His wife has borne him no children; he has probably not a bosom friend in the world. Some men find their pleasure in dress, in dissipation, in drinking, in amusements, in travel, in parties, theatres, operas. Stewart finds his in hard work. Business is his idol, his pleasure, his profit. He revels in it. Approaching his eightieth year, he is indomitable, persevering, and enterprising as when he commenced trade.

STEWART AS A MASTER.

He is a hard master, and his store is ruled by despotic law. His rules are inexorable, and must be obeyed. His store is regarded as the hospital for decayed merchants. Nearly every prominent man in his wholesale store has been in business for himself, and failed. All the better for Mr. Stewart. Such a man has a circle of acquaintances, and can influence trade. If he failed without dishonor, he is sure of a position in Mr. Stewart's store. No factory is run with more exactness. No package enters or leaves the store without a ticket.

On one occasion Mr. Stewart himself left directions to have a shawl sent up to his house, which Mrs. Stewart was to wear at a *soirée*. He forgot to place a ticket upon the package, and to the imperious law of the store the shawl had to yield. He regards his employees as cogs in the complicated machinery of his establishment. A New York fireman is quite as tender of his machine. The men are numbered and timed. There is a penalty attached to all delinquencies. It takes all a man can earn for the first month or so to pay his fines. He is fined if he exceeds the few minutes allotted to dinner. He is fined if he eats on the premises. He is fined if he sits during business hours. He is fined if he comes late or goes early. He is fined if he misdirects a bundle. He is fined if he mistakes a street or number. He is fined if he miscounts the money, or gives the wrong change.

HIS SHREWDSNESS AND TACT.

He has always kept in advance of the age. During the last twenty years he has ruined himself, in the estimation of his friends, a hundred times. He bought the site for his down-town store against their most earnest expostulations. It was too far up town. It was on the shilling side of Broadway. No man could do a successful business there. The price paid was exorbitant. The proposed mammoth store would be the laughing-stock of the age, and would be known as "Stewart's Folly." As usual, he relied on his own judgment. He believed the investment to be a good one. He told his friends that it would be the centre of trade; that on the dollar side or on the shilling side

of the street he intended to create a business that would compel New York and all the region round to trade with him. He is not a liberal man, but his donations to public objects are princely. Tax-gatherers, national, state, and county, say that no man pays his assessments more fairly or more cheerfully. If he is hard, he is just. He keeps his contracts, pays what is nominated in the bond, and no more.

HIS HOME ON FIFTH AVENUE.

He is a shrewd buyer of real estate. He has purchased more churches than any man in the city. He buys when the church is crippled, and gets a bargain both in price and location. His stable on Amity Street was for many years the celebrated Baptist church where Dr. Williams officiated. The Dutch church on Ninth Street wanted a purchaser. Several appeals were made to Mr. Stewart. He had bought odd lots in that neighborhood. When the purchase of the church was complete, it was found that he had the lease of the entire block, and on it his mammoth up-town store now stands. Lafayette Place, once a fashionable locality, was occupied by saloons, restaurants, gambling-houses, and houses for boarding. Governor Morgan had a residence there which he wanted to get rid of. Stewart took compassion on him, and bought the place. Persons wondered what Stewart wanted of that great house, in that out-of-the-way spot. Shortly after, Dr. Osgood's church was for sale, on Broadway. After it had been in the market a long time, Stewart became the purchaser. It was found that the church lot joined

the Lafayette Place lot, making a magnificent site, running from street to street, for a huge store.

The leading desire of fashionable New York is to get a double house or a double lot on Fifth Avenue. Such accommodations are rare, and fabulous prices are paid for land or dwelling. On the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street stood a famous house, occupying, with the garden, three lots of land. It was built by a successful sarsaparilla man. It was the largest in New York, built of brown stone, as gorgeous and inconvenient as an Eastern pagoda. It cost fabulous sums. It was large enough for a hotel, and showy enough for a prince. It was burnished with gold and silver, and elaborately ornamented with costly paintings. It was the nine days' wonder in the city, and men and women crowded to see it at twenty-five cents a head. The owner failed, and the house passed out of his hands. It became a school, with no success.

One morning the residents of the avenue were astonished to see a staging built up against this famous pile, reaching to the roof. They were more astonished when they learned that this gorgeous pile was to come down; that its foundations were to be dug up; that a marble palace was to be erected on that site that would make all Shoddydom red with envy; that its furniture, statuary, paintings, and adornments would exceed any house on the continent. Many lessons are taught by the career of Mr. Stewart. It is worth while, on a fine morning, to pause on the Broadway pavement, and watch the small coupé that drives up to the curbstone, drawn by a single horse; to mark the occupant, as with

a light tread and buoyant step he comes from the carriage and enters his store. He is an old man, but looks like a young one. He began life penniless, and has rolled up a fortune greater than that ever before collected by any one man. His mercantile career has been an upward one; his whole life a success. He has earned the title he wears. He is the autocrat of New York merchants.

V.

A SHODDY PARTY.

ITS BRILLIANT OPENING. — ITS FAILURE.

ONE of the citizens of New York was a hatter. He earned a very good living at the business. His wife made vests for a fashionable tailor. She made them well, and by her industry added very much to the comfort of the household. By one of those sudden turns of fortune which overtake men in this city, the man found himself in possession of quite a sum of money. He abandoned hatting, and his wife gave up making vests. He bought a house in an up-town neighborhood. His wife proposed an entrée into good society by giving a large party. The hatting and tailoring acquaintances were to be ignored. They had no others. A new order of associates was to be made through the party. Had these people understood the way of doing things in New York, they would have gone to Brown, of Grace Church, paid him a handsome fee, and he would have stocked their parlors with all the company desirable. Instead of this, they took the Directory, selected five hundred names, among whom were some of the most prominent of our citizens, and sent out invitations, right and left, for an evening named. No expense was spared to make the occasion a great one. The house was gaudily furnished. The

ladies — mother and daughter — were expensively and fashionably attired. The table was laid by one of the first caterers. Dodsworth was engaged for the music. Waiters were called in, dressed in the clerical garb of black and white. The hour came on, but not so the guests. No excuses came. In nothing are the New Yorkers more skittish than about the acquaintances they form and the parties they attend. They will give all they are worth for a ticket to a ball, party, reception, or for a levee where great folks are to be, but they will not accept miscellaneous invitations, though there is plenty to eat. The persons who got up this party were unknown. Strings of young men drifted by the house during the evening. Brilliantly lighted, it attracted general attention. But the bell was silent, and the steps deserted. The curious could see anxious persons peering through the cracks of the blinds at the passers by, supposing themselves unobserved. At a late hour the gas was turned off. During the whole evening the parlors were deserted, the splendid table untouched, and the family, late at night, turned to their couches, with feelings better imagined than described. The candidates for fashionable society were sadly disappointed.

VI.

MRS. BURDELL-CUNNINGHAM.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM AS A HOUSEKEEPER. — AS A WIDOW. — HER MARRIAGE. —
HER DAUGHTERS.

THE noted premises, 31 Bond Street, in this city, were occupied by Dr. Harvey Burdell. He was a dentist, lived in good style, and was reputed to be a man of wealth, and a gentleman. He had a housekeeper in the person of Mrs. Cunningham, to whose character and position he was no stranger. He had known her from her youth. She was reputed to be clever, and to have talents. She was poor, with no visible means of support, and with grown-up daughters on her hands. She kept house for Dr. Burdell, and entertained such company as she chose to receive. She lived in luxury, and passed her summers among the gay and fashionable at Newport and Saratoga. One morning the murdered form of Dr. Burdell was found lying upon the carpet in his office, weltering in his blood. The family who occupied the upper part of the house were absent. Men of political distinction had rooms over Dr. Burdell's apartments. They came in at eleven o'clock at night, and all was still. There was no noise or outcry; no struggle heard during the night. All eyes turned in search of the murderer. The public voice cried for justice. Every ear was alive to the

slightest suggestion, every foot quick to chase the most improbable rumor. Men and women were put on trial for their lives. Nothing was proved against them. The perpetrator of the bloody deed may never be known till he stands at the bar of God.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM AS A WIDOW.

When it was known that Dr. Burdell was dead, his housekeeper proclaimed herself his widow. She fell on his mangled body, and shouted out her grief in paroxysms of woe. She clothed herself in deep mourning, and took the name of her husband. She was tried for the murder of Dr. Burdell, and acquitted. She went from the Tombs to the house of Dr. Burdell, and repaired it and furnished it in great style. She went before the surrogate with her claims as a widow. Had he decided the case on the evidence before him he must have granted her suit. While the matter was on trial, a trap was laid for her by the district attorney and others, into which she fell. All hope of a favorable decision in her case was dashed to the ground. She was indicted by the grand jury, incarcerated in the Tombs, bail denied her, in obedience to popular clamor and public indignation, although the crime for which she was indicted was clearly aailable one.

HER MARRIAGE.

On her trial before the surrogate, the confusion, want of self-possession, and contradictory statements of the officiating clergyman left the surrogate no alternative but to reject his testimony. The statement of the daughter that she was present at the wedding,

availed nothing. Yet, if human testimony can be relied on, and any marriage can be proved, it is very certain that Dr. Burdell was married to Mrs. Cunningham. The officiating clergyman was Rev. Mr. Marvin, then settled over the Bleecker Street Reformed Dutch Church. Outside of the court-room his testimony is clear, consistent, and positive. He expresses himself as positive that he married the parties as that he is married himself. The circumstances connected with the marriage were such as to make it morally impossible that he could have been deceived. Dr. Burdell visited Mr. Marvin's house in Hudson Street, one pleasant afternoon, and made arrangements for the proposed marriage. It was a clear, bright day, and the sun was shining in the parlors. Dr. Burdell stated his wishes, told where he resided, what his business was, what his purposes were, and informed him that as soon as his business would permit, after his marriage, he intended to travel in Europe. He made quite a visit. At the appointed time, the same party, accompanied by Mrs. Cunningham, came to his house, and was married. One of the daughters accompanied her mother. The marriage was not hurried, and the parties remained some time in conversation. A few days after the marriage, Dr. Burdell called for a certificate. He remained some time in easy general conversation. He examined the certificate carefully, and pointed out some errors in it, which were corrected. He leisurely departed, carrying the certificate with him. The same person who made the arrangement for the marriage, and was married at the time agreed upon, and who subsequently called for the certificate and carried it away, was known

to be the very person who was murdered in Bond Street, and who was carried to his burial as Dr. Harvey Burdell. Just before the marriage testified to by Mr. Marvin, Dr. Burdell visited Saratoga with Mrs. Cunningham, and took rooms at Congress Hall. A daughter of Mrs. Cunningham was at the Seminary kept by Rev. Dr. Beecher. The next morning after the arrival, Dr. Burdell and Mrs. Cunningham visited the Seminary, and had an interview with Dr. Beecher. Up to this time Dr. Burdell had paid the board and tuition bills of the young lady. He now stated to Dr. Beecher that he had come up to make arrangements for the expenses of the young lady during his absence from the country, as he expected soon to sail for Europe. He made arrangements for Dr. Beecher to draw on New York for the monthly and quarterly payments as they should become due. He stated that his absence from the country would make no difference with the regular payment of the bills. Mrs. Cunningham was in the room while these arrangements were being made. Turning towards Mrs. Cunningham, Dr. Beecher jocosely said, "I presume you do not intend to go to Europe alone." Dr. Burdell replied by a loud laugh, a shrugging of the shoulders, and other indications, that he intended to take the lady with him. Mrs. Cunningham was silent, but smiled, and blushed an assent. These facts did not come out on the trial.

HER DAUGHTERS.

While in prison, Mrs. Cunningham was confined in a small, narrow cell, which was full of bugs, fleas, and vermin, and which was lighted by a hole in the wall

for a window. Three persons could scarcely remain in the cell at one time. She seemed to be about forty years of age ; stout, but well formed, very tasty in her dress, hair raven black, eyes sharp and sparkling, handsome features, complexion pale, and her whole contour attractive and handsome. Crowded into this narrow cell were her two daughters. Their devotion to their mother was remarkable. They shut themselves out from society, and passed every day in the close and heated cell. In prison and out they worked for their own and their mother's support. Handsome, and polished in their manners, every one spoke well of them for their quiet and modest deportment. The jailer never flung open the gates of the prison so early in the morning that he did not find these daughters outside waiting for admission. When the iron doors closed on their mother at night, the officers had to use force to put them on the pavement, over which they trod to find some friendly shelter for the night, only to return at early dawn and renew their toil in the society of their mother. There are millionnaires in New York who would give half their fortune to receive from their children such assurances of filial affection.

VII.

SHARP BUSINESS, AND ITS VALUE.

TWO KINDS OF BUSINESS. — TWO MACADAMIZED ROADS. — CASES IN POINT. —
A HARD CREDITOR. — A SHARP MERCHANT. — TWO SHARPS. — MATRI-
MONIAL SHARPNESS.

THERE are two kinds of business men, and two kinds of business, in this city. The old-school merchants of New York are few. Their ranks are thinning every day. They were distinguished for probity and honor. They took time to make a fortune. Their success proved that business integrity and mercantile honesty were a good capital. Their colossal fortunes and enduring fame prove that to be successful men need not be mean, false, or dishonest. Astor, Cooper, Dodge, Stewart, Stuart Brothers, the Phelps, in business, are representatives of the same class. When John Jacob Astor was a leading merchant in New York, he was one of the few merchants who could buy goods by the cargo. A large dealer in teas knowing that few merchants could outbid him, or purchase a cargo, concluded to buy a whole ship-load that had just arrived and was offered at auction. He had nobody to compete with, and he expected to have everything his own way. Just before the sale commenced, to his consternation he saw Mr. Astor walking leisurely down the wharf.

He went to meet him, and said, "Mr. Astor, I am sorry to see you here this morning. If you will go to your counting-room, and stay till after the sale, I'll give you a thousand dollars." Without thinking much about it, Mr. Astor consented, turned on his heel, and said, "Send round the check." He found that he had made one thousand dollars, and probably had lost ten thousand dollars. But he kept his word, and that is the way he did his business.

The lease of the Astor House ran out some time since. Just before it expired some parties from Boston tried to hire the Astor House on the sly, over the heads of the Stetsons. In a private interview with Mr. Astor, they wanted to know his terms. He replied, "I will consult Mr. Stetson, and let you know. I always give my old tenants the preference." To consult Mr. Stetson was to defeat the object they had in view, and they pressed it no farther. No one asks a guarantee of an old New York merchant that he will not cheat in the commodity which he sells.

TWO MACADAMIZED ROADS.

The path to success is plain. It can hardly be missed. Yet success is the exception. The road to commercial ruin is as broad and well known as Broadway, yet it is crowded. Some men always get along. Throw them up anywhere and they will come down on their feet. Thus continued prosperity follows a well-known law. One of the best known presidents of one of our banks began his career by blacking boots. He came to New York a penniless lad, and sought employment at a store. "What can you do?" said the mer-

chant. "I can do anything," said the boy. "Take these boots and black them, then." He did so, and he blacked them well ; and he did everything else well. Quite a young man has been promoted to be cashier over one of our leading banks, and that over older men. His associates dined at Delmonico's. He ate a frugal dinner daily in one of the rooms of the bank. Industry, integrity and pluck are at a premium in New York. Men envy Stewart's success who never think of imitating his toil, or his business integrity. Mr. Claflin, the rival of Stewart, works more hours a day than he requires any employee to do. Till quite recently he made his own deposits in the bank. Yet defalcations are many. Cases of embezzlement abound. Revelations of fraud are daily and startling. Men of high standing are thrown down, and desolation carried to their homes. Dishonesty, rash speculations, stock gambling, expensive horses, with women, wine, fast and high living, tell the story. Most of our large houses and enterprising merchants and rich men have at one time or another gone under. Many such have taken off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, and gone at it again, seldom without success. Many have given up hope, and taken to the bottle. New York is full of wrecks of men, who, because they could not pay their notes, have flung away character, talent and all.

CASES IN POINT.

In one of the tenement-houses in this city, a benevolent lady, searching for a poor family, found a woman, who, two years before, was a leading belle at one of the fashionable watering-places. She had been lost sight

of for a year by her fashionable acquaintances. She did not appear in her accustomed haunts. When found, she occupied rooms in a crowded tenement-house in the lower part of New York. Her story was the old one — business reverses, the bottle, poverty and want, like armed men. On the floor of the room, rolled up in rags, in a corner, lay her husband, a degraded sot. Two years before he was a bright and successful merchant.

A HARD CREDITOR.

In one of the small streets of lower New York, where men who are "hard up" congregate, where those who do brokerage in a small way have a business location, a name can be read on a small tin sign, that is eminently suggestive. The man who has desk-room in that locality I have known as a leading merchant in New York. His house was extensive, his business large. He was talked of as the rival of Stewart. No store in New York was more celebrated. He was sharp at a trade, and successful. He was a hard creditor, and unrelenting. He asked no favors, and granted none. It was useless for a debtor to appeal to him. "Settle, sir!" he would say, in a sharp, hard manner, "settle, sir! How will I settle? I will settle for a hundred cents on the dollar, sir." Nothing could induce him to take his iron grasp off of an unfortunate trader. Over his desk was a sign, on which was painted in large letters, "No Compromise." He answered all appeals by pointing to the ominous words, with his long, bony fingers. His turn came. He went under — deep. All New York was glad.

A SHARP MERCHANT.

In travelling, I passed the night with a wealthy merchant. His name on 'change was a tower of strength. He had made his fortune, and was proud of it. He said he could retire from business if he would, have a fortune for himself to spend, and settle one on his wife and children. He was very successful, but very severe. He was accounted one of the shrewdest merchants in the city. But he had no tenderness towards debtors. In the day of his prosperity he was celebrated for demanding the full tale of brick, and the full pound of flesh. A few months after I passed the night with him he became bankrupt. His wealth fled in a day. He had failed to settle the fortune on his wife and children, and they were penniless. He was treated harshly, and was summarily ejected from the institutions over which he presided. He complained bitterly of the ingratitude of men who almost got down on their knees to ask favors of him when he was prosperous, and who spurned and reviled him when he fell. If in the day of his prosperity he had been kinder and less exacting, he might have found friends in the day of his adversity.

TWO SHARPERS.

A noted sportsman, taking dinner at one of our clubs, exhibited a diamond ring of great beauty and apparent value on his finger. A gentleman present had a great passion for diamonds. After dinner, the parties met in the office. After much bantering, the owner consented to barter the ring for the sum of six hundred dollars. As the buyer left the room, a suppressed tittering

struck his ear. He concluded that the former owner had sold both the ring and the purchaser. He said nothing, but called the next day upon a jeweller, where he learned that the diamond was paste, and the ring worth about twenty-five dollars. He examined some real diamonds, and found one closely resembling the paste in his own ring. He hired the diamond for a few days, pledged twelve hundred dollars, the price of it, and gave a hundred dollars for its use. He went to another jeweller, had the paste removed, and the real diamond set. His chums, knowing how he had been imposed upon, impatiently waited for his appearance the next night. To their astonishment they found him in high glee. He flourished his ring, boasted of his bargain, and said if any gentleman present had a twelve hundred dollar ring to sell for six hundred dollars, he knew of a purchaser. When he was told that the ring was paste, and that he had been cheated, he laughed at their folly. Bets were freely offered that the ring did not contain a real diamond. Two men bet a thousand dollars each. Two bet five hundred dollars. All were taken: umpires were chosen. The money and the ring were put into their hands. They went to a first-class jeweller, who applied all the tests, and who said the stone was a diamond of the first water, and was worth, without the setting, twelve hundred dollars. The buyer put the three thousand dollars which he had won quietly in his pocket. He carried the diamond back and recalled his twelve hundred dollars, and with his paste ring on his finger went to his club. The man who sold the ring was waiting for him. He wanted to get the ring back. He attempted to turn

the whole thing into a joke. He sold the ring, he said, for fun. He knew that it was a real diamond all the time. He never wore false jewels. He could tell a real diamond anywhere by its peculiar light. He would not be so mean as to cheat an old friend. He knew his friend would let him have the ring again. But his friend was stubborn — said that the seller thought that it was paste, and intended to defraud him. At length, on the payment of eight hundred dollars, the ring was restored. All parties came to the conclusion, when the whole affair came out, that when diamond cuts diamond again some one less sharp will be selected.

MATRIMONIAL SHARPNESS.

New York merchants frequently sell their daughters as well as their goods. It is quite a common thing to put respectability and standing against money. One of our most unscrupulous politicians became rich, as such men do sometimes. He wanted respectability and social position. He proposed to attain them through a reputable marriage. He proposed for the hand of one of the fair damsels of Gotham. His political position was high, his future prospects dazzling. The lady's father, with mercantile frankness, offered the hand of his daughter, on condition that a hundred thousand dollars were settled upon her, secured by real estate. The proposal was accepted, and the wedding preparations went on. An elegant house, in an aristocratic locality, was purchased. It was fitted up in great style. The young lady was congratulated on her fine prospects. More than once, as the time drew near for the marriage, the father hinted that the little preliminary

transaction should be attended to. "O, yes! O, yes! Certainly, certainly," the bland politician would say. His brother was absent; the papers were not complete; but it would be all ready before the marriage. It was not till the afternoon of the wedding that the papers, in due form, were laid before the gratified father. The wedding came off in great style. Marriage in high life greeted the eye in all the papers. A subsequent examination showed that the property conveyed to the bride was covered with a mortgage of ninety-five thousand dollars. It bore date of the same day of the settlement, but was prior to it, and duly recorded before the settlement was made. The mortgage conveyed the property to a near and sharp relative of the bridegroom. On the return from the bridal trip, the party receiving the mortgage refused to deliver it up to the bridegroom, alleging that the mortgage was genuine, and that for it he had paid a legal consideration. Whether New York will be electrified with a lawsuit between the parties remains to be seen.

VIII.

A NIGHT ON THE BATTERY.

THE BATTERY AS IT WAS. — A SUICIDE. — A DARK STORY. — THE TEMPTATION. — A RESCUE. — FORCED LOANS. — TRAFFIC IN FLESH AND BLOOD. — MADDENING EXTORTIONS.

THE BATTERY AS IT WAS.

FORMERLY the Battery was the pride of New York. It was never large, but it was a spot of great beauty. It opened on to our splendid bay. A granite promenade ran by the water-side. It was traversed by paths in all directions. Trees, the growth of centuries, afforded a fine shade. A sea breeze came from the ocean, with health on its wings. Castle Garden was the resort of the fashionable and gay. The wealthy citizens of New York and vicinity filled the Battery every pleasant afternoon. On every side were costly houses, the residences of the wealthy merchants. But now all is changed! Trade has driven families up town. Castle Garden is an emigrant depot. The grass has disappeared, the iron fence is broken, the wall promenade near the sea gone to decay, freshly-arrived foreigners, ragged, tattered, and drunken men and women sit under the old trees, and the Battery is now as unsafe a place at night as can be found in the city.

A SUICIDE.

One night an officer, in citizen's clothes, was walking on the Battery. His attention was directed to a man walking back and forth on the old sea wall. His appearance indicated great sorrow and desperation. The officer thought he intended suicide. He went up to the man, touched him lightly on the shoulder, and in a kind tone said, "Not to-night; not now. The water is cold. You must not leave your wife and children. Don't take that great leap in the dark. Don't do it to-night." Aroused as from a reverie, in angry tones the man demanded of the officer, "Who are you?" In an instant they recognized each other. The suicide exclaimed, "Good God! is it you? How came you here? How did you know what I intended to do? Let us go and sit down. You shall know why I propose to throw away a life that is not worth keeping. I am daily in hell. I can endure my tortures no longer. I determined to-night to seek rest beneath the quiet waters. You shall hear my tale, and judge for yourself."

A DARK STORY.

Seated on a bench by the side of the officer, the young man told his griefs. He said, "I came from my mountain home in New England, to seek my fortune in this city. My mother's prayers and blessing followed me. I resolved to do no dishonor to those who loved me and looked for my success. I entered a large mercantile store, and for a time did the menial work. I was industrious and ambitious, and resolved to rise. I did cheerfully and faithfully what was allotted to me. My advance was slow at first. I gained the confidence

of my employers, and have risen to the position of confidential clerk. I married a noble-hearted girl, whom I love better than life, and for a time all things went well with me.

“One day, while at the store, I received a letter, written in a fine, delicate hand, asking for a loan of money for a short time. The writer regretted that necessity which made it needful for her to ask for the loan; but she was greatly reduced, had money to pay, and could not escape from her present difficulty, unless her friends (underscoring the word *friends*) would loan her a small sum, say fifty dollars, for a short time. The letter was signed by a name unknown to me. The letter hinted at some indiscretions of mine, and threatened an exposure unless the money was forthcoming. On inquiry, I found the woman to be one of those cold-blooded and heartless wretches that abound in New York, who live on black mail. She was a notorious woman, and passed sometimes under one name and sometimes under another. I had seen her once, in company with some associates, but that was many years ago. She kept a list of all her acquaintances, even of those who were casually introduced. My name is on that list. Since the fatal hour I saw her, her eye has never been off from me. She could afford to wait. She has watched my rise, and when I dare not refuse, has made a levy on me, under the specious pretext of a loan.

THE TEMPTATION.

“My true course would have been to have taken the letter to my employer, stated all the circumstances, and followed his advice. I should have taken the letter to

my wife, and then bade the vile creature do her worst ; or I should have seen you, placed the case in your hands, and ended the infamous career of this woman, at least for a time. I had not courage to do either. I was afraid of the exposure. Fifty dollars was a small sum, and if I could buy her silence for that, it would be cheaply bought. I sent the money, and bade the woman trouble me no more. With the money I was fool enough to send a letter. Armed with this evidence that I had complied with her demand, another loan was requested of a hundred dollars. For two years the leech has drawn upon me, keeping pace with my supposed business success. I have paid over two thousand dollars, and received yesterday a new call. I have taken money from my employers. My accounts are not correct. I expect every day that an exposure will take place. I cannot witness the shame and agony of my family."

A RESCUE.

The officer led the young man to the police station. A note was dictated, and sent to the address of the woman, inviting her to an interview at a place named, where the business would be completed to the satisfaction of all parties. Prompt on the time the woman made her appearance. She was attended by a "friend," a noted pugilist of the city, burly, brazen, and strong, able to pummel the young clerk to a jelly if he resisted the demands made upon him. Out of sight, but within hearing, were two officers. The whole matter was talked over, the past and the future. The whole story was given, confirming that told to the officer on the Battery. The bargain was made, that if the young man

would pay one thousand dollars in instalments he should be troubled no more. At the right moment the officers appeared and arrested the parties. Rather than go to the Tombs, the friend agreed to refund all the money that had been extorted from the clerk, signed a paper acknowledging all the facts in the case, and agreed to quit the city, which was done.

FORCED LOANS.

Women and men, in New York, live in style by loans forced from business men in the city. Young men who want to see New York life while they are young, and who think it is a very fine thing to sow their wild oats in early life, little know what a harvest they are to reap. On one of the very fashionable avenues in the city there stands the most fashionable and costly house of infamy on the continent, which was built and furnished by loans exacted from business men. It is a palace, unequalled except by the marble house of Stewart, and is adorned by statuary, paintings, and all that art and taste can suggest or money purchase. The proprietor of the mansion is one of the most notorious and infamous of women. She began life on the lowest round of the ladder. Soon she set up for a nurse. She opened a house for the reception of women who were about to become mothers before they were wives. Her next step was that of a female physician, whose practice was among the most debased and degraded. She had practice in Boston, Philadelphia, and the South. She was often before the court on criminal charges. She was never convicted, though her hands were often stained with the blood of her victims. As

she rose in wealth, she opened a home for the unfortunate. In it, the sick that could pay had the most tender and delicate nursing. A young, sensitive, and intelligent girl, who had been enticed from home, found a kind and considerate friend in the hostess. It paid well to have this repute; and when such an one was introduced by a man of substance or standing, the kind attention was doubled. Elegant rooms, costly furniture, delicacies of all kinds, quiet, well-dressed and obsequious attendants waited the call of the invalid. No mother could watch the delicate and sobbing girl with more care than this vile woman. When rooms were engaged, they were taken by some person without a name. As they were paid for the term of confinement in advance, it would make no difference to the keeper of the house who made the arrangements. Why should she care, so long as her pay is sure? But there is a future for her; and the party who comes in the darkness of the night, without a name, to engage rooms, will know that future to his cost.

TRAFFIC IN FLESH AND BLOOD.

Heavy as is the sum paid to this woman for the present care of the patient, the future is richer in gain. It is not the policy of these women to harm mother or child; avarice demands that the child live. In the hour of deep anguish and trial, all alone in a strange room, with the visions of home looming up, with shame and remorse burning their impress on the alabaster brow, with the prospect of death before her, the bewildered child repays the tender care by becoming confidential. She names the party to whom her ruin

is ascribed, and bids the woman take care of the little comer should the young mother die. All the facts in the case gleaned from this death-pillow are carefully noted in a book kept for that purpose, with the names of the parties, their residence, place of business, and all needed particulars. The child is carefully protected. It is a living witness, and will be a source of great profit when the day of reckoning comes. The party who takes the child is interested in the establishment. When loans are called for, it can be produced and identified at any moment.

MADDENING EXTORTIONS.

Cured and discharged, the patient returns to society, marries, and settles down in life. The man pursues his business career with success. He becomes honored among merchants. His name stands high on 'change. He has a high social position. He becomes an officer in some one of our benevolent, philanthropic, or religious institutions. If he thinks of his early indiscretions, he is glad to know that the great secret is locked in his own bosom. All this while his name is written in a book. There is one human eye that knows his down-sitting and his up-rising. With a hundred other names his can be read in the fatal list. He is at the mercy of one of the shrewdest, most abandoned, and desperate of women. She knows the mercantile value of every name on that list whom she has served; knows their domestic, social, and commercial standing. Each one is her banker. She draws when she will. A man of business is surprised on receiving a call from a lady, who comes in her carriage on pressing business.

Has he forgotten the person he met in a small, half-lighted room, with whom he transacted some business some months or years before? Or a polite note is received, signed by the woman, inviting him to an interview on urgent business; or, in polite terms, a loan is requested of a certain sum for a short time. Astonished and in terror, the demand is acceded to, only to be repeated with increased amount every year. Bankruptcy has followed this system of extortion. Men have fled their country, and gone into strange lands. Men have sought relief in suicide, rather than be disgraced. Not long since, an honored man, who had been elevated to the highest trusts our city can confer, sunk beneath the tyranny of extortion; his brain softened, and he passed prematurely away. Few have the least idea of the extent of this business, or of the number and standing of the parties implicated. Elegant mansions are builded and maintained; splendid teams and gilded equipages roll through Central Park; liveried servants excite the envy of those less exalted;—all which are supported by tributes wrung from persons who have a fair outside social standing. Could the roll be read, and the names pronounced, New York would be astonished, alarmed and convulsed,—hollow deceitful and wicked as the city is.

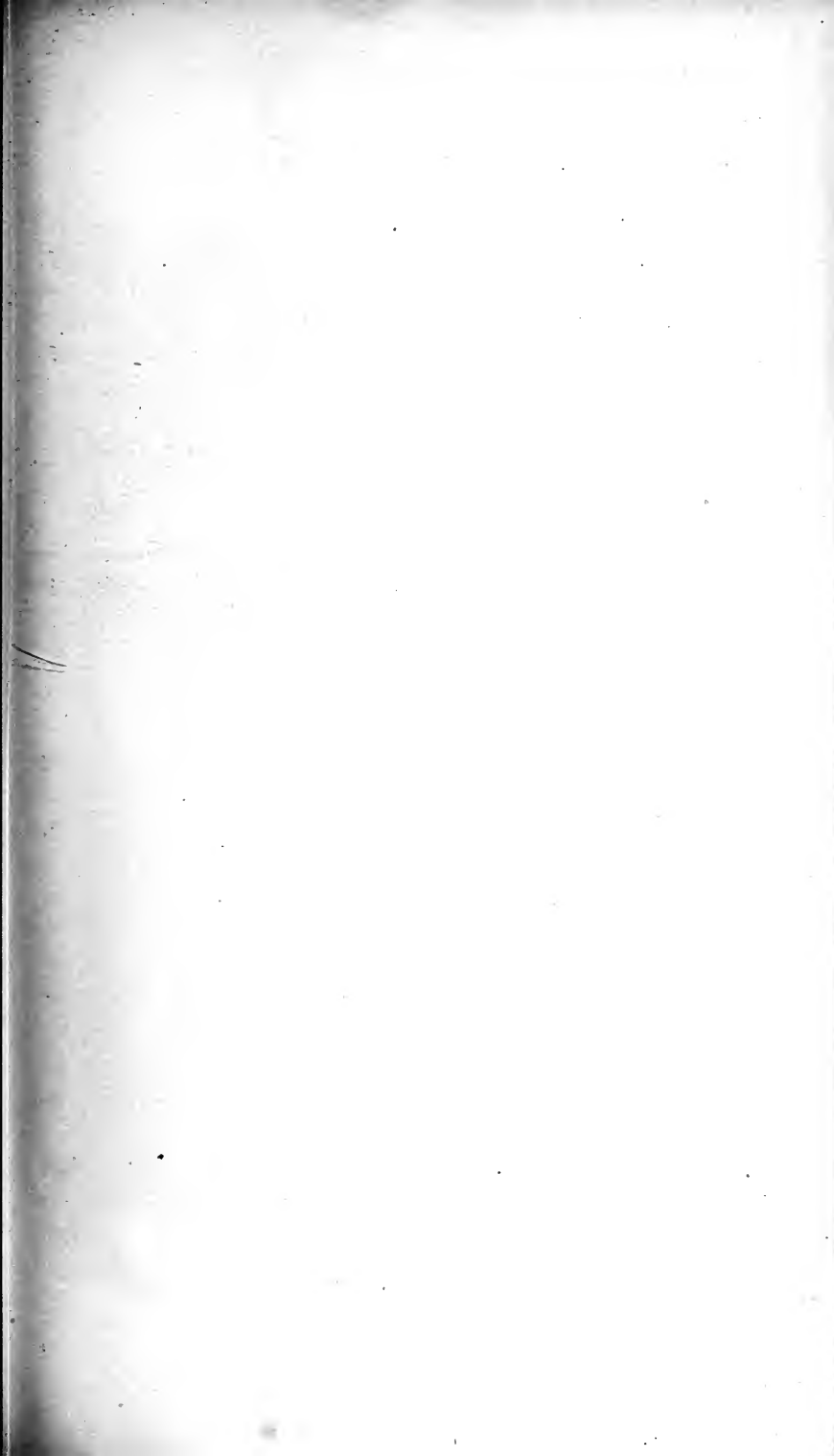
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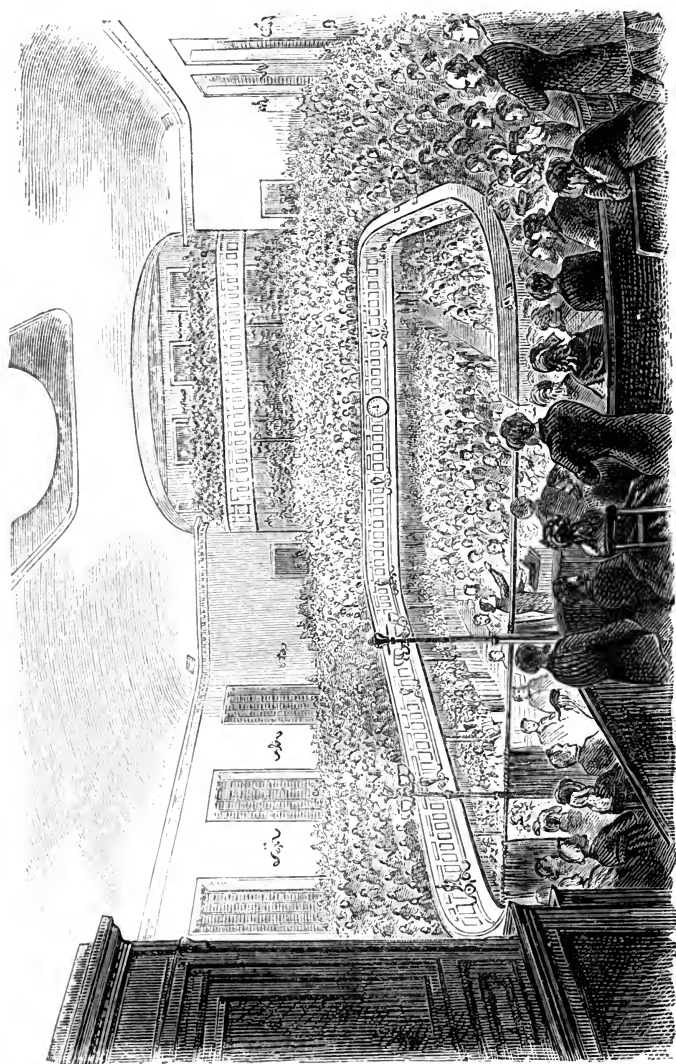
HENRY WARD BEECHER AND PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

ORIGIN OF THE CHURCH. — PLYMOUTH CHURCH ON SUNDAY MORNING. — TEN-MINUTE RULE. — MR. BEECHER IN THE PULPIT. — PECULIARITIES OF THE CHURCH. — HOW MR. BEECHER MANAGES IT. — THE INFLUENCE OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH. — MR. BEECHER IN THE LECTURE-ROOM. — HIS CONVERSION. — PERSONAL. — AS A PASTOR.

ORIGIN OF THE CHURCH.

On Saturday evening, May 8, 1847, a few gentlemen met in a parlor in Brooklyn. Their purpose was to form a new Congregational Church. They adopted this resolution: "That religious services should be commenced, by divine permission, on Sunday, the 16th day of May." Dr. S. H. Cox, then in his glory, had outgrown the small brick church on Cranberry Street. His society had just completed a stone edifice on Henry Street. Mr. John T. Howard, still a leading member in Plymouth Church, obtained the refusal of the old house in which the first service of the church was held. Mr. Beecher was pastor of a church in Indianapolis. He was invited to preach at the opening of the church, which he did, morning and evening, to audiences which crowded every part of the building. The new enterprise, under the name of "Plymouth





INSIDE OLYMPIA CHURCH.

Church," was organized on the 12th day of June, 1847. Mr. Beecher was publicly installed on the 11th day of November of the same year. In the month of January, 1849, the house of worship was consumed by fire. On the same site the present church edifice was erected. It has a metropolitan fame, and is known in all quarters of the globe.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH ON SUNDAY MORNING.

It is an exhilarating sight to see the assembling of Plymouth congregation on Sunday morning. The church is very large, very plain, and very comfortable. It will seat over two thousand persons. Its lecture-room, parlors, Sunday-school room, pastor's study, and committee-rooms, cannot be excelled by any church in the country. The interior of the church is painted white, with a tinge of pink. This contrasts with the red carpets and cushions, and gives an air of comfort and elegance to the house. A deep gallery sweeps round the entire audience-room, which is capped with red velvet. The seats rise in amphitheatre fashion, from the front to the wall, giving each a good view of the pulpit. The great organ stands in the rear of the pulpit. A platform is reared opposite the main entrance, on which stands a table made of wood from the garden of Gethsemane, open in front. There is no cushion or covering to the table, and the pastor, in his emphatic moments, raps his knuckles on the hard board, that all may hear. Everything is open on and around the pulpit, so that the pastor can be seen from his boots to his hair. A single chair stands on the platform, indicating that the pastor needs no assistance, and wants no associate. A crowd

always hangs around the church on Sunday morning. More people wish to attend service than can be accommodated. Strangers come early, fill the vestibule, and stretch out into the street. Policemen keep them in order, and ushers guard the door. Every seat in the house is let, with the chairs and stools in aisles and recess. The ushers who seat the congregation are members. Their services are voluntary. Some of them have been in attendance for years. They do their duty with great consideration, tact and efficiency. All strangers of note who are in New York visit Plymouth Church. Members come from New York, Harlem, Hoboken, and from all the region round about Brooklyn. There is but one Plymouth Church on the continent. As the hour of worship draws near, long processions of persons can be seen coming from all directions. The cars are crowded, the ferry-boats, known as "Beecher boats," are loaded down, and all unite to swell the crowd in front of the house.

TEN-MINUTE RULE.

No persons are allowed to enter the church, except pew-holders, till ten minutes before the hour of service. The small upper gallery, which is free, is filled at once. The crowd double-line the door, waiting for the moment of admission. As soon as the bell begins to toll, all seat-holders who are not in their pews lose their chance. The public are admitted, and they come in with a rush. The house becomes one dense mass of human beings. No aisles can be seen. The ten inner doors of the church are crowded. Ladies and gentlemen sit on the stairs and fill the vestibule. All the

spaces in the church are filled, and standing-room thankfully received. The services are long, seldom less than two hours. But the crowd scarcely move till the benediction is pronounced. The organ, the largest in any church in the land, touched by a master hand, with a large, well-trained choir, leads the congregation, which rises and joins in the song, and sends up a volume of melody seldom in power and sweetness equalled this side of heaven. A basket of choice flowers stands on the pulpit. A member of the congregation has for many years furnished this superb floral decoration. In the summer he gathers the flowers from his own garden. In the winter he leaves a standing order with the most celebrated florist of Brooklyn, who executes it as regularly as the Sabbath dawns.

MR. BEECHER IN THE PULPIT.

In the rear of the platform is a small door, through which the pastor usually enters. At the exact time the door slides, the chair is pushed suddenly one side, and the pastor, with an elastic bound, comes on to the platform, hat in hand, which he usually throws on the floor. He takes a smell at the vase of flowers, gives a sharp, sweeping glance over the vast auditory, and seats himself in his chair. The congregation has a fresh, wide-awake appearance. There is always an excitement attending a crowd. Every portion of the service interests and holds the assembly with an irresistible power. A great portion of the audience are young. They crowd the church, fill the choir, compose the many Bible classes in the Sunday school, and furnish the large corps of teachers. In the pulpit, Mr. Beecher

seems about fifty years of age. He is short of stature, stocky, but compactly built. His countenance is florid and youthful. He dresses in good taste, without display. A black frock coat, pants and vest, collar of the Byron order, turned over a black cravat, complete his costume. His manners are gentle as a woman's, his spirit tender as a child's, his smile is winning. In the pulpit his manner is reverent and impressive. His voice is not smooth, but it is clear, and fills the largest house. He is very impressive in prayer. His words are fit and beautiful. He puts himself in sympathy with his audience, and leads them, as it were, to the throne of grace. His reading of the Word of God would serve as a model. He rises from his chair, touches the Bible as it lies on his desk as if it were a sacred thing, reads with solemnity, taste, and clear enunciation the passage selected, with a heartiness and artlessness that attracts and holds the attention. In all his public services there is an entire freedom from irreverence, vulgarity, or cant. In the heat of his discourse he appears like a man engaged in a great contest. He is on fire. His face glows, his cheeks burn, his eyes flash. He stands erect. His antagonist is before him. He measures him. He strikes squarely and boldly. The contest waxes hotter. The preacher and the audience are in sympathy. He thunders out his utterances, and they ring round the church, strike the audience on the sidewalk, and arrest the passers by. The sweat stands on his forehead. He stamps with his foot. He thumps the hard desk with his knuckles. He walks rapidly to the front of the platform as if he would walk off. He chases his antagonist

from one side of the platform to another. When he has floored him, he pauses, wipes the sweat from his forehead, lowers his voice, and in his colloquial tones commences again. He holds his audience completely under his control. A broad smile, like a flash of sunlight, glows on the face. A laugh like the winds of autumn among the dry leaves, shakes the vast auditory. Tears fill every eye. The preacher is at times colloquial, dogmatic, vehement, boisterous, at all times impressive.

HIS SERMONS.

They are after his own order. He is his own model. No man can tell what the sermon is to be from the text. He has his own modes of illustrating truths. He finds subjects in texts where few men would think of looking for them. He preaches much on the love of Christ, the need of regeneration, and of judgment to come. He regards a Christian as a fully-developed man, and he preaches to him as a creature that has civil, domestic, and social duties, who has a body, intellect, and soul to be cared for. What are called *Beecherisms* are isolated sayings picked out from their connection, which give no more idea of Mr. Beecher's preaching than the eye of Venus on a platter would of its appearance in its proper place, or the head of John the Baptist on a charger as it would have appeared on the shoulders of that memorable man. His utterances that startle, given in his bold, energetic, and enthusiastic manner, enforce some doctrine or fasten some great practical truth.

One of his most impressive methods is the use he makes of the Word of God in his sermons. In the

height of an impassioned appeal he will pause, and in a low, tender tone, say, "Let us hear what the Savior says." Taking up a small Testament that lies by his side, he will read the passage referred to. On it he will make a few crisp, pertinent comments. His elocution is peculiar, and he reads with good taste. The idea that Jesus is speaking to them pervades the assembly. No one doubts but that the preacher believes he is reading the words of Jesus. His low, earnest tones carry home the Word. He concludes. A long, pent-up sigh goes forth, indicating how deep the interest of the audience was in the Scripture read.

He has great dramatic power. It is so clearly natural, unstudied, and unavoidable, that whether it sends a smile through the audience, or opens the fountains of the soul from whence tears flow forth, it is equally impressive. He imitates the manner and tone of a drunken man before a judge, a blacksmith at his forge, or an artisan clinching rivets inside of a steam-boiler. He will imitate a backwoodsman whacking away at a big tree. He will show how an expert fisherman hauls in a huge salmon with dexterous skill. He has a peculiar shrug of the shoulders. If he speaks of hypocrites, he will draw his face down to such a length that it is irresistible. He has wit, humor, and illustration, which keep his audience wide awake. His figures, fresh and lively, are taken from daily life, from his rural home, his journeys, cold nights on a steam-boat, or from the marts of trade. He knows human nature completely. The sword of the Spirit in his hands is the discerners of the thoughts and intents of

the heart. His figures are fresh, vivid, and varied. He keeps abreast of affairs in the nation, in social life, in the church, and in the world. His style of labor would ruin most men. He constructs his morning sermon on Sunday morning. He goes from his study to his pulpit with the performance hot from his brain. He sleeps at noon, composes his evening discourse after his nap, and, glowing with thought and excitement, he preaches his sermon. The sparkle and lightning-like power of some parts of his sermon come from this practice. He gives this reason for it: "Some men like their bread cold, some like it hot. I like mine hot."

PECULIARITIES OF THE CHURCH.

Mr. Beecher's tact is displayed in his management of the large church over which he is pastor. It has a membership of nearly two thousand. It boasts the largest congregation, pays the largest salary to minister, organist, and sexton, has the largest church organ, and one of the largest Sunday schools, in the land. Most of the Plymouth Church are young, or in the prime of life. It has all grades of men in opinion and faith, — Orthodox and Latitudinarians, Conservatives and Radicals, men of strict views and liberals, men steady as a Pennsylvania cart-horse, men unmanageable as Job's wild asses' colts. The freedom of speech is allowed to all. Some men think they can convert the world and reform society in a few weeks. The pastor encourages them to go ahead. If opposed, such parties, like compressed steam, would blow out the pulpit end of Plymouth Church. As it is, they soon tire out, and settle down into staid and quiet church members. For

twenty years Plymouth Church has been at peace, walking in unity and harmony. No church has more working power. Its donations to every cause of humanity, philanthropy, and religion are large. In mission work, and every form of Christian labor, its members take the lead. He seldom opposes the introduction of any subject about which his people wish to talk. He will allow an exciting subject, to which he is opposed, to be introduced for debate. He will give notice of the discussion from the pulpit. He will sit quietly through the whole debate. When the right time comes, with a few kind, earnest words, he will squelch out the matter, as a man crushes out a coal with the heel of his boot.

THE INFLUENCE OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

There is but one Plymouth Church, because there is but one Henry Ward Beecher. Its influence is felt in every part of this country. When the present edifice rose from the ashes of the former one, its conveniences, parlors, social rooms, pianos, and other appointments, were subjects of general censure or general ridicule. Scarcely a church of any denomination is now erected without them. He inaugurated congregational singing led by a choir, and the printing of tunes as well as hymns for the use of the people. Its fine Sunday-school room, with fountain, flowers, pictures; with its organ, melodeon, piano, — tasteful, attractive, and beautiful, — was the subject of general censure — now generally imitated where churches have ability and taste. In the style of its conference meetings, its Sabbath-school work, and its relief from the dull, tedious routine of the olden

time, in its identity with the reforms and humanities of life, and in its social power, the Plymouth Church affects nearly all the churches in the land. Should the pastor die, the church dissolve, and no visible organization remain, it would speak, though dead, to all parts of the land, in the islands of the sea, on the mountains of the Old World, and in all places where spirit and success attend the ministry of the Word.

MR. BEECHER IN THE LECTURE-ROOM.

Those who have not seen Mr Beecher in his lecture-room know little of him, or his power over his people. The room is large, and will hold a thousand persons. It is as plain as decency will allow. Settees fill the room, covered with crimson cushions. A carpet covers a part of the floor. The platform stands between two doors at one end of the room. It has neither railing, desk, nor drapery. A small table holds the Bible and hymn-book. Beside it is a cane-seat chair. Promptly on the hour Mr. Beecher seats himself in the chair, and gives out the number of the hymn. He uses none of the formulas so common, such as, "Let us sing to the praise of God," or "Let us introduce our worship," or "Sing, if you please;" nor does he read the hymn. He simply says, "740." The house is entirely full. The sound of the people finding the hymn is like the rustling of autumn leaves. The singing is not a formality. On the left hand of Mr. Beecher is a grand piano, played by the organist, which leads the congregation. It is full, grand, majestic. Mr. Beecher leads. If the congregation sings faintly, he calls for a full chorus. If they drag, he reminds them that though the words are

sweet, singing must come up to time. Some brother is called on to pray. Another hymn is sung, another prayer offered. Another hymn. Then, sitting in his chair, Mr. Beecher makes an address, sharp, interesting and tender. He carries his audience with him in prayer. All bow the head while he utters the words of tenderness, entreaty, and thanksgiving. His people lie near his heart. Their woes, wants, sorrows, and joys are borne upward on his petitions. At the close, the loud respiration and the suppressed cough indicate how intense the sympathy has been between pastor and people as they bow at the mercy-seat.

The meeting continues only an hour. The enjoyment runs through the whole service. The hour is only too short. No one is weary; no one glad when the closing hymn is given out. He does not rise to give an address, but sits in his chair like a professor. He has much to do with religious experience. He often sketches his early struggles — some anecdote of his father; some mishap of his childhood; his college troubles; his conflicts with poverty; how he groped in darkness seeking for the Savior; how he built a house in Indianapolis, and painted it with his own hands. So he fills up his address, which illustrates some practical or doctrinal truth. He fills up lecture-room talks, as he calls them, with things rich, spicy, exhilarating and humorous.

HIS CONVERSION.

In a season of much religious interest, Mr. Beecher gave this account of his conversion. Family influence led him into the church. He was a professor before he was a Christian. He tried to do his duty, but he did not know his Savior, and had no joy in his service. He was at Amherst College when a powerful revival of religion broke out. He was deeply moved. He passed days in agony, and kneeled by the side of his bed for hours in prayer. He was as one alone in a dark and lonely castle, wandering from room to room, sick, cold, and in terror. He called on the president of the college. This was a great cross, as he was known to be a member of the church. The president shook his head as Mr. Beecher told him his condition, and refused to interfere, lest he should grieve the Holy Spirit. Mr. Beecher went home no better, but rather worse. He attended the village church. He remained among the inquirers. The minister, talking with the anxious, came within one pew of him, and then went back to the pulpit. The college course was completed, and Mr. Beecher was not converted.

At Cincinnati he began the study of theology. His father's influence led him to that course. He entered the Seminary to please his father, but did not intend to be a minister. He not only was not a Christian, but he was sceptical. One of his brothers had swung off into scepticism, and should another openly follow, he thought it would break his father's heart. So he became a student in theology. Some ladies, belonging to the first families in Cincinnati, invited him to be-

come their Bible-class teacher. How could he teach what he did not know, or enforce what he did not believe? He was a member of the church, and a theological student, and he could not honorably decline. All he need do was to tell the class what the Gospels contained. He need not tell them what he thought of them. So his work began. He studied and collated the Gospels. He put together all the passages, hints, scraps, and facts that bore on the character of Jesus, and his relation to lost men. In this study Jesus appeared to him. He smote the rock, and the waters gushed out. He saw the Savior, with all his love and compassion, and fell at his feet to adore. "Never, till I get home," said Mr. Beecher, "will I have brighter visions of my Redeemer. I saw Jesus in all things — in the flowers, in the fruits, in the trees, in the sky, and, above all things, in the gospel. Years ago, in my deep anguish at Amherst, had some one said to me, 'Young man, behold the Lamb of God,' I should have then found the Savior, and have been spared years of darkness, anguish and sorrow." This statement was made by Mr. Beecher while he was deeply affected. Tears coursed down his cheeks. His emotions, at times, forbade his utterance; while the great audience heard, with hushed attention, this revelation of his religious experience.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Beecher assumes no control over his church. The astounding rental goes into the hands of his trustees. They pay Mr. Beecher an annual salary, and dispose of the rest as they please. In Plymouth Church

he is a simple member, and nothing more, except in the pulpit. He conducts the Friday night meeting, because the church have voted to have him do so. When a church meeting is held, he never takes the chair unless it is voted that he shall do so. Sometimes he is elected, sometimes not. The old-fashioned, hard theology Mr. Beecher does not like. He often selects the ugly features of that system, and pitches into them like a pugilist. He holds them up to scorn and derision, and stamps upon them with his feet. As a religious teacher, Mr. Beecher regards a man in all his relations. He preaches to him as he finds him. He takes a child, and runs him through all the phases of life to old age. He preaches to man as a son, a brother, a subordinate; as a workman, a clerk, one bound to college or to one of the professions. He believes Christianity takes hold of social, moral, and political life. He can turn his hand to anything. His reading is extensive and varied. He is a capital mechanic. His farm at Peekskill, his rotation of crops, his rare and choice fruits, show that he is as superior a farmer as he is a preacher. In art matters he has few superiors. He would have been eminent in anything he might have chosen to do. No man in the world understands his physical system better, or conforms more closely, in eating, sleeping, and exercise, to the laws of health. He is thoroughly temperate. He is over fifty years of age, and is robust and healthy, and has twenty-five years of hard work in him yet. He lives plainly, is simple in his dress and in his habits. Seen in the street, one would sooner take him for an express-man

in a hurry for the cars, than the most successful preacher in America.

AS A PASTOR.

Like Spurgeon, Mr. Beecher believes in preaching. He does no pastoral work, in the proper sense of that term. He visits the sick, buries the dead, performs marriages, but he must be sent for. His parish is so immense, so scattered, that he could do nothing else if he undertook to visit.

X.

HARPER BROTHERS.

RECORD OF FIFTY YEARS. — JAMES'S BOYHOOD. — ORIGIN OF THE HOUSE OF
HARPERS. — ESTABLISHMENT ON FRANKLIN SQUARE. — EMPLOYEES. —
THE CHARACTER OF THE HOUSE. — THE COUNTING-ROOM.

RECORD OF FIFTY YEARS.

JAMES, John, Wesley, and Fletcher Harper — who compose the house of Harper Brothers — have been in successful business for fifty years. Their publishing house, on Franklin Square, is the largest of the kind in the world. Brockhaus, in Leipsic, and the great establishments on the continent of Europe, do not combine all the departments of labor necessary for the production of a book. In Europe, books are usually sold in sheets. Printing is one department, electrotyping another, and binding a distinct business. The Harpers print, electrotype, and bind under one roof. The manuscript is taken from the author, the types from the foundry, leather from the currier, and paper from the mill. They leave the establishment a perfect book, printed, illustrated, and bound in the highest style of art.

JAMES'S BOYHOOD. •

In 1810 James Harper left his rural home on Long Island to become a printer. His parents were devout Methodists. His mother was a woman of rare gifts. The morning James left his home, to begin the great battle of life for himself, his mother led the family devotions. With a heart full of maternal love she commended her child to the Savior. She embraced him fervently, and bade him never forget his home, the altar of his God, or that he had "good blood in him." He was the "devil" in the printing-office not far from where the massive house of the Harpers now stands. All the mean and servile work was put upon him. At that time Franklin Square was a genteel abode. The old Knickerbockers, who were in trade, had their stores in and around that place. Sons of judges, aldermen, and men of money crossed the path of the young apprentice. His clothes, made in the old homestead, were coarse in material, and unfashionable in cut. The young bucks made sport of James. They shouted to him across the street,—"Did your boots come from Paris?" "Give us a card to your tailor!" "Jim, what did your mother give a yard for your broadcloth?" Sometimes the rude fellows came near, and under the pretence of feeling of the fineness of the cloth, would grasp the flesh. James bore this insult and taunting with meekness, which was construed into cowardice. He saw that he must take his stand, and end this imposition. He had no idea of wealth or position, but he meant to do right, and so conduct himself that his mother would not be ashamed of him. He meant

to earn all the success and position that fidelity to duty could secure. But he resolved not to be imposed upon. One day, as he was doing some menial work, he was set upon by one of his tormentors, who asked him for his card. He turned on his assailant, having deliberately set down a pail that he was carrying, booted him severely, and said, "That's my card: take good care of it. When I am out of my time, and set up for myself, and you need employment, as you will, come to me, bring the card, and I will give you work." Forty-one years after, when Mr. Harper's establishment was known throughout all the land, after he had borne the highest municipal honors of the city, and had become one of our wealthiest men, the person who had received the card came to Mr. James Harper's establishment, asked employment, claiming it on the ground that he had kept the card given him forty-one years before.

ORIGIN OF THE HOUSE OF HARPERS.

With great fidelity James served out his time. His master was pleased with him. In a patronizing way, he told him when he was free he never should want for employment. James rather surprised his old master by informing him that he intended to set up for himself; that he had already engaged to do a job, and that all he wanted was a certificate from his master that he was worthy to be trusted with a book. In a small room in Dover Street, James and his brother John began their work as printers. Their first job was two thousand volumes of Seneca's *Morals*. This job was given to them by Evert Duyckinck, the leading publisher of that day. The second book laid the founda-

tion of the permanent success of the house. The Harpers had agreed to stereotype an edition of the Prayer Book for the Episcopal Society of New York. Stereotyping was in a crude state, and the work was roughly done. When the Harpers took the contract, they intended to have it done at some one of the establishments in the city. They found that it would cost them more than they were to receive. They resolved to learn the art, and do the work themselves. It was a slow and difficult labor. But it was accomplished. It was pronounced the best piece of stereotyping ever seen in New York. It put the firm at the head of the business. It was found to be industrious, honorable, and reliable. In six years it became the great printing house of New York. In 1823, Joseph Wesley Harper entered the firm. In 1826, Fletcher Harper was added. These names constitute the house of Harper Brothers to this day. Besides personal attention to business, the brothers exercised great economy in their personal and domestic expenses. John commenced house-keeping in the lower story of a small, genteel house, paying the annual rent of one hundred and eighty dollars. One thousand dollars was what it cost the brothers each to live for the first ten years of their business life. It is their custom when they start a new business enterprise, such as the Weekly or the Bazar, to set apart a capital of fifty or one hundred thousand dollars, as the case may be, to be expended in placing the new enterprise on a paying foundation.

ESTABLISHMENT ON FRANKLIN SQUARE.

The house is an immense iron building, painted in imitation of white marble. It covers half an acre of ground. It is fire-proof, seven stories high, and is one of the most complete, airy, and pleasant edifices in the city. It has two frontages, one on Franklin Square and one on Cliff Street. Its apartments are united by iron bridges thrown across the court. The stairways are circular, and are outside the building. There are no openings in the floor for fire to communicate from one story to another. The rooms are elegant, and well ventilated. Modern improvements for comfort, health, and cleanliness abound. Expensive and curious machinery fill the chambers. The folding machines, the presses, the marbling department, the mysteries of electrotyping, the marvellous inventions by which science becomes the handmaid of toil, and wipes the sweat curse from the brow of labor, are among the curiosities shown.

EMPLOYEES.

The movements of the nicely-adjusted machinery are scarcely more quiet and elastic than are the movements of the six hundred persons employed in this house. Pen, brain, the pencil of the designer, the chisel of the engraver, the skill of the artist, the neatness and taste of women, intelligent mechanism, find here employment. The liberal, genial, honorable spirit of the proprietors prompts them to pay the best wages, and secure the best talent. Those who enter the house seldom leave it. Boys have become men, and they still come and go as regularly as the sun. The middle-

aged have become gray-headed. The sons of men who have grown old in the service and have died, step in to take their fathers' place. One old man, who has lived in the vaults for half a century, and has charge of the plates, and will live nowhere else, who talks constantly about the "good Mr. Harpers," as he calls his old masters, is still hale, hearty, and happy as when a boy he did the bidding of James and John.

THE CHARACTER OF THE HOUSE.

The uniform prosperity and success of the house of Harpers for half a century shows conclusively that integrity and honesty are worth something in trade. The Harpers have kept abreast of the times, and held the lead from 1826 to this hour. Their mercantile repute is without a stain, and their honor untarnished. Their imprint on a book fixes the reputation, and often guarantees the fortune, of the author. Hardly an American book comes out that is not offered first to this house. Eminent authors in Europe send for their terms. The most celebrated writers on the Continent beg the Harpers to introduce them to the American public. Two thousand works, three thousand volumes, twelve hundred of which are original, are the issue of one season. The weekly and monthly pictorials are marvels of success, of elegant typography, graphic illustration. The house has driven out the vile yellow-covered books, once so common in genteel and even Christian homes, by affording attractive, elegant, and cheap stirring works of fiction. The circulation of half a million of the Weekly and the Monthly shows at once the demand for light literature, and how readily

the public will welcome the pure when it is offered. Two hundred and ten thousand of Harper's Weekly have been sold in one week. Thousands of persons are dependent on this firm for their daily bread. Husbands and parents, brothers and sisters, booksellers and agents, artists and authors, outside of the establishment, in all parts of the land, find employment at their hands. At an early day the Harpers opened a genteel and healthy field of labor for women. Ladies of taste and talent, numbered by hundreds, find protection and good wages under this honorable roof.

THE COUNTING-ROOM.

In the centre of the main floor, railed in by an iron fence, is a space fifteen by forty feet, which is the sanctum of the brothers. Within the enclosure are sofas, desks, and easy-chairs for persons having business with the house. Here may be seen, from day to day, the original founders of the firm, James, John, and Joseph, the youngest of whom is over sixty, but looking less than forty. James, the founder of the house, would be a marked man anywhere — tall, well-proportioned, with dark hair, heavy eyebrows, a pleasant expression, a genial smile and a kind word for all. A devout Methodist, he is a liberal supporter of all good things. The wealth he has so nobly earned flows as constant as the river. When New York was so badly governed that neither property nor life was safe, and the people arose in their might to effect a change, Mr. Harper was chosen their standard-bearer, and was elected, triumphantly, mayor of the city. John is thick-set and stocky, but not as tall as his brother. Joseph is thin,

spare, and looks very little like the elder member of the firm. In the counting-house during the day may be met the most distinguished authors, writers, and artists of the land; men of letters, foreign and native, making it the "Literary 'Change" of New York. The whole air is redolent with talent, literature, and taste. Surrounding the original members of the firm are the sons, on whom already the burden of the establishment rests. They inherit the urbanity, probity, and thrift that has made the name they bear so famous and so honored. It is no common boon to found such a house, to find it green and vigorous at the close of a half century, to have leisure and wealth for repose or travel, and to be surrounded by children able and willing to bear down the honor and business of the establishment to generations to come. It is a genial spot in which to pass a half hour. With such company, genial conversation is blended with the politeness and the blandness of the old school. If the Brothers Cheeryble have a house in New York, it is located in Franklin Square.

XI.

STOCK AND OIL PREACHERS.

THE NEW YORK PULPIT. — MINISTERIAL SPECULATORS. — A SPECIMEN
IN POINT.

THE NEW YORK PULPIT.

As a whole, the ministry of New York is able and greatly respected. A fashionable New York church can command almost any talent in the country. Besides this, there is almost every variety of talent in the New York pulpit — the radical who makes his pulpit a political forum, and the well-to-do conservative who meddles with neither politics nor religion. The trader, the man sharp at bargains, men found on 'change, with the stock and oil preachers, abound. Some are in political life, others are connected with the daily press. Some are in literary pursuits; some write books, others review them. An attempt was made some time since to keep the Sabbath more loosely, and a New York clergyman was found willing to lead the attempt. Ministers of New York have been found willing to throw their silk gowns over the players, and have preached sermons to show the connection between religion and the stage. Nearly every faith known to

the civilized world has a local habitation in New York, and a priest to minister at its altar.

MINISTERIAL SPECULATORS.

Among the most excited in the stock market are men who profess to be clergymen. One of this class realized a snug little fortune of eighty thousand dollars in his speculations. He did not want to be known in the matter. Daily he laid his funds on his broker's desk. If any thing was "realized," it was taken quietly away. The broker, tired of doing business on the sly, advised the customer, if the thing was distasteful to him, or he was ashamed openly to be in business, he had better retire from Wall Street. Men of this class often have a nominal charge. They affect to have some mission for which they collect money. They roam about among our benevolent institutions, visit prisons or mission-schools, anywhere they can get a chance to talk, to the great disgust of regular missionaries and the horror of superintendents. They can be easily known by white cravats, sanctified looks, and the peculiar unction of their whine. They can be seen daily upon the curbstone in Wall Street, speculating in stocks, horses, houses and oil; indeed, anything that turns up.

A SPECIMEN IN POINT.

One man in New York especially illustrates the gentlemen of the cloth who are familiar with stocks. His name appears in the Sunday notices as the minister of an up-town church. Down town he is known as a speculator. His place of worship is a little house built in his yard. It is not as long or as wide as the

room in which he writes his sermons. The pastor is a speculator. His church is his capital, and on 'change "Rev." pays well. He has controlled and abandoned half a dozen churches, and here his speculation commenced. He went over to London, made a written contract with Spurgeon, the celebrated preacher, by which Spurgeon was to visit this country. It bound Spurgeon to give a certain number of lectures in the principal cities of the land. Tickets were to be issued to admit to the services. One half the proceeds Mr. Spurgeon was to take with him to London to build his tabernacle, the other half was to be left in the hands of the gentleman who brought him over and engineered him through. The contract coming to light produced a great commotion, and Mr. Spurgeon declined to fulfil it. The war breaking out, this clerical gentleman tried his hand at a horse contract. He approached a general of high position, said he was a poor minister, times were hard, and he wanted to make a little money. Would the general give him a contract? One was placed in his hands for the purchase of a number of horses. The minister sold the contract, and made a handsome thing of it. The government was cheated. A committee of Congress, in looking up frauds in this city, turned up this contract. In a report to Congress, the general and the minister were mentioned in no complimentary terms. While these transactions were going on in New York, the general was in the field, where the battle was the thickest, maintaining the honor of the flag. The report in which his name was dishonorably mentioned reached him. His indignation was roused. He sent a letter to the speculating

preacher, sharp as the point of his sword. He told him if he did not clear him every way from all dishonorable connection in the transaction complained of, he would shoot him in the street as soon as he returned to New York. He was a man quite as likely to do it as to say it. He added, that it was quite enough for him to put his life in peril on the battle-field for the national cause, without being slandered by speculators at home, who were lining their pockets at the expense of a bleeding country. The frightened minister made haste to make the demanded reparation.

These portraits are drawn from life. A picture of New York would not be graphic and true without them. The character and standing of such men are as well known as the City Hall. They are held in as light esteem by the respectable clergy of the city, and by the honorable men of their own denomination, as they are by the speculators whom they attempt to imitate.

XII.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

HIS EARLY LIFE. — EMBARKS FOR AMERICA. — HE BEGINS BUSINESS. — EARLY SUCCESS. — ENGAGES IN COMMERCE. — SITE OF THE ASTOR HOUSE. — HIS STYLE OF BUSINESS. — A BRIDAL GIFT. — HIS LIBERALITY. — ASTOR LIBRARY. — THE MORLEY LEASE. — HOW HIS WEALTH WAS LEFT. — MR. ASTOR AT EIGHTY-ONE. — HIS RELIGION. — HIS CLOSING HOURS.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

WHILE New York has a name, the memory of John Jacob Astor will form an important part of our historic fame. As the tall cliff among the hillocks, or the cathedral among the lowly dwellings, so he towers among his compeers. He was born on the 17th of July, 1763, in the small village of Waldorf, near Heidelberg, in the duchy of Baden, Germany. His father was a very respectable man, and held the office of bailiff. Mr. Astor was a countryman of Martin Luther, and possessed many traits that marked the great reformer. He was educated by his mother. His school books were the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer. During his long life, it was his habit, on waking in the morning, to read from those books that he used in the home of his boyhood.

EMBARKS FOR AMERICA.

He was twenty years old at the close of the war of Independence. He resolved to seek his fortune in the New World. He was a poor, uneducated boy, and he trudged on foot from home to the seaport from which he was to sail. A small bundle held all his worldly effects. He had money enough to secure a common steerage passage. He expected to land penniless on American soil. Outside of his native village he paused, and cast towards it one last, long look. Beneath the linden tree under which he stood he formed three resolutions: "I will be honest, I will be industrious, I will never gamble." He kept these resolutions to the day of his death. He sailed from London in March, 1783. His voyage was long and very boisterous. He formed friendships on board the vessel that laid the foundation for his future wealth. The father of ex-Mayor Tiemann, and Mr. Paff, of whom Mr. Astor bought a portion of the ground on which the Astor House now stands, were passengers. As Wesley, on the Atlantic Ocean, formed the acquaintance of the Moravians, whose influence over him changed his whole life, so Mr. Astor made the acquaintance of a furrier, in the steerage of his vessel, that introduced him to that business by which he accumulated millions.

HE BEGINS BUSINESS.

All sorts of stories are circulated about the early career of Mr. Astor. He is said to have commenced trading in apples and peanuts. Had this been so, it would have reflected no disgrace on him or his chil-

dren. He brought with him seven flutes from his brother's manufactory in London. These he sold. He invested the proceeds in furs. He went steadily to work to learn the trade for himself. He was frugal, industrious, and early exhibited great tact in trade. He was accustomed to say, later in life, that the only hard step in making his fortune was in the accumulation of the first thousand dollars. He possessed marked executive ability. He was quick in his perceptions. He came rapidly to his conclusions. He made a trade or rejected it at once. In his humblest relations to trade he exhibited all the characteristics which marked him in maturer life. He made distinct contracts. These he adhered to with inflexible purpose. He was elastic and sprightly in his disposition, cheerful, open-hearted and honorable. His broad German face glowed with intelligence and kindness. The honor of New York, his adopted city, was always dear to him.

EARLY SUCCESS.

Mr. Astor was fortunate in obtaining a clerkship in the house of Robert Bowne, an honest, wealthy Quaker, who was ever after the fast friend of Mr. Astor. Astor's brother, Harry, was a rich Bowery butcher. He furnished funds to his brother to set up for himself in the fur trade. Mr. Astor founded the American Fur Company, and had several partners, among whom Peter Smith, the father of Gerrit Smith, was conspicuous. Mr. Smith retired from the firm with a fortune of two millions. Mr. Astor kept on his way, and rolled his fortune up to over fifty millions.

ENGAGES IN COMMERCE.

Mr. Astor became an importer. At one time his store was in South Street, near the South Ferry. Afterwards he took one on the corner of Pine and Pearl Streets, which still stands. During the war of 1812 he was largely engaged in the tea trade. He also fitted out several blockade runners for Gibraltar. An eminent minister of this city at that time was a clerk in Mr. Astor's store. He relates the following incident. A schooner was purchased, and was to be loaded and cleared in twenty-four hours. It was a case that required despatch. The whole force of the establishment was at work, Mr. Astor among them. The loading began on Saturday morning. At ten o'clock at night Mr. Astor said to the company, "Now, boys, all knock off. Come early to-morrow morning, and we'll finish up the work." Turning to the clerk, whom he knew to be a pious young man, he said, "You need not come to-morrow. I am glad we have one Christian among us. You go to church, and pray for us poor sinners hard at work." He then had vessels ploughing every sea. His ships, freighted with furs, sailed to France, England, Germany, Russia and China. He knew intimately the various markets to which he traded. He gave directions in the smallest details about distributing his cargoes and exchanging commodities in foreign markets, and these instructions had to be minutely obeyed.

SITE OF THE ASTOR HOUSE.

At an early day Mr. Astor began to invest in real estate. Just before he died; some one asked him if he had not too much real estate. He replied, "Could I begin life again, knowing what I now know, and had money to invest, I would buy every foot of land on the Island of Manhattan." From beating felts on Gold Street, Mr. Astor came up to Broadway, on the corner of Vesey. A small brick mansion, which he built, was filled with furs from the cellar to the attic. His office was on the Vesey Street side, where either himself or wife were always found to attend to customers. The fashionable residences of New York were below Vesey Street. His house was considered far up town. On the block above Mr. Hone built an elegant mansion, of which he was very proud. The Park, opposite, was surrounded by a mean wooden fence. Against this, in the morning, Mr. Hone would lean, toy with his watch-key, which was attached to a leather chain, and admire his house. Mr. Hone was one of the rich men of New York, and was not a little proud of his wealth. One morning Mr. Astor went over to where Mr. Hone was standing, and said to him, "Mr. Hone, you are a successful merchant and a good citizen. You have a fine wife and some nice children. You have a snug little property, and are building a comfortable house. I don't see why you are not just as well off as if you were rich." It was not an easy matter to purchase the square on which the Astor House now stands. But it was accomplished. The English style of the Astor House has always attracted attention. Mr. Astor

visited England, and obtained the plans, in person, on which that celebrated hotel was built.

HIS STYLE OF BUSINESS.

The day of his death he was the master of his business. He was very exact in keeping his contracts. He had a dispute one day with his wood-sawyer. He kept an open fire of hickory wood, and laid in a large supply. The wood-sawyer charged him three and sixpence a cord, while the market price was three shillings. Mr. Astor refused to pay a penny above the regular price. While he was disputing with the sawyer, some ladies came in to solicit a donation for a charitable institution. He paused in the debate, heard the plea of the ladies, ordered Bruce, his confidential clerk, to draw up a check of five hundred dollars, signed it and handed it to the ladies, bowed them out, and then renewed the dispute with the laborer, by whom he did not choose to be cheated out of a single penny.

MAKES FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

The German Benevolent Society made Mr. Astor an honorary member. They sent him regular notices of all the meetings, though he never attended any. About two years before he died he added a codicil to his will, leaving the society twenty thousand dollars. As his custom was, he notified the trustees that he had done so. All the persons who were mentioned in his will were notified of the fact as soon as the thing was done. The German Society was embarrassed. They chose a committee to wait upon Mr. Astor, to see if he would not anticipate his death by giving them the twenty

thousand dollars. Mr. Astor shook his head when the committee made the proposal, and declined to do it. "You'll get the money," the old man said. They pressed the matter, and finally Mr. Astor said, "I'll give you twenty thousand dollars in Pennsylvania five per cent. bonds." These bonds were at a discount of twenty-five per cent., which would leave the society but fifteen thousand dollars. The committee asked permission to consult with the society before they closed the contract. They were instructed to make better terms with Mr. Astor if they could. They represented to him the hardship of losing five thousand dollars, while it could make no difference to Mr. Astor. He ended the interview by quietly saying, "It is in the will, gentlemen, and I can easily strike it out." They closed with the proposal. Bruce was called for, the bonds were delivered, and with a face radiant with pleasure, leaning on his staff, he tottered into the back office, chuckling as he went, to tell William that he had "made five thousand dollars that morning."

A BRIDAL GIFT.

He had a favorite grand-daughter. He made her promise that she would not get married without his consent. One day the young miss called upon him, kissed him, and told him she was going to be married. "Is he likely?" said the old man. "Does he love you, and do you love him?" These questions being answered in the affirmative, he sent her away, and told her to come and see him in one week. In the mean time Mr. Astor made diligent inquiries about the young fellow. They were all satisfactory. On the

day appointed the young lady appeared, and, blushing behind her grandfather's chair, she was in ecstasies as she heard him say, "It is all right. You may get married. Come and see me the morning you are married. Come alone, and I will make you a present." She kept the appointment, and received a check of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

HIS LIBERALITY.

For vagrants, street begging, and miscellaneous calls, Mr. Astor had no ear. His gifts, however, were munificent, and constant. He sent William to Europe to perfect himself in travel. He gave him permission to spend just as much money as he chose. He was absent a year. To a personal friend he expressed surprise that William should have spent so little. "He spent only ten thousand dollars," said the old man. "I thought he would certainly spend fifty thousand dollars."

Attached to his house on Broadway, above Prince, was a narrow alley leading to his kitchen. This kitchen was as large as that of a hotel. A supply of beef and bread was always kept on hand for the poor. Families known to be needy, who were cleanly in person, orderly in their behavior, who came and went quietly, were daily supplied with food. He kept a regular account of the disbursements in this matter, as much as if he were keeping a hotel.

For any service rendered he paid a liberal compensation. To his agent, Mr. Smith, who had the full charge of all his real estate, he paid a salary of five thousand dollars, and gave him the use of an elegant house on Fourteenth Street, well furnished, and contracted to pay this sum during Mr. Smith's natural life.

ASTOR LIBRARY.

His munificent gift of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars to found a Free Library for the City of New York is well known. The founding of that library was one of those incidental things that occasionally turn up. A member of the bar called on Mr. Astor, to see if he would subscribe towards a Free City Library. A plan to establish such an institution had already been mapped out. He took time to consider the proposal, and announced his determination to found the library himself. He chose the site to benefit a friend, whose property would be enhanced in value by that location. He purchased a large amount of real estate in the vicinity of the library, on part of which he built an elegant residence for his son William, and left the remainder to enlarge the library, which has been done.

THE MORLEY LEASE.

In the closing part of the last century, Trinity Church leased to one Mr. Morley two hundred and forty lots of land, in the location now known as the vicinity of Spring Street and Varick. Mr. Morley, failing to keep the conditions of the lease, it reverted to Trinity. Aaron Burr was then a member of the legislature. He was appointed chairman of a committee whose business it was to examine into the affairs of Trinity Church. That corporation can legally receive an income from its property of twelve thousand dollars. Holding a property valued by no one at less than fifty millions, and exceeding probably a hundred millions of dollars, it is difficult to conceive how the vestry can keep their

income down to the legal mark. No investigation was made by Mr. Burr's committee, but Burr came into possession of the Morley lease. On it he obtained thirty-eight thousand dollars from the Manhattan Bank. The murder of Hamilton so incensed the people, that Burr had to flee from the country. He sold his lease to Mr. Astor, subject to the Manhattan Bank mortgage. He received from Mr. Astor about thirty-two thousand dollars. Mr. Astor immediately re-leased the property in lots. The Morley lease was to run until 1867. Persons who took the Astor leases supposed that they took them for the full term of the Trinity lease. Mr. Astor was too far-sighted and too shrewd for that. Every lease he gave expired in 1864, leaving him the reversion for three years, putting him in possession of all the buildings and improvements made on the lots, and giving him the right of renewal. When the fact was discovered, the lessees tried to buy from Mr. Astor the three years' reversion. He was offered as high as a thousand dollars a lot. He refused all offers except in one case, which I shall notice in another place. Returning from his exile, Burr attempted to regain possession of the property that he had sold to Mr. Astor. The attempt was futile. The legal instruments that secured the property were too carefully drawn, and Burr abandoned the contest, and died in poverty. This property was a great source of wealth to Mr. Astor.

HOW HIS WEALTH WAS LEFT.

The amount of Mr. Astor's wealth has never been known outside of his family. Much of it was never included in his will. He dreaded a lawsuit growing out of the settlement of his estate among his heirs, and he prevented it by taking the matter into his own hands. The property left to his children and relatives he deeded to them outright before his death, making the consideration in each case one dollar. For this sum he sold the Astor House to William, and other property equally valuable he sold for the same sum. There could be no contest when the property was bought outright. By the sales, much of the most valuable part of his property was not named in his will at all. He owned valuable real estate in other lands, the titles to which were recorded abroad. He made a valuable donation to his native village, which he held in fond remembrance till he died. His property has been estimated at various sums, by persons equally capable to judge. None place it lower than fifty millions of dollars, some carry it up as high as one hundred and fifty millions. During the last few years of his life he added, from the accumulations of his property, five hundred thousand dollars every six months in codicils to his will.

MR. ASTOR AT EIGHTY-ONE.

To the close of life he was a man of business, careful and jealous of his mercantile honor. On Prince Street, just out of Broadway, he built a one story fire-proof brick building, where he transacted his immense

business. A Mr. Pell, a coach-builder, had his establishment on the corner of Wall Street and Broad. He was a great friend of Mr. Astor. When Mr. Pell made a fashionable coach, Mr. Astor generally took a ride in it to try the springs. This was in the humble days of Mr. Astor's mercantile career. As Mr. Astor increased in wealth their paths diverged, and after a while they saw nothing of each other. The son of Mr. Pell took one of the Astor leases, and when he found that it expired in '64, he went down to the office to see if he could not purchase Mr. Astor's three years' interest in the lease. William gave him a gruff and decided refusal. "We don't want to sell," was his laconic answer. As the young man was going out, some one stepped up to him, and quietly whispered, "See the old man. Come to-morrow at precisely eleven, and you will find him in." The young man said nothing, but went away, and returned the next day a little before the hour. It was very cold, and he took a seat by the fire in the outer office. Promptly on the time Mr. Astor came in. He walked very slowly, doubled up, leaning on the head of his cane in a stooping posture, taking short steps, so that he rather scuffled along than walked. He sat down and warmed himself, and then turning to young Pell, he said, in a pleasant tone, "Young man, what can I do for you?" The request was made. He immediately and decidedly replied, "We don't wish to sell those reversions, young man. But what might your name be?" The young man replied, "It is Pell." "Pell — Pell" — said Mr. Astor, "I used to know a man by that name once; he was a dear friend of mine, but I haven't seen him for a great many years." "Yes," said Mr. Pell, "that

man was my father." "Your father?" Why, he used to give me rides in his coaches. How I should like to see him!" For a moment Mr. Astor was young again. "You shall have the lease, young man. Go home, have the papers drawn, come here at eleven o'clock precisely, on Thursday, and I'll sign them. But don't put in any consideration." The young man was prompt, so was Mr. Astor. "Have you got the papers?" said the merchant. "Did you put in the consideration? Well, let it be one hundred dollars. Have you got the money about you? Well, no matter, Bruce will keep the lease till you come and pay. I've given you two thousand dollars, young man. Don't you buy any more, for I shan't do it again. You tell your father that I remember him, and that I have given you two thousand dollars."

HIS RELIGION.

In religious belief Mr. Astor was a Lutheran. He was an elder in the church located on Nassau Street, near John. Here he worshipped till the house was sold and pulled down. He seldom attended church after that, stating that he was sold out of house and home. Rev. Mr. Labough was his pastor. Mr. Astor was afflicted with a complaint that made it difficult for him to sit long at a time. To a clergyman he said, "Men think me a heathen. I cannot sit in church. I have a painful disorder that prevents me." The first Mrs. Astor, the mother of his children, was a member in full communion of the Grove Street Baptist Church. She was a woman of great business tact, high principles, and strong common sense. Her house was always open to ministers of religion.

HIS CLOSING HOURS.

Mr. Astor lived in a style becoming his wealth and position. He purchased the block on Broadway, opposite the site now occupied by the Metropolitan Hotel. His house was large, and furnished in princely style. His apartments were adorned by costly works of art, and the richest plate was displayed on his table. He had servants and attendants, some of whom came from foreign nations. His dinners were princely. He dressed in good taste, was fluent in speech, very intelligent, met all comers with a genial smile, and was prompt and decided in all he did. It was a pleasure to do business with him. The closing weeks of his life were passed at his country-seat at the foot of Eighty-eighth Street, on the East River. Under the old trees on his lawn, and in his splendid mansion, he dispensed an elegant hospitality to his friends. He had traced, with great interest, the career of the young clerk whom he would not allow to work for him on the Sunday many years before. He knew well that the hour of dissolution was approaching. He sent for his former clerk, now an eminent minister of religion in the city. The party who had charge of the door did not know that the minister had been sent for by the dying merchant. Thinking the minister wanted money, he closed the door upon him, and would not allow him to enter. The dying wish of Mr. Astor was not gratified, and what he wished to breathe into the ear of the man of God was buried with him in his coffin. In appearance, Mr. Astor was of medium height, quite stout, with a full German face, radiant with intelligence and kindness.

In social life he was modest and unassuming, but in trade an autocrat in bearing. He died in the city of New York on the 25th day of March, 1848. A marble bust in the Astor Library preserves his benign features. A small engraving, quite imperfect, is the only representation of the great merchant that now exists.

XIII.

BLACK-MAILING AS AN ART.

METHODS OF RAISING MONEY. — A WIDOWER BLACK-MAILED. — A MINISTER FALLS AMONG THIEVES. — BLACK-MAILERS AT A WEDDING. — A BRIDE CALLED ON. — ANOTHER MODE. — BLACK-MAILER FOILED. — HOTEL REGISTERS AND BLACK-MAIL.

METHODS OF RAISING MONEY.

NEW YORK is full of adroit rogues. Men and women abound here who live by their wits. Hiding themselves in the multitude of our people, watching their chances and their victims, they are seldom detected. Black-mailing is reduced to a system. It is carried on by street-walkers, stragglers on the pavement, loungers about hotels, keepers of dance-cellars, panel-thieves, and criminals of all grades. In cases of black-mailing, where relief is at once sought, the detective force are often able to restore the money. Usually the victim criminalizes himself so far that he is unwilling to appear before the courts; so that if the money is restored, which is seldom the case, the rogue escapes. Men come to New York to see "the elephant." They are not fond of exhibiting their wounds if they are struck by his trunk. Rural gentlemen, who, from the steps of their hotel, follow a bland stranger who offers to show them the

sights of the city, are not willing to tell how they lost their watches or purses. They had rather lose their property than have their names get into the paper. The black-mailers understand this; and when they rob a man, they so commit the victim, that he can make no complaint to the authorities without dishonoring himself.

A WIDOWER BLACK-MAILED.

A man about fifty-five years old came from the rural districts to spend a little time in the city. He was wealthy, respectable, and the father of two children. He selected his quarters up town. Among the boarders was an attractive California widow. The widow and widower soon became quite intimate. Both seemed captivated. By mutual consent a suite of rooms was taken, handsomely furnished, and occupied by the parties. A few days after the removal, the gentleman was greeted with an unpleasant surprise on entering his room. A stranger sat in his chair, who announced himself as the husband of the woman, and demanded heavy damages for dishonor done to his name. The old man was frightened nearly out of his wits. Had he gone to the police force, and put himself in their hands, all would have been well. But he did as most men do under such circumstances — he offered a large sum of money to hush the matter up, keep it out of the papers, and be allowed to depart. He paid the money, settled the bills, left the elegant furniture, packed his trunks, and departed.

He was not lost sight of, however, for a moment. The parties knew their man, and his means; knew his standing, and the value he put on his good name. He

was dogged constantly ; he was drawn upon for large sums of money ; he was threatened with exposure, till, driven to desperation and almost beggary, he did what he should have done at first—went to the police headquarters and made a clean breast of it. The chief of the detectives took the case into his own hands. On a new demand for money being made, the chief opened a negotiation, through a friend, to see if a settlement could not be made, so that the victim, by paying a certain sum, might be free from further annoyance. The chief worked up the husband. He turned up too conveniently not to be a rogue. He was tracked to Boston, where he had a wife and children living. The Boston marriage was established. The black-mailers were met at the appointed hour. The sum demanded was agreed upon, and the chief was ready to pay the money as soon as the parties signed a receipt. The adroit rogues declined to put pen to paper, and the detective declined to pay the money which he held in his hand. Blustering and threatening seemed to have no effect on the resolute friend. The handle of a pistol conveniently peeping out from the detective's bosom, and the cool manner of the negotiator, indicating that he knew how to use it, admonished the black-mailers that an attempt to get the money by force would not succeed. The receipt was signed. The chief coolly put it into his pocket, with the money which he held in his hand. The rogues knew at once he was a detective. The principal one claimed the woman as his wife, and said he had a lawful right to settle the case as he pleased. "If that woman is your wife," said the detective, "then I'll try you for bigamy, and send you to

Sing Sing." Amid much blustering and many threats he was taken to the Tombs. He was found to be an old offender. Graver crimes rose up against him. He was tried, and sent to Sing Sing. The victim was relieved from further extortion. His money, gone, could not be regained. He returned to his rural home satisfied with his New York experience.

A MINISTER FALLS AMONG THIEVES.

On Broadway, below Fourteenth Street, stood a church that at one time was one of the most fashionable in the city. The congregation was wealthy and large, the minister eloquent and popular. The belles of the city, with the young and the fashionable, crowded the church when the pastor filled the pulpit. In the full flush of his popularity, when a pew could not be hired at any price, when any salary would have been paid to him that he demanded, the minister disappeared. Quite late on Saturday night the vestry received a letter from the rector, dated off Sandy Hook. The letter tendered the rector's resignation, and announced that he had sailed that day at noon in one of the Cunard steamers for Europe. The parish were surprised and alarmed. The whole affair was a painful mystery. Here was a minister, settled over a flourishing and liberal charge, with a fine church and parsonage, a church crowded with the élite of the city, with a salary equal to any demands he might make, with the best singing in the city, and all the popular appliances, who had suddenly resigned, and privately left the country, to go no one knew where.

The story is a romance. The explanation came after

the minister had completed his European tour. At midnight the door-bell of his parsonage was violently rung. Going to the window, the minister saw a man standing on his door-stone, and he demanded his business. He came with a message, he said, from a dying woman. Hastily dressing himself, the good man came to the door and received the message. Just around the block was a poor woman, and she was dying. Her only treasure was a babe. She could not die in peace unless her babe was baptized. If his reverence would come to her dying pillow, and administer that sacrament, the blessing of a poor dying woman would be his reward. It was much to ask, and at midnight too, but his great Master, who loved the poor, would not have denied such a request as this.

His humane and religious sympathies were aroused, and the minister followed the messenger. Common prudence would have said, "Take a policeman with you. Call up a friend, and get him to bear part in the ceremony." But, dreaming of no peril, he went on his way to do, as he thought, his Master's will. He was soon in a dissolute region, in a street notorious for its uncleanness. The messenger knocked at a heavy gate, that closed up a narrow, dark alley. It opened immediately, and slammed behind the parties like a prison door. Through a long, narrow, and unwholesome entry, that seemed to be an alley-way covered, the parties took their way. They passed up a narrow staircase, broken and rickety. Lewd women were passed on the stairs. Dark-featured and villanous-looking men seemed to crowd the place. With his sacred vestments on his arm, and his book of service in his

hand, the minister was ushered into a dark and unwholesome-looking room. The door was closed behind him, and locked. A dim candle on the table revealed the outline of a dozen persons, male and female, of the most abandoned and desperate class. His inquiry for the sick woman, and the child to be baptized, was greeted by shouts of laughter. He knew he was a victim. He demanded the reason for this outrage. He was informed that his friends who had invited him there wanted money. His standing and character were well known. He was in one of the most notorious houses in New York; his midnight visit to that place was well known, and could easily be proved. If he paid one thousand dollars, all would be well. If not, his ruin was certain. Instead of defying the villains, calling on the police, or confiding in his congregation, he thought he could hush the matter up. He might have known that it would all come out, and that every dollar he paid would be used as evidence against him, or as means to extort more. But he was thoroughly frightened; would not have the thing known for the world; his hand was in the lion's mouth, and he must draw it out as easily as he could; so he gave his obligation to pay the money promptly at noon the next day, which he did. Of course new demands were made from time to time. He was dogged in the streets. Suspicious-looking men stopped to speak with him on the corners. Notorious men rang his door-bell. Mysterious notes, from ignorant, low-bred, and vicious persons, — as the spelling and language showed, — came to his hands, and into the hands of his family. The poor man was nearly distracted. He paid away his own money, and

borrowed till his reputation suffered. The threat of exposure hung over him like an ominous sword held by a hair. In a moment of desperation he decided to leave the country, which he did, to the astonishment and regret of his friends.

On his return from Europe, the rector settled in Massachusetts, over a small rural parish. He was soon tracked to his country home. Black-mailing was renewed. His old terror came upon him. Again he acceded to the extortion. The police of New York at length came to his relief. In searching for other game, they came upon proof that this minister was in the hands of black-mailers. Letters were found containing information of his whereabouts, how to terrify him, what sums to demand, and at what time his salary was due. He was relieved from his pursuers. The large sums he had paid were not refunded. His spirits were broken, and he has never recovered his position. I saw him not long since in Canada. He holds a subordinate position, and is preaching to a small parish. He will die a victim of black-mailing.

BLACK-MAILERS AT A WEDDING.

A fashionable wedding is a harvest season for black-mailers, especially if the bridegroom has been known as a fast young man. No bank keeps a better account of the whereabouts and standing of its depositors, than do black-mailers of the whereabouts, standing, and movements of their victims. A wedding among New York high life is talked about. Invitations are greedily seized. The élite are all agog. On the morning of the day previous to the wedding, a lady comes to the

store, and asks for the young man. Her business is announced as *important*. She *must* see the young gentleman. The "must" is emphatic. At such a time, when all are so sensitive, and when, as is often the case, a fortune hangs on the bridal wreath, it is important to have no scenes. A thrill through the frame of the young gentleman called for, the hurrying back of his blood from the face to the heart, tells that his time has come. He goes to the interview as the ox goes to the slaughter. Be the claim real or bogus, hush-money is generally paid.

A BRIDE CALLED ON.

A call is not unfrequently made at the home of the young lady to be married. It is a woman that calls, in a shabby-genteel array, to excite sympathy. The call is made a week or ten days before the wedding. Every step is consummately taken, and tells in the right direction. The young lady is called for by the woman, who seems to possess a wounded spirit. Her appearance, the tone of her voice, the expression of her face, bespeak one who has been greatly wronged, or who has some great sorrow at heart. The acting is consummate. Of course the young lady is not at home to strangers. She then asks if the young man is in; if it is true that he is going to be married; if any one can tell her where he can be found—questions intended to create anxious inquiry at the breakfast table: "Who can that woman be? What can she want of Charlie? Why did she ask so particularly about his being married?" The frightened maiden runs to her lover, and says, "O, Charlie, there was a woman here this morn-

ing for you! She seemed so poor and sad! She wanted to know where you could be found. She wanted to know if you were to be married soon. Who is she? What can she want of you?" A nice preparation this for the visit of the black-mailer on Charlie at the store.

A bolder step is not unfrequently taken. As the bridal company are enjoying themselves in an up-town first-class residence, an emphatic ring announces an impatient comer. The bridegroom is asked for, and the footman bade to say that a lady wants to see him. The imperious air of the woman plainly tells the footman, "If he refuses to see me there'll be trouble." The footman, well acquainted with high life in New York, knows well what the visit of the woman means. He has the honor of the family in his charge. He whispers the request of the woman to the startled bridegroom. But what can be done? The woman is notorious, and well known. She understands her business, and is unscrupulous. Threats and entreaty will be alike unavailing. Ten men could not put her off of that step-stone. She would cling to that iron railing with the strength of a maniac. She would rouse the whole neighborhood by her screeches, accusations, and blasphemies. The party would break up in excitement. The scandal would run through all New York; the papers would be full of it; the police might take her away, but she would rend the air with her tears and strong crying. All these considerations are taken into the account by the black-mailers. A private settlement is usually made, and the unseasonable visitor departs.

ANOTHER MODE.

The announcement in the papers of marriage in high life, at the residence of the bride's father, does more than give information to the curious. It is a bugle-call to black-mailers. A young husband, just admitted a partner with the father-in-law, whose repute is without a stain, whose success in life depends upon an unblemished character, is overwhelmed with the threat that unless a sum of money is paid at a given time, an infamous charge shall be made against him. An unmanly fear, a cowardly dread of being accused of a crime never committed, a wish to shield from sorrow the young being he has just led to the altar, often lead a young man to yield to the demands of black-mailers if they will take themselves off. They depart for a time, only to return to renew the demand, making the one payment a reason for asking more.

BLACK-MAILER FOILED.

I know a young man of marked business ability. He was superintendent of a Sunday school and a young partner in an important house. His marriage gave him a fine social position. About three months after his return from his wedding trip, a woman called upon him at his store. She seemed to be quite well acquainted with him, and told her errand in a business-like style. She wanted five hundred dollars, and must have it. He could give it to her. If he did, all would be well. If he did not, she would make trouble in his store, and trouble in his family. People would believe her, suspicion would attach to him, and

he could never shake it off. She gave him a limited time to make up his mind ; placed her card in his hand, and departed. The young man had sense and pluck. He went to a detective, and placed the matter in his hands. The detective force is an institution in New York. Its members are shrewd, cool, talented and efficient. They are everywhere, and in all disguises. They represent all professions. They are unknown to rogues, and are therefore successful in their efforts to detect criminals and to relieve their victims. Assuming the rôle of a friend, the detective called upon the woman. She was young, intelligent, well-dressed, seemingly modest. She professed to be adverse to a dissolute life, and charged that she had stepped aside under the solemn promise of marriage. She gave times and places when she met the young man, and her candor and modesty would have deceived any one but a detective. She had rooms in a reputable house, and gave the name of her employer. With this statement the conspiracy was revealed. One of the times mentioned, the young man was in Europe during the whole year on business for the house. The second time specified, he was absent from the city the whole month on his wedding tour, with the family of his senior partner. The room where the interview was held was borrowed for the occasion of a casual acquaintance, who knew nothing of the disreputable character of the woman. The plot was blown into the air. The woman confessed her conspiracy, gave the names of her associates, and was marched off to the Tombs.

HOTEL REGISTERS AND BLACK-MAIL.

Some of the newspapers print the arrivals at the principal hotels daily. These arrivals are used for black-mailing purposes. Letters are written to strangers in the city, and placed in their hotel box. These letters pretend to be on business, or to revive old acquaintance, or the writers profess to know the family. A friend of mine, a stranger in the city, found in his box at the hotel a letter, of which this is a copy :—

“SIR : Seeing your arrival in the paper to-day, and thinking, perhaps, you were a stranger in the city, and might want genial company, I have ventured to send you my card.

“Yours, respectfully,

“_____.”

Exposures, warnings, fines, imprisonments, do little towards breaking up black-mailing. Victims from the country are too numerous, the reward is too dazzling, the chances of escape too certain, to turn the adroit and bold rogues from a trade that yields so rich a revenue.

XIV.

SUNDAY IN NEW YORK.

SABBATH MORNING. — CHURCH-GOERS. — PLEASURE-GOERS. — RELIGIOUS PECULIARITIES. — FOREIGNERS AND SUNDAY.

SABBATH MORNING.

THE quiet of a Sabbath morning in the lower part of the city is in marked contrast to the confusion and hubbub of the week. Crossing the street is a dangerous effort to life and limb near the South Ferry or at Bowling Green during any week day. On Sundays it is as quiet as a cathedral. Broadway, on which Old Trinity stands sentinel at one end, and aristocratic Grace at the other, is swept clean and is deserted. An occasional coach, bringing to the hotels a Sabbath traveller, or a solitary express wagon loaded down with baggage, is all that breaks the solitude. The broad, clean pavement of Broadway glistens with the morning sun, and is as silent as the wilderness. The revellers, gamblers, the sons and daughters of pleasure, who ply their trade into the small hours of the morning, sleep late; and the portions of the city occupied by them are as silent as the tomb. The sanitary blessings of the Sabbath to a great city are seen in all the lower part of New York. Laboring classes cease from toil, loiter about, well shaved and with clean shirts, and smoking

their pipes. Children from the lowest dens, the foulest cellars, the darkest alleys, come on to the sidewalk with an attempt at cleanliness, with their best robes, or an effort to mend their dilapidated appearance by a little bit of ribbon or a rude ornament. Newsboys, with their faces washed, their hair combed with their fingers, offer their papers in subdued tones. In a quiet voice the bootblacks ask, "Black your boots?" and exhibit their own shoes polished out of respect to the day. The utmost quiet prevails along the docks. Piers and wharves are swept clean, and the silence of a pestilence pervades these noisy marts of trade. The sailors do their morning work quietly in a holiday rig. On the North and East Rivers are moored thousands of vessels, every one of which carries its flag at its mast-head. Bethel churches and floating chapels are open to seamen. The dram-shops make a compromise with the day by sanding floors, putting their employees in clean shirts, and closing up one half of their shutters.

CHURCH-GOERS.

The churches are generally well attended in the morning. As the bells call to prayer, New York comes to the pavement, elegantly dressed, as for a soirée or a matinée. The streets present an attractive and gay appearance. The cars are crowded with people on their way to their religious homes, without regard to distance or locality. Wealthy church-goers come out with their dashing teams. Their splendid outfits appear to great advantage on a beautiful Sabbath morning. Churches the most crowded in the morning have a poor attendance in the afternoon. But for the name

of it, most of them might as well be closed the rest of the day. New York boasts about a half dozen sensation preachers, who have a hold on the masses, and can draw a second audience. But for "gospel preaching," as it is called, one sermon a day is as much as our people care to hear, and more than they inwardly digest. Clustering together in a fashionable locality, within sight and sound of each other, are more costly churches than can be found on any spot in the world. Most of these churches have come from down town. Selling their property in lower New York at a great price, they all want a fashionable up-town location. Leaving other parts neglected, these churches crowd on to one another. Two or three of them are on one block. The singing and preaching in one church is heard in another. Costly and elegant, most of them are thinly attended. Looking on their rich adornments, and inquiring the price of pews, one is at a loss to conceive where people of moderate means go to church in this city.

PLEASURE-GOERS.

The sermon over, the dinner digested, then comes pleasure. The morning quiet of lower New York gives place to revelry. Funerals, attended by a military or civic procession and bands of music, are kept till Sunday afternoons, if the corpse has to be packed in ice. Central Park is crowded. Fashionable people turn out in immense numbers. Everything that can go on four legs is engaged of liverymen for Sunday in advance. An afternoon's drive costs from ten to fifty dollars. The same cars that convey people to morning worship convey those who do not own teams to their afternoon

pleasures. Théatres of the lower order are opened. Public gardens, concert saloons, and lager-beer enclosures are crowded. Dancing, bowling, drinking, carousing, gambling, occupy the crowd.

The removal of the down-town churches leaves an immense population to spiritual neglect and indifference. The strongholds of piety are levelled, and on their foundations Mammon holds her high carnival. Where once the aristocratic lived are reeking tenement-houses, and the day is given up to revelry and dissipation.

RELIGIOUS PECULIARITIES.

If a minister has a rich and fashionable congregation, success is certain, though his talents are feeble and his gifts small. He may be an able and popular pulpit orator, and he will generally fail if he depends upon the popular ear. Over one of our congregations, the most fashionable in the city, where it is difficult to get a seat at any price, a minister has been settled for years, on a high salary, who could not get a call to a common country congregation. His intellect is not above the average, his feeble voice does not half fill the house, his utterance is choked and muddy, he has a jerky delivery, and his manners are forbidding and unattractive. On the other hand, men come to New York who bring with them immense local popularity. Having succeeded elsewhere, they expect to carry New York by storm. They are brought here to rescue waning congregations, to fill an empty house, to sell costly pews. The reputation they bring avails them nothing. A man must make his own mark in the city. Men who have been eminently successful in other places

do not succeed at all here. Men of talent, genius, eloquence, are preaching in halls, preaching in little chapels, preaching to small and humble congregations, preaching on starving salaries, who would make their mark elsewhere. . But New York is very fascinating, and men hold on.

Not long since one of our religious societies held its anniversary. It secured a popular New England minister to preach, one who fills any house in his own vicinity. A commanding church was selected, and, to accommodate the crowd who were expected, extra seats were put in the aisles, vestibule, and on the platform. The evening came, with the preacher, but the crowd came not. In the face of the vacant chairs and empty extra seats the services were conducted with a deadening effect. New Yorkers did not know the preacher, and would not go to hear him.

FOREIGNERS AND SUNDAY.

The foreign population in the city is immense. Every nationality is represented. Should the great bell of the City Hall clang out its peal, and draw the population that live around it to its doors, a man standing on the steps could speak to as motley a group as Peter addressed on the day of Pentecost. The Jews occupy whole streets, and drive out other nationalities. Their stores are open on Sunday, and a large part of them keep neither their own Sabbath nor ours. The Germans, Irish, Italians, Portuguese, abound. Noisy trade goes on in the quarters where foreigners live, and the Sabbath is filled with noisy, wanton, and drunken violators. Places of amusement are many,

and dancing, drinking, and revelry, guided by heavy brass bands, girdle the city. The great mass of the foreign population attend no church. The Sabbath of the Continent is becoming common in the city. The observance of the day grows less and less. Pleasure-seekers are more open, and their number is increased by the fashionable and influential. Every wave of foreign emigration lessens the dry land of religious observance. Churches are swept away, and none arise to take their place. The infidel German, the undevout Jew, the illiterate foreign population, led by an omnipotent press, unite to create a popular sentiment that is pushing out gradually, but surely, the observance of the Sabbath and the attendance on public worship. The Sabbath of the Hollanders promises to be a thing of the past.

XV.

DETECTIVE FORCE OF NEW YORK.

ITS ORIGIN. — QUALIFICATIONS OF A DETECTIVE. — OLD HAYS. — HOW THE
DETECTIVES DO THEIR WORK. — WHY ROGUES GO CLEAR.

ITS ORIGIN.

THE system of detectives is not old. In former times the idea of a sharp criminal officer was expressed in the adage, "Set a rogue to catch a rogue." The modern theory is, that integrity, tact, industry, are the best qualifications of a good detective. For many years there existed a set of men in London known as Bow Street officers. They were remarkably shrewd, were more than a match for the sharpest villains, and could ferret out crimes and outwit the shrewdest rogues. When the London Metropolitan Police system was adopted, an order of men were introduced, called *detectives*. This force was composed of men who seemed to have a gift for detecting crime. They could scent out a murder, and track the perpetrator over oceans and across continents. They could unravel the mysteries of a robbery, and bring to light things of darkness. Under Mr. Matsell, in this city, a small force was gathered, and were known as *shadows*, because they silently and persistently followed their victim. In

1857, the detectives, as a distinct corps, were created. The force is small — about twenty-five men. It is very efficient. Captain Young, the chief, who has had many years' experience, is cool, keen, brave, clear-headed. He is so adroit in catching rogues and restoring stolen goods, that many persons, after their property has been returned to them, go to the commissioners and demand that Captain Young shall be tried for complicity. They do not believe that a man could bring back stolen property unless he has some share in the original theft.

QUALIFICATIONS OF A DETECTIVE.

Good detectives are rare. An unblemished character is indispensable, for the temptations are many. A detective must be quick, talented, and possess a good memory; cool, unmoved, able to suppress all emotion; have great endurance, untiring industry, and keen relish for his work; put on all characters, and assume all disguises; pursue a trail for weeks, or months, or years; go anywhere at a moment's notice, on the land or sea; go without food or sleep; follow the slightest clew till he reaches the criminal; from the simplest fragment bring crime to light; surround himself with secrecy and mystery; have great force of will; a character without reproach, that property and persons may be safe in his hands; with a high order of intellectual power. The modern detective system is based on the theory that purity and intelligence has a controlling power over crime. Detectives must be pure men, and, like Cæsar's wife, be above suspicion when they come out from the ordeal through which they have to pass. To obtain the right kind of men, the force has often to be sifted and purged.

OLD HAYS.

So the old High Constable of New York was known. He was the first real detective of the city. He was a short, thick-set, stout-built man, looking as if nature intended him for a giant, and altered her mind. He had a round, stolid face, of the hue of mahogany — a genuine Jewish physiognomy. He was an honest man, of high moral and religious character, and a consistent member of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, then worshipping in Grand Street. He lived in the time when the guardians of the city were watchmen. With their old camlet cloaks and huge lanterns, they prowled about the city at night, and were known as leather-heads, from the leather cap they wore. Hays had a small office in the Tombs. He was a regular autocrat, and held the monopoly of catching thieves. He was about the only police officer in the state who did any business. He was really a great man. So successful was he as a detective, that his fame spread over the whole civilized world. He was as well known in London as in New York. He was a terror to evil-doers. "Old Hays is after you!" would send juvenile scamps off at any time. He could track a rogue by instinct. Men believed he was in league with criminals all over the world, and that his religious profession was a sham and a blind. If a robbery was committed in Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore, Liverpool or London, the matter was put into the hands of Old Hays. Fifteen years after his death, letters came from the chief of police, London, pertaining to criminals and crime, addressed to "Jacob Hays, High Constable of New York."

HOW THE DETECTIVES DO THEIR WORK.

Crime is not only systematized, but classified. Each adroit rogue has a way of doing things which is as personal as a man's handwriting. We have really few great men; great orators, men of mark, distinguished authors, or men of towering success, are few. If a princely donation is made, or a noble deed done, and the name withheld, the public at once point out the man — it would be so like him. Bad talented men are few. Adroit rogues are not many. Men capable of a dashing robbery, a bold burglary, or great crimes, do not abound. If a store is broken open in New York, a bank robbed in Baltimore, or a heavy forgery in Boston, the detectives will examine the work and tell who did it. As painters, sculptors, artists, engravers, have a style peculiar to themselves, so have rogues. A Chicago burglar, a safe-breaker from Boston, a bank-robber from Philadelphia, a New York thief, have each their own way of doing things. They cannot go from one city to another without observation. If a crime is committed, and these gentlemen are round, detection is sure to follow. The telegraph binds the detective force together in all parts of the Union. A great crime is telegraphed to every leading city. When an adroit rogue leaves the city, his whereabouts are sent over the wires. The detective on his track is the gentlemanly-looking, affable personage with whom he has been chatting in the railroad car. The rogue lands in New York, and the friendly hand that helps him up the gang-plank, or off the platform, is that of a detective. A keen eye is upon him every moment till he is locked

up or departs from the city. When he leaves, the car is not out of the station-house before the telegraph announces to some detective far away the departure and the destination. His haunts are known, his associates, the men who receive stolen goods, and his partners in crime.

WHY ROGUES GO CLEAR.

The detectives often recover goods and money while the criminals escape. People wonder why the criminals are not brought to punishment. The first duty of the officer is to bring the offender to trial. But this cannot always be done. The evidence is often insufficient. The next best thing is to secure the money or property. Many robberies are committed in places of ill-repute. Parties are compromised. Victims from the country, who are respectable at home, do not like to read their names in the newspaper. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually returned to their owners through the detectives, which would have been lost without their vigilance.

XVI.

A NIGHT AMONG THE DETECTIVES.

HEADQUARTERS. — THE ARREST OF A PICKPOCKET. — AN OLD MAN IN TROUBLE. — A MINISTER IN TROUBLE. — A SEA CAPTAIN IN DIFFICULTY. — BURGLAR DETECTED BY A BUTTON. — A SHADOW ON THE PATH. — PRIVATE DETECTIVES. — HUMANITY OF DETECTIVES. — THE OTERO MURDER.

HEADQUARTERS.

IN the elegant marble building on Mulberry Street, where the Metropolitan Police force centre, there will be found the headquarters of the detectives. Though it is under the charge of the general superintendent, the detectives are an independent body within the police force. The chief, Captain John S. Young, has been many years at the head of this department. He is a heavy-built, stocky person, with an immense head and face, sandy hair, somewhat curly, a stolid and heavy look, and nothing but his eye indicates that he is the sharpest, coolest, bravest, and most adroit detective in the civilized world to-day. His room is homely, ill-furnished, and unsightly. He never seems to be doing anything, or to have anything on hand, or to be interested in anything. His associates in the room — a dozen men, more or less, dressed in quite ordinary citizens' clothes — lie round on the benches, straddle the

chairs, lean up against the wall, talking, smoking, and doing nothing, looking like a band of idle loafers without a purpose. In this group the uninitiated would fail to recognize the company of the most talented, persevering, sharp-sighted, keen-scented, and most successful criminal detectives ; men who have been in the criminal business from their boyhood ; men who have been selected from hundreds, and who have been in the force for a quarter of a century. They are silent, suspicious, secretive. They never talk of what they have on hand. Of the past they will speak, of the future they have nothing to say. They have incidents and adventures in their possession more thrilling than any criminal novel ever written. In their room I passed a night not long since, and learned from them the romantic incidents that I am about to state.

THE ARREST OF A PICKPOCKET.

Said one of the detectives, "The chief called for me one day, and put a case in my hands, which I was required to work up. A gentleman of the city, who was supposed to be worth a fortune, suddenly failed. His failure was a bad one, but his honor was without a stain. He was guardian for two orphan children, and took the cars one morning for the purpose of investing some three thousand dollars that he held in the name of the children. When he reached the office up town, where the investment was to be made, he found his money was gone. He had been robbed in the cars. In great distress he came to the office, and communicated his loss to the chief. He said, when he was rich his tale of robbery would have been believed ; now

he was poor, it would be said that he had robbed himself. I examined the man closely, and had no doubt that his story was a true one. He had but little light to throw on the robbery. The car was crowded, and he stood on the platform. He remembered that during the passage, as a person got out of the car, a young man was thrown against him. He had a dim recollection of the person, thinking no wrong at the time. Car-robbing is very common, but it is very delicate business, and few can do it well. I had my suspicions as to who committed the robbery. I took a car to go down town. In it was the very person I was in search of. His new clothes, new hat, and boots, and watch, indicated that he was flush. I stopped the car, touched the young man on the shoulder, and told him to follow me. His face crimsoned in an instant, and I knew that I had got my man. I took him to the station-house, and accused him of the crime. I told him that the man who had lost the money would, in the language of pickpockets, 'buff him to death' if he did not restore the money; but if he would 'turn up the money' he might clear out. These robbers, all of them, have accomplices. They never can tell when they 'peach.' I had no evidence that would convict this person. No judge would hold him a minute on my suspicion, but the thief did not know that. He pulled off his boots, and the money came back, all but one hundred dollars which he had spent. The grateful merchant received it with tears of joy."

AN OLD MAN IN TROUBLE.

“Very few men who come here for relief,” said one of the officers, “tell the truth. They make up all sorts of stories to impose upon us, to save their reputation, and to keep themselves out of trouble. If a man tells us the truth; if he has been robbed at a bad house, and will say so; will give us the number of the house, and describe the parties by whom he has been robbed or wronged, we can relieve him. We can go on board of a train of cars filled with hundreds of people, and tap a pickpocket on his shoulder, and say, ‘I want to see you, sir,’ and never make a mistake. We can take a telegraphic description of a rogue, and with it walk up Broadway, where thousands are rushing along, pick out our man and march him to the Tombs, and never get the wrong person. One day a sedate-looking man from the rural districts called at our office. He was a merchant, he said. He came to the city to buy goods. He had been robbed of fifteen hundred dollars, which he was to pay that day. He was a ruined man unless he could recover his money. He named the hotel where he staid, and in which he had been robbed. His room-mate, a man unknown to him, was asleep when he went to bed, and asleep when he left the room in the morning. He had not been out of the hotel since tea, till he discovered his robbery. The man must have robbed him, and he wanted him arrested at once. Captain Young was satisfied that the man was not telling the truth. He put the case in my hand, and ordered me to work it up. I went to the hotel, and found everything right there. The room-

mate was a merchant from the west, of unquestioned integrity. I came to the conclusion that the man had not told us the truth. I knew that he had been out of the hotel, had been into disreputable company, and had been robbed. I sent for the victim, and he came, accompanied by a friend, who promised to vouch for his honesty. I said to him, 'Sir, you have lied to me. You lost your money in bad company by the panel game.' At first he denied it with great vehemence, then he evaded, and finally confessed. With a slight clew as to the locality, I found the panel thief, and brought back the money."

A MINISTER IN TROUBLE.

"One day some very excellent people came to the headquarters to complain. The city was unsafe for respectable men; people could not walk about the streets without assault and robbery. It was a pretty state of things if gentlemen could not walk the streets of New York at seasonable hours, without being beaten, bullied, and robbed, and their life endangered. 'And what is the matter now?' said the officer. 'We are respectable citizens,' said the complainers, 'and officers of a church. Our minister was assaulted, and beaten, and robbed last night in one of the streets. He came over to New York yesterday afternoon on business. He was returning through Beekman Street about ten o'clock. When near Cliff Street a band of rowdies assailed him, knocked him down, beat him, muddled and tore his clothes, robbed him of his watch and money, and he reached his affrighted family almost dead.' The case was put into our hands. The night on which

the assault was said to have taken place was a beautiful, bright moonlight evening. The place of assault was so near the station-house, that the cry of distress would have been heard by the captain at his desk. At that time of night, a man would have been as safe on Beekman Street as on Broadway. It so happened that two of our officers were on that spot within five minutes of the time the assault was said to have taken place, conversing on matters that detained them ten or fifteen minutes. I was satisfied that no assault had taken place, that no robbery had been committed; that the whole story was trumped up to hide some disgraceful conduct in which the party said to have been wronged was engaged.

“With this impression, I sent to the minister. He was greatly annoyed that his people had taken any notice of the matter, or brought it to the attention of the authorities. I told him it had been brought to our attention; that we were censured for neglect of duty, and that the fame of the city suffered; that we intended to probe the matter to the bottom; that we intended to follow him every step that he had taken that afternoon, from the time he left home till he returned. We would know all his companions, and all the company he had kept that day. I told him his story was an improbable one; that it was impossible that the robbery could have occurred at that time or place; the night was too light, the hour was too early, it was too near the station-house, and more than that, two of our captains were on the spot at that time, and they knew the story was not true. If he had a mind to make a clean breast of it, and tell the facts as they

were, I would keep his name from the public; if not, I would make a thorough investigation, and publish his name to the world. He was greatly agitated, blamed his friends for meddling in the matter, began to cry, and at length made a clean breast of it. He had been drinking that afternoon, went where he ought not to go, and was robbed of his money and his watch. He must account for his situation, did not want to be disgraced, and so had trumped up the story he told to his elders. 'The affair was hushed up.'

A SEA CAPTAIN IN DIFFICULTY.

"The harbor police notified us," said one of the detectives, "that a ship was lost off Sandy Hook by fire. As the case was reported, there were some things about the loss that did not look right. The next day the papers blazed with an account of a bold robbery. It was said that a sea captain lost a large sum of money at Barnum's. The captain was said to have been peculiarly unfortunate. He lost his ship by fire off Sandy Hook. He had just been paid his insurance, a very large sum, which he was to take to his owners in New England. He visited Barnum's with the money in his pocket, and on leaving the place it was gone. The audacious robbery flamed in every paper. The statements were so nearly verbatim, that it was evident the captain had written them himself or furnished the material. The captain issued handbills, offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the recovery of his money. The handbills were circulated only among the shipping and on the wharves. In a few days we received a visit from the captain at headquarters. I was put in charge

of the case, and I took down the captain's statement. It differed but slightly from those made in the papers. I was satisfied that he had not been robbed at all. I strongly suspected that there was foul play in the destruction of his vessel, and that the captain intended to appropriate the money. Making up my mind how he did this, I directly accused him of the fraud, and described the manner in which the affair was done. He supposed I knew the whole matter, although he could not imagine how I got hold of it, and was greatly excited. He was astounded when I told him that the money was in his inner vest pocket, and that if he did not take it out at once I should search him, and he must take the consequences. I hit the thing exactly. He had his money hid away in the place I had designated. In tears and in terror he brought forth the money, which was restored to the owner. We could not hold the man for a criminal trial on the evidence we had, and so let him run. He has never sailed from New York since."

BURGLAR DETECTED BY A BUTTON.

A large silk house in New York was robbed of silks and velvets valued at many thousand dollars. The burglars hired an old building adjoining the store. They cut a hole through the wall, entered the store, and carried away the goods. The job was a clean one, and no trace of the robber was left. The police shook their heads, and the merchants feared they were ruined. One of the shrewdest detectives had the case put into his hands. He examined the premises carefully. The hole in the wall was a small one, and the burglar

squeezed himself through with difficulty. In a little crevice a button was found of a very peculiar fashion. A little plaster adhered to it, indicating that it had been rubbed off as the robber passed through. The detective put the button in his pocket. He had a clew, very slight, but still it was a clew. There are certain resorts in this city for thieves, burglars, and rogues. Here they can be found when off duty. Detectives pass in and out among these desperate men. They never meddle with them on ordinary occasions. They are seldom disturbed by the desperadoes, or resisted if they make an arrest. It is well known that the detectives go armed, and have no delicacy in the use of weapons. They are selected for their personal bravery no less than for their intelligence and integrity. The detective, with the button in his pocket, visited more frequently these haunts than he was accustomed to. The burglars knew something was the matter; but as the detective said nothing and molested no one, the rogues were not disturbed. One evening the detective stood at the door of one of our low places of amusement. A man passed him who had peculiar buttons on his coat. The buttons resembled the one the officer had in his pocket. He was sure that he had found his man. He followed him to his seat, sat down beside him, and seemed intent on the play. He was not so intent, however, but that he saw that the party he was watching had one button less on his coat than he ought to have. He immediately left his seat, went outside, and made arrangement for aid to make an arrest. He came back to his seat, touched the astonished stranger on the shoulder, and invited him outside. Here a corps of

policemen were waiting to receive him, and he saw that resistance was useless. Knowing that the man could not be held an hour with no proof but a button, the detective set himself to work to get the goods. He accused the man of the robbery, showed him how it was done, and hit the case so exactly that the burglar believed that some of his confederates had made a confession. He led the officers to the spot where the goods were concealed. The party was tried and sent to the State Prison for a term of years. The button did more than that. The arrest of this man put the detectives on the track of other burglars. They followed up the matter for months, broke up a den of the most desperate robbers, lodged many of them in prison, among whom was the famous Bristol Bill of England.

A SHADOW ON THE PATH.

Small sums of money from time to time were taken from one of our city banks. No clew to the robbery could be found. A detective was consulted: he said that the robber was in the bank. A watch was put on all employees, but in vain. The money continued to go. The affair was put into the hands of a detective. All unknown to the clerks, this officer visited the bank at all hours, came in various disguises and under various pretences. He was satisfied that the robber was in the bank, and he fastened on one of the clerks as that individual. He followed the clerk fourteen days, at the end of which a written statement of the whereabouts of the clerk was presented to the bank. It was a perfect curiosity. The detective had not lost sight of the whereabouts of the young man a single hour. The

clerk lived out of town. The detective rode on the cars with him every day. He sailed on the boats, walked in the country, rode in the city. Every place the clerk went into was written down, how long he staid, what he ate and drank, and whom he talked with. A description was given of each person he talked with, the places of amusement he visited, and what he paid out. Among other things the record told, was his visits to gaming and other houses; what time he went to bed; and twice he rose at two in the morning, left his house, and met certain parties, who were accurately described. How a man could be followed fourteen days, especially in the country, all that he is doing be known, everybody he speaks to described, and the man watched be ignorant of it, is one of the mysteries of the detective system. The clerk was called into the president's room and charged with the peculations. He was overwhelmed with the accuracy with which his coming in and going out were noted. He confessed his guilt. The directors were merciful, and did not subject him to a criminal prosecution.

PRIVATE DETECTIVES.

The success of detectives in criminal matters, as a part of the police, has created a private detective system, which is at the service of any one who can pay for it. It is a spy system,—a system of espionage that is not creditable or safe. Men are watched and tracked about the city by these gentlemen, and one cannot tell when a spy is on his track. A jealous wife will put a detective on the track of her husband, who will follow him for weeks if paid for it, and lay before her a

complete programme of his acts and expenditures. If a man wants a divorce, he hires a detective to furnish the needed evidence. Slander suits are got up, conducted, and maintained often by this agency. Divorce suits are carried through our courts by evidence so obtained. Sudden explosions in domestic life, the dissolution of households, and family separations, originate in this system. It is not very comforting to know that such shadows are on our paths.

THE HUMANITY OF DETECTIVES.

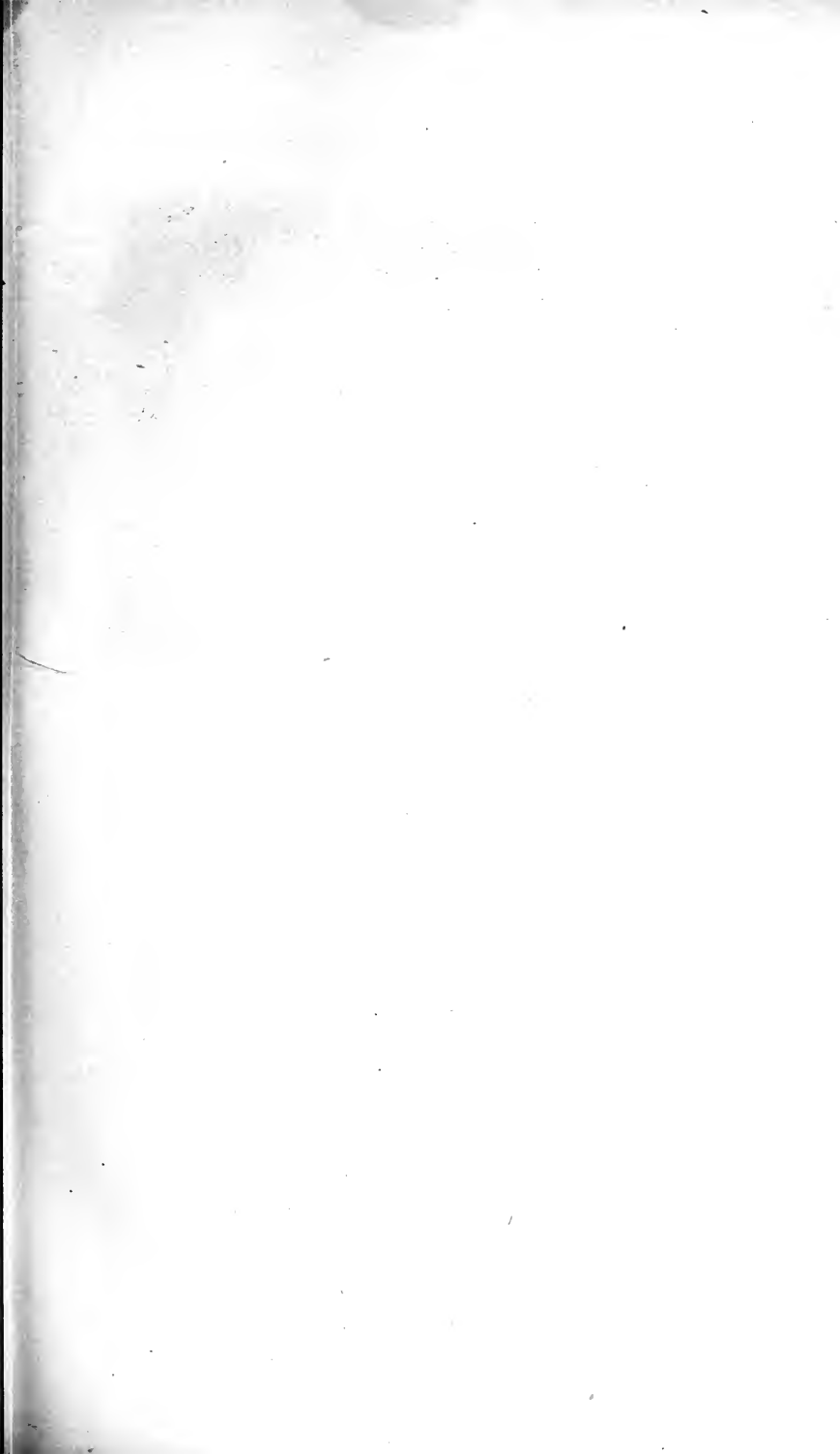
It is difficult to deceive a criminal detective. He can read a man at a glance. He knows a bogus story from a real one. He can tell a hardened criminal from a novice. Pilferings were constantly going on from one of our leading banking houses. As usual a detective was called in. He immediately selected the criminal in the person of a young clerk, who was bright and talented, came from an excellent home in the country, and up to that time had borne an unblemished character. The banker scouted the idea that the young man was a criminal. The clerk was called in, and to the sorrow and astonishment of his employer he confessed the thefts. The ugly secret was known only to the banker and the detective. The detective interceded for the young man, pleaded his home education and principles, the sudden temptations that surrounded him, his capacity to make a useful man, while, if he was discharged, his crimes would become public, his character be ruined, and he become a criminal, to end his days in prison. Impressed with the representation, the banker decided to give the young man a trial. He

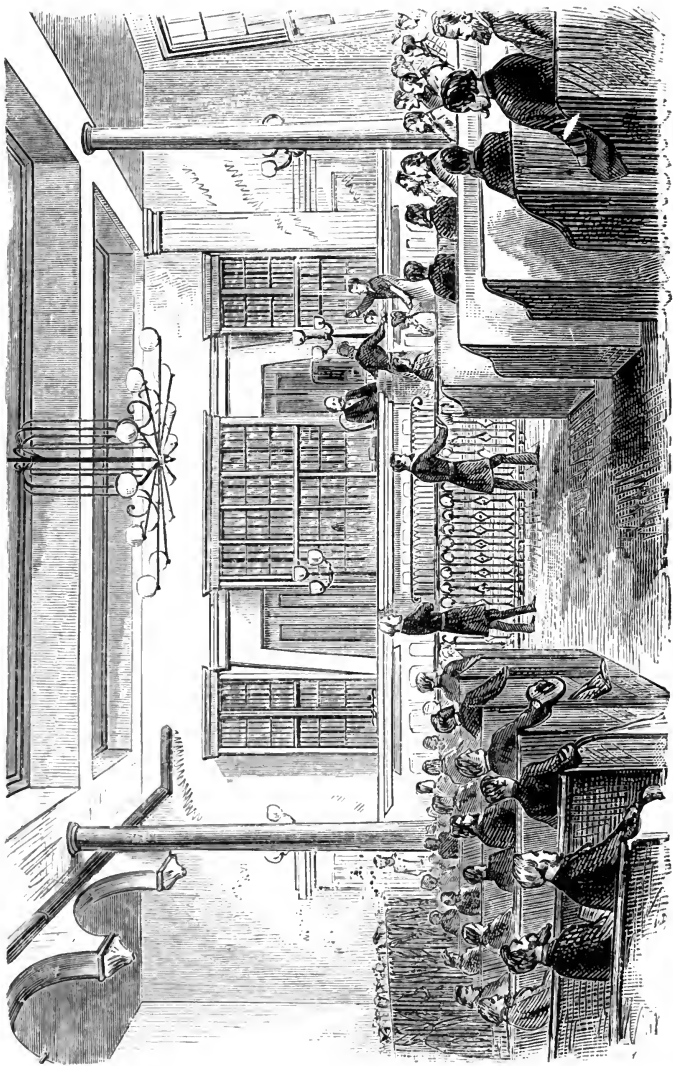
called him again into his presence. "I will not dishonor you," said the banker; "I will not discharge you. I'll keep you, and if you will let me, will make a man of you." He then showed him how he carried on his business; that even a penny could not be abstracted and the cash account not show it. The young man replied, "Your humanity shall not be misplaced." The other day this young clerk was elected cashier of a bank, and his old employer became his bondsman. A young man, bright and talented, placed in unusual temptation, was rescued from ruin, saved to his country and saved to himself, by the humanity and wisdom of a detective.

THE OTERO MURDER.

No case was ever more finely worked up than this. A stranger was found brutally murdered in one of the parks of Brooklyn. No clew to the murderer could be found. The chief of the detective department detailed his best men on the case. A pair of gloves were found near the place of the murder, with a slash on the back of one of them: that was all. An Italian steamer was to sail for Italy, and crowds of Italians were on the wharf taking leave of their friends. The detective sauntered down, for no particular reason. He went on the deck of the vessel, but saw nothing particular to interest him, and went again on the dock. Just as he was preparing to leave, he saw a man coming towards the vessel. Before the approaching man had come near enough to the officer to be spoken to, the detective had taken an inventory of him. There was nothing about him suspicious but his hands. He had on a pair of new gloves quite too large. The way in which he

held his hands showed that something was the matter with them. His face indicated agony. The fatal gloves found near the body of the murdered man in the park were in the pocket of the detective. He felt certain that the approaching stranger had something to do with the murder. He was at once arrested, his gloves removed, his gory hands laid bare, and the cut was found to correspond with that in the gloves. The imprisonment, trial, and punishment are well known. As a part of the great governing power of the land, the detective system is powerful, effective, silent.





TOMBES, SUNDAY MORNING.

XVII.

THE TOMBS ON SUNDAY MORNING.

HOW THE PRISON LOOKS. — INSIDE VIEW. — THE COURT-ROOM. — THE JUDGE
ON THE BENCH. — DIVINE SERVICE.

HOW THE PRISON LOOKS.

THE City Prison is located on Centre Street. It occupies an entire square. It is a low building, looking not unlike the Bank of England. The portion of the prison which appears to the eye of the passer-by is really the prison wall. The interior is a quadrangle, filled with cells, several stories high. There are three prisons, one for men, one for women, and one for boys. In the yard directly in front of the matron's apartment is the site on which the gallows stands when criminals are hung. The prison is of white granite, built in the Egyptian style of architecture, and hence its name — The Tombs. It was built under a resolution of the Common Council, passed in 1835, when an appropriation was made of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is the smallest city prison in America, and wholly inadequate to the necessities of New York. It contains various court rooms. It is a house of detention and a jail. It is a gloomy structure, very safe, and kept scrupulously clean. The cells are small, and are lighted by an

oblique cut in the wall, which prevents the common prisoners from looking out. Over the main entrance are five or six comfortable cells commanding a view of the street and all that passes. Here aristocratic rogues are confined, such as Jenkins, Ketchum, and other rascals whose crimes are heavy enough to allow them to live in style while in prison.

INSIDE VIEW.

The Tombs is a suggestive place at an early hour on Sunday. Saturday night is a "gala day" with the low city population. With money in the pocket, and no work to do the next morning, men crowd the drinking places, break the peace, and are arrested by the wholesale. There is a room in the prison known as the Bummers' Cell. It will hold about two hundred. In it persons arrested on Saturday night are confined. Here are to be found all characters, classes, conditions, and ages; drunkards, brawlers, rioters, boys, men, some well-dressed, some on their first spree; well-to-do mechanics, even respectable citizens, with men crazed by bad rum, or yelling with delirium tremens, making a Pandemonium not found outside of New York. The court room juts into the prison yard, and the prisoners are brought before the justice through a rear door, and are not carried outside at all. The court opens at six o'clock on Sunday morning, and a large part of the prisoners are discharged. Many of them are arrested without cause; though the captain at the station-house is satisfied of that fact, he can discharge no one. He must lock up all who are brought to him. The innocent and the guilty pass the night in the station-

house, to be discharged, if discharged at all, by the justice the next morning.

THE COURT-ROOM.

Precisely at six o'clock Justice Dowling takes his seat on the bench. He is apparently about thirty-five years of age, short in stature, with a dark eye of remarkable brilliancy, prompt, and decided. Before him are brought a motley crowd. He inquires into each case, and is judge, jury, and counsel. He decides at once, as the prisoners come before him — fine, imprisonment, or discharge. He reads intuitively the characters, knows when the parties are telling the truth, has sympathy with the poor creatures who are on trial, leans to the side of mercy, stands between the prisoner and the oppressor, becomes an advocate when the complainant is disposed to be crushing, and with the advice he gives, his warnings and admonitions, and even in his judgments, he sits more as a father than as a stern judge. Nearly all the arrests are for drunkenness, or for crimes growing out of it. Well-to-do men and very good-looking women from the rural districts, who come in to see the sights, get tipsy, and visit Judge Dowling before they leave the city. If parties are drunk, and not disorderly, they are invariably discharged. Parties who are arrested for the first time, or who are not known to the police as having been arrested before, are discharged. Wit, humanity, and good nature, with strong common sense, unite in the judge. Persons frequently make complaints from revenge. Women come to complain of their husbands, and husbands of their wives. The keen, discriminating

judge turns the tables, and often sends the prisoners out of court, and the complainant into the cells. When the order is given to bring in the prisoners, it is a sight to see. A hundred or two come in with a rush. Young women in the latest style of dress, a little the worse for a night in the Tombs; old men tattered and torn, hatless and without shoes, looking as if they had escaped from Bedlam; battered and dilapidated women, with black or bloody eyes; women whose faces have been beaten to a jelly by their husbands; boys of thirteen, hardened as if they had graduated from prison; young clerks handsomely dressed, with flashing jewelry; respectable men, standing well in society; burglars, thieves, pickpockets, black, tawny, and white, of every nationality, and in every possible condition, all huddled together, to answer for misdemeanors or breaches of the peace.

THE JUDGE ON THE BENCH.

The roll before the judge contains the name of every person arrested, or such name as he chooses to give. As his name is called, each party stands up before the judge. The officer gives his testimony, the prisoner tells his story, and the judge decides whether the party shall be discharged, be fined, or be remanded to his cell for trial at the Court of Sessions. It is a curiosity to study the face, hear the testimony, and listen to the administration of justice. Two maidens from the sidewalk are brought up, with their veils down and faces hid. To the stern command of the officer in charge the veil is lifted, if not, the veil comes off, bonnet and all. The girls were fighting at the

corner of the street, and would not move on. "You have made it up," said the judge; "then shake hands and go." An old rum-soaked woman pleads for mercy. "No; I'll send you up. It will do you good, and take the rum out of you." A young girl of sixteen begs to be allowed to go home; she only got a little tight, she says. "Well, go, but don't you come here again." But she does not go. The next case called brings her up on to the stand again. "Didn't I tell you to go?" said the judge. "Yes, sir; but I want to take my friend with me. She was no worse than I was." "Then you are not content to go by yourself?" "No, sir. It won't hurt your honor to be kind to the poor girl." "Well, go, and don't you let me see either of you inside this court again." And away they go, locked in each other's arms, dancing out of the door. A man complains of a dilapidated-looking woman for breaking every window in his house. "What did you do to her to induce her to do that?" the judge says. "Nothing. She wanted to stay in my house, and there was no room, and I turned her out, and then she broke my windows." "What sort of a house do you keep?" "A boarding-house." "Yes, I know what sort of a boarding-house you keep. You live on the blood and bones of these poor creatures, and when they can't serve you any longer, you kick them into the street. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a great, big, burly fellow like you engaged in such business. She broke your windows, did she? She ought to have broken your head. If you are ever brought before me, as you will be very soon, I'll send you to the penitentiary. Now clear out. I won't hear a word

from you." To the criminal he says, "I shall have to commit you for a breach of the peace. But if you break any more windows, I shall send you to the penitentiary." A man is arrested for beating his wife. Her face is pummelled to a jelly. When asked for her testimony, she says, with trembling, "I don't want to harm him." "Can you support yourself?" the judge asks. "O, yes, your honor. I have to support myself, and him too." "Then I'll send him where he won't beat you any more, for six months at least." A woman brings a charge against her husband for beating her. The husband admits the chastisement; but he has four small children, his wife gets drunk every day, and pawns the bread off of the table for rum. "Well," the judge says, "it is a hard case, but you mustn't strike your wife. If she gets drunk again come to me. I'll send her where she can't pawn your bread."

And so the trials go on. Full two thirds are discharged. With many it is the first offence. With others a night in the prison is punishment enough. Many belong to the navy: they are sent to their ships. Many live in Jersey, Hoboken, Brooklyn, Harlem, Mott Haven. They promise to leave the city and never come back, and are generally escorted over the river. I doubt if anywhere else justice is meted out in such generous measure as in the Tombs. Hardened villains, and real scamps and rogues, have little chance; but the poor creatures who have no one to care for them have a friend in the judge. Often a gleam of sunshine lights up the dreary room, and the laugh goes round. He sends a prisoner out to find the witness who fails to come and testify against him. Somebody's kitchen

misses a cook on Sunday morning. She appears before the judge, well dressed, but very much ashamed. "Do you suppose you can find your way home?" the judge says to her. "Well, go, but don't do that again." To another, "Go; but if you come here again, I'll send you to the penitentiary." So with caution, entreaty, expostulation, and judgment, justice is administered at the Tombs.

DIVINE SERVICE.

The Sisters of Charity have the women and boys under their charge. They have a fine chapel in the upper part of the Tombs all to themselves; no one is allowed to disturb them, and visitors are excluded. The Protestant worship is without chapel or room for service. The preacher stands on the platform of the corridor, and the bummers are brought from their cell and placed in the lower part of the long hall-way. Some sit on the few benches that are provided, some sit on the stone floor, many stand. The prisoners in their cells cannot be seen by the preacher. They can hear or not as they please. Company is allowed in the cells during service. The hum of conversation goes on; the prisoners read, smoke, or write; walk, sit, or go to bed. Besides the iron-grated door which the keepers lock, there is an inside, closely-fitting wooden door, which the prisoners can shut if they please, and which they often do. If the preacher says anything they do not like, they throw it to, with a slam. A little shelf, screwed on to the iron railing of the platform, makes the pulpit. There is no music, no singing, nothing attractive. The service is constantly interrupted by the business of the court. Prisoners are called for,

their names shouted out, and they are brought down from one tier of cells to another, for trial or discharge. The buzz of talk is heard, the yawning of the weary, the prisoners mocking or imitating the preacher, and blending with all this is the yell of the maniac and the howl of the victim of delirium tremens. The contrast between the Catholic service in prison and the Protestant is very marked. The Catholic worship is made attractive and enjoyable. Pleasing Sisters of Charity take charge of the services, and able priests minister at the altar. The Protestant worship is as bare, tedious, and unattractive as can be imagined. There is little in it that is tender, affectionate, or winning. It can be, and ought to be, at once improved.

XVIII.

POLICE FORCE OF NEW YORK.

THE OLD SYSTEM. — ATTEMPT AT REFORM. — UNIFORM REBELLION. — METROPOLITAN SYSTEM. — GENERAL SUPERINTENDENTS. — THE POLICE AT THEIR WORK. — THE HARBOR PRECINCT. — HEADQUARTERS. — THE FULL POLICE FORCE. — THE OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

THE OLD SYSTEM.

No city in the world, except London and Paris, has a police which, in efficiency, discipline, and character, equals that of New York. It took many years, many experiments, and many changes, to perfect the system. Previous to 1844, New York was guarded by the "Old Leather-heads." This force patrolled the city at night, or that part of it known as the lamp district. They were not watchmen by profession. They were cartmen, stevedores, porters, and laborers. They were distinguished by a fireman's cap without front (hence their name, *leather-heads*), an old camlet coat, and a lantern. They kept out of harm's way, and did not visit the dark portions of the city. Thieves and rogues were advised of their locality by their crying the hour of the night. The whole city above Fourteenth Street was a neglected region. It was beyond the lamp

district, and in the dark. Under Mayor Harper an attempt was made to introduce a municipal police, uniformed and disciplined, after the new London system. Popular sentiment was too strong to make the attempt a success, but it was a step in the right direction, and produced good results. The old watch system was abolished, and a day and night police created for one year as an experiment. The force had miscellaneous duties to perform. Policemen were to keep the peace, light the street lamps, be dock-masters, street-inspectors, health-officers, and fire-wardens. The police were in the hands of the mayor and aldermen. They did the will of as unscrupulous and corrupt a band of men as ever held power—men who were unscrupulous partisans and politicians. The guardians of the city were the tools of corrupt and designing men: a terror to good people, and an ally of rogues. Citizens slept in terror, and all New York arose and demanded a reform.

ATTEMPT AT REFORM.

Mr. Havemeyer became mayor. His first work was to rescue the police from the hands of politicians. He was a Democrat, and did not want the odium of failure to fall on his party. Selecting good men from all parties to be on the police, he wanted the government to be composed of Whigs and Democrats also. Of the newly-constructed force, George W. Matsell was made the chief. Rigid rules were made for the appointment of policemen. Applications must be made in writing, with recommendations from well-known citizens. The antecedents of candidates were inquired into, and they were examined in reading, writing, and physical sound-

ness. A vigorous and efficient body of men became guardians of the city. The police wore no uniform or badge of authority except a star.

After a number of years the police force became, as before, the tool of corrupt politicians. Their fidelity was tampered with, and their efficiency marred. The board of aldermen, the most corrupt that New York ever knew, made the force an instrument of their will. The police were in their power, and they could break them at will. The aldermen interfered directly with the execution of justice. They were magistrates as well as aldermen. The rogues of the city were their friends. If the police made arrests, the aldermen discharged the prisoner, and probably punished the officer. Nothing was safe in New York, and general alarm prevailed. Great crimes were openly committed and unpunished. The people cried to the Legislature for relief, and the police were taken out of the hands of the Common Council. They were put into the hands of a commission, composed of the recorder, the city judge, and the mayor.

UNIFORM REBELLION.

The new commission decided to uniform the force. The police refused to wear it. They were no serfs, they said, and would wear no badge of servility to please any one. Politicians, mad that their power was gone, fomented the discontent, strengthened the rebellion, and promised to stand by the police in their defiance of law. An indignation meeting was called, and the arbitrary and servile order denounced. Mayor Westervelt and Recorder Tillon, the commissioners,

were men not to be trifled with. They dismissed at once every man connected with the meeting. The refractory men denied the right of the commission to dismiss them. They appealed to the court, and after an exciting and almost turbulent hearing, the dismissal was sustained.

While honest men filled the office of mayor, recorder, and judge, the force was efficient; but when bold, unscrupulous, and corrupt men bore rule, the worst days of the police came back, and they became again mere tools of personal and political ambition. The people again, without distinction of party, cried to the Legislature for relief.

METROPOLITAN SYSTEM.

It was necessary to take the police out of the hands of New York officials, who depended on rogues and rascals for their nomination and election. The low foreign population of New York, keepers of dens of infamy, the depraved, the dissolute, and the violators of law, who, in the vilest places, nominated the highest officers, and who could elect men or defeat them, would not be much afraid of officers who could be dismissed or discharged at the beck of their friends. So the Metropolitan District was created, including the City, Brooklyn, Richmond, King's, a part of Queen's, and Westchester counties, making a circuit of about thirty miles. The authority was vested in a board of commissioners, composed of five citizens, and the mayors of New York and Brooklyn, the board to be under the control of the Legislature. Fernando Wood was mayor of the city. He saw the aim of the new law, and resolved to resist it. The old board held over, and re-

fused to resign. Mr. Wood inaugurated civil war on a small scale. He gathered the old force into the City Hall, and resisted unto blood. The old police, having nothing to hope from the new order of things, joined Mr. Wood in his defiance of law. The resistance took a political shape. The whole city was excited. It was said that the gutters would run with blood. A riot broke out in the Park. The Seventh Regiment, marching down Broadway to embark for Boston, were halted in front of the City Hall, and grounded their arms, ready for a general fray. The case was taken into the courts. Charles O'Connor, who defended Wood, pledged his professional reputation to the crowd that the Court of Appeals would sustain his client. The police bill was pronounced constitutional, and Mr. Wood appeared and took his seat at the board as one of the commission.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENTS.

The efficiency of the new order of things would depend very much upon the general superintendent, who was the executive officer. The choice fell on Frederick A. Talmadge, formerly recorder of the city, an upright, honest man, but with scarcely an element that made him fit to command a force of eighteen hundred of the shrewdest men in the state. Mr. Amos Pilsbury succeeded Mr. Talmadge. He was in charge of the State Penitentiary at Albany. As a manager of criminals he had no equal. The penitentiary of which he was warden was the model penitentiary of the land. His power over desperate men made him famous in all quarters of the civilized globe. Men came from the principal cities in Europe to examine

this wonderful institution. The penitentiary was as neat as a Quaker seminary. No millionaire could boast of a more elegant garden. The discipline was marvellous, and the economy by which the institution was managed exceeded all praise. The State Pauper Establishment, at Ward's Island, was conducted in a most extravagant style. Captain Pilsbury was called down to reform the concern. He produced a change as by magic. He knew to a farthing what would support life, how much a pauper ought to eat, how many should sit around the keeper's table, and what it should cost to supply it. He bought every cent's worth that was used on the island. He set hearty, fat, and idle paupers to work. He made everybody earn his own bread. The sick and the indolent he banished. His success in infusing economy on the island was marvellous. He flitted back and forth between Albany and New York; and to his position and pay as warden he added the emolument and authority of keeper of Ward's Island.

Mr. Pilsbury was elected superintendent of police. If he could manage desperate men in prison, and make money out of a thousand paupers, what could he not do with a police force of eighteen hundred men? He refused the appointment, for his double position and double pay were far better than the three thousand dollars offered by the commission. He was allowed to retain his position at Albany and at Ward's Island, with the compensation connected with each office. To this was added three thousand dollars a year as superintendent. If the whole did not amount to ten thousand dollars a year, the balance was to be made up to him by the commission. His appointment was hailed with

delight. The Harpers published a portrait of the coming man, with a vigorous life-sketch. His progress from Albany to New York was telegraphed. His connection with the force was a lamentable failure. In prison discipline and pauper economy he had no rival; but he had no ability to control a large body of men, shrewd and intelligent. In an hour they measured him, and rode over him rough shod. He divided the board to checkmate Mr. Wood, and formed a ring within a ring all against himself. He took men into his confidence who were agents of his enemies, and who betrayed him. Unable to carry the board with him in his measures, Mr. Pillsbury resigned. He had no chance to display his peculiar talents. As an economist he was not wanted. He handled no money, and his order to the value of a dollar would not be recognized. To marshal men, to move and control them, he had no ability.

John Alexander Kennedy was appointed superintendent in 1860. Important changes had been introduced into the law. The commission was reduced to three. The superintendent, the inspectors and patrolmen had their duties assigned to them. But complaints were made against the discipline of the force. They went without uniform; could not be found when wanted; lounged, smoked, and entered houses to rest; visited drinking saloons, and committed other misdemeanors. A new rank was created. Inspectors were placed over the captains, and made responsible for the good conduct of the men while on duty. They went everywhere, and at all times; watched the captains, examined the books and the station-houses, and reported

every breach of discipline that they saw. Their coming and going were erratic. They turned up unexpectedly, and made summary complaints in all cases where officers or men neglected their duty.

With the new order of things, Mr. Kennedy commenced his official duties. He was offered the position fifteen years before by Mayor Havemeyer. Of Scotch-Irish parentage, small in stature, unobtrusive in his manner, and of few words, he has tact, executive ability, is quick in his perceptions, prompt in his decisions, and of indomitable pluck, and is eminently fitted for his position. He is not a man for show. He seldom wears uniform, or any badge of distinction. He is the last man who would be picked out in a crowd as the Chief of Police. He assumed command before the new law worked smoothly, when it was maligned, when politicians, who found crime profitable, attempted to make the new system odious. He turned neither to the right nor to the left, but discharged his duties faithfully. He has changed public sentiment, infused military discipline into the corps, so that they move to a riot in solid columns with the obedience and force of a brigade. The uniform is no longer regarded as a badge of servility, but as an honor and a protection.

THE POLICE AT THEIR WORK.

The London police dare not touch a man unless he has committed some offence, or the officers have a warrant. Well-known thieves and burglars walk defiantly by the guardians of the law, and know that no man can lay finger upon them unless they ply their profession. A dozen robbers and pickpockets may go into a

crowd, or into a place of amusement, and though the police know what they are there for, they cannot touch one of them unless they actually commit some crime. A mob of ten thousand may gather in St. James's Park, with the intent of sacking Buckingham Palace, yet, until they begin to tear down the fence, or do some act of violence, the police or troops have no power to arrest or disperse them. A royal proclamation might do it. So sacred is personal liberty in Great Britain. But our police can arrest on suspicion or at pleasure. They scatter a mob, and bid loiterers pass on or go to the station-house. If a notorious fellow enters a place of public resort, though he has purchased his ticket, yet he will be ordered to leave at once or be locked up. At a great public gathering in the night, say Fourth of July, when tens of thousands of all characters and hues gather together, among whom are the most desperate men and women in the world, the crowd will be orderly as a church, and go home quietly as an audience from the Academy of Music. In the draft riots of July, the police marched in solid column against the rioters, and obeyed orders as promptly as an army. They broke the prestige of the mob with their locusts, and scattered the miscreants before the military arrived. The Prince of Wales and Duke of Newcastle expressed astonishment at the ease with which the police controlled the masses. At the reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales in London, the mob overpowered the police, seven persons were killed, and hundreds of men, women, and children crushed. At the exhibition of the Great Eastern in England, pickpockets swarmed by hundreds, and thousands of pounds were stolen. On

the exhibition of the Great Eastern in New York, she was visited by thousands of people, only six policemen were on duty, and not a dollar was lost.

The Metropolitan Police is not large. Besides the officers, the force numbers two thousand one hundred men. In uniform and soldierly bearing; neatness of dress, manliness, and physical vigor; intelligence and courteousness; promptness and energy in the discharge of duty, often unpleasant and perilous, the police of no city in the world can excel the Metropolitan Police of New York.

THE HARBOR PRECINCT.

The police on the water have a precinct by themselves. It renders a most valuable service. Its headquarters are on a steamboat. This boat can be signalled at any moment. It keeps the peace of the harbor, quells mutiny, puts out fires, tows vessels on fire away from other vessels, and rescues vessels in peril. It arrests dock-robbers, and makes river-thieving dangerous business.

HEADQUARTERS.

For many years the headquarters were in the basement of the Almshouse in the Park. Mr. Matsell had one room — damp, dark, and small — and one clerk, and these were enough for the service. A large marble building on Mulberry Street, running through to Mott, five stories high, is the present headquarters. It was built expressly for the police. It contains every convenience that taste, talent, and liberality can suggest, and is the most perfect building of the kind in the world. System, order, quiet prevail, and everything moves like a well-adjusted door on oiled hinges.

Every man has his place, and must be found in it. Thousands daily visit the rooms — officers from a circuit of thirty miles to make reports and take orders; victims to make complaints; men and women, robbed and wronged, to get redress; officers of justice from every city in the Union; detectives from the Old World in search of rascals; policemen on trial, with witnesses and friends; reporters, newspaper men, and citizens generally. But all is quiet. Loud talking and profanity are prohibited. Smoking and the use of tobacco are not allowed. You get a civil answer to a question, and the officers are courteous.

Within reach of the chief's chair is a telegraph, which communicates with every room in the building, with every station-house in the city, with every office in the district, Brooklyn, Staten Island, and Westchester County. Before the robber has done up his bundle, the finger of the chief orders an up-town policeman to make the arrest. On the breaking out of a riot, men are instantaneously marched from every station-house to the gathering. Lost children are found at headquarters. Within an hour after a new counterfeit appears every storekeeper in the city is notified by the police.

Nearly a quarter of a century has passed since the old watch system was broken up, and the old Leatherheads disappeared forever. The present system is the growth of years. The severe but necessary discipline to which the present force is subjected makes it the security and pride of our people. New York is the home of the most daring and desperate criminals, who come from all parts of the world. Over two

thousand men, efficient, brave, and well disciplined, who often face danger and death, guard our homes, make life safe, and property secure. Desperate men know with what vigilance New York is guarded. Should they overpower the police, they know that the electric wires, numerous as the veins in one's body, would communicate with headquarters, and a few sharp strokes on the bell of the City Hall would bring ten thousand bayonets, if needed, to sustain the civil force. To the untold blessings of a strong government New York owes much for her tranquillity and greatness.

THE FULL POLICE FORCE.

The official statement of the entire Metropolitan Police force is two thousand five hundred and sixty-six. Of this number, two thousand one hundred and two are employed in New York. This force is divided into one superintendent, four inspectors, eighteen surgeons, forty-five captains, one hundred and seventy-seven sergeants, ninety-one roundsmen, two hundred and eighty-nine patrolmen on special duty, one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight patrolmen on general duty, ninety-three doormen. Of this force, all but four hundred and sixty are in the city of New York. The incidental duties of the police for a single quarter are thus summed up: Lost children delivered to parents, two thousand nine hundred and ninety-six; abandoned infants delivered to Alms-house, thirty-six; animals found, six hundred and eleven; accidents reported, one thousand two hundred and seventy-two; buildings found open and secured, one thousand three hundred and eighty-six; fires at-

tended, two hundred and sixty-two; reported violations of law, sixteen thousand five hundred and eight; destitute persons lodged, twenty-five thousand eight hundred and nineteen; money received from lodgers when they were able to take care of themselves, one hundred and seventeen thousand two hundred and fifty-five dollars; stolen and lost property in charge of the property clerk, three thousand five hundred and forty lots.

XIX.

WILLIAM B. ASTOR.

A MAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL. — HIS OFFICE. — MR. ASTOR AS A CITIZEN. —
MR. ASTOR'S SONS. — JOHN JACOB ASTOR, JR.

A MAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

MR. ASTOR is the son of John Jacob Astor. To him the fame and fortune of his father have been intrusted. He is about seventy years of age. He is a tall, heavy-built man, with a decided German look, a countenance blank, eyes small and contracted, a look sluggish and unimpassioned, unimpressible in his feelings, taciturn and unsocial. He has his father's ability for acquiring property. His habits are very simple, and mode of life uniform. He rises early, and does his private correspondence before breakfast, which meal he takes at nine o'clock. He lives in Lafayette Place, and usually walks down to his office in the morning. There is nothing about him to attract attention. He would not be distinguished from the crowd anywhere. In church he might be taken for a college professor; on 'change, for a merchant who had very little interest in what was going on. He belongs to a race of merchants, fast dying out in the city, who attend to their own business.

HIS OFFICE,

On Prince Street, just out of Broadway, is a plain, one-story building, looking not unlike a country bank. The windows are guarded by heavy iron bars. Here Mr. Astor controls his immense estate. In 1846, Mr. Astor was reputed to be worth five millions. His uncle Henry, a celebrated butcher in the Bowery, left him his accumulated wealth, reaching half a million. By fortunate investments, and donations from his father, he is now supposed to be worth forty millions. His property is mostly in real estate, and in valuable leases of property belonging to Trinity Church. At ten o'clock every morning Mr. Astor enters his office. It consists of two rooms. The first is occupied by his clerks. His sons have a desk on either side of the room. In the rear room, separated from the front by folding doors, is Mr. Astor's office. It is plainly and scantily furnished, but it is open to everybody. On entering the outer office, Mr. Astor is plainly in sight, sitting at his table. His room is guarded by no porter; no introduction is necessary. You see before you a heavy-moulded, large man, who puts on no airs, asks no questions, says nothing till your business is announced. He hears what you have to say, and in the fewest possible words gives you an answer. To annoy him with a long talk is simply impossible. He is curt and decided, and is as chary of his words as he is of his dollars. He knows every inch of real estate that stands in his name, every bond, contract, and lease. He knows what is due when leases expire, and attends personally to all this matter. No tenant can expend a

dollar, or put in a pane of glass, without his personal inspection. His father sold him the Astor House for the sum of one dollar. The lessees are not allowed to spend one cent on that building without his supervision and consent, unless they pay for it themselves. In the upper part of New York hundreds of lots can be seen enclosed by dilapidated fences, disfigured by rocks and waste material, or occupied as gardens ; mostly corner lots. These are eligibly located, many of them surrounded by a fashionable population. They give an untidy and bankrupt appearance to the upper part of the city. Mr. Astor owns most of these corner lots. He will sell the centre lots, but keeps the corners for a rise. He will neither sell nor improve them. Frequently men call, and announce some great improvement in the vicinity of his up-town property. They are about to build a church, or put up some public institution, and ask of him a subscription. He usually gives nothing. He knows that no parties can improve the centre of the block without benefiting the corners. He knows that the improvements will go on whether he gives or not. He leaves the giving to others, while he enjoys the profit.

MR. ASTOR AS A CITIZEN.

He is very unlike his father. He has none of the genial, hearty, and contagious vivacity that marked the elder Mr. Astor. He has none of that love of trade and enterprise of his father. He sits in his office, which has the general air of a house of detention, day after day. His business is with investments. He makes them wisely, and quietly waits for the advance. He is

sombre and solitary, dwells alone, and mixes little with general society. He is liberal on special occasions; gives little to general charity, abhors beggars, and is a man with whom solicitors do not care to waste words. Politicians cannot bleed him. He has answered his father's wishes by additions to the Astor Library, and has never bound himself up with the educational or benevolent enterprises of the day. Business hours over, he locks his desk, and turns from his office into Broadway. He seldom rides. At a given hour, each afternoon, he can be seen joining the up-town throng on the pavement, walking towards his home.

He lives in princely style in a mansion built for him by his father, adjoining the Astor Library. He is very frugal in his living, rarely touching a glass of wine. During the season he gives dinners frequently to his friends, than which none are more elegant in the city. His gold plate, servants in livery, the delicacies of the season, make the Astor dinners a speciality in New York. Mrs. Astor was the daughter of General Armstrong, Mr. Madison's Secretary of War. She is one of the most accomplished and benevolent ladies in the city.

MR. ASTOR'S SONS,

John Jacob, and William B., Jr., do business with their father. The eldest, John Jacob, is a large-framed, heavy-moulded man, resembling his father. William B. is a small, slim man, with raven black hair, resembling his mother. They are rich in inherited wealth, and are rich in wealth that they have accumulated. They live in fashionable style on Fifth Avenue. They are first-class business men. No banker and no clerk in New

York goes more regularly and systematically to business than do these young men. They unite the genial vivacity of their grandfather and the sturdy adherence to business of their father. Every day they can be seen walking down to their business in Wall Street, to which they attend as devotedly as if their support and fortune depended upon it. They are seldom separate, and at the close of business they walk up together with the crowd from Wall Street. Should their father die to-day, they could take his immense business, with which they are well acquainted, and carry it on in the same manner in which it has been conducted since the death of their grandfather. They are very liberal, and have made great contributions to the Union cause during our civil war. John Jacob entered personally into the conflict, became a member of the staff of the commanding general, and was in many deadly conflicts.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR,

The senior brother of William B. Astor, inherited the name of his father. He was an imbecile from his birth. He was tenderly cared for while his father lived. A fine mansion — including an entire block on Fourteenth Street, with stables, grounds, and fine gardens, coaches, horses, and servants — was provided for his comfort. Whoever else was cared for, this son must not be neglected. The whole property of Mr. Astor was charged with this trust. A physician was chosen as his guardian. He lived in the mansion, enjoyed its elegant appointments, had his table furnished, and servants and carriages provided. Under his eye Mr. Astor was quiet and docile as a child. But

he could not be left. In the contract made, the guardian had permission to go to church without his charge. But to all other places—concerts, lectures, theatres, social visits, parties, up town, down town, travelling, or at home—the two were together. Walking a little behind the physician, Mr. Astor could be seen daily in the streets of New York. If disposed to be turbulent, or noisy, or rude, all the physician had to do was to lift his finger, and say, “Astor, be a man!” and he would subside at once. He was not obliged to sleep with Mr. Astor at night, but the door of his room, which connected, was always kept open. Besides the house and perquisites, the physician was paid a salary of five thousand dollars a year.

On the death of his father, William B. Astor thought the compensation too much. He thought the comfort of his brother could be secured without such an outlay. He notified the doctor, who had had his brother in charge for so many years, that he should reduce his salary. The physician resigned, and a new guardian was placed over the brother. The removal of his old friend transformed him. He became wild and furious. Like the man among the tombs, no one could tame him. He smashed the windows, broke up the furniture, destroyed everything he could lay his hands on. He was a man of immense size and great natural strength; and now that he was maddened, he was as furious as a wild beast. In terror the family fled to the old guardian for relief. He refused to return. Out of love for John Jacob Astor, he had for years denied himself every comfort, and been a slave to his son. He had been dismissed from mercenary motives, and

he chose not to renew the engagement. The madened man could not be controlled. In the lull of his paroxysms he moaned for his old friend. At length the doctor relented. He would go back for a salary of ten thousand dollars, secured to him for a term of years. The bargain was closed. The old eye and the familiar voice subdued the patient, and there was no outbreak afterwards.

XX.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

EARLY LIFE. — MR. VANDERBILT IN HIS OFFICE. — PERSONAL. — AS A RAIL-ROAD MAN. — MR. VANDERBILT ON THE OCEAN. — GREAT GIFT TO THE NATION.

THIS gentleman, known as Commodore Vanderbilt, is one of the self-made millionnaires of the city. He began life a penniless boy. He took to the water early. He began life on his own account by rowing a boat from Staten Island to this city. He took command of a North River steamboat when quite young, and was distinguished at the start for his resolute, indomitable, and daring will. He began his moneyed success by chartering steamboats, and running opposition to all the old lines, up the North River, up the East River, up the Connecticut River, everywhere. Making a little money, he invested it in stocks which were available in cash, and always ready for a bargain. Honorable in trade, prompt, firm, and reliable, he was decided in his business, and could drive as hard a bargain as any man in the city. His custom has been to conduct his business on the cash principle, and never allow a Saturday night to close without every man in his employ getting his money. If anybody was about to fail, wanted money, had a bargain to offer, he knew where to call.

Nothing came amiss. A load of lumber, coal, or cordage ; a cargo of a ship, or a stock of goods in a factory ; glassware, merchandise, or clothing ; — the Commodore was sure to find a use for them.

MR. VANDERBILT IN HIS OFFICE.

From nine to eleven the Commodore is in his up-town office ; at one, in his down-town office. Between these hours he visits the Harlem and Hudson River stations. He is now nearly eighty years of age. He is erect as a warrior. He is tall, very slim, genteel in his make up, with a fine presence, hair white as the driven snow, and comes up to one's idea of a fine merchant of the olden time. He is one of the shrewdest merchants, prompt and decided. In one of the down-town mansions, where the aristocracy used to reside, he has his place of business. He drives down through Broadway in his buggy drawn by his favorite horse, celebrated for his white feet, one of the fleetest in the city, which no money can buy. His office consists of a single room, quite large, well furnished, and adorned with pictures of favorite steamboats, ferry-boats, and ocean steamers. The entrance to the office is through a narrow hall-way, which is made an outer room for his confidential clerk. He sees personally all who call, rising to greet the comer, and seldom sits till the business is discharged and the visitor gone. But for this he would be overrun and bored to death. His long connection with steamboats and shipping brings to him men from all parts of the world who have patents, inventions, and improvements, and who wish his indorsement. If a man has anything

to sell, he settles the contract in a very few words. The visitor addresses the Commodore, and says, "I have a stock of goods for sale: what will you give?" A half dozen sharp inquiries are made, and a price named. The seller demurs, announcing that such a price would ruin him. "I don't want your goods. What did you come here for if you did not want to sell? If you can get more for your goods, go and get it." Not a moment of time will be wasted, not a cent more be offered; and if the man leaves with the hope of getting a better price, and returns to take the first offer, he will not, probably, sell the goods at all.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Vanderbilt lives in a down-town location. It was once very fashionable. It is near the New York University; a very large but very plain brick mansion; a good type of the dwellings of the millionnaires of the old school, before the jaunty freestone houses, with their florid painting and gaudy trimmings, came into vogue. Everything about it is solid, substantial, comfortable. But there is no North River steamboat about the fitting up. His stables are in his yard. They are unrivalled for convenience and comfort. He has also a small trotting course, around which he drives in rainy weather, when his horses are exercised and their speed exhibited. He rises early, takes a plain breakfast, and then spends an hour in his stables, after which he goes to his office. What he calls *business* consists in riding. Every afternoon he can be seen at Central Park, and on the road where fast nags are put to their mettle. His great passion is for horse-flesh. He handles his own team,

and is probably the best driver, except Bonner, in the state. He had the fastest team in the state till Bonner's Flatbush Maid and her companion distanced all competitors. The Commodore has swept the horizon since then for a fast team. He keeps a standing offer of ten thousand dollars for one of the required speed. He would give twenty thousand dollars to own the leading team of the city. He is a most daring driver; and to see him on the road with his flying steeds, passing everything, distancing everything, cool, erect, and skilful, one would hardly suppose he was nearly eighty years of age. Not long since he invited a friend to ride with him. He proposed to cross Harlem Railroad. The express train was in sight. In spite of remonstrance, he gave the well-known word, and his steeds started with the fleetness of deers. The wheels had scarcely left the track when whiz went the locomotive by as on the wings of the wind, lifting the hats of Vanderbilt and his friend by the current which it created. "There is not another man in New York that could do that!" the Commodore said. "And you will never do it again with me in your wagon!" the friend replied.

AS A RAILROAD MAN.

Turning from steamboats, Mr. Vanderbilt long ago became interested in railroads. So great has been his success, that he can control the stock market when he will. An attempt was made some time since to break him down by cornering the stock. He wanted to consolidate the Harlem Railroad with the Hudson. Enough of the Legislature was supposed to have been secured to carry the measure. The parties who had agreed to

pass the bill intended to play foul. Besides this, they thought they would indulge in a little railroad speculation. They sold Harlem, to be delivered at a future day, right and left. These men let their friends into the secret, and allowed them to speculate. Clear on to Chicago there was hardly a railroad man who was not selling Harlem short. The expected consolidation ran the stock up. The failure of the project would, of course, run it down. A few days before the vote was taken, some friends called upon Commodore Vanderbilt, and gave him proof that a conspiracy existed to ruin him, if possible, in this matter of consolidation. He took all the funds he could command, and, with the aid of his friends, bought all the Harlem stock that could be found, and locked it up in his safe. True to the report, the bill was rejected. The men who had pledged themselves for it openly and unblushingly voted against it. They waited anxiously for the next morning, when they expected their fortune would be made by the fall of Harlem. But it did not fall. To the surprise of everybody, the first day it remained stationary. Then it began to rise steadily, to the consternation and terror of speculators. There was no stock to be had at any price. Men were ruined on the right hand and on the left. Fortunes were swept away, and the cries of the wounded were heard all up and down the Central Road. An eminent railroad man near Albany, worth quite a pretty fortune, who confidently expected to make fifty thousand dollars by the operation, became penniless. One of the sharpest and most successful operators in New York lost over two hundred thousand dollars, which he refused to pay, on the

ground of conspiracy. His name was immediately stricken from the Stock Board, which brought him to his senses. He subsequently settled. Thousands were ruined. But Vanderbilt made money enough out of this attempt to ruin him, to pay for all the stock he owned in the Harlem Road.

When he first got possession of the Harlem, there was a strong feeling of hostility against him manifested by the Hudson River Road. The Commodore was snubbed by the aristocracy that controlled the Hudson. It was a great political machine, ruled by a ring. He told the managers to be civil, or he would make them trouble. The managers laughed at the idea. The first thing they knew, at one of their annual meetings, was, that Samuel Sloane, the old president, was turned out, and Tobin, Vanderbilt's right hand man, put in his place. From that hour to this Vanderbilt has controlled both the Hudson and Harlem Roads. Tobin soon became unmindful of the power that made him. He refused to obey the dictation of his chief, and, confident of his position, set up for himself. He was soon removed, and Mr. Vanderbilt's son, William H., was put in his place.

MR. VANDERBILT ON THE OCEAN.

Not satisfied with his achievements on the land and on the rivers, Mr. Vanderbilt resolved to try the ocean. He built a fine steamer at his own cost, and equipped her completely. The Collins line was then in its glory. Mr. Collins, with his fine fleet of steamers and his subsidy from the government, was greatly elated and very imperious. It was quite difficult to approach him.

Any day, on the arrival of a steamer, he could be seen pacing the dock, the crowd falling back, and making space for the tread of the important personage. One of his ships was lost. Vanderbilt applied to Collins to allow his steamer to take the place vacant on the line for a time. He promised to make no claim for the subsidy, and to take off his ship as soon as Collins built one to take her place. Collins refused to do this. He was afraid if Vanderbilt got his foot into this ocean business, he would get in his whole body. If Vanderbilt could run an ocean steamship without subsidy, government would require Collins to do it. He saw only mischief any way. He not only refused, but refused very curtly. In the sharp Doric way that Vanderbilt has of speaking when he is mad, he told Collins that he would run his line off of the ocean if it took all of his own fortune and the years of his life. He commenced his opposition in a manner that made it irresistible, and a work of short duration. He offered the government to carry the mails for a term of years without a dollar's cost to the nation. He offered to bind himself under the heaviest bonds the government could exact to perform this service for a term of years more promptly and faithfully than it had ever been done before. His well-known business tact, energy, and wealth were conceded. His ability to do what he said no one could deny. His proposition was not only laid before the members of Congress, but pressed home by a hundred agencies that he employed. The subsidy was withdrawn; Collins became bankrupt; his splendid fleet of steamers, the finest the world had ever seen, were moored at the wharves, where they lie rotting.

Had Collins conceded to Vanderbilt's wishes, or divided with him the business on the ocean, the Collins line would not only have been a fact to-day, but would have been as prosperous as the Cunard line.

GREAT GIFT TO THE NATION.

When the rebellion broke out, the navy was in a feeble condition. Every ship in the South was pressed into the rebel service. The men-of-war at Norfolk were burned. At Annapolis they were mutilated and made unfit for service. The efficient portion of the navy was cruising in foreign seas beyond recall. The need of ships-of-war and gunboats was painfully apparent. The steamship Vanderbilt was the finest and fleetest vessel that floated in our waters. Her owner fitted her up as a man-of-war at his own expense, and fully equipped her. He then offered her for sale to the government at a reasonable price. Mr. Vanderbilt found that there were certain men standing between the government and the purchase, who insisted on a profit on every vessel that the government bought. He refused to pay the black-mail that was exacted of him if his vessel became the property of the nation. He was told that unless he acceded to these demands, he could not sell his ship. Detesting the conduct of the men who, pretending to be patriots, were making money out of the necessities of the nation, he proceeded at once to Washington, and made a donation of the Vanderbilt, with all her equipments, a free gift to the nation.

There are few men who attend more closely to business than Mr. Vanderbilt. His property is estimated

at thirty millions. He is very liberal where he takes an interest, but very fitful in his charities. I have seen him not only subscribe liberally to a cause presented to him, but compel all his friends present to make a liberal donation. He is prompt, sharp, and decisive in his manner of doing business. He is punctual to his engagements to a minute. He is clear in his intellect, and buys and sells on the spot. He is very intelligent, well informed, and in commercial and national affairs has no rival in shrewdness and good judgment. He is affable, puts on no airs, and is pleasant and genial as a companion. Time is doing its work on his iron frame. He feels the decrepitude of age, and is heeding its admonitions. He enters into no new speculations, for he wishes to leave no unfinished business to his children. His immense estate is already settled. He has divided his property among his children, and allotted to his heirs what each is to receive. Financially he is ready for his last great change.

XXI.

THE FIVE POINTS.

A SCENE AT FIVE POINTS.—LADIES' FIVE POINTS MISSION.—ORIGIN OF THE WORK.—THE FIELD SELECTED.—THE NATIONALITY OF THE LOWLY.—THE MISSION BEGUN.—A WALK AROUND FIVE POINTS.—THE MISSION OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—HOW THE WORK IS SUPPORTED.—SUCCESS OF THE MISSION WORK.

A SCENE AT FIVE POINTS.

As the superintendent of our mission establishment was looking out of his door, he saw a man running up the street, apparently in a state of wild excitement. His coat was off, he had no hat on, and his feet were bare. The superintendent approached him, and led him into his room. He soon sank into unconscious slumber. He remained in this condition an hour. The prayer-bell sounded, and he started in alarm, and cried out, "What's that?" He was told it was the prayer-bell. "Prayer-bell!" exclaimed the man. "Prayer-bell! Do you have prayers in this dreadful locality?" "We have prayers," said the superintendent, and invited the man to go in. He went in, and his sobs and cries so interrupted the service, that it was with difficulty that the parties proceeded. He soon learned where he was; he then made a clean breast of himself.

He was a Western merchant; he had a load of butter on the way to Boston; he was a man of good standing at home; a class leader in the Methodist church. Having leisure, he took a stroll around New York to see the sights. A respectably-dressed and good-looking woman asked him to treat her. As he wanted to get material for a letter that he was to send home, he thought that a compliance with her request would enable him to see a side of life that he could not otherwise see, so he went in to treat. Having drank, she insisted upon treating him. A teetotaler at home, he complied with her invitation, and drank. From that time till he was awakened by the prayer-bell he had no distinct consciousness. He had an indistinct recollection of being led down some dark, damp steps. He had over one thousand dollars in money with him, and he recollected taking that out. Money, watch, hat, coat,—all were gone. “Can’t I get my money and my coat?” he asked. “Yes,” said the superintendent, “I can get them for you, but you must go before a magistrate. Your name, place of business, and all about you, must come out and be blazed in the papers.” “Then let it all go,” he said; “I had rather lose my money than my good name.” Money was furnished him; coat, hat, and shoes were supplied, all of which he promptly paid for when his butter reached Boston. His search for things to put into a letter was so amply rewarded, that he will not probably try it again. New York is said to be a very wicked place, full of traps and gins, pitfalls and snares; but gentlemen from the country are the persons who generally fall into them.

LADIES' FIVE POINTS MISSION. — ORIGIN OF THE WORK.

Seventeen years ago a few ladies assembled in a brown-stone mansion up town, to consult on the best methods of reaching the destitution of the city, and doing missionary work. One of them suggested that it would be better to go where the poor and neglected children really were, and proposed to open a mission at Five Points. It was then a dangerous locality, full of bad men and bad women, the resort of burglars, thieves, and desperadoes, with dark, under-ground chambers, where murderers often hid, where the policeman seldom went, and never unarmed. A person passing through that locality after dark was sure to be assaulted, beaten, and probably robbed. The noise of brawls nightly filled the air; shouts for police and cries of murder brought the inmates from their beds. The proposition that a lady should go into such a locality to do mission work was received with astonishment.

THE FIELD SELECTED.

Persons who perambulate Broadway, on a pleasant day, who look on the elegantly-dressed throng that crowd the pavement, and through the costly plate-glass at the rich goods displayed, would be slow to believe that within a stone's throw squalid want and criminal woe have their abode. Here lie the Fourth and Sixth Wards, so famous in the history of crime in New York. In this locality one walks amid drunkenness, wretchedness, and suffering, within sound of the rumble of Broadway, within sight of the merry, gay, and well-dressed thousands who move up and down this thoroughfare of the city. No pen

can describe the homes of the lowly where the New York poor lodge. It is a region of wickedness, filth, and woe. Lodging-houses are under ground, foul and slimy, without ventilation, and often without windows, and overrun with rats and every species of vermin. Bunks filled with decayed rags, or canvas bags filled with rotten straw, make the beds. All lodgers pay as they enter these dark domains. The fee is from five to ten cents, and all are welcome. Black and white, young and old, men and women, drunk and sober, occupy the room and fill the bunks. If there are no beds, lodgers throw themselves on the hard, dirty floor, and sleep till morning. Lodging-rooms above ground are numerous in the narrow lanes, and in the dark and dangerous alleys that surround the Five Points. Rooms are rented from two to ten dollars a month, into which no human being would put a dog, — attics, dark as midnight at noonday, without window or door they can shut, without chimney or stove, and crowded with men, women, and little children. Children are born in sorrow, and raised in reeking vice and bestiality, that no heathen degradation can exceed.

THE NATIONALITY OF THE LOWLY.

Every state in the Union, and every nation almost in the world, have representatives in this foul and dangerous locality. Its tenant and cellar population exceed half a million. One block contains 382 families. Persons composing these families were, 812 Irish, 218 Germans, 186 Italians, 189 Poles, 12 French, 9 English, 7 Portuguese, 2 Welsh, 39 Negroes, 10 Americans. Of religious faiths 118 represented the Protestant, 287 were Jews, 160 Catholics; but of 614 children, only 1

in 66 attended any school. Out of 916 adults, 605 could neither read nor write. In the same block there were 33 underground lodging-houses, ten feet below the sidewalk, and 20 of the vilest grog-shops in the city. During five hours on the Sabbath, two of these grog-shops were visited by 1054 persons, — 450 men and 445 women, 91 boys and 68 girls.

THE MISSION BEGUN.

Resolved to attempt mission work in this dangerous and neglected locality, the heroic women who founded the Five Points Mission secured a room opposite the Old Brewery. This famous building stood in the centre of the Five Points. It was filled with a vile and degraded population. Over a thousand persons were tenants in the building. The mission-school opened with a group of rude, untamed children. They were lawless as wild Arabs. The Conference of the Methodist Church assigned Rev. L. M. Pease to this station, and here he commenced the great work with which his Home has been so long and so favorably connected. The ladies purchased the Old Brewery, had it pulled down, and on its site erected the elegant Mission House, which has been such a blessing to the lowly. Besides the school-rooms, and chapel for day and Sunday service, the building contains tenements for sober, industrious poor who are well behaved, and here they find, at a low rent, comfort.

For seventeen years the lady founders of this institution have carried on their great and good work. They still conduct the work. From this institution the first company of sorrowing and neglected chil-

dren were taken to comfortable Christian homes in the West. The kindred institutions of Five Points House of Industry, and others, were founded by men who were once in the employ, and received their lessons from, the Old Brewery Mission. The whole locality has been changed. Nearly twenty years of work, designed to rescue little suffering childhood, and to do good to the perishing, in the name of the Lord, has produced ripe, rich fruit. The Old Brewery has fallen, and a costly mansion, the gift of Christian munificence, occupies its site. The House of Industry stands opposite. Cow Bay and Murderer's Alley, with rookeries and abodes of desperate people, have passed away. Comfortable tenements occupy their place. The hum of busy toil and industry takes the place of reeking blasphemy. Trade, with its marble, granite, and brown-stone palaces, is pushing its way into this vile locality, and is completing the reform which religion and beneficence began. On a festive day, such as Thanksgiving and Christmas, the ladies welcome their friends to a sight worth travelling many miles to see. From six hundred to a thousand children, homeless, houseless, and orphaned, each with a new suit or dress made by the lady managers and their friends, singing charmingly, exhibiting great proficiency in education, and a wonderful knowledge of the Bible, sitting down to a well-laid table, it is touching to see. Hotels, marketmen, bakers, confectioners, and friends generally, make liberal contribution to feed the little ones. Loaves large enough for a fancy scull on the Hudson, pyramids of candies, and cakes and good things by the hundred weight, dolls, toys, and presents, are abundant. so that each little one bears some gift away.

A WALK AROUND FIVE POINTS.

A walk through the streets in the neighborhood of this Mission will show where the materials come from of which it is composed. Forty thousand vagrant and destitute children are in this field. Their parents are foreigners. They are too dirty, too ragged, and carry too much vermin about them, to be admitted to the public schools. Their homes are in the dens and stews of the city, where the thieves, vagabonds, gamblers and murderers dwell. With the early light of morning they are driven from their vile homes to pick rags and cinders, collect bones, and steal. They fill the galleries of the low theatres. They are familiar with every form of wickedness and crime. As they grow up they swell the ranks of the dangerous classes. Our thieves, burglars, robbers, rioters, who are the most notorious, are young persons of foreign parentage, between ten and seventeen years of age. The degraded women who tramp the streets in the viler parts of the city, who fill the low dance houses, and wait and tend in low drinking-saloons, graduate in this vile locality. Over a thousand young girls, between the ages of twelve and eighteen, can be found in the Water Street drinking-saloons. To this same character and doom these forty thousand children are hastening. All around this Mission, children can be seen who come up daily from the brothels and dens of infamy which they call their homes, where women and men, black and white, herd together, and where childhood is trained up, by daily beatings and scanty fare, to cruelty and blasphemy. To rescue them, this Mission Home





JACOB SWEEP.

was founded. They are made clean, are clad comfortably, and learn to sing the sweet songs about the Savior and the better land. Nearly twenty thousand, since the Mission was founded, have been rescued from these hot-beds of wickedness, and placed in good homes here and at the West. Many, through the kindness of friends, have been sent to seminaries, from which they have graduated with honor. Not a few are first-class mechanics. Some of these hopeless classes, as the world regards them, rescued by the Mission, are clerks and cashiers in banks, insurance offices, and places of trust. Little girls picked up from the streets, found in the gutter, taken from dens of infamy, brought to the Mission by drunken women, — many of whom never knew father or mother, — are now the adopted daughters of wealthy citizens, the wives of first-class mechanics, of lawyers, and princely merchants. They owe their deliverance from disgrace and shame to the outstretched arms of these Missions.

THE MISSION OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

The work of rescuing the fallen and the lost is no longer an experiment. The rooms in which the children are gathered are quite elegant. The decorations are the gifts of friends. If Mary breaks the alabaster box of precious ointment on the Savior's feet, what right has Judas to find fault? It costs him nothing. She will be quite as ready to aid the poor as if she had not given this costly expression of her love. Without pleasant rooms, music, song, and marks of taste, the lower classes cannot be reached. Few are fitted to labor in such mission work. Patience, a loving heart, and

warm sympathy for the distressed, are essential. A teacher neglectful of her dress, untidy in appearance, harsh in voice, and repulsive in manner, can do little good in this field. The children who compose the Mission come from homes of wretchedness and suffering. They know want, they know brutality, they are familiar with cruelty. They enter a new world when they enter the Mission. Kind voices welcome them; tender hands remove the rags and put on comfortable clothes; they are led to the table, where they take the only meal they ever took without stint and without terror. A beautiful lady receives them at the school-room door. The dress and kind tone make the little wanderer think she is an angel. The child never tires looking at her teacher, her ornaments, her pleasant face, and wondering if she will ever be cross, if she will ever strike her, or turn her out of doors. The piano is sounded, and the child is startled as the full tide of song rolls through the room. She has taken her first upward step in life. Could you hear that swelling chorus, so full, so accurate, so joyous, and your eyes were shut, you would imagine that you were in a cathedral, hearing a choir trained by a master's hand, rather than a few hundreds of vagrant children taken from the purlieus of New York.

To-morrow this little rescued one will sing her first song to the Savior. She will try to be like her teacher, and will make an effort at cleanliness. Then she will fix her hair with her fingers, get bits of faded ribbon or colored tissue paper for a rosette, fastened in its place by a pin ornamented with a glass bead. Lord Shaftesbury helped the working-men of England to rise by encouraging a love for flowers, making what were

called window-gardens, and growing brilliant flowers in the windows of the London poor. The labors of a quarter of a century have proved that next to food and clothing the Mission of the Beautiful is the most reforming of all the agencies now employed in London. The lady who founded Five Points Mission carried out the same idea. She opened her school in this degraded locality with the same dress and ornaments that she wore at church or when she called upon a friend. She was received as a visitant from another sphere. Her influence was at once established, and for seventeen years it has remained undiminished. The miserable homes she visited to bless knew that she could not seek the society of Five Points for her own pleasure. Degraded women heard with wonder the story of the Cross from her lips. They believed her when she said she came to them for His sake who left heaven to die for men, and when on earth had not where to lay His head.

HOW THE WORK IS SUPPORTED.

Over half a million of property has been consecrated to this great work among the neglected, the abandoned, and the lowly. The whole of it has been a voluntary offering to Christ from the benevolent. This Mission has no funds, but relies upon the voluntary donations of food, clothing, and money which are sent in from every portion of the land. The institution is constantly increasing in efficiency, and enlarging its work. Yet the donations keep pace with its extent. The doors are open to all comers, day and night. Railroads and expressmen bring donations free of charge. The beneficence of our land, in the city and in the country, has

a fitting memorial in this dark and terrible locality of the metropolis.

SUCCESS OF THE MISSION WORK.

The leading soprano of one of our largest and most popular churches, who was recently married to the son of a wealthy merchant in New York, was brought to the door of one of the Five Points Mission Houses by a drunken woman, who left her young charge and departed. The little stranger was taken in. She has never known father nor mother: the child of neglect and suffering she evidently was. Scantly clothed with ragged garments, hungry and sorrowful, she found in the Mission the first sympathy she had ever known. She proved to be a bright and cheerful child, and apt to learn. She developed early a taste for music. Kind friends furnished means to cultivate her talent. She has never despised her adopted home, or been ashamed of the friends who rescued her. Had she been born in Fifth Avenue, among the upper ten, her prospects in life could hardly have been fairer.

A REMARKABLE MEETING.

On Thanksgiving Day, four young men and their wives met together for a social dinner. One of them was cashier of a leading New York bank, one of them was book-keeper of a large insurance office, another was confidential clerk in a leading mercantile house, the fourth was a rising lawyer. The wives of all were intelligent and accomplished, and moved in good society. The dinner was given at the house of one of the party. It was a genteel residence, handsomely

furnished. The hand of taste and liberality adorned the dwelling and presided over the table. Those four young women were taken out of the slums of New York, when they were little children, by Christian women. They were removed from the reeking atmosphere of vice and blasphemy, and brought under the genial influences of religion. They were turned from the black pathway that thousands tread to the narrow way of intelligence and purity. The young men were born in the dark chambers of lower New York, where the depraved herd by hundreds. They started life with a training that would have fitted them to swell the crowded ranks of the desperate classes, under which they would perhaps have ended their days in the prison or on the gallows. But a kind Providence brought them within the reach of these Mission Homes, and they were saved — saved to themselves, saved to society, saved to their Savior; for all of them are devout members of the church of God, and earnest laborers in the mission work of the city.

XXII.

THE BOWERY.

BOWERY ON SUNDAY. — LAGER BEER GARDENS. — A WALK UP THE AVENUE.

THIS great thoroughfare begins with Chatham Square and ends with Eighth Street. It runs parallel with Broadway, and is the second principal street of the city. Its stores, warehouses, and dwellings are inferior to the great thoroughfare of the city. Bowery has the reputation of cheap trade, without being disreputable. The respectable stores are few. The great mass of traders are foreigners. The Jews are numerous, and have here their headquarters of cheap jewelry, cheap furniture and clothing. Saloons, "free-and-easies," and immense German lager beer gardens are here located. Pawnbrokers flourish, dealers in lottery policies abound. It is the great rendezvous for cheap milliners and small traders.

THE BOWERY ON SUNDAY.

To be seen in its glory, the Bowery must be visited on Sunday morning and night. Broadway is quiet, the lower part of the city still, but Bowery is alive with excitement. The clothing establishments of the Hebrews are opened for trade. Many of this race are

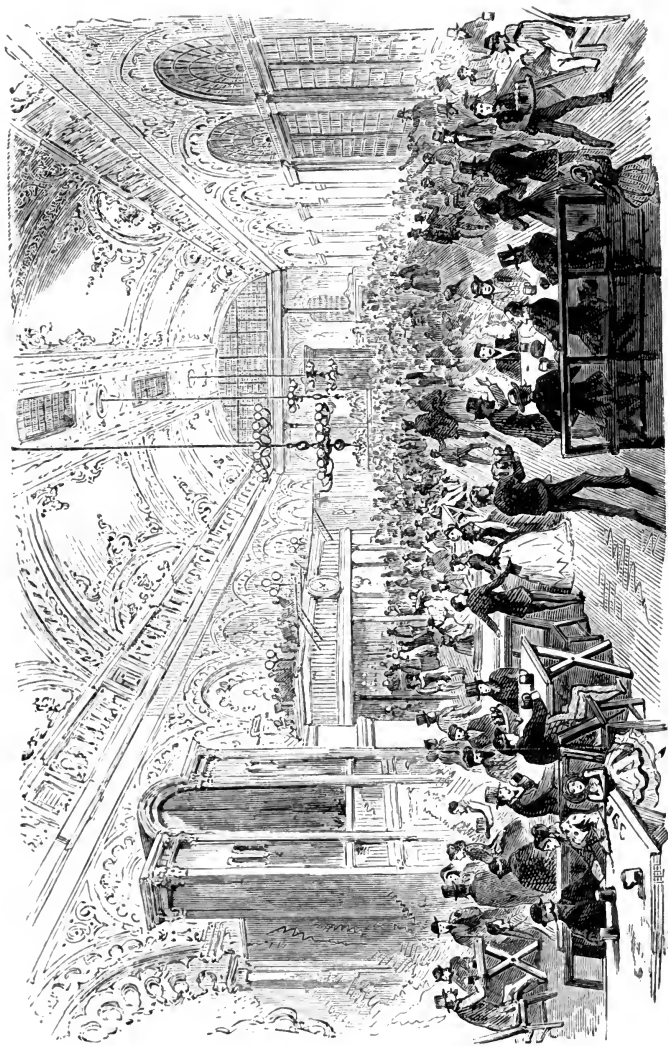
apothecaries, jewellers, and keepers of drinking saloons. These men have no conscience in regard to the Christian Sabbath. Early they are at their places of business. Their stands on the sidewalk are crowded, and, as their custom is, they solicit trade from all passers by. The degraded population who live in the filthy region east of Bowery, from Catherine to Canal Streets, come up on to the pavement of this broad thoroughfare to breathe and drive their trade. Early in the morning troops of young girls can be seen, thinly clad and barefooted, on their way to the dram-shops. These shops are very numerous, and, with the lager beer gardens, are opened early, and are crowded. These places are mostly kept by Germans. The Italians and Irish are also in the business. On the afternoon of Sunday, Bowery, for its entire length, is crowded. At night it is brilliantly illuminated, and the drinking-places are filled by thousands of women, children, and men. The lowest drinking-places, the vilest concert-saloons, negro minstrelsy of the lowest order, and theatricals the most debasing, distinguish the pastimes of the Bowery. These places, open on Sunday, are jammed to suffocation Sunday nights. Actresses too corrupt and dissolute to play anywhere else appear on the boards at the Bowery. Broad farces, indecent comedies, plays of highwaymen, and murderers, are received with shouts by the reeking crowd that fill the low theatres. News-boys, street-sweepers, rag-pickers, begging girls, collectors of cinders, and all who can beg or steal a sixpence, fill the galleries of these corrupt places of amusement. There is not a dance-cellar, a free-and-easy, a concert-saloon, or a vile drinking-place,

that presents such a view of the depravity and degradation of New York as the gallery of a Bowery theatre.

LAGER BEER GARDENS.

These immense establishments, patronized by the Germans, are located in the Bowery. They will hold from a thousand to fifteen hundred persons. The Atlantic Gardens will seat comfortably, up stairs and down, one thousand. All day on Sunday they are filled. People are coming and going all the while. The rooms are very neat, and even tastefully fitted up; as all German places of amusement are. The vilest of them have a neatness and an attractiveness not found among any other nation. The music is first class. A piano, harp, violin, drums, and brass instruments, are played by skilful performers. The Germans visit these gardens to spend the day. They are eminently social. They come, husband and wife, with all the children, brothers and sisters, cousins and neighbors; nor are the old folks omitted. The family bring with them a basket of provisions, as if they were on a picnic. Comfortable rooms are provided for their entertainment. They gather as a family around a table. They exchange social greetings, and enjoy to their bent the customs of their fatherland. They play dominoes, cards, dice; they sing, they shout, they dance; in some places billiards and bowling are added, with rifle shooting. The room and entertainment are free to all. A welcome is extended to every comer. The long bar, immense in extent, tells the story. Here the landlord, his wife, and may be his daughters, with numerous waiters, furnish the lager beer which sustains the





SUNDAY GARDEN

establishment. The quantity sold in a day is enormous. A four-horse team from the brewery, drawing the favorite beverage, finds it difficult to keep up the supply. A large portion of the visitors are young lads and girls. Those who serve out the beer are girls from twelve to sixteen years old, dressed in tawdry array, with short dresses, red-topped boots with bells attached; they are frowzy, have an unwholesome look, with lines of lasciviousness furrowed on their young faces. So immensely profitable is the sale of lager beer in these gardens, that the proprietors are willing to pay at any time five hundred dollars to any large association who will spend the day on their premises.

A WALK UP THE AVENUE.

Leaving the City Hall about six o'clock on Sunday night, and walking through Chatham Square to the Bowery, one would not believe that New York had any claim to be a Christian city, or that the Sabbath had any friends. The shops are open, and trade is brisk. Abandoned females go in swarms, and crowd the sidewalk. Their dress, manner, and language indicate that depravity can go no lower. Young men known as Irish-Americans, who wear as a badge very long black frock-coats, crowd the corners of the streets, and insult the passer by. Women from the windows arrest attention by loud calls to the men on the sidewalk, and jibes, profanity, and bad words pass between the parties. Sunday theatres, concert-saloons, and places of amusement are in full blast. The Italians and Irish shout out their joy from the rooms they

occupy. The click of the billiard ball, and the booming of the ten-pin alley, are distinctly heard. Before midnight, victims watched for will be secured ; men heated with liquor, or drugged, will be robbed ; and many curious and bold explorers in this locality will curse the hour in which they resolved to spend a Sunday in the Bowery.

XXIII.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, THE CHRISTIAN
VOCALIST.

HIS EARLY LIFE.—HE REMOVES WEST.—HIS APPEARANCE, AND MANNER
AS A SINGER.—PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND MR. PHILLIPS.

PROFESSIONAL singing is quite common in this metropolis. Men and women trained to song, and gifted in the fine art, are many. The opera, the concert-hall, the system of quartet choirs, afford a fine field for persons of rare gifts and cultivated taste. The authors of church music have made a repute and a fortune. There is no surer road to popularity than to become the author of a popular tune that can be sung in church, in Sabbath school, and in the household. It is a rare thing to find a popular composer and a popular singer in the same person. It is still more rare to find one willing to devote himself wholly to sacred song for religious purposes; to preach, exhort, warn, and comfort by songs of praise, and to use the instrument of music and the voice for the same purpose that the ministry employs its talent. In this work Mr. Phillips has long been engaged, and to it has consecrated his life and talents. He is a member of the Methodist Church. He has been appointed the musical editor of

the sacred songs of that important body, and is undoubtedly the most persuasive and eloquent singer of divine songs that the church has known since the days of the Wesleys. His singing has about it the silvery persuasiveness that marked the sermons of Summerfield.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

He was born in Chatauqua County, N. Y. His father was an artisan, and he was trained to rugged employment, and suffered many privations, and knew what it was to struggle with hardships. The death of his mother deprived him of a home, and he went to reside with his uncle. He was bound out to serve his relative by working on the farm till he was twenty-one years of age. His uncle was a hard master, but death released Philip at an early day from his toils. His talent for music was early developed. He mastered the rudiments of music by his own indefatigable labor, and opened a school when he was but seventeen. He gave a concert, at which he sang, and realized the sum of sixty-one dollars. This encouragement induced him to abandon farming, and turn his attention to music.

HE REMOVES WEST.

He settled at Marion, Ohio, as a musical conductor. His peculiar gifts became manifest, and he was called to sing before Sunday-school concerts, Young Men's Christian Associations, and for religious gatherings generally. He is a man of warm sympathies, of ardent, enthusiastic piety, a firm believer that Christ claims all the gift he has of song, and he freely gives to charitable and religious services his time and labors. He

found few tunes sufficiently devout and fervent to suit him, and he became a composer from necessity. The most beautiful and popular Sunday-school songs in the language are from his pen. His publication, the "Spring Blossoms," had a circulation of twenty thousand copies. He removed to Cincinnati, and there published his "Musical Leaves," of which forty thousand copies were sold in four months. Out of these books grew the "Singing Pilgrim," based on Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, which has had the astonishing sale of five hundred thousand copies. In the compilation of this remarkable book Mr. Phillips resolved to secure a singing book that should touch the heart, and be full of Christian experience and the songs of the Bible. He starts with Christian as he leaves the City of Destruction, and with song and melody attends him all the way till he reaches the River of Death, and is safe in the Celestial City. Visiting New York in relation to some of his musical publications, he was appointed musical editor to the Methodist Church. He has just completed the new hymn and tune book called "An Offering of Praise," which has been published by the Book Concern. It is unquestionably the best collection of sacred songs in the language. This engagement led Mr. Phillips to settle permanently in New York. His services have been in requisition at all Christian gatherings. His music is adapted to the Sunday school and the church, to patriotic and beneficent gatherings, and the Young Men's Associations. He can fill any house when it is announced that he will sing.

HIS APPEARANCE, AND MANNER AS A SINGER.

Mr. Phillips has a peculiar gift of song, and his whole make-up aids him in the work to which he has devoted himself. He is small in stature and fragile in build. He has dark hair, a sharp eye, his face is pale, and his whole countenance bears the expression that the old painters liked to catch when they put on canvas the face of a recluse who had devoted himself to Christ and good works. His is a blended air of benevolence, consecration, and sincere piety. His heart is so evidently in his work, the warm-hearted Christian man, and not the artist, is so clearly before the audience, that he wins their sympathy before he sings a note. There is such an entire freedom from cant and affectation, he is so hearty and whole-souled, that he puts himself at once in sympathy with every one in the house. Children love him, and old age would take him to its arms. His countenance is transparent, and on it is written every phase of song. Love, hope, faith, joy, fear, sympathy, sorrow, affliction, trouble and triumph, are read on his face. His voice is clear and musical. It sweeps from the lowest bass to the highest register. In a tender, pathetic song, its soft, low, and sweet tones, which can scarcely be heard, captivate; then it sweeps along till it rattles like musketry, and breaks on the ear like the discharge of cannon. It is full of those plaintive minor tones that ravish and linger, and that you never hear so much but that you wish to hear more. Other men have voices as sonorous and clear; others have faces as expressive, hearts as full of love to the Savior, have consecrated themselves as entirely

to the service of religion ; but men are few who combine all these great gifts and rare attainments.

Whether he sings in the Academy of Music, the Halls of Congress at Washington, or in our largest churches, in any section of the country, his audience is limited only by the capacity of the house. At the appointed time he seats himself at his instrument, usually an American organ, and immediately addresses himself to the work before him. Much of the music is solos, and he accompanies himself on the organ. Most of the music too, is of his own composition, very peculiar, adapted to his voice and manner, and yet very popular through the land. He is master of his audience ; he teaches, preaches, exhorts, warns, persuades, but it is for Christ that he sings and speaks. This theme pervades the entire service of song. His audience are moved as the autumn leaves are by the strong winds of heaven. They follow him as a triumphant leader is followed. Tears are wiped from the eye ; joy thrills the heart ; his plaintive tones fill the auditor with sympathy ; a genial smile flashes on every face, and the triumphal shout often comes to the lip.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND MR. PHILLIPS.

Just before his death, President Lincoln heard Mr. Phillips sing in the Hall of Representatives, Washington. The hall was densely packed with the most distinguished men and women of the nation. The Secretary of State presided. Mr. Phillips sang his celebrated song, entitled "Your Mission." Among the stanzas are these :—

“If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boat away.

“If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot towards the needy
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted;
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Savior's feet.

“If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true;
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go, with careful tread;
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.”

Mr. Lincoln was greatly overcome by this song. He sent up to Mr. Seward this characteristic request:—

“Near the close let us have ‘Your Mission’ repeated by Mr. Phillips. Don't say I called for it.

“A. LINCOLN.”

Mr. Phillips has been before the public as a singer for more than a dozen years. As a vocalist and composer his popularity has been universal and continuous. He maintains the same child-like spirit, with the simplicity of an earnest Christian man, that marked the opening of his career. He is not puffed up, nor is he vain. He has a sweet, catholic spirit, and his services

are given to all who love the Savior, without regard to denominational names. He is very benevolent, and his generous gifts to every form of beneficence and Christian effort are unceasing; great meetings of the church can always count on the aid of Mr. Phillips. His generous deeds, and his large donations to charitable purposes, the results of his singing, will not be known this side of the grave. Amid all the instrumentalities at work among the lowly, and the agencies employed to redeem and bless, none among us are more edifying, spiritual, devotional, and powerful than the labors of Mr. Phillips, with his sanctifying songs. Such a consecration of rare gifts is as noble and praiseworthy as it is rare.

XXIV.

SAILORS IN NEW YORK.

JACK ON SHORE. — LAND-SHARKS. — BETHELS. — WATER STREET RAMBLE.

JACK ON SHORE.

AMONG the most neglected of the population of New York the sailor will be found. Something is done for him, not much, and few avail themselves of the little assistance that is presented. A few chapels along the East and North Rivers, known as Bethels, contain on Sunday a handful of the sons of the sea. A few Homes have been erected, but the charges of extortion and cruelty, and the bad reputation that hangs around them, turn even moral sailors to the common boarding-houses for seamen. Thousands of them live in places of degradation, where they love to be. Now, as for generations past, the story of a New York sailor is told in a few words. Home from a long voyage, he is seized by men who lay in wait for him; enticed into some one of the many dens where sailors congregate, vile liquor is given to him in abundance; women, hardened, cruel, and vile, rob him of all his cash; in a drunken spree he is turned into the street; he signs the shipping articles, and is beyond Sandy Hook before he awakes from his drunken revelry.

HOMES FOR SEAMEN.

Jack has his abode in New York as well as the aristocracy, although its location is somewhat different. Any one can find him who wishes to. Where the lanes are the darkest and filthiest, where the dens are the deepest and foulest, where the low bar-rooms, groggeries, and dance-houses are the most numerous, where the vilest women and men abide, in the black sea of drunkenness, lewdness, and sin, the sailor has his New York home. In one street there are more than a hundred houses for seamen, and each one viler than in any other locality in New York. His landlord keeps him in debt. He is robbed in a few days of all his hard-earned wages, —robbed boldly by daylight, and he has no redress. A walk along this single street reveals a sight not to be found in any other part of the city, not to be exceeded by any other vile locality in the world; — a hundred houses, located on both sides of the street, the most infamous in the city, where brawls, rioting, robberies, and murders take place; a hundred dance-houses, whose unblushing boldness throws open doors and windows, that all who will may look in on the motley group of boys and old women, girls and old men, seamen and landsmen, reeking with drunkenness, obscenity, and blasphemy; hundreds of low groggeries, each crowded with customers, black and white, old and young, foreign and native! All along the sidewalk women sit, stand, or recline; women clean and women filthy; neatly dressed and in the vilest array; women at work, and modest, apparently, as can be found in any street, steadily at their employ, with children around them; women

who load the air with vilest imprecations, and assault the passer by with insolence, ribaldry, and profanity.

SAILOR DANCE-HOUSES.

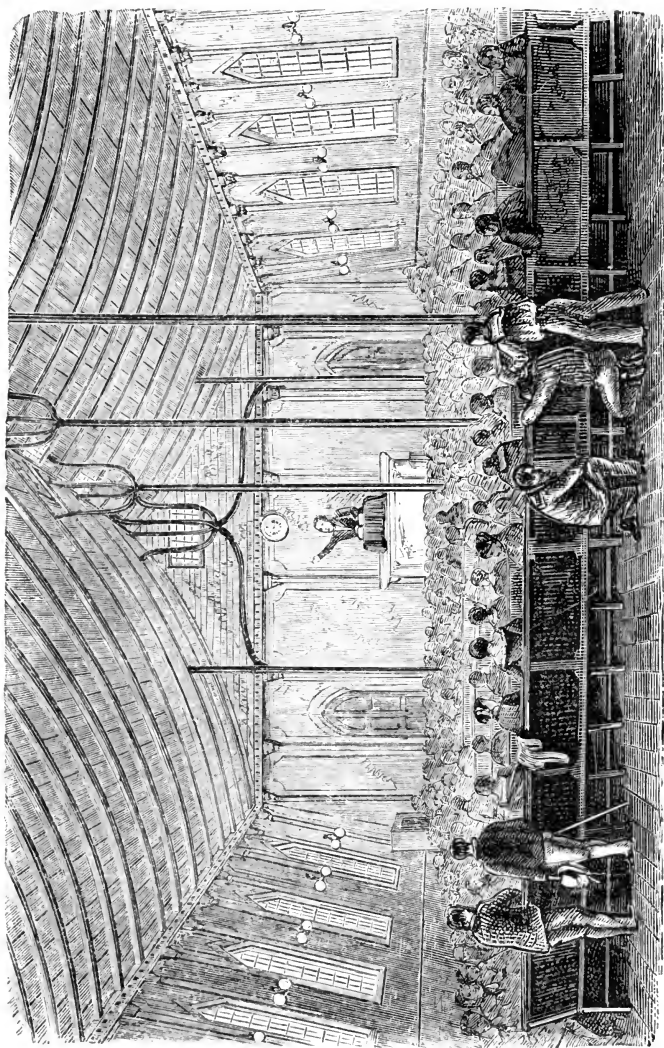
The dance-houses kept by the Germans are very neat, tasty, and attractive. The bar which stands by the door is as elegant as that at the St. Nicholas or Fifth Avenue Hotel. Polished counters, brass railings burnished like gold, huge looking-glasses reflecting back the elegant decanters and bottles in the rear, flowers, pictures, statuary, paintings, make the place equal to any gin palace in London. The decoy dancers are of the better class, but persons on the direct road to the lowest stratum. Pianos exquisitely played, with harp and viol and other instruments, make music of which Wallack would not be ashamed. Captains, mates, long-shoremen, and the higher order of seamen, patronize these better class establishments, and commence here their travels in the path that leads to death. By the side of these more genteel sailor dance-houses will be seen dwellings of the lower grade. Some of them are in low, damp cellars, down rickety stairs, with white-washed walls and a fetid atmosphere, where a dozen of the most degraded creatures can be found, bloated, bold, blasphemous, dressed in short scarlet or fancy dresses and red boots, presenting a ghastly and sickening sight. The room dimly lighted by candles, a negro playing on a wheezing fiddle, a group of men in appearance and manners to match the women, make not a bad specimen of Pandemonium. Here all night long the sound of revelry, the shouts of the drunken, and oaths of reeking blasphemy, can be heard. The keeper

of the den, the most desperate of his class, stands at the door. He welcomes all comers, and admission is free. All who come have a partner assigned them. The lewd and boisterous dance begins; at its close all go up to the bar to drink. The wife of the keeper — or the one who passes for his wife — presides over this department, which corresponds to the vile den in which it stands. The customers pay for the entertainment and the music by treating themselves and their companions. The drinks over, the dancing commences again. After every round all present go up and drink, and alternate drinking and dancing continue through the night. No one is allowed to remain unless he joins in the dance. Should he refuse to pay for the liquor, he would be hustled out of the cellar on to the sidewalk, and probably brutally assaulted. The landlord is usually able to do this himself. A bully, brutal and as rugged as an ox, he is always able to defend himself. If not, he has companions within call. All the desperate women, at a signal from their keeper, like bloodhounds, would tear a man to pieces. Customers come in, take a dance, treat the company, and depart. Some remain for an hour or two; some are carried off senseless, for the vile liquor is often drugged; some are removed to foul dens that surround the place, and are never heard of more. Stupefied and robbed, many are sent to sea and never return; many are foully dealt with. Poor Jack's millennium is far in the future!

LAND-SHARKS.

This term is applied to a class of men, rapacious, tyrannical, brutal, and degraded, who hold the New York sailor in their grip, and never relinquish their hold till he is beyond Sandy Hook, and who grasp him before he lands on his return voyage. From necessity or choice, ship captains play into the hands of these desperadoes, make them of importance, and help them to fleece the sailor, and to hold him in degrading tyranny. Their character and their business are well known to merchants and to commanders of vessels. Next to the pilot they board the vessel off Sandy Hook, fasten on the sailor, and secure him and his luggage. Some few captains will not allow these land-sharks on board. But when resisted, so desperate are they that they have to be beaten off by clubs. A resolute captain often has to put his flag at half-mast, and call the police boat to his assistance. The police have sometimes to shoot these fellows before they can be driven back. The captain engages a crew from these men. Owing to the system of advanced wages, sailors go to sea in debt, and so the land-sharks get their wages from the captain, get the men drunk, and hustle them on board the vessels for a long voyage. On board the ship, the sailor awakes from his debauch, and finds himself without clothing, friendless and penniless. He does not know who shipped him, what ship he is on, or where he is going. When he comes back he will find a long account run up against him, said to have been contracted while he was drunk. Again he will be robbed of his earnings, kept on shore as long as





SEAMANS BETHEL.

it is profitable to keep him, drugged, and sent again to sea. A few merchants made an attempt to separate the sailors from these miscreants. The captains were ordered to find their men elsewhere, and to have no connection with the land-sharks. Sailors could not be found. Vessels loaded and ready for sea remained at the wharves. The terrible power of the landlords was found in the fact that not a seaman could be found in New York to man the ships. For two weeks the merchants held out, and then yielded by a compromise. But that compromise established the power of this depraved class. Fraud, extortion, robbery and crime had a new lease of life. The vilest dens for boarding-houses, the deadliest rum, the basest companions, gamblers and women, lodgings in cellars where no human being ought to be kept, bad literature, bad songs and corrupting music, hold as in chains of steel the New York sailor.

BETHEL.

All along the North and East Rivers are chapels for seamen. The Baptists, Episcopalians, Methodists, and Presbyterians have each a seamen's Bethel, floating or on shore. One bright Sunday morning I visited several of these seamen churches. It was evident that religion has but a feeble hold on the sons of the sea. It is estimated that there are a hundred and fifty thousand sailors belonging to the port of New York. Of these I suppose not a thousand can be found in all the places of worship assigned to them. A very sparse attendance is seen in these places of worship, and the majority are the friends of the sailor rather than the sailor himself. The English and Scotch, known as from the

old country, attend the Episcopal Bethel. The great mass of sailors in New York prefer to spend their Sundays in drinking, gambling, dancing, and carousing. A few earnest, devoted missionaries move round among them, and try to do them good. Bibles and tracts are scattered on the right hand and on the left. But what are these among thousands of bold, bad women, vicious books, corrupting pictures, lascivious poetry, and debasing songs?

WATER STREET RAMBLE.

A walk along Water Street of a Sunday afternoon, or any night in the week, will give a better idea of the degradation of the sailor, and the vicious influences that surround him, than any pen can describe. By day the streets and sidewalks are literally crowded. Every house is a trap, and every person a destroyer. Without decency, without shame, the vile population herd on the pavement, fill the air with blasphemy, hail the sailor with imprecations and profanity, and shout back and forth from one side of the street to the other in language shocking to every moral sense. At night every room and cellar is a dance-house, reeking with pestilential vapors, and crowded with debased men and women; the sound of the piano, viol, and harp are heard on all sides with the sounds of the revellers. The women who dwell in this quarter are the lowest and most debased of their class. They stand on the lowest round of the ladder, that leads down to the deepest infamy. Crime and vice has done its worst with them. The lowest degradation that a woman can reach, they have

reached. Their next remove is to the almshouse, penitentiary, or to a pauper's burial. Their dress is flashy, untidy, covered with tinsel, while they are loaded down with brass jewelry. Their coarse hair is dressed in the latest fashion, their dresses short, arms and neck bare, and their appearance as disgusting as can be conceived. They have no ambition. They work for their daily bread and a shelter for their heads, liable at any minute to have their finery stripped from them and to be turned into the streets. The love of drink is all that remains. They know that with every round of the dance they will go to the bar and quench, for a moment, the fierce flame that nearly consumes them. Their brutal master stands in the centre of the floor, and keeps them at their hard and repulsive work. They rest but a moment upon the hard benches, between the dances, as the new comers must be served, and the profits of the bar kept up. The most brutal, profane, and insulting language is addressed by the keeper to the dancing-women of his house. If they falter, if they hesitate, if from weariness they hang back, or from fatigue are unable to rise, they are covered with horrid imprecations, torrents of abuse are poured upon them, or they are knocked down by the bully, and brutally beaten by the tyrant that lords it over them. The career of these women is short. Poverty, crime, disease, suffering, soon do their work.

In such a locality and in such society the New York sailor loves to dwell. From these stews and dens the men are taken on whose fidelity the lives of thousands depend, and who represent, in foreign

lands, the intelligence, culture, and religion of America. They furnish the means by which men roll in wealth, sit in their crimson pews, and live in lordly dwellings. But few think of the sailor to whom the metropolis is indebted for its high place among the nations of the earth, or attempt his elevation.

XXV.

FULTON STREET PRAYER-MEETING.

EARLY DUTCH CHURCH.—FOUNDER OF THE DAILY PRAYER-MEETING.—
FIRST NOONDAY MEETING.—ITS PERSONALE.—AN INSIDE VIEW.—
FLIES IN THE OINTMENT.—FINALE.

EARLY DUTCH CHURCH.

WE cannot separate Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting from the Collegiate Church of New York, for this body founded the prayer-meeting, and has so far sustained it. The Collegiate Church is the original church of Manhattan. Our Dutch ancestors were a pious race. They scattered themselves from the Battery to Westchester, and from Hackensack to Wallabout Bay. Within the fort at the Battery they built a church as soon as they landed. It was a rude place of worship, but precious to them; and to the sanctuary they gathered every Sunday. Distance was no hinderance. Some lived twenty miles away, and they walked the whole distance. They would not travel on the Sabbath. They started on foot Saturday afternoons, to reach the sanctuary before midnight. Worshipping on the Sabbath, they remained until after midnight. When the Sabbath was fully past, they took up their line of march. With the songs of Marot they beguiled

their way, and reached home in season for their work on Monday morning.

The Island of Manhattan belonged to the Dutch by all the rights known to colonists. But they chose to purchase the soil from the natives who claimed it. They bought it as really as Pennsylvania was purchased. They paid the full price demanded, sixty-six years before William Penn landed in the New World. With great Christian liberality the Dutch extended the hand of friendship to Trinity Church, and shared the Sabbath services with the houseless congregation. When Trinity settled her first rector, she was short-handed, and the ministers of the Dutch Church assisted at the installation. From the Battery, the church established itself in what is now known as Exchange Place, in the rear of the Merchants' Exchange. A new church was reared, and is now occupied as a post office. In 1769, the North Church was dedicated. In the revolutionary war it was used as a prison by the British, and marks of bayonets and pikes are still seen in the sandstone. Two cannons, placed near the doorway by the British, still remain. A benevolent Dutchman presented to this church an estate known as the Manor of Fordham. Another member gave a small farm, outside of the city at that time, and it was considered of very little worth. It was that plot of ground, on either side of Fulton Street, running from Broadway towards the East River, and is now one of the most valuable sites in New York, occupied by massive and imposing warehouses. This property makes the Collegiate Church, except Trinity, the richest ecclesiastical corporation in the land, and with this body the Fulton Street meeting began.

FOUNDER OF THE DAILY PRAYER-MEETING.

In 1857 there was a general revival of religion. The lower part of the city had become a moral waste. Trade and a foreign population had taken possession of the city below the City Hall. The dwellings where the rich men at one time resided were pulled down to make room for stores. The dwellings that remained were either boarding-houses, or occupied by a tenant population. The pulpits in which the giants of New York had preached the gospel were no more. Spring, Mason, Potts, Phillips, Alexander, and others, removed to other parts of the city. Lower New York was deserted. The Old North Church remained. It was put in complete and elegant repair. A learned and eloquent ministry occupied the pulpit. The house was thrown open to all who chose to worship God within its walls. It secured a missionary, in the person of Jeremiah Calvin Lanphier, a man of rare and peculiar gifts, of unshrinking courage, and marked piety. He was not far from forty years of age, tall, and of a fine presence, a winning face, and a manner affectionate and attractive. He possessed great energy and perseverance, was a fine singer, gifted in prayer and exhortation, easy of approach, and a welcome guest to any house; very shrewd, and possessing tact, with good common sense, he was eminently fitted for the position he was called to fill. Anxious to be a blessing to the poor, the neglected, and the perishing, he was equally anxious to reach the merchants of New York, and lay his hand in kindness on young men in business.

Walking in the street one day, this idea suggested itself: Why not have a meeting of prayer for business men, at the hour of noon when all go to lunch, made up of singing, prayer, and speaking, allowing persons to come and go during meeting as they please? He had been a merchant, and knew how difficult it was to attend a devotional meeting in the evening. The hour of noon was one of leisure for merchants, clerks, draymen, and men of toil. He resolved to open a daily meeting of prayer from twelve to one; a union meeting, free from sectarianism, from which the cold and formal routine of prayer-meetings should be banished; made up of brief songs, brief prayers, and brief addresses. No one should be allowed to speak over five minutes. No controverted or doctrinal points should be introduced. No one should be obliged to stay a moment longer than he chose. Parties could come in and go out at any moment without interrupting the meeting. Such was the plan.

FIRST NOONDAY MEETING.

On the 27th day of November, 1857, the small consistory-room connected with the North Dutch Church was thrown open for service. At twelve o'clock no one was present but the missionary. He sat alone one half hour. A solitary step was then heard on the stairs, and a person entered the room. All told, six persons composed the little company. The next day twenty persons gathered; the next, forty. In October the central room of the consistory building was opened, and from that time to this, for more than ten years, the meetings have been continued with unabated zeal,

ever the fullest and most remarkable prayer-meeting in the world.

THE PERSONALE OF THE MEETING.

There is no plainer room in New York than the lecture-room of the Dutch Church where the daily prayer-meeting is held. It is in the second story of the consistory-rooms on Fulton Street. The walls are covered with gilt frames, holding the rules, mottoes, and notices. The seats are hard, crowded together to make room, and are very uncomfortable. The surroundings are unattractive, and little suited to devotion. In the centre of the busiest portion of New York the prayer-meeting is held. The bells of the horse cars, the shouts of carmen, the noise of artisans, the hammer and saw of the carpenter, the whistle of the steam-engine, the blowing off of steam, with other noises of busy life, come directly into the room. The singing is congregational, without instrument or artistic attraction. Old tunes, revival tunes, and experimental hymns, are sung. The missionary who originated the meeting has conducted its music for ten consecutive years. At twelve precisely the leader rises and gives out a hymn. This is a business men's meeting, and a layman usually presides. He may be educated or illiterate; dressed as a merchant or as a carman. Perhaps he may be an old man, with his hair frosted by years; he may be a young man, just commencing a Christian life; but he is a warm-hearted Christian. Before the meeting closes the room will be packed. Earnest men and women will fill all the standing room. Every denomination is here represented. Men come from the sea,

from the mountains of Asia, from the hot sands of Arabia, from India, from the Old World, and all parts of the New. This daily meeting is the Religious Exchange of New York. Eminent men, clerical and lay, from all parts of the country, and of the world; eminent ministers, lawyers, merchants, look in on the meeting. They bring tidings from every part of Zion. Those who want to see and hear distinguished men, know they will find them in this place of prayer. Earnest prayers are offered, the swelling chorus of song, thanksgivings for remarkable answers to prayer, make the hour all too short. Requests for prayer come in from all the world, covering every variety of want and suffering peculiar to humanity. The tone of the requests shows that the writers regard the Fulton Street meeting as the pool of healing to the Evangelical Church.

AN INSIDE VIEW.

The room is reached from Fulton or Ann Streets, up a covered pathway. The floor is covered with matting, the room filled with settees. The missionary stands at the door, and with his tiptoe tread, bland face, and resolute will, makes the ladies move up and sit close. Precisely on the minute the service is opened. Such congregational singing would be popular anywhere. The audience is trained to sing, being composed of the cream of the churches. The tunes are familiar, and the hymns are associated with the heart's warmest affections. Borne on the tide of full, warm, and deep emotion, the swelling song of praise is wafted to heaven. The reading of the requests follows, and

they are numerous. They come from missionary stations, from the islands of the sea, from the dwellers in the habitations of cruelty, from all classes and conditions in our own land.

FLIES IN THE OINTMENT.

Men who have hobbies to ride often annoy the meeting. Men with impracticable theories persist in presenting them. Sometimes men who have oratory in prayer come with high-sounding phrases, pompous words, colloquial addresses, to the King of kings, and are an abomination. Sometimes women try to speak. This is contrary to the rules. One day a lady arose to make an address. She was informed that it was against the rules, and immediately she sat down. A tall, masculine woman arose, and in a tone of marked anger, with a loud, harsh voice, and a decided Scotch accent, cried out, "I'll not attend this meeting again. I am a converted woman myself. If our sister is not allowed to speak, the Spirit of God is not here. I am a converted woman. I say that. But I'll not come here again!" and she flounced out of the room. Men have attempted, over and over again, to change the tone of the meeting. Impulsive men have tried to break the rules; have appealed from the ruling of the leader to the audience; votes have been taken; people have tried to sell books, build churches, and beg money out of the meeting. To all this one answer has been steadily given: "This is a Union prayer-meeting. All who approve the plan on which it has been

established are welcome. Those who do not must find a place of prayer that suits them."

FINALE.

About a fourth of the meeting are ladies. A very large number are young men. They come with blank-books in their hands, pencils behind their ears, memorandum-books peeping out of their pockets, and marks of trade about them. They come not simply as spectators, but they bear an important part in the meeting. Carmen and draymen drive up to the curbstone, leave their teams, and come in with frocks on and whips in their hands, and join heartily in song, prayer, and speech; bankers, expressmen, merchants, and mechanics unite in the service. Such a grouping of classes, conditions, trades, and sects can be found nowhere else. The formal Churchman, the conservative Dutchman, the ardent Congregationalist, the quiet Friend, the impulsive Baptist, the stately Presbyterian, sit side by side, while the hearty "Amen" ringing through the chapel indicates that the Methodist element is not wanting. As a success, as a meeting of power, with a fame of ten years which has followed the drum-beat of nations round the world, this simple, plain, unpretending meeting of united Christians for daily prayer is one of the most wonderful institutions of the metropolis.

XXVI.

BUSINESS REVERSES IN NEW YORK.

MIRAGE OF WEALTH. — RAILROAD CONDUCTOR. — A RAILROAD KING. —
SARATOGA BELLE. — ROCK IN THE CHANNEL. — SUCCESS A COY THING. —
OLD-SCHOOL MERCHANTS.

MIRAGE OF WEALTH.

MEN who visit New York, and see nothing but the outside aspect which it presents, imagine that success is one of the easiest things in the world, and to heap up riches a mere pastime in the city. They are familiar with the name and history of the Astors. They know that Stewart began life a poor boy, kept store in a small shanty, and kept house in a few rooms in a dwelling, and boarded his help. They walk through Fifth Avenue, and look on the outside of palaces where men dwell who left home a few years ago with their worldly wealth tied up in a cotton handkerchief. They stroll around Central Park, and magnificent teams, gay equipages, and gayer ladies and gentlemen, go by in a constant stream; and men are pointed out who a short time ago were grooms, coachmen, ticket-takers, boot-blacks, news-boys, printer's devils, porters, and coal-heavers, who have come up from the lower walks of life by dabbling in stocks, by a lucky speculation, or

a sudden turn of fortune. So young men pour in from the country, confident of success, and ignorant that these men are the exceptions to the general law of trade; and that ruin and not success, defeat and not fortune, bankruptcy and not a fine competence, are the law of New York trade.

Nothing is more striking or more sad than the commercial reverses of this city. They come like tempests and hail storms which threaten every man's plantation, and cut down the harvest ready for the sickle. Few firms have had permanent success for twenty-five years. In one house in this city twenty men are employed as salesmen on a salary, who, ten years ago, were called princely merchants, whose families lived in style, and who led the fashions. Men who embark on the treacherous sea of mercantile life are engulfed, and while their richly-laden barks go down, they escape personally by the masts and spars thrown to them by more fortunate adventurers. One house in this city, quite as celebrated at one time as Stewart's, who, in imitation of that gentleman, built their marble store on Broadway, are now salesmen in establishments more successful than their own. New York is full of reduced merchants. Some of them bravely bear up under their reverses. Some hide away in the multitude of our people. Some take rooms in tenant-houses. Some do a little brokerage business, given to them by those who knew them in better days. Some take to the bottle, and add moral to commercial ruin.

RAILROAD CONDUCTOR.

Riding down town one night in one of our city cars, I paid my fare to a conductor who gave me a sharp, searching look. When below Canal Street, as there were no other passengers in the car, he came and sat down beside me. He said, "I know you very well, though I suppose you do not know me. I used to go to school with you in Boston." I remembered him as the son of a wealthy gentleman not unknown to fame in that city. His father had an elegant house in the city, and, what was then unusual, a fine mansion in the country. The son was indulged in luxuries unusual in that day. He had a pony on which he rode to school, and was attended by a servant. He had a watch and other trinkets that excited the envy of his companions. His father lived in grand style, and his equipage attracted general attention. He lived fast, but it was said he could afford it. To maintain his position he was tempted to commit a great crime. Able counsel saved him from the penitentiary, but his ruin was complete, and his family shared in the general wreck. His children are now scattered over the country, to earn a living wherever they can find it. This son, well educated, tenderly cared for, and trained to every indulgence, gets his as the conductor of a city railroad car, a calling laborious and ill paid.

A RAILROAD KING.

One of the most successful railroad men of New York boarded at one of our principal hotels. He was an unmarried man. He was accounted an eminent and

successful financier. His reputation and standing were unquestioned. He was connected with the principal capitalist in the city, and was one whom New York delighted to honor. In a small house in the upper part of the city he had a home. Here he lived a part of his time, and reared a family, though the mother of his children was not his wife. Down town, at his hotel, he passed by one name, up town, in his house, he was known by another. It would seem impossible that a prominent business man, reputed to be rich, brought into daily business contact with princely merchants and bankers, the head of a large railroad interest, could reside in New York, and for a number of years lead the double life of a bachelor and a man of family; be known by one name down town, and another name up town; yet so it was. At his hotel and at his office he was found at the usual hours. To his up-town home he came late and went out early. There he was seldom seen. The landlord, the butcher, the grocer, and the milkman transacted all their business with the lady. Bills were promptly paid, and no questions asked. The little girls became young ladies. They went to the best boarding-schools in the land.

An unexpected crisis came. A clergyman in good standing became acquainted with one of the daughters at her boarding-school. He regarded her with so much interest, that he solicited her hand in marriage. He was referred to the mother. The daughters had said that their father was a wealthy merchant of New York; but his name did not appear in the Directory, he was not known on 'change. The lover only knew the name by which the daughters were called. The

mother was affable, but embarrassed. The gentleman thought something was wrong, and insisted on a personal interview with the father. The time was appointed for the interview. The young man was greatly astonished to discover in the father of the young lady one of the most eminent business men of the city. He gave his consent to the marriage, and promised to do well by the daughter, though he admitted that the mother of the young lady was not his wife. The clergyman was greatly attached to the young woman, who was really beautiful and accomplished. He agreed to lead her to the altar, if, at the same time, the merchant would make the mother his wife. This was agreed to, and the double wedding was consummated the same night. The father and mother were first married, and then the father gave away the daughter. The affair created a ten days' sensation. The veil of secrecy was removed. The family took the down-town name, which was the real one—a name among the most honored in the city. An up-town fashionable mansion was purchased, and fitted up in style. Crowds filled the spacious parlors, for there was just piquancy enough in the case to make it attractive. Splendid coaches of the fashionable filled the street; a dashing company crowded the pavement, and rushed up the steps to enjoy the sights. These brilliant parties continued but a short time. The merchant was rotten at heart. All New York was astounded one day at the report that the great railroad king had become a gigantic defaulter, and had absconded. His crash carried down fortunes and families with his own. Commercial circles yet suffer for his crimes. The courts are still

fretted with suits between great corporations and individuals growing out of these transactions. Fashionable New York, which could overlook twenty years of criminal life, could not excuse poverty. It took reprisals for bringing this family into social position by hurling it back into an obscurity from which probably it will never emerge.

SARATOGA BELLE.

A few summers ago a lady of New York reigned as a belle at Saratoga. Her elegant and numerous dresses, valuable diamonds, and dashing turnout attracted great attention. Her husband was a quiet sort of a man, attending closely to his business. He came to Saratoga on Saturdays, and returned early on Monday morning. The lady led a gay life, was the centre of attraction, patronized the plays, and was eagerly sought as a partner at the balls. After a very brilliant and gay season she disappeared from fashionable life, and was soon forgotten. One cold season a benevolent New York lady visited a tenement-house on an errand of mercy. Mistaking the door to which she was directed, she knocked at a corresponding one on another story. The door was opened by a female, who looked on the visitor for an instant, and then suddenly closed the door. The lady was satisfied that she had seen the woman somewhere, and thinking she might afford aid to a needy person, she persistently knocked at the door till it was opened. Judge of her surprise when she found that the occupant of that room, in that tenement-house, was the dashing belle whom she had met a season or two before at the Springs! In one room

herself and husband lived, in a building overrun with occupants, crowded with children, dirt, and turbulence. Mortification and suffering, blended with poverty, in a few months had done the work of years on that comely face. Her story was the old one repeated a thousand times. Reverses, like a torrent, suddenly swept away a large fortune. Her husband became discouraged, disconsolate, and refused to try again. He lost his self-respect, took to the bowl, and became a drunkard. The wife followed him step by step in his descent, from his high place among the merchants to his home among the dissolute. To furnish herself and husband with bread, she parted with her dresses, jewels, and personal effects. She pointed to a heap in the corner, covered with rags, and that was all that remained of a princely merchant!

ROCK IN THE CHANNEL.

The speculating mania which pervades New York is one of the rocks in the channel on which so many strike and founder. Shrewd, enterprising men, who are engaged in successful business, are induced to make investments in stocks and operations of various kinds, and are thus at the mercy of sharpers. Their balance in the bank is well known. Speculators lay snares for them, and catch them with guile. A man makes money in a business he understands, and loses it in one he knows nothing about. One is a successful merchant, and he imagines he can be a successful broker; one stands at the head of the bar, and he thinks he can lead the Stock Board. He is a broker; he adds to it an interest in railroads or steamboats. Men have a

few thousand dollars that they do not need at present in their business. They are easily enticed into a little speculation by which they may make their fortune. They get in a little way, and to save what they have invested they advance more. They continue in this course until their outside ventures ruin their legitimate business. Stock companies, patent medicines, patent machines, oil wells, and copper stocks have carried down thousands of reputed millionnaires, with bankers, brokers, and dry goods men, who have been duped by unprincipled schemers. Fortunes made by tact, diligence, and shrewdness, are lost by an insane desire to make fifty or one hundred thousand dollars in a day. The mania for gambling in trade marks much of the business of New York. The stock and gold gambling has brought to the surface a set of men new to the city. The stock business; which was once in the hands of the most substantial and respectable of our citizens, is now controlled by men desperate and reckless. Any man who can command fifty dollars becomes a broker. These men know no hours and no laws. Early and late they are on the ground. No gamesters are more desperate or more suddenly destroyed. The daily reverses in Wall Street exceed any romance that has been written. A millionaire leaves his palatial residence in the morning, and goes home at night a ruined man. It is a common thing for speculators who can afford it, to draw checks of from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars to make up their losses in a single day. One well-known speculator, unable to deliver the stock he had pledged himself to deliver, drew his check for the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand

dollars, the amount of his loss in a single transaction. A man rides up to Central Park one afternoon with his dashing equipage ; his wife and proud daughters whirl the dust in the eyes of well-to-do citizens who are on foot. The next day this fine team and elegant mansion, with store full of goods, go into the hands of his creditors. He sends his family into the country, and either disappears himself, or is seen on the outskirts of the crowd, waiting for something to turn up. The reckless mode of doing business leads to a reckless style of living, extravagance and dissipation, which no legitimate business can support. The mania touches all classes. Women and ministers are not exempt. One pastor in this city is a good specimen of the power of this speculating mania. The demon got possession of him. He made a little money. He started to make five thousand. He moved the figure ahead to the little sum of a quarter of a million. The business transformed the man. His face became haggard ; his eyes dilated ; his hair dishevelled ; he could not sleep ; he bought all the editions of the papers ; got up nights to buy extras ; chased the boys round the corners for the latest news ; was early at the stock market, and among the last to leave the Fifth Avenue Hotel at night when the board closes its late session. Whether a quarter of a million is worth what it costs, this gentleman can tell when he gets it. A lady in this city came from New England. She was the child of a sail-maker, and was brought up in humble circumstances. A wealthy man, whose repute was not high, and whose disposition was not amiable, offered her his hand. She did not expect love, nor hardly respect, but he offered

her instead a coach, an elegant mansion, and costly jewels. She found herself suddenly elevated. She lived in commanding style, with her furniture, plate, and servants. She bore her elevation badly, and looked down with scorn upon her old friends and associates. Her husband engaged deeply in speculation ; it proved a ruinous one. To help himself out of a crisis he committed forgery. He was sent to the State Prison. His great establishment was seized. Her house was sold over her head by the sheriff. Her jewels, valued at fifteen thousand dollars, were spirited away, and she never saw them more. She was suddenly elevated, and as suddenly hurled down to the position from which she had been taken.

SUCCESS A COY THING.

The men who are the capitalists of New York to-day are not the sons of the wealthy or successful merchants of the city. They are men whose fathers were porters, wood-choppers, and coal-heavers. They did the hard work, swept out the stores, made the fires, used the marking-pot, were kicked and cuffed about, and suffered every hardship. But they jostled and outran the pampered son of their employer, and carried off the prize. The chief end of man is not to make money. But if one imagines that it is, and that a fortune must be made at once, then he will barter the solid ground for the mirage, and leave a successful business for the glittering morass ; trade that insures a handsome competence for wild speculation. The hands on the dial plate of industry will stand still while men grasp at shadows.

In New York, two kinds of business greet a comer, one bad, the other good ; one easy to get, the other hard ; the one pays at the start, the other pays but little : perhaps the position itself must be paid for. If one wants money, says he has his fortune to make and cannot wait, he will take what turns up, and wait for better times. Disreputable trade, questionable business, a tricky house, a saloon or a bar-room, are open to a reputable young man, and if he have a dash of piety, all the better. But such touch pitch and are defiled ; they seldom lose the taint of the first business in which they are engaged. Men can be good or bad in any trade. They can be sound lawyers or pettifoggers ; a merchant of property or a mock auctioneer ; a physician whose skill and character endear him to the best families in the land, or a doctor whose "sands of life have almost run out ;" a preacher who says, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel," or a minister who, like some in the olden time, said, "Put me, I pray thee, into the priest's office, that I may get me a morsel of bread." There is no permanent success without integrity, industry, and talent.

In trade there are two codes that govern men. The one is expressed in the mottoes, "All is fair in trade ;" "Be as honest as the times will allow ;" "If you buy the devil, you must sell him again." The other acts on business principles ; sells a sound horse for a sound price ; gives the customer the exact article that he buys. The few houses that have been successful, amid an almost universal crash, have been houses which have done business on principle. In cases where honorable tradesmen have been obliged to suspend, they are

the last to go down and the first to recover. Manufactories that have been noted for goods of excellent quality feel depression the latest and rise the quickest. If a glass is wanted for the Observatory at Washington, an order goes to England, France, or Germany; the lens is received and put in its place without trial, for the reputation of the house is a guarantee of its excellence. This reputation is capital, out of which the fortune is made. If the stamp of Rogers & Son on a piece of cutlery is genuine, no one wants a guarantee that the knife is good. 97 High Holborn is well known throughout the civilized world as the Tower. It is the depot of Day & Martin's celebrated blacking. The unquestioned excellence of the article has not only secured a fortune to the firm, but a tenant in that building is sure of success. The location is well known, and the owners will have none but honorable tradesmen on their premises. A box of axes put up at the Douglas manufactory, in Massachusetts, is not opened till, hundreds of miles beyond the Mississippi, the hardy woodsman begins to fell the forest — the vanguard of civilization. The maker and the buyer know the value of integrity in business matters.

OLD MERCHANTS.

The men who founded the mercantile character of this city are known as men of the Old School. They were celebrated for their courtesy and integrity. They came from the humblest walks of life; from the plough and anvil; from the lapstone and printing case; from the farm and the quarry. They worked their way up, as Daniel worked his from the position of a slave to Prime:

Minister of Babylon. Some of these men went from the store to compete with the ablest statesmen of the world. Some left their patients on a sick bed to measure swords with veteran commanders on the battle-field. They met on the seas naval officers of highest rank, and made them haul down their flags to the new banner of our nation. They sounded out freedom in the Declaration of Independence; the bugle-call rang over hill and dale, crossed oceans and continents, into dungeons, and made tyrants tremble in their palace homes, — building a nation that no treason could ruin and no foreign foe destroy. Like the Eddystone lighthouse, the Union, sometimes hid for a moment by the angry surges, still threw its steady light on the turbulent waters, and guided the tempest-tossed into the harbor where they would be.

These Old School men ate not a bit of idle bread. They were content with their small store and pine desk. They owned their goods, and were their own cashiers, salesmen, clerks, and porter. They worked sixteen hours a day, and so became millionnaires. They would as soon have committed forgery as to have been mean or unjust in trade. They made their wealth in business, and not in fraudulent failure. They secured their fortunes out of their customers, and not out of their creditors. Not so Young America. He must make a dash. He begins with a brown-stone store, filled with goods for which he has paid nothing; marries a dashing belle; delegates all the business that he can to others; lives in style, and spends his money before he gets it; keeps his fast horse, and other

appendages equally fast ; is much at the club room, on the sporting track, and in billiard or kindred saloons ; speaks of his father as the " old governor," and of his mother as the " old woman ;" and finally becomes porter to his clerk, and lackey to his salesman. Beginning where his father left off, he leaves off where his father began.

XXVII.

ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY.

ORIGIN OF THE EXPRESS BUSINESS. — ORGANIZATION. — HEADQUARTERS. —
THE SUPERINTENDENT. — THE STABLES. — THE LESSON.

ORIGIN OF THE EXPRESS BUSINESS.

BOSTON has the honor of originating the express companies of America. One morning a man took the East Boston ferry, bound for Salem, over the Eastern Railroad. He held in his hand a small trunk, trimmed with red morocco, and fastened with brass nails. The trunk contained a few notes which the person was to collect; a small sum of money he was to pay, and a few commissions he was to execute. These were the tangible things in the trunk. Besides these notes, money, and orders, that little trunk, which a child might have lifted and carried, contained the germ of the express business of the land, whose agencies, untiring as the sun, are almost as regular; which girdle this continent, cross and recross at every point, and track commerce, gain, glory, and religion round the globe.

The man still lives, among the most honored of his fellow-citizens, who commenced the express business as an experiment between Boston and New York. Alvin Adams, on the 4th day of May, 1840, made his first

trip between those cities as an expressman. He had no business, no customers, and no money. He shrewdly saw the coming greatness of his calling, though for one year it was carried on in the smallest possible way. He had indomitable energy; his integrity was without a question; he gained slowly on the confidence of the community, and closed the year with a future success before him.

ORGANIZATION.

William B. Dinsmore, the present honored head of the Adams Express Company, in 1841 became the New York partner. With the rapid increase of business, branches were extended towards the south. Edward S. Sandford, the present vice-president of the company, carried the business to Philadelphia. In the same year, Samuel M. Shoemaker extended the business to Baltimore. These gentlemen are still connected with the company. In 1854 a joint stock company was formed, with a capital of a million dollars. The ablest business talent in the land was called to the charge of affairs. The company now stretches out its arms towards all the towns, villages, and cities in the land. It is an express company for merchandise, from a bundle to a ship load. The amount of money received and disbursed every day exceeds that of any bank in the nation. It collects and pays out the smallest sum, and from that to a large wagon loaded with money, and drawn by three horses. During the war the company rendered efficient service to the government. In time of peril or panic, when the property of the army was abandoned or sacrificed, it bore away cart-loads of money by its coolness and courage, and saved millions

to the treasury. The company opened a department expressly to carry money from the private soldiers to their families. For a very small sum funds were taken from the soldier and delivered to his friends in any part of the land. I have seen, at one arrival, a bundle of greenbacks from the troops that no two men could lift. On several occasions, the transportation department in the army being in utter confusion, application was made to the Adams Express Company for relief. A shrewd, practical man sent out from this office would straighten matters in a short time.

HEADQUARTERS.

On Broadway, below Trinity Church, stands the headquarters of the company. It is a model for convenience, elegance, and utility. The immense business requires from twenty-five to fifty distinct departments, and each with an efficient head. Order, system, and despatch reign throughout the house. The quietness of a bank pervades the establishment. The company pay the highest wages, and secure the best of men. Every man knows his duty, has his place, and must do his work. No loud talking, swearing, or vulgarity is allowed. The building is fitted up with great elegance. The president's room is regal. Mr. Dinsmore, who has been identified with the company from its start, a practical business man, prompt, intelligent, and efficient, who blandly receives all comers, and courteously greets all who have any business to do, cannot be imposed upon. The whole building is fitted up in the best style of a banking-house. Order and neatness pervade every department. The attic is a museum.

Uncalled-for articles are here stored, and are marked "O. H.," which means On Hand; in the parlance of the office it is called "Old Hoss." The running expenses of the concern are not less than twelve thousand dollars a day.

THE SUPERINTENDENT.

For many years John Hoey has been the executive officer. Much of the system and success is due to him. On entering the headquarters, the superintendent can be seen at his little desk opposite the door,—a man of medium height, thick-set, of sandy complexion, with a sharp, short, vigorous utterance. He despatches the complicated business of his position with ease and promptness. He has a remarkable combination of fitting gifts for his position. He is smart and courteous, shrewd and patient; blending suavity with great executive ability; never off his guard, never losing his temper; ready for any emergency, and prompt at all times. His position is perplexing and complicated. He has to deal with thousands of small packages, thousands of small customers, thousands of unreasonable men, thousands of nervous and irritable women, thousands of persons stupid and mad; with property lost, trunks stolen, packages missing; with turbulent customers threatening lawsuits. Every man's case is the most urgent, and all demand attention and redress at once. Without a cool and intelligent head, the headquarters would be a scene of wild and inextricable confusion. But all day long, with the coming and going of thousands, the demands, the threats, and the loud talking, Mr. Hoey can be seen as pleasant as a summer morning. He has but a word for each, and that

the right one. The man who threatens a lawsuit is told to go ahead; the boisterous talker cools down under the icy blandness of the executive; unreasonable men cease their strife, and the timid have their fears allayed. The equity of his decisions usually satisfies. He can do more business in a day, get more work out of men, get more goods into a wagon, get it off quicker, get more freight on board of a ship, and make all hands feel better about it, than any other man in New York. A wagon returns from a vessel without unloading. The driver reports that the captain will not take another package. Mr. Hoey jumps on to the box with the driver, returns to the vessel, unloads, gets every package on board, and with a hearty good will, mutually expressed, shakes hands with the captain, and returns to the office.

THE STABLES.

The stables are in the rear of the headquarters. They are the most convenient of any in the city, and are well worth a visit. They are five stories high, and, like a Fifth Avenue house, have all the modern improvements. Comfort, ventilation, cleanliness, and convenience are combined. Every horse has his name and his stall, and every harness its particular hook on which it must hang. Every piece of it must be kept clean and bright, and fit for immediate use. There are no corners for rubbish, for the system and order of the office reigns in the stable. Few men take better care of their families than this company do of their horses. The stables are as inviting as a summer-house, and are as attractive as the queen's at Windsor Castle. The

company offer a premium for fine horses, and secure the best in the land. Over a hundred and fifty horses are used to do the business of the concern in New York, some of which know quite as much as the men. The celebrated tandem team are the most valuable and sagacious horses in the land. They are elegant, of great size, are groomed perfectly, and nothing can excel their harness and trappings. Four of them are attached to the wagon, one before the other, Boston style. They start from the office for the upper part of the city with an immense load of goods, guided by no reins, and only an occasional word from the driver. These sagacious creatures will thread their way up through Broadway when it is the most thickly crowded with teams, crossing and recrossing in every direction; when the police have to unlock the conflicting teams; when a man cannot get over without the aid of an officer; and yet these horses will move on unguided. They seem to know the width of the wagon, and will not enter an opening large enough for themselves unless the wagon can follow. They will back and start, cross over, change their course, move at the right moment, prick up their ears, fling their heads up, snort, and carry the wagon safely through, as if navigating Broadway, in its wildest confusion, had been the study of their lives. The horses occupy three stories of the stables, two of them below ground. The stalls, cribs, mode of watering and feeding, are on new methods. An old horse who has outgrown his usefulness is daily hoisted on a platform from his subterranean stall to the attic, where he grinds the food for his more vigorous companions.

THE LESSON.

The men who originated this successful company, who still conduct its immense business, and through it have secured an ample fortune, began life as humble and as lowly as the lowest. They were trained among the farms and hills of New England. In the plain school-house they secured their education. In the church they received the good principles which have underlaid their success. A father's prayers followed them as they left the old homestead. A mother's blessing rested on their heads as they turned away to seek their fortune. The success of this company, for a quarter of a century, proves that integrity, fair dealing, promptness, and indomitable perseverance have a commercial value.

XXVIII.

COLLEGE HONORS.

COMMON BOON.—COVETED HONORS.—THE SCRAMBLE.—A RACE.

COMMON BOON.

ALMOST every preacher in New York is a Doctor of Divinity. Mere lads and whipsters are divines. Men who have no social or religious standing put D. D. after their name. Men who cannot construe correctly a sentence in *Paradise Lost* are announced as "The Rev. Dr. Blank." Formerly a diploma was a proof of standing and of repute ; of learning, character, and ability. In many cases it is so now. Many of the pastors of New York have well earned the dignity of D. D. Many, without any solicitation on their part, or on the part of their friends, have received diplomas from prominent colleges at home and abroad. Many have declined the honor. Many honor the institution by accepting it, rather than receive honor from the college. To no such men do I now refer.

COVETED HONORS.

There is an insane desire to be a D. D. on the part of some men. They scramble for it as chickens do for corn. The tricks resorted to by politicians to get office

are resorted to by men to get a degree. They make direct application to the president or to one of the trustees. They get up petitions, have them signed by their friends, and send them to some college. The matter is reduced to a system in this city. Men have diplomas who, a few years ago, were in trade, made wagons, were artisans and dentists; who strut round with their honors upon them as if the hands of the apostles were laid on them. They suggest the idea that our colleges, in the bestowment of their gifts, imitate the divine economy, in giving "more abundant honor to the parts that lack."

THE SCRAMBLE.

The season when the annual shower of diplomas fall is an exciting one to the aspirant. Candidates for the coveted parchments begin to bestir themselves. One man has a rich father, or his wife has. A donation looms up in the distance. Another has a rich parishioner, who can, if he will, "remember the college." If an aspirant can get a liberal man in his parish to request the favor of a D. D., he has a fair chance of success. I have seen men in New York, with the charter of a college in their pockets, seeking subscriptions, with the promise of a Doctorate in due time. In some instances the matter is run as a political measure, and a degree goes through college as men get a bill through Congress, on the "you help me and I will help you" plan. A gentleman holding a government office in this city promised a friend that he would get him a degree, as he was trustee of a college. In reference to the rival claims for the honor, he boasted that he would

get his man through. He drew up a petition, had it numerously signed, and pressed it upon the trustees with all the zeal of a politician. Sometimes a compromise is made. An aspirant gives way this year to a more pressing case, with the promise that his turn shall come the next season. A person was requested to put his name to a petition for a Doctorate for a party named. He declined, on the ground that he had just signed one for another gentleman who was about changing his denomination. "Your friend must hold over for another year," he added.

A RACE.

Two men some time ago ran quite a race for a degree. Each had strong petitions, and was well backed. The campaign was as exciting and as sharp as a political one. The leading friend on each side was a well-trained New York politician. The list on each petition was long and imposing. Who would win no one could tell. Each of the candidates had a friend in the board. It was a ticklish matter to handle. The trustees held several meetings, and the debates were very earnest. The state of feeling outside of the board was very exciting. If it had not been a clerical matter, bets would have been freely offered, with many takers. The Commencement exercises began. The outside world did not know who was the successful candidate, for the secret was well kept. A large crowd was in attendance. The point at which degrees were conferred was reached. Silence pervaded the great throng. The president quietly said, "The board will confer no honorary degrees this year." The announcement was

received with a hearty, universal laugh, indicating the interest of the audience in the matter. At the conclusion, each of the rivals was saluted with, "How are you, Doctor?" One man in this state, who preaches on Sunday to less than fifty people, who is understood to run his machine, as it is called, to aid his stock and other speculations, who has made some money on Wall Street, advertises himself as a D. D. His diploma is said to have come from a small, poor college, in a distant part of the land.

"So easily are Doctors made,
By man's or woman's whim."

At a dinner of the alumni of a celebrated college, held on a time in New York, a letter was read from an eminent western professor, charging the institution with selling its degrees to men who, in character, position, and talent were a disgrace to it, and accusing the college of bartering its honors for so much cash.

XXIX.

FERNANDO WOOD.

HIS START.—HIS PIOUS ROLE.—THE INAUGURAL.—HE WINS OVER THE
PUBLIC.—ASSUMES HIS REAL CHARACTER.—PERSONAL.

HIS START.

FROM the lowest social position, Mr. Wood became Mayor of New York. When put in nomination, it was a measuring cast between the mayor's office and a convict's cell. He pleaded the statute of limitations. Had the proceedings against him commenced a few hours earlier, the statute would have been pleaded in vain. Having been the keeper of a low groggery himself, his strength lay with the desperate classes of the city. To elect himself, he appealed to the lowest of men, and to the vilest grade of New York voters. He was nominated when corruption in the city government was the most fearful. Nothing was safe. The vilest men were in power. The public finances were controlled by those whom the citizens of New York would not have trusted with a five-dollar note. The authorities and the rascals hunted in couples. The nomination of Fernando Wood deepened the gloom, and extended the feeling of general distrust. No man was ever more earnestly opposed. The newspapers were full of his

past conduct and alleged crimes. The religious press, in trumpet tones, called upon the citizens to defeat him. The pulpit lifted up its voice in prayer and alarm at the great evil that was impending over the city. By the aid of the united vote of the foreign population, the keepers of dens, brothels, and low groggeries, blended with the power of party nomination, Mr. Wood was elected.

HIS PIOUS ROLE.

His proclamations, speeches, and promises gave the lie to the electioneering stories. He turned his back on his associates who elected him. He joined the party of reform. He promised great things. All corruption was to be checked, and economy to pervade the administration of the government. The laws in relation to dram-selling should be enforced, and the Sabbath be kept. The people in New York were entitled to the best government in the land, and they should have it. Between the election and the inaugural Mr. Wood astonished friend and foe. An omnibus proprietor sent him a season ticket. He sent it back, stating that he intended to see the laws of New York enforced, and could not be holden to any party. He saw a policeman reading a newspaper while a crowd were gathered around a fallen omnibus horse. The mayor elect asked the name of the policeman. He refused to give it, and Mr. Wood took down his number. "What do you want my name for?" the policeman said. "You are bound to give it to any one who asks, without a reason," was the reply. The name was given with evident reluctance. As Mr. Wood was

turning away, the officer said, "You have asked my name, now give me yours." "Fernando Wood is my name," said the mayor elect, "and I will see you at the City Hall on the 1st of January next." The policeman gave a long whistle, and departed. The friends of public order, of the Sabbath, of sound morals, temperance, and religion were astounded at the conduct of the new chief, and thought that the millennium was not far off.

THE INAUGURAL.

The proclamation with which Mr. Wood began his reign as mayor fell on the city like a bombshell. For a time the reforms promised in it were not merely in name. The police, who had for years loafed round the City Hall, surrounded by a troop of smokers, tobacco-chewers, and eaters of peanuts; bullies and blackguards, prize-fighters, pot-house politicians, who had made the City Hall their headquarters, to the disgust of decent people,—were informed that their reign was over, and that they must abdicate. On the inauguration of their favorite candidate, they were ready to congratulate him by renewing their visits to the City Hall. He was the people's candidate, and the people had elected him in spite of the aristocrats, who had tried hard to send him to the State's Prison. He was a Democrat of the Democrats, the standard-bearer of the Bowery Boys, the Fourth Warders, and of the Bloody Sixth. Former mayors, who had represented the respectability, decency, and morality of the city, were accessible to all during business hours. In the central room in the City Hall, surrounded with clerks, sitting at his low desk, the mayor could usually be

seen. All this was too democratic for Fernando Wood. He had an office elegantly fitted up in the rear. He called it the Mayor's Private Office. Into this he retreated, and the doors were guarded by policemen. Bullies and Short Boys, who for years had the run of the City Hall, going in and out of the mayor's office when they pleased, were astounded to find "Fernandy" putting on airs, and closing his door in the face of the men who put him into power. They resolved to beard him in his new den. They were met at the door by a well-dressed official, who informed them, in decided tones, that the mayor was engaged. They could do nothing but retire, muttering vengeance. The old mayor's room was a disgrace. Under Mr. Wood it was cleansed, the ceilings elegantly painted, the floor carpeted, and pictures hung on the wall; the desks fell back in a line; confusion and tumult ceased; men came only on business, quietly did it, and went away. A portion of the citizens were jubilant over the new order of things. A portion were surprised, and knew not what to make of it. Some resolved to resist the despot in the City Hall. Mr. Wood carried things with an iron rule. He enforced the laws as they had not been enforced for half a century. He opened a complaint book, and invited all the citizens who had grievances to present them, and they should be attended to. The slightest breach of discipline was punished. If an officer came into the mayor's office without his official coat, he was ordered out, and told if he repeated the offence he would be dismissed. Men in the chief offices of the City Hall resolved to rebel. They did not like their new chief, and said they would

not be so worked or so governed. Wood got the names of the chief men in this conspiracy. He laid the charge to them, and told them coolly that he would carry out his reform against all opposition, if he was obliged to call out the entire military force of the city.

HE WINS OVER THE PUBLIC.

A man with such a reputation as Mr. Wood brought with him into office, whose election and inaugural were regarded with terror and dismay, would be closely watched while in office. When he avowed himself the champion of good order, of the enforcement of law and sound morals, not only New York, but the nation was jubilant. No public man, since the days of General Jackson, was so popular. He held a daily levee in his private room. Judges, justices, and lawyers, from all parts of the country, sought his acquaintance. The clergy preached about him, and prayed for him. The press lauded him; lauded his executive ability, his courage, and the grand administration he was giving to New York. Men who had clamored, before his inauguration, for his incarceration in prison, took him by the hand, confessed their sins, and wished him God speed. The grand jury, who had been ready to indict him, now spoke his praise. Great religious societies passed him votes of thanks. To a committee who presented him these compliments he said, "I am only doing my duty. New York pays enough to be well governed, and she shall be. The Sunday laws shall be enforced, and I am resolved to give New York such Sabbaths as she deserves. When I cannot do this, I shall resign." He won over the temperance men and

the clergy. He was a member of St. George, of which Dr. Tyng was pastor. Strangers crowded the church on Sunday to see the great man of the age. At a great temperance meeting, Dr. Tyng, his pastor, spoke in behalf of Mr. Wood, while the audience cheered every sentence. Said the doctor, "I know intimately the noble man who is at the head of the city. He is a true man. He is a member of my congregation. You may be assured that he will take no backward steps." A great meeting was held at the Tabernacle. The Hutchinsons composed a song in honor of the mayor, which was sung amid a tempest of applause. One verse of it ran as follows:—

"Our city laws are pretty good,
Nowadays, nowadays,
When put in force by Mr. Wood,
Nowadays, nowadays."

His name became a terror to evil-doers. It was a tower of strength to good government in all the cities in America. A passenger stopped a train in Michigan, seized a desperate pickpocket who threatened to cut his throat, and, single-handed, ejected him from the cars, and started the train, the people shouting, "That must be Mayor Wood!" Hundreds of letters were received at the mayor's office, describing crime and wickedness that existed in other cities, and calling upon Mr. Wood to come and put a stop to the evil. It was thought he could work anywhere.

ASSUMES HIS REAL CHARACTER.

It is difficult to ascribe a reason for Mr. Wood's course during the first six months of his official life. Why he inspired such hopes in the heart of the friends of good government, order, and reform; why he turned his back on his old friends and old principles for that brief term, — it is difficult to understand. That he was not sincere, that his principles and conduct were not changed, his subsequent acts sufficiently proved. That he made himself immensely popular is unquestionable. Had he really turned over a new leaf, been in heart what he professed to be, governed New York during his whole term as he governed it the first six months, he would have had a social and political standing that would have been exceeded by none of the noble men whose names are revered by New York. Any office in the state or nation that he desired would have been opened to him. When he went back to his old friends and his old ways he made the mistake of a lifetime. The farce was soon ended. The predictions preceding his election were more than realized, — among the bold, bad rulers of New York he would be the chief. The police under his hands became so corrupt that the laws were changed to take away his power. The united populace, without distinction of party, cried to the Legislature for relief. A commission was sent down to rule the city. Rioters resisted the law, their headquarters being in the mayor's office. Mr. Wood led the old police to resist the city government unto blood. The Seventh Regiment were called out to serve a civil process on the mayor. The mayor was reduced to a

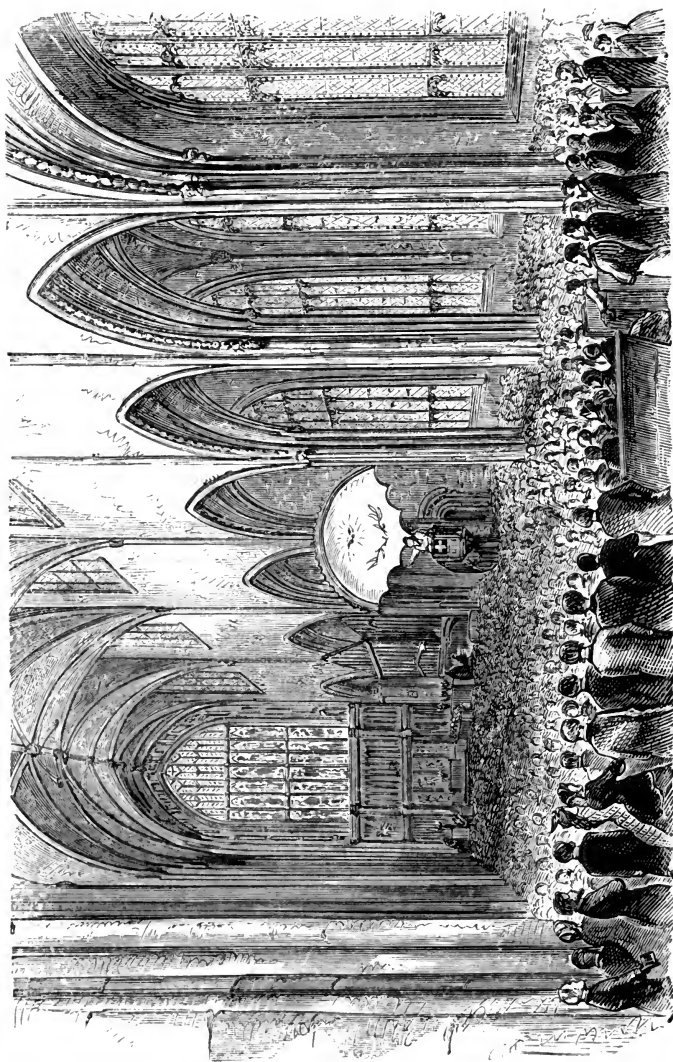
mere walking gentleman, whose chief business consists in drawing his salary once a month.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Wood is about sixty years of age. His hair is dark, but his mustache snowy white. He is tall, slim, and very erect. However well he is dressed, there is always a seedy look about him, such as marks a well-dressed loafer. He wears black, has a clerical look, and would be mistaken anywhere for a professor in college. He has a perpetual smile on his face, which, cold and hollow, is well described by the word *smirk*. He dresses evidently with care, and with as much taste as he can command. He makes up well, has been carefully preserved, and before he allowed his gray mustache to grow looked scarcely forty years of age. There is an insincerity about him, which you feel whenever he speaks to you. In his dress and deportment he shows his shrewdness. He has nothing to hope for but from the debased of New York. To them he caters. His careful array and sanctified demeanor are the secret of his power. Wood understands human nature. The vile and ignominious want a champion, but they do not want him to look vile and ignominious. They want him to dress and walk with the best. They point to him when he is in public, and say, "That's our champion. He is as smart and genteel, as handsomely dressed, and behaves himself as well, as any of them." Wood understands this well. When he goes among his constituents in the lower parts of New York he goes well made up. His black frock coat, buttoned up to the throat, displays his lithe and genteel form to advantage.

His hat, of the latest style, is well brushed and glossy. His boots, of the newest fashion, are polished like a mirror. His gloves fit the hand, and, with a small switch or walking cane, he moves round among the purlieus of the city like a person from another world. So his constituents receive him. He is civil and bland, but icy. He speaks to the women; pats the little, dirty urchins on the head with his dainty fingers; holds his levees in beer saloons and Dutch groceries, and drinks lager with his friends out of the rude mugs, as if he was tippling champagne at the St. Nicholas. Everywhere he wears the same bland, treacherous smile; everywhere he is the same wily treacherous politician.





INSIDE TRINITY CHURCH.

XXX.

TRINITY CHURCH CORPORATION.

THE WEALTH OF TRINITY. — AS A PARISH. — THE YOUNG RECTOR. — TRINITY SERVICES.

THE Dutch settled the Island of Manhattan, and were the lords of the soil. They persecuted nobody. They welcomed all sects and conditions of men, stipulating only that their own customs, sacred and religious, should not be meddled with. The worship of the Dutch was in the language of Holland, but their talk and traffic were in English. A few Episcopalians, who came over early, found New York a genial soil. They opened worship in the English language. To the great sorrow of the Dutch, their children ran off to the Episcopal Church, because the worship was in English. Yet the Episcopalians were made welcome, and were allowed to occupy the Dutch Church one half of the Lord's Day. As a separate parish, Trinity was organized in 1697. Their house of worship was a small, square edifice, with a steeple. Pews were assigned to worshippers according to rank. There was the "Governor's Pew," the "Bachelor's Pew," the "Housekeeper's Pew," "Pew for Masters of Vessels;" and others are specially named.

THE WEALTH OF TRINITY.

It is difficult to estimate the wealth of this corporation. It is estimated at from forty to a hundred millions. It originated with a farm, in the then upper part of New York, now in the centre of business, which was leased by the governor to Trinity Church. Subsequently one of the governors of the colony gave it to Trinity Church in fee. The papers were sent across the waters for approval, but the home government refused to ratify the act of the governor. In the Revolution the estate became the property of the state. It got back into the hands of Trinity; but New York has a claim which has never been settled, that may cause some trouble by and by.

Nearly all this farm is now covered with the most elegant and costly buildings of New York, and the property held by Trinity, as a whole, is in parts of the city where the land is most valuable. It lies on Broadway, between the Battery and Fourteenth Street, and spreads out like a fan. It embraces wharves, ferries, dock privileges, and depots; immense blocks on Broadway, of marble, granite, iron, and brown-stone; splendid stores, hotels, theatres, churches, and private mansions. The most costly and splendid buildings in New York stand on leased ground, and the owners pay a ground-rent. Leases usually run for twenty-one years, containing several renewals on a new valuation. A Trinity Church lease, with its peculiar privileges and covenants, is one of the most desirable titles in the city.

AS A PARISH.

Trinity is a close corporation. Its vast property is managed by a vestry of five persons, who have plenipotentiary power. Trinity is the Cathedral of America. Attached to it are three chapels in different parts of New York — St. Paul's, St. John's, and Trinity. It has a rector and eight assistants. The house of worship is the most costly and grand on the island. Daily services are held, and a choir of surpliced boys sing. Her great tower fronts Wall Street; it contains a chime of bells, that ring out the hours, halves, and quarters, announcing to the worshippers of Mammon how passes life.

THE YOUNG RECTOR.

The first position the church has to offer, superior in influence to that of a bishop, is that of rector. This official controls the immense revenues of the church. Dr. Berrian, the old rector, held his position for a great many years. Quite a number of the old ministers were looking for his place when he should depart. Among the number was young Mr. Dix, son of General Dix. He still looks like a college student. He had tact, energy, and executive ability. Dr. Berrian was very old, and could do but little business. The assistant ministers took their ease, and did not care about hard work. The laboring oar was put into the hands of young Dix. He seemed to like nothing better. Everything was done by him in time, and done well. He arranged the business that came before the vestry, drew the papers, and kept everything as systematic as a bank. The assistant ministers were very glad to have

young Dix do the work, and the old rector found it very convenient to have a young, smart assistant on whom he could rely.

The charter of Trinity allowed the appointment of an assistant rector. The position had been vacant for twenty-five years. To the surprise of everybody, Dr. Berrian nominated young Dix to that vacant position. The whole matter was a secret till the nomination was made. The seven assistants saw in the movement a successor to Dr. Berrian. They opposed the nomination, and asked for delay. The fact that Mr. Dix was youngest in years, and youngest in orders, was pointed out. But the nomination was confirmed and accepted on the spot, and Mr. Dix became, in fact, the rector of Trinity. On the death of Dr. Berrian, Mr. Dix was unanimously elected rector, and was at once inducted into office, without audience, without music, without religious service. But few of the assistant ministers were present. With the wardens, the rector walked from the vestry to the north porch, and from thence to the main entrance. Here the keys were handed to him, — an emblem of authority, — and the ceremony ended. The salary of the rector and of the assistants is any sum they may need. Annexed is a fine house well furnished, holiday gifts, tour in Europe, provision for wife and children if the husband dies, and a settlement for life. A minister of Trinity has a metropolitan fame, and distant dioceses often send to Trinity for their bishops.

TRINITY SERVICES.

The choral service is one of the specialities of Old Trinity. It was introduced, in its present order, by Dr. Cutler, who succeeded Dr. Hodge as organist. A choir of boys was introduced in connection with the voices of men; the whole, dressed in white surplices, make quite a show in the chancel. The distance of the great organ over the main entrance from the choir made it necessary to introduce a chancel organ, which was opened with great ceremony. Not the least curious was the presence of an old organist, who, over sixty years ago, played the first chant that was introduced into the Episcopal Church in this country. So strange was the performance, that the authorities of St. John's Chapel were outraged by the innovation. The vestry formally waited upon Bishop Hobart, and demanded that he should put a stop to such outlandish music. So little were chants understood or enjoyed even in the Episcopal Church at that day! The bishop declined to interfere, and chants became popular. The choral service is very taking. Everything is sung in the service that can be sung — the Psalter, the Creed, as well as other parts of the service. The people are mere spectators. The ministers and choir within the chancel-rail have it all to themselves. The music is very difficult, and it is sung in such rapid time that an untrained voice cannot keep up. The service opens on Sunday with a thronged house — aisles and vestibules full. The crowd remains till the singing is over and the sermon begins. Then it disperses, as if the performance was complete. It is very difficult to hear the

officiating ministers in Trinity. Most that they say, so far as the people are concerned, might almost as well be said in a Latin tongue. There is scarcely a good reader or speaker in the whole force of Trinity. The utterances are indistinct, and the tone low, as if the reader did not care whether the persons in the house heard or not.

At the opening service the leader of the music comes out of the robing-room dressed in a black gown, followed by about forty or fifty boys and men in surplices. The rector leads, followed by a train of clergy in white robes. On the opening of the vestry door the audience rise, and keep on their feet till the procession move into the chancel and are seated. The priest intones the service after the manner of the Catholic Church. The preacher for the day is escorted from the vestry to the pulpit by the sexton, who waits at the foot of the stairs till the minister is seated. The rector of Trinity is thoroughly High Church.* He introduces into the services all the pomp, display, and ritualism that Episcopacy will permit. He models his service in as close imitation of the Catholic worship as the steady Protestantism of New York will bear.

XXXI.

CONSPIRACY AGAINST PRESIDENT
LINCOLN.

THE PRESIDENT IN THE CITY. — THE CONSPIRATORS. — FEELING IN WASHINGTON. — PLOT DISCOVERED. — VISIT TO MR. LINCOLN.

THE PRESIDENT IN THE CITY.

THE attention of the people of New York was called to Mr. Lincoln in 1860. He was announced to deliver a political address in Cooper Institute. The audience was fair, but the room was by no means full. He was a remarkable looking man, — decidedly western, tall, lank, and bony, with an enormous neck, that shot up from a low, turned-down collar, hair apparently uncombed, his dress slouchy and countrified, his oratory uninviting; and the impression he made was not very marked. A gentleman called upon him at his rooms in the Astor, and knocking at the door, received an invitation to "come in." He found Mr. Lincoln just in the act of putting on his shirt. Without the slightest embarrassment, he asked the visitor to be seated, while he continued his work, adding, "We must do this or go dirty." On his way to Washington, after his election to the Presidency, his friends received him with all honor in the city, and escorted him to the Astor House,

where rooms were provided for him. Here he received all comers with affability, and displayed those genial traits of character which made him so humorous and entertaining in the White House. He brought with him, from his western home, his simple and unaffected habits. The cares of state sat easily upon him. He put on no airs. He saw no reason why he should not enjoy himself as President, as he did when he was plain Abraham Lincoln. At the Astor House he waited on himself. If he wanted a thing he went after it. He did the same at Washington. If he wanted to see Mr. Seward or Mr. Stanton, instead of sending for those officials, he put on his hat and ran over to the Department, as he would have run to a brother lawyer's office in Illinois. He went the rounds of the Departments in the evening. If missed from his office, those in the secret could track him from point to point till he was found.

Politicians crowded on him while he was in New York. The man who was fortunate enough to get hold of him was sure of a patient auditor till he closed. It was so during all of his official life. If a case was commended to his attention he would hear it through. Men beset him in his private walks; headed him off while on horseback; hid behind trees, to fall upon him as he passed along, knowing that if they could but speak to him he would give them a patient hearing until they were through.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

Among the visitors at the White House was a person very notorious in New York, with whom no reputable woman would willingly be seen on Broadway. He had travelled much in Europe ; by what means few could tell. Those not acquainted with his inner life could be easily imposed upon by the appearance and conversation of the man. He was very officious in his attention to Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, especially the latter. His frequent visits to Washington, and his receptions at the White House, were noticed by the friends of the President. At all of the receptions of Mrs. Lincoln he was an early and constant visitor. At the informal receptions he was found. No one went so early but this person could be seen cosily seated in a chair as if at home, talking to the ladies of the White House. None called so late but they found him still there. The servants of the White House marked his familiarity, his coming and going. The officials who had the honor of the President's mansion in charge felt keenly the constant inquiries about the visits of this man. More than once, persons from different sections of the country, who were annoyed that they could never enter the White House without encountering this New Yorker, would accost the doorkeeper with questions like these : "Do the ladies receive to-night?" "Yes, sir, at eight o'clock." "Are they in the drawing-room?" "Yes, sir." "Has anybody called?" "I believe a gentleman has." "What is his name?" "He is a gentleman from New York, sir." "Is it Mr. —?" (Reluctantly) "I believe he is in there, sir." "What is he here at

the White House so much for?" (With a shrug of the shoulders) "I can't say, sir."

THE FEELING IN WASHINGTON.

The people in Washington are very proud of the chief magistrate's family. The house and the President's grounds are open to all citizens. The receptions, levees, drawing-rooms, to which all respectable persons have access, supply the place of operas, balls, concerts, and lectures. Distinguished persons who visit the capital, the delegations sent from all parts of the country, the public receptions given by the President, bind up the citizens of Washington with the family of the chief magistrate. Anything that touches the honor or the fame of the White House touches the people of the District, as if a shadow had fallen on their own homes. The bad repute of the person referred to was well known in Washington. His constant visits to the mansion were well known, and were the theme of general remark. More than once he had been seen riding in the President's coach, with the ladies, through Pennsylvania Avenue. Frequently he was found lounging in the conservatory, or smoking in the grounds, very much at home, and not at all anxious to hide his presence. The public press began to speak out, and was not at all complimentary to the President's family. Some of the western papers printed articles in relation to this matter that were scandalous. Two of the leading daily papers of New York had articles of a similar import. It was evident that soon the scandal would be public unless something was done to reassure the public conscience.

PLOT DISCOVERED.

A few friends of Mr. Lincoln, who believed that the whole of this matter was a scheme to strike him through his household, and so obtain office and preferment, resolved to probe the matter to the bottom. They collected the rumors, reduced the scandal to shape, cut out from the newspapers the various articles in relation to the matter that were going the rounds, and met in a quiet manner to see what could be done. I was present at that first meeting, when it was resolved, in a quiet way, to track these scandals to their source. It was easily done. The person whose presence at Washington created so much scandal was known to be penniless, and in his career must be supported by some parties in New York, who were using him as their tool. Such was found to be the case. Ostensibly a man and woman in the city were his backers. They furnished him with money and instructions. He was to go to Washington, make himself agreeable to the ladies, insinuate himself into the White House, attend levees, show that he had power to come and go, and, if possible, open a correspondence with the ladies of the mansion, no matter how indifferent the subject might be. Having obtained influence and tangible proof of his standing with the ladies of the White House, his backers, in due time, would make such use of his influence as would prove profitable to them. The wretched tool did his work well, and for a time success promised to crown his labors. He sent regular bulletins to New York, stating how well he was succeeding in his dirty work; how he visited the mansion; what was said and

done ; what notes were sent to him, with copies of the same ; how he visited the library and private apartments of the President, rambled through the conservatory, and outsat all comers at the receptions.

VISIT TO MR. LINCOLN.

It was considered that the President should be made acquainted with this plot against his honor. I was appointed to lay the papers before him. I went to Washington, and, in company with a United States senator, called at the White House at seven o'clock in the evening. The vestibule was crowded with people from all parts of the country, soldiers and officers. The ante-room was crowded with senators and their friends, anxious to be introduced to the President. As we approached the door, the official shook his head, saying, "The President is engaged with the Secretary of State, and you cannot see him at present." The senator belonged to the military department, which at that time took precedence of all others. The door opened, and we passed in. The President was in his office with Mr. Seward and the Secretary of War. The business was evidently not as pressing as the official at the door imagined. The President was lying off, listening with great gusto to a first-class story Mr. Seward was relating. We heard enough of it to join in the hearty laugh at the close. The senator then addressed Mr. Seward, saying, "Governor, you have bored the President long enough. My friend wants to see him on some private business, and I want you to talk to me." The President took me by the hand, led me into the office of his private secretary, whom he drove out, and

locked the door. Taking a seat beside me on the sofa, his first words were, "Now, what do you want of me?" I stated the purpose of my visit, presented him with the extracts cut from the paper reflecting on his family, gave him the names of the conspirators, and the substance of notes that had passed between the miserable tool and his employers, and told him the vagabond was at that moment down stairs entertaining his family. "Give me those papers," said the President, "and sit here till I return." He started out of the room with strides that showed an energy of purpose. Shortly after he returned, grasped me warmly by the hand, and led me back into the room, and in company with the senator I took my leave. The scorpion was driven from the mansion that night, and although he was seen once or twice after in the Presidential grounds, and was said to be loitering round the conservatory, yet he disappeared soon from the mansion, and the plot exploded.

XXXII.

INCIDENTS IN CITY EVANGELIZATION.

THE NEW YORK CITY MISSION. — ORIGIN OF THE WORK. — THRILLING INCIDENTS. — TEMPERANCE IN A RUM SALOON. — RESCUE OF THE DESTITUTE. — A SOLDIER IN TROUBLE. — A YOUNG MAN'S STORY. — NOT EASILY DISCOURAGED. — A MISSIONARY'S DAILY WORK. — A FOOL ANSWERED ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY.

ORIGIN OF THE WORK.

THE New York City Mission, though not under that name, was founded February 19, 1827. Into this was merged the Young Men's Tract Society, which was formed in 1825. The work of the society for two years was to supply with tracts the shipping, markets, humane and criminal institutions, and the outskirts of the city. In June, 1832, a new feature in the work was introduced, especially by the lamented Harlan Page. It was the concentrated effort and prayer for the *salvation of individuals*. This gave directness and efficiency to the society, and missionaries were employed to labor in the destitute wards of the city. From November, 1834, to 1866, the number of regular missionaries increased from twelve to forty-five. The work among the New York poor and neglected has

continued for forty years. The society now employs forty-six missionaries, with twenty stations. These men, during the past year, have made about one hundred and twenty thousand visits to the neglected homes of the city, have reached fifty-three thousand nine hundred families, and have distributed nearly two millions of tracts in twelve different tongues. Walking through the lanes and by-ways of the city, they persuade multitudes to go to the house of God and to the Sunday school. Their work among neglected and vagrant boys and girls is very successful. Temporary relief has been afforded to the needy, and employment found for the stranger. Friendless girls — and they are counted by thousands — have been led to homes of security and protection. Fallen women have been led back to the path of rectitude, and over ten thousand have been led to attend some place of public worship. Young men have been enlisted in the mission work ; religious reading has been furnished to police stations and the rooms of firemen ; and this presents but a feeble view of the work of all shades and hues that the lowly demand, and these devout and self-denying men perform.

THRILLING INCIDENTS.

No book of romance could be made as thrilling as one filled with the details of real life among the destitute poor of New York. Men and women come here from all the cities and towns of the Union and the world. They come for hope of gain ; to make a fortune ; to get a livelihood, and to hide their characters in the wilderness of this great people. Many bring with them a little money, and hope to increase their

store. Many are seduced from home by offers of employment. Many come under promises of marriage. Sickness, bad society, sudden temptation and crime plunge them into want. Many sincerely repent, but are not able to escape from the mire into which they have fallen. The arm of the benevolent and the religious must help and rescue the fallen. In the thousands of visits that missionaries pay, facts that thrill the heart and move the compassion are daily gathered.

TEMPERANCE IN A RUM SALOON.

In a saloon where tracts had been previously left without opposition, the keeper said to the assistant, "I wish you and your tracts were in hell; you have made my customers crazy; you have injured my business." This was said with oaths and curses. As the visitor left the house, a man followed him, who said, "That bar-keeper told some truth. I was a hard drinker; within six months I have spent five hundred dollars in his house; but since I read your tracts I have quit drinking, and spent my time in seeking my soul's salvation." He stated that three others had followed his example, and they went together to church on the Sabbath.

As the assistant was crossing the Brooklyn ferry, he was accosted by a genteelly-dressed man, who said, "I believe you are the person who, in August last, took a wretched, bloated drunkard into the mission in Greenwich Street. After he signed the pledge, you gave him some clothing, and money to pay his fare to Brooklyn." The assistant remembered such a case. "Well," said the man, "I am that man. Leaving you, I went to my old employer, told him I had signed the pledge, and

asked him to try me again. With many fears he took me back. I thank God that by his grace I have kept my pledge, and gained my employer's confidence. I am now a member of the church, and an officer in the Sabbath school."

RESCUE OF THE DESTITUTE.

A Christian lady, riding from Newark to New York, met in the cars a girl in distress, and on reaching the city, she led her to the mission. The girl's story was briefly this: She was a German orphan, sixteen years old, at service in Erie, Pa. Another girl had persuaded her to go with her to New York, where, she was told, she could live without doing much work. Having money on hand, saved from her earnings, she agreed to go; and they started together. At Dunkirk, in the changing of cars, they became separated, and this girl remained and took the next train. A respectable looking woman in the same car, seeing her weep, tendered her sympathy, and told her she lived in New York, and would take her to a good place. On their arrival at Jersey City, she took the cars for Newark, N. J., where they put up at a public house, and occupied the same room for the night. When the girl awoke in the morning, her money, and her clothing, and her friend were gone. She could not leave her room; she was completely stripped. The wife of the hotel-keeper had compassion on her, and gave her an old dress and a ticket to this city. Her experience among strangers had made her anxious to return home. The funds needful to clothe her comfortably and procure a passage ticket to Erie were raised, and in a few days

she left for home, grateful that she had been providentially saved from ruin. She returned to the family she left, and in writing, says, "I think the Lord led me to your mission to convert me."

A SOLDIER IN TROUBLE.

Being requested to visit a needy family, the missionary hastened to the place given as their abode. This was in an upper room of an old tenant-house. On inquiry, he found it to be the family of one who had fought under the stars and stripes. He had been discharged from the service. His wife was confined to her bed by sickness, and was so feeble as to be seemingly but just alive. Three small but interesting children were shivering over a scanty fire. The soldier-husband and father acted as nurse and housekeeper. His room, both in order and cleanliness, gave evidence that he was one of those who could turn his hand to almost everything. Generous persons placed means in the hands of the missionaries for benevolent purposes, and the family was relieved. Spiritual as well as temporal ministrations were thankfully received, and the missionary always found a welcome.

A YOUNG MAN'S STORY.

"In September, 1857, I left my country home to seek my fortune in the metropolis of the nation, willing to work at anything that Providence should place in my way, unmindful what it might be. Upon my arrival here, the crisis was just beginning to tell with fearful effect upon all classes. Persons in almost every branch of industry were thrown out of employment, and even

the best known and most skilful found it difficult to obtain work at the then greatly reduced rates of compensation. I had previously worked at a trade, but leaving before my time had expired I was not entitled to a recommendation, nor did I get one. I had recourse to Mr. — the missionary's kind offices. I called on him, stated my case, and after he had listened to my story, he concluded to give me a recommendation, in substance as follows:—

“ ‘ This is to certify that I believe — to be a faithful, honest, and industrious boy, and that I take great pleasure in recommending him to any person who may need his services, feeling satisfied that all work given him will be performed to the best of his ability.’

“ With this in my pocket, I again went forth, and soon succeeded in obtaining work at the miserable pittance of a dollar and a half per week, in a large manufactory where they were making a new article, on which the profits were at least a hundred per cent. I worked there for eighteen months, and the largest sum I obtained was two dollars and a half per week. During this time my winter evenings were spent in reading and at night school, never going to a place of amusement of any kind but once in all that time. In this way I became more perfect in my education, and when fortune smiled on me I found myself reasonably competent to meet its duties; and commencing in my position at a salary of nine dollars per week, it has gone on increasing until now it is two thousand dollars a year. Many times during the last nine years I had promised myself the pleasure of calling on and thanking the kind giver of that recommendation, to which I owe my

present success ; but through some means or other my good intentions were not carried into execution in time to see my generous friend on earth, and I can show my gratitude in no better way than in aiding the good work in which he was engaged, which I propose doing in proportion to my means."

NOT EASILY DISCOURAGED.

The quarter just closing has had its usual measure of labor, disappointments, and success. A man with very bad clothes and worse habits had the good fortune to meet our assistant, who not only supplied his most pressing wants, but took him also under the shelter of his roof. Abusing the kindness of his benefactor, the man one day came home intoxicated, and instead of turning him from the door, Jason, full of patience and benevolence, shut him up in the garret. After much salutary counsel and judicious treatment he was induced to enter the army, where he faithfully served, until, being wounded, he was compelled to return. Upon his recovery he reënlisted, and, as a member of an invalid corps, is still in service. The second time he left the city he begged brother Jason to pray for him continually — a request that has been faithfully met. From time to time he has sent his earnings home, until there are five hundred dollars saved. Better than this, he has begun to lay up for himself treasure in heaven. As he had it in his heart to be a Christian, he thought he must stop smoking, and expressive of his determination he sent to his friend as vile a package as was ever transmitted by express — a quantity of tobacco and the stump of an old pipe. In a letter just received, he

says, "You will be glad to know that I sat down to the table of our Lord on the first Sabbath in June, having made profession of my faith."

A MISSIONARY'S DAILY WORK.

Like his experience, the duties of a city missionary are at times very peculiar. This is true, at least, whenever he has to convert a butcher's shop into a mission station. For example, he begins the day at an early hour, and is occupied with things ordinary and extraordinary until ten. He then goes over to James Pyle's to beg a box of soap; and, glad at the success of his errand, he runs two or three blocks on his way back, out of mere forgetfulness. Now he has directions to give some workmen waiting to receive him; a conversation with the gas-fitter, and a conference with the carpenter, which is presently interrupted by the woman who has come to clean, declaring that nothing worth naming can be done until the missionary goes to the corner grocery for "a scrubbing-brush and five cents' worth of washing soda." These procured, it is found that there is some whitewashing to be done, and unfortunately there is no one but "the man of all work" to do it; and so, because the work, already too long delayed, must not be hindered, nothing is left but for the poor missionary to mount an empty dry-goods box and swing his brush until two long hours have filled him with fatigue and disgust. But it is twelve o'clock, and he has scarcely time for a hasty washing of hands and face, the removal of sundry "trade marks" from his coat and hat, and the polishing of his boots with a newspaper, for he has an appointment shortly after noon.

In an upper room a little company is gathered, while below a hearse and carriage stand waiting at the door. For the days of only one week was the daughter and sister visited before death came to put an end to all preparation. Looking upon the peaceful form, clad in the garments of the grave, where before the violence of pain almost prevented the utterance of bodily fear, and restless desire, and ardent hope at last, a theme was at once suggested, and the missionary found refreshment for his own spirit while he endeavored to comfort and instruct with thoughts of the happiness of that home, and of the nature and importance of the efforts to reach it, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

A FOOL ANSWERED ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY.

The missionary has often occasion for all his wits, and must sometimes "answer a fool according to his folly." On the top floor of a tenement-house in Mott Street lives a shoemaker, a hard drinker and a scoffer at religious things; but with all this a good-tempered fellow, who will bear plain talking. His family, and some girls who work with him, are in the habit of attending our meetings. One day in November, as the assistant was visiting them, with an evident design to make sport of him and his work, the shoemaker turned upon him, saying, "Mr. P——, you have made all my family believe there is a devil: now, did you ever see him?" "O, yes, sir," said he, "very many times. I can't say I ever saw the big old devil — he is too cunning for that; but I have seen a great many little ones. I saw one or two just before I came into your house." He

wanted to know how they looked. "Well, they were very much bloated up, eyes red, face a little peeled and bruised, and, phew! what a breath! One of them seemed to be holding the other up; and as I came up stairs they were holding on to the lamp-post to keep from falling." "Well, sir," said he, "I never saw the devil, and I'd like to see one." He felt he was in for it, that the women were laughing at him behind his back, and that he must make as good a fight as he could. With that the assistant led him up to his glass, saying, "Look there; you will see the description is all right." "Do you mean to call me a devil?" "Now, don't get mad; you know you began it." "That's so," said he; "but I'd like to have you prove I'm a devil." "Well, I'll prove you are a little one from Scripture. The Savior told the Jews, 'Ye are of your father the devil; the lusts of your father ye will do.' And the apostle says, 'Now the works of the flesh' — that is, of the devil — 'are manifest, which are these: adulteries, . . . murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like.' Without a word, he turned on his heel, went to his bench, and took up his lapstone. "I a devil" — rap, rap — "proved too by Scripture" — rap, rap — "pretty tough that on a fellow" — rap, rap, rap. His wife has told us he has not taken a drop since of any kind of liquor, not even beer.

XXXIII.

POLICEMEN ON TRIAL.

NEED OF DISCIPLINE. — MR. ACTON AS A JUDGE. — TRIALS IN THE COURT-ROOM. — HUMOR AND WIT. — TRYING THE COMPLAINANT. — A PANEL-THIEF.

NEED OF DISCIPLINE.

To enforce discipline, a court is held every Wednesday at headquarters. Here from fifty to a hundred patrolmen are arraigned and tried every week. The trial is conducted, in some respects, with the formality of a court. The defendant is duly cited to appear; he is served with a copy of the charges against him, and the names of witnesses to be examined. Most of the charges are very frivolous — such as sitting down when on duty; reading a paper; standing in doorways; stopping on the streets to talk; off his beat; going into a house, a bar-room, or a dram-shop; appearing without gloves; neglecting to try the doors to see if they are unfastened; not responding to the sergeant's rap; being too long in patrolling his post. It is the duty of the inspectors to follow up the men, watch them, detect them in little errors, and report them for trial. The efficiency of the force demands this.

MR. ACTON AS A JUDGE.

In the third story of the building used as the headquarters, the court-room is located. It is a large, well-lighted, well-ventilated room, with seats for about a hundred, a bench for the court, with ample accommodations for the press and for visitors. At ten o'clock court opens. The trials are held by Mr. Acton, the president of the police commission. The other members occasionally attend and look on, but Mr. Acton has the labor of the trial upon himself. He is judge, jury, district attorney, and counsel for the defence. He is a small man, wiry and nervous, with hair prematurely gray, which he wears cut close to his head like a prize-fighter. He is prompt and rapid in the despatch of business, and can try and dispose of a hundred cases during the day. Lawyers are seldom employed, as policemen find they can get along much better by telling their own story in a simple and direct manner. When lawyers attend, no hair-splitting is allowed; no quibbles, no legal subterfuges, no objection to this testimony or that because it does not conform to legal rules. The court is one of equity. The officer who arraigns the patrolman tells his story in his own way; and the defendant tells his story, brings up his witnesses, and the case is disposed of at once. A shorthand reporter takes down every word of the testimony, and this is submitted to the full board before a decision is rendered. Mr. Acton has been in the force eight years. He prepared himself for his present duties by a close attendance on the police trials at the Tombs, especially on Sunday morning. He is very shrewd

and talented. He is very adroit in putting questions. He can break a nice-laid scheme, expose a well-told story, and bring the truth out by two or three sharp questions; and the work he does in a day would take an ordinary court a week to discharge. Out of two thousand men on the police, all are not saints; and to do fairly by the city, and justly by the men arraigned, a judge must have a cool head, ready wit, be prompt and decided, be a good judge of human nature, and have strong common sense.

TRIALS IN THE COURT-ROOM.

Half an hour before the court opens, the room is all alive. Officers and men and witnesses fill it full. The captains, in full uniform, take the seat of honor within the iron railing. The sergeants have chairs outside the railing, and the men huddle together on the benches. The clerk comes in with an armful of yellow envelopes, which contain the sworn complaints. Promptly on time Mr. Acton takes his seat, and, without any formality, calls out the names of the defendant, the complainant, and the witnesses. The defendant steps forward, the charge is read in two or three lines: "Off duty for two or three hours." The testimony is taken. "How is that?" is put to the defendant. He makes his statement, brings up his witnesses if he has any, and the next case is called before the witness has really done speaking. During the trial Mr. Acton gives sound advice, words of caution, admonitions and threats. To turbulent men he has a loud, harsh, sharp tone, that rasps like a file. Generally he is tender and candid, and has much patience. If he thinks the officers are

hard on the men, he defends the men. Conspiracies are often formed to break men; but such plans are not only frustrated, but are usually exposed, by the keen dissecting-knife that lays bare the motives.

HUMOR AND WIT.

There is a great deal of humor in these trials, and half a day can be spent very pleasantly in seeing how justice is administered to the guardians of the city. A witness is called upon. "State what you know." The policeman asks a question, but dislikes the answer. Mr. Acton says, "You asked the question: you must take the answer he gives you." Four witnesses testify that a policeman took ten dollars, and let a prisoner go. The policeman denies it. "They all lie, do they?" Mr. Acton says. A man is arraigned for talking twenty minutes. "Too long, Brown, too long. You must learn to tell shorter stories, or police business won't agree with you." To one who is charged with coming out of a brewery, this admonition is given: "You must keep out of breweries, or keep out of the station-house." One man was off duty catching a goat. "Let the goats alone, and attend to your business," is the rebuke. In answer to the charge of being off duty, a policeman said he went into a house to look after a drunken man. "Let drunken men remain in the house when they are in it; you have no business with them there." Two officers were brought up for quarrelling: one pulled the other's nose. "Pretty business," he says, "for policemen! The city pays you twelve hundred dollars a year to keep the peace, and the first thing you do is to go and break it." But some one said, "They shook

hands afterwards." "Well," said Mr. Acton, "that is an improvement on prize-fighting. Prize-fighters shake hands before they go into the fight, but seldom when they come out of it. What shall I do to the man who pulled your nose?" "Don't break him, sir," the complainant says. A policeman is accused of coming out of a bakery. He went there to get some coffee. "Did you get it?" "Yes, sir." "Well, two days' pay off for that." Another is accused of not trying the doors on his beat, to see if they were fastened. He denies the charge of neglect, but undertakes to split hairs on the charge that he neglected to try *all* his doors. In sharp tones the president says, "Don't play any of your fine points; don't try any of your dodges here. You confessed your neglect of duty, and I shall punish you for what you do neglect, not for what you don't." One is seen coming out of a dram-shop. He makes some frivolous excuse. He knows that it will go hard with him, as the president shakes his head, and says, "You will learn to keep out of rum-shops by and by." "Keep on your post, Mr. Brown," is said to another. "Off your post, eh? Went to get some coffee? That's the dearest cup of coffee you've drank this year. No coffee on duty." "Couldn't be found on your post for two hours! You might as well be in Harlem. You had better seek some other business." "Don't know the limit of your post? Go and find out: don't bring that excuse here again for being off duty." "Jones, you must get a new coat before you come here again. It will do for me to wear such a coat as that, not you." A man comes up and whispers to Mr. Acton. In a loud tone Mr. Acton says, "This man requests that the

name of some ladies who have brought charges against policemen may be kept out of the papers. I tell him I don't run newspapers, and have no control over them. I have been trying these eight years to keep my own name out of the paper, but I haven't succeeded." "You're a nice young gentleman," Mr. Acton says to another; "you desert your post without leave. This is the third time you have been before me lately. You had better take your buttons off, and carry them to the station. Police business don't agree with your constitution." No member of the force is allowed to be in debt. To one against whom this charge is preferred, Mr. Acton says, "Go home, settle that matter before you sleep, and report to me to-morrow morning." And so the trial proceeds till the yellow envelopes are exhausted, and every one has had a hearing.

TRYING THE COMPLAINANT.

The humorous part of the trial usually takes place in the afternoon. The morning trials are for breaches of discipline, preferred by inspectors, captains, or sergeants. But the trials in the afternoon are on complaints preferred by citizens who consider themselves aggrieved, abused, or wronged by the police. In nine cases out of ten the investigation proves that the complainants were in the wrong, and the policemen right. The members of the force humorously call the afternoon trials, "Trying the complainant." The charge is usually based on alleged abuse of citizens; refusing to make arrests; beating with the club; assaulting women; levying black-mail; allowing stores to be broken open on their beat, and other charges. After

the complainant has told his story, the officer tells his; and usually, if a man has been beaten, it was because he resisted the officer. Women make complaints of brutal treatment, bring ten or twenty witnesses to show how excellent their character is, cry in court over the wrongs done their feelings by arrest, and get the sympathy of the crowd. But when the captain comes up, and testifies that they were both drunk and disorderly in the station-house the night before, and filled the room with profanity and obscenity, the women find themselves exposed, often shout out imprecations, and flaunt out of the room.

A PANEL-THIEF.

The panel-thieving business is almost entirely in the hands of black women. They carry on their trade so adroitly that it is difficult to discover their whereabouts, or to detect them at their business. They make frequent complaints against the police. One of them appeared before the commissioner the other day — a very good-looking and intelligent mulatto woman. She was a poor washerwoman, she said, and quietly maintained herself and family. While she was washing, one day, a policeman came and took her to the station-house, without giving her time to lock her doors. The policeman afterwards searched her house, and carried away some keys which a gentleman left there. She also asserted that her house was robbed in consequence of the doors being left unlocked. The evidence showed that she was one of the most notorious panel-thieves in New York. The "keys which the gentleman left" proved to be keys and tools of

burglars, which the policeman exhibited, together with the locks and bolts used in panel-thieving, at the sight of which the complainant set up a howl, went off into a nicely-arranged hysteric fit, and was dragged by the inexorable policeman out of the court-room, to recover at her leisure.

For neglect of duty, breaches of discipline, improper behavior, insulting or discourteous conduct, all rudeness or unnecessary severity, the policemen are promptly arrested, tried, and punished. The penalty varies from the deduction of a day's pay to suspension or dismissal. So far as the court is concerned, this trial is final. There is no appeal, there is no rehearing, there is no review. If a man is unjustly cut off, he can only be reinstated by being readmitted, as if he had never been on the force. The commissioners sustain the men in an honest and fearless discharge of their duty, even though sometimes they make mistakes. If they arrest a man wrongfully, or in the zealous discharge of duty go unintentionally beyond the law, the commissioners step in and shield the policeman, taking the blame upon themselves. Every encouragement is held out to the men to become efficient members of the force. Their behavior, their dress, their attention to orders, sobriety and promptness in the discharge of duty, surely lead to promotion. The rigid discipline of the force after a time ceases to be an annoyance. The general superintendent, in his late report, in speaking of discipline, says, —

“It produces a feeling of pride when allusion is made to the efficiency of the force, and to the high degree of discipline it has attained. Officers and men alike

are entitled to the highest commendation. There seems to be among them a general anxiety to excel in personal deportment, neatness of attire, and proficiency in military acquirement. The fidelity with which the various duties that devolve upon them are performed entitles the members of the force, with inconsiderable exceptions, to our special approbation."

XXXIV.

GENERAL CHARLES STETSON AND
THE ASTOR HOUSE.

ORIGIN OF THE ASTOR HOUSE. — NEW YORK AROUND THE ASTOR. — GENERAL STETSON AND THE ASTOR. — THIRTY YEARS OF HOTEL LIFE. — MR. JONES THE BAGGAGE MAN. — ROOM NUMBER ELEVEN THURLOW WEED'S NEW YORK HOME. — MR. WEED'S EARLY CAREER. — SECRET OF HIS POWER. — HUMANE. — AN INCIDENT. — PERSONAL. — MR. WEBSTER AT THE ASTOR HOUSE. — AN INCIDENT. — MR. WEBSTER'S BIRTHDAY. — BALTIMORE NOMINATION. — MR. WEBSTER AND GENERAL TAYLOR.

ORIGIN OF THE ASTOR HOUSE.

THIS celebrated hotel stands on the site where its founder lived during the greater part of his active business life. In the year 1824 John Jacob Astor surrendered his house to his son, William B. John G. Costar resided on the block, and his house formed the corner of Barclay Street and Broadway. David Suydam, the famous flour merchant, resided on the block. Michael Paff, who was a companion of Mr. Astor across the Atlantic, kept his celebrated picture gallery on the corner of Vesey Street and Broadway. The resolution to build a hotel that should bear his name Mr. Astor kept a secret. He quietly purchased lot after lot until he owned the whole block, Mr. Costar's house alone excepted. Mr. Costar was rich, liked the location, and refused to sell.

Mr. Astor made a proposition to Mr. Costar, that each should name a friend, the two should choose a third, and they should estimate the value of the property. To the sum named, Mr. Astor agreed to add twenty thousand dollars. This proposition was acceded to, and the land became Mr. Astor's. In 1836, on the 1st of June, the Astor House was thrown open to the public. It was then in the extreme upper part of New York. It soon became the most famous hotel in the nation. It has always been the centre of travel and trade. The omnibuses and street cars, connecting with all the ferries, places of amusement, and railroads, start from the Astor. The great rotunda is high 'change daily for the eminent men of the nation. Political societies, clubs, benevolent organizations, and great corporations hold their meetings at this hotel.

NEW YORK AROUND THE ASTOR.

When this hotel was opened, in 1836, all New York was below the hotel. Trinity Church was the centre of the city. The Fulton Street Dutch Church was so far up town, that people residing in lower New York could not reach it with comfort. Mr. Astor was generally censured for putting his hotel so far away from the residences of the people. There were then but two hotels above the Astor—the American, where Lafayette was entertained, on the corner above, and the Washington, which stood where A. T. Stewart's down-town store now stands. Any one who looks, will see that the City Hall has a marble front and a free-stone rear. No one supposed the city would ever reach above the City Hall, and the economical Dutch

saved the difference between brown stone and marble. On Barclay Street there was but one store, and that was a grocery, that stood on the corner opposite St. Peter's Church. All Park Place, and from the Astor to Chambers Street, and from Broadway to Greenwich, and from Barclay to Canal, was occupied by the aristocracy, and the houses were occupied by the rich and well-to-do merchants of the city. The ultra fashionable dwelt round St. John's Park. Trade, starting from the Battery, hugged the East River to Chambers Street. Pearl Street contained the stores of the solid merchants of the city. Beekman Street was the limit of the up-town dry-goods trade. The city above Fourteenth Street was a cornfield. Straying from Canal Street up town, the houses growing more and more scarce, ended with Union Square. It was then no square, but an enclosed common. It was beyond the lamp district; the old leather-heads, who guarded the city, never went beyond the lamps: people who walked in that dark locality had to look out for themselves. Where Cooper Institute and the Bible House stand there was a common, without improvement; no omnibuses ran in the city, and there were no street cars. The Astor House was away up town, and there was no place to go to. The churches, hotels, and places of amusement were down town; a single railroad track was laid from Chatham Square to Yorkville, and steam was used above Fourteenth Street. The great avenues in the western part of the city lie in the region then known as Chelsea. This was as much in the country as the Elysian Fields now are. City schools took a holiday, and went to Chelsea to take the air. Trade drove the Episcopal

Theological Seminary from down town: a farm in Chelsea was presented to the institution by a Mr. Moore. It was so far into the country, that it was doubtful whether any student could ever find it. Bishop Hobart laid the corner-stone of the present buildings. He congratulated the friends of sacred learning that the seminary was beyond the reach of trade for a century at least. It is now far down town, on Twentieth Street, below the Ninth Avenue: business has overtaken it and outrun it. It sends its unwelcomed din within the rooms of the student. It has swept away already the beautiful park of St. John. It is making rapid strides towards this college.

GENERAL STETSON AND THE ASTOR.

Thirty-six years ago Mr. Stetson became proprietor of this hotel. He was then a young man; but his promise as a hotel-keeper was manifest, and his ability had reached the ears of Mr. Astor. While on a visit to New York, Mr. Stetson took a fancy to the Astor House. Things did not work smoothly with the proprietors, and the owner of the house was not satisfied. Mr. Stetson received a note one day from Mr. Astor, requesting him to call upon him. Measuring the young man from foot to head for some time, the old merchant said, "I understand you want to do some business with me, young man." Mr. Stetson very coolly replied, that he understood that Mr. Astor wanted to transact some business with him; that his confidential clerk had written him a note, asking him to call, but if Mr. Astor had no business, he would bid him good morning, as he had but a short time to remain in the city. The independence of the young man rather pleased the old

merchant, and he said, "Sit down, young man; don't be in such a hurry. What are you going to do, young man?" "I am going to get my living, and get it by hotel keeping." "And you think you can keep my hotel—do you?" "Yes," said the young Napoleon, "I can keep any hotel in the city. I will keep a hotel, not a tavern." "And what is the difference between a tavern and a hotel?" said Mr. Astor. "Just the difference between what your hotel is and what you wish it to be. A tavern keeper knows how to go to market, and how to feed so many people at a public table. A hotel keeper is a gentleman who stands on a level with his guests." The young man proved to be one after Mr. Astor's own heart. He made terms with him. Mr. Stetson said he was penniless, with nothing but his honor, and he wanted Mr. Astor to furnish him with funds sufficient to buy out the proprietors, and put the hotel in complete running order. "And how much money will you want?" said the old man. "I may not want more than one thousand dollars, I may want twenty; but I will not take the house unless I can draw on you for fifty thousand dollars if I need it. I will buy the lease if it costs me twenty thousand dollars, and put the house in perfect order if it costs me twenty thousand more." "Fifty thousand dollars is a great deal of money," said Mr. Astor, "and I have no security." "Yes, you have; you have my honor, and the promise that I will keep what you want—a first-class hotel." The rigid terms were acceded to. Thirty years ago, at two o'clock, on the 12th of July, the papers were passed, and Mr. Stetson became the proprietor of the Astor House.

THIRTY YEARS OF HOTEL LIFE.

Mr. Stetson is still connected with the Astor. He can be seen daily in the corridors of the hotel, in the ripeness of mature life, welcoming, with a manly, hearty frankness, his friends beneath his roof. He has never sunk the man in his business. He has been the bosom companion and friend of the most eminent men of the land; intelligent, large-hearted, and well informed, and is a genial companion. The Astor has been the home of all the eminent men of America. Mr. Stetson has more of the unwritten history of the country in his possession than any other man, and he knows more of the private history of the leading men of the country than any other person. His liberality and generosity are unbounded. His gifts to the poor have been constant and large. During the war he kept open house to officers and men, and gave the stewards of the hospitals the free run of his kitchen. His honor is untarnished, and his reputation without a stain. When cruelly wronged by others, and the earnings of his life were swept away by the fraud of associates, no one doubted his integrity. The owner of the Astor House came to him, and said, "Mr. Stetson, your load is too heavy; pay us no rent till we call for it, and give yourself no trouble about it." And they bore the load till Mr. Stetson could carry it. Great commercial convulsions roar past the dwellings of hotel keepers as well as others, in disastrous times which make the stoutest merchants stagger. The same proprietors, though they could have entered advantageously to themselves, and taken possession, yet came forward and made a liberal

arrangement with a company by which the profits of the lease could be restored to Mr. Stetson and his family. Mr. Stetson's mantle seems to have fallen on his sons. The elder keeps the hotel in Central Park. He must have character and skill, or the commissioners would not have intrusted that important house to his keeping. When the splendid hotel at Long Branch was reared, no name was considered more fitting for it to bear than that of Stetson. It has been kept with great success for two seasons by Charles, Jr., in connection with his uncle James. The younger son made a brilliant record in the war, and by his personal heroism more than once saved the fortune of the day. And though only a captain, he has led a brigade to battle. He has now taken the Astor House, and has full charge of its immense business.

MR. JONES, THE BAGGAGE-MASTER.

On entering the hotel, a quiet gentleman was for many years seen sitting near the baggage. He sat there more than thirty years. He is about sixty years of age. He has a quick ear, a sharp eye, and a ready step. He came to the hotel before Mr. Stetson. This gentleman was Mr. Jones, the baggage-master. He had charge of all luggage that came or went. Everything was under his direction. Give Mr. Jones the key of your room, your checks, or your order, and you could eat your meals in quietness. No trunk got on the wrong coach, no bundles were left behind, if Mr. Jones had charge. He handled the trunks of nearly all the great men of the nation. Belles and dames of distinction in the New World and in the Old

knew him. He saw millionnaires reduced to penury, merchant princes fail, and the proud ones become lowly. He had no salary during the long term of thirty years. All his pay was from the voluntary contributions of the house. At the close of the day's duties, Mr. Jones changed his attire, put on a fashionable overcoat, and with cane in hand set out for his brown-stone house in upper New York. He lived near Fifth Avenue. His house was elegantly furnished, and he lived in fine style. Mr. Jones picked up and saved, by carrying trunks up and down the hotel stairs, the snug sum of seventy-five to one hundred thousand dollars. His relatives, connected with the old Astor, had a fine start, and some of them have made fortunes. To see Mr. Jones in the cars, in his spruce array and blithe manner, one would take him to be a well-to-do down-town merchant.

While I write, the remains of Mr. Jones are being carried to their long home. He reached the full age of seventy years. He was always at his post; courteous, attentive, prompt, faithful, he discharged his duties with acceptance. He could answer any question about routes, teams, and trains that any one could ask. He was honest and trustful, and a gentleman of the old school. He was intimate with the prominent men of two generations. Van Buren knew him. He called up the trunks of Taylor and Buchanan. Pierce and Lincoln treated him with respect. He was a man after Mr. Webster's own heart. General Grant confided in him, and he could claim Admiral Farragut as his friend. Beloved, respected, and honored by all, he passed away in a moment, in the ripeness of age, and amid the general sorrow of his friends.

ROOM NUMBER ELEVEN THURLOW WEED'S NEW YORK HOME.

One of the most famous rooms in the Astor is No. 11. It is on the parlor floor, near the ladies' entrance. It consists of one room and a small ante-room. Save the President's room at the White House, no room in America has had a greater influence on the political destinies than room No. 11. This is the room occupied by Thurlow Weed. He has occupied it for a term of years. Men of mark in the nation and in the world, cabinet officers and foreign ministers, eminent civilians, governors of states and territories, with members of Congress, when in New York find their way to No. 11. In that little room Presidents have been made and destroyed, foreign embassies arranged, the patronage of the nation and state distributed, and the "slates" of ambitious and scheming politicians smashed. Mr. Weed has long been the Warwick in politics. He is eminently practical, keen, and far-sighted. He looks for success, and when his party follows his lead it generally triumphs. Without office, emolument, or political gifts to bestow on his friends, he has more influence with the politicians of the land than any man in America. He has great gifts as a writer. His short, sharp, telling articles, signed T. W., attract universal attention.

He is a marked man about the Astor. He never walks through the corridors but he attracts attention, and the universal inquiry is, Who is that gentleman? He walks generally alone, with a soft, cat-like tread, his head inclined on one side, and as if in great haste. His tone of conversation is low, like one trained to

caution in his utterances, lest he should be overheard. He is tall, with a slight stoop. He carries an air of benevolence in his face, and looks like a man of letters, and would easily be mistaken for a professor, or a doctor of divinity. His modesty and activity are marvellous. He is seldom at rest, but comes and goes like one driven by an impulse that is irresistible. He takes the evening train, and is back to business the next morning. He walks into the dining-room, and before you can say, "There is Thurlow Weed," he has eaten and gone. While he sits at his breakfast at the Astor, he reads the telegraph that announces his arrival in Albany. A message comes to him in cipher. He takes the midnight train for Washington, and before the press can announce his arrival, he is back to his old quarters.

MR. WEED'S EARLY CAREER.

He took to the daily press as some boys take to the sea. He has great tact in editing a paper, and is one of the best letter writers in the land. He has travelled much, and his correspondence from foreign lands, and from different parts of our own country, is a model of terseness, raciness, and spirit. He appeared to the public as an editor in Rochester. He bought out a half interest in a small paper. The Anti-masonic excitement was then raging. He admitted an article into his weekly, denouncing the arrest and death of Morgan. He wrote an editorial on the same subject. The publication of these articles brought a storm of indignation upon him that sunk his little craft. Mr. Weed thought it not fair that his partner should suffer. He bought out his interest, moved the concern to Albany, and set

up an independent paper. He formed an intimate connection with Governor William H. Seward, now Secretary of State. The two constituted a mighty power in the political world, which continued for over thirty years, controlling the destiny of the state, and dividing its patronage. It was the general impression that Mr. Weed earned the laurels and Mr. Seward wore them. Mr. Seward is very fond of his cigar. In old stage times he generally rode with the driver, that he might enjoy his favorite Havana. While riding one day, the driver eyed the quiet, silent gentleman for some time, and thought he would find out who he was. Addressing himself to Mr. Seward, he said, "Captain, what are you?" "Guess," was the reply. "A farmer?" "No." "A merchant?" "No." "A minister?" "No." "Well, what then?" "Governor." "Governor of what?" "Of this state." "I guess not." "Inquire at the next tavern." Driving up, Mr. Seward asked the proprietor, "Do you know me?" "Yes!" "What is my name?" "SEWARD." "Am I Governor of New York?" "No, by thunder! THURLOW WEED is."

SECRET OF HIS POWER.

Mr. Weed has held long political rule. He has talent, tact, industry, and shrewdness; more than all, he has heart. To all dependents, however humble, he is considerate. There is not a boy or man on the great lines from New York to the lakes who does not know and love him. A conductor said, "Mr. Weed could send a glass vase to Galena by the boys, and not have it broken." He pays liberally for all favors, and has a peculiar way of attaching persons to himself. To the

lowly, indigent, and unfortunate he is a tender friend. His private life is crowded with deeds of kindness, and a thousand eyes moisten at the mention of his name. At any inconvenience or cost he will serve those to whom he is attached. When he resided in Albany, he has been known to wait hours at night for a delayed train, to meet one who had asked to see him.

AN INCIDENT.

In the days of his great political power he would not always admit distinguished men into his presence, but the lowly could always gain his ear. One day, being greatly pressed with business, he gave orders that no one should be admitted. A senator called. Mr. Weed named the hour that he would see him. The governor called, and a similar appointment was made. A heavy knock brought Mr. Weed to his feet. A colored man, trembling like a pursued fawn, asked to see him. Mr. Weed knew him, had befriended him before, and knew that nothing but stern necessity brought him from home. In his tenderest tones, Mr. Weed bade him come in. He pushed aside his papers, and heard his story, gave him money, and aided him in his flight. He had no time for a senator or a governor, but he had time, counsel, and money for a fugitive negro. And this is but a type of Mr. Weed's private life.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Weed is very fascinating and genial as a companion. As successful orators put themselves in sympathy with their audience, Mr. Weed has the ability of completely captivating those with whom he converses.

There is an air of frank benignity in his manner, a tenderness in his tone, and he seems so sincere in his efforts to please, that one is captivated with his society. He is one of the best talkers in the country. For more than fifty years he has been the intimate companion of our eminent public men. He has a mass of information, anecdote, incident, and story about earlier days, that is interesting and fascinating. It is his purpose to write the history of men and things as he has known them for half a century. His correspondence with public men, at home and abroad, has been immense. His daughter Harriet, since the death of her mother, has been bound up in her father. His wishes, necessities, and comfort have been her constant study. Many years ago, unbeknown to her father, she gathered, assorted, and indexed all his letters and papers, with every sort of memorandum. Since she commenced the work, each day she has carefully gathered every note and letter. Every piece is labelled and numbered, and carefully entered, by index, in a book, so that Mr. Weed can call for any letter, or paper, or memorandum, as far back as the time of Jackson, and have it produced as readily as any bank can present to a customer his account. Such a mass of private history, embracing a period so full of startling events; such political revelations; such letters from politicians and public men, so racy, so sensational and telling, does not exist in this country anywhere outside of the strong box under the key of Miss Harriet Weed. To bring out the treasures of this chest will constitute the closing life-work of Thurlow Weed. While abroad he was received everywhere with honors accorded usually

only to the highest stations. Mr. Weed will occupy room No. 11 at the Astor House while he lives. The friendship between himself and General Stetson, the host of the Astor, has been strong, permanent, and unbroken for thirty years. It is the intention of the host of the Astor, that when Mr. Weed shall be borne to that house appointed for all living, his old quarters at the Astor shall be dismantled, to be occupied by no one after him.

MR. WEBSTER AT THE ASTOR HOUSE.

For many years the Astor House was the New York home of the great statesman. The famed Webster Rooms adjoin those occupied by Mr. Weed, and were numbered twelve and thirteen. A bed-room, a parlor, and dining-room composed the suite. Come when Mr. Webster would, by night or day, these rooms awaited him. All who occupied them in his absence took them on the condition that they must be vacated at a moment's notice. On the death of Mr. Webster, the partitions that divided the apartments were torn down, that they might never be used again by any guests. They now make the private breakfast room on the ladies' side of the house. Mr. Webster and General Stetson were bosom friends, and that friendship was severed only by death. Some of Mr. Webster's happiest hours were passed in his rooms at the Astor. The cheery voice of the liberal host always welcomed him as he crossed the threshold, and was music to his ear. Mr. Webster went from these rooms to Marshfield, where he was to lay himself down, to rise not till the heavens are no more. Worn and weary, Mr. Webster dropped a

word at that last visit which showed that, in his judgment, he was going home to die. He took an affectionate leave of his friend, whom he had known and loved for more than thirty years. He presented him with a complete set of his works, accompanied by a letter written in his best vein, which will be an heirloom in the family. On his death-bed at Marshfield he wrote the last letter that he ever penned, full of love and affection, to his life-long friend, the host of the Astor.

Few persons knew Mr. Webster better. He knew him as he appeared to the public — an orator pouring out the nervous tide of eloquence ; an advocate at the bar, carrying court and jury, willing or reluctant, along with him ; the farmer at Marshfield, familiar with cattle and crops, dressed in his short jacket, long pants, heavy brogans, and wide-brimmed, bad-looking hat ; a boatman and fisherman, hunting his favorite game in Marshfield Bay ; as a companion, social, fervent, and warm in friendship ; and he knew well how strong was his faith in the God of his fathers.

AN INCIDENT.

At Marshfield Mr. Webster was at one time engaged in conversation with a friend. The clock struck nine. Mr. Webster arose and left the room. He did not return for an hour, and some allusion was made to his absence. Mrs. Webster remarked that her husband had gone to bed ; that nine o'clock was his summer hour for retiring while on the farm ; his guests and family consulted their own convenience. At three o'clock in the morning the guest heard Mr. Webster calling for

shaving-water. Shortly after he left the house. A plain office, one story high, built of wood and painted white, still stands in the grove of Marshfield, now silent and deserted, and this was the working-room of Mr. Webster during his public life. Entering this office early in the morning, and closing the door, he addressed himself to his business, and finished the labor of the day before breakfast. On arising in the morning, the visitors proposed to make Mr. Webster a morning visit at his office. Mrs. Webster said, "Gentlemen, that office and this hour are sacred to labor. Mr. Webster gives to his guests all the time he can spare from his public duties. I never call upon him in his office hours, and he will not be pleased if you disturb him. When his labor is finished he will appear." The guests had not long to wait. Soon the host appeared. He bade them a hearty good morning, and proceeded to the breakfast table, and from thence to the pleasures of the day. Going to bed at nine o'clock, and rising daily at three, was his home custom. No wonder he could write his brilliant letter on the glory of the morning!

WEBSTER'S BIRTHDAY.

For many years it was a custom to celebrate, by a dinner at the Astor, the birthday of Mr. Webster. This custom was continued for several years after his death. The dinner was attended by the most eminent New England men residing in New York, and the personal friends of Mr. Webster living in the state. At one of these gatherings, at which I was present, personal reminiscences were told of the great statesman. Many incidents of his inside life came out, which have a

permanent value. He made a profession of religion when he was a young man, and his name remains on the records of the Congregational Church at Boscawen, N. H. In the plain wooden church at Marshfield his pew is still shown, where in foul weather as in fair, with the distinguished guests, foreign and native, who were at his house, he sat and worshipped the God of his fathers. He said to Dr. Codman, whose church he attended, "I am no half-a-day hearer, sir." He liked the simple preaching of the gospel, and detested all pomp and pretence in the pulpit. He was accustomed to ask a blessing at his table daily, unless he had political guests, when it was omitted, lest it should be placed to the account of ostentation. One eminent man at the dinner said that he had known Mr. Webster intimately for thirty years; socially and convivially; at his own house, and on political campaigns; had been his guest at the Marshfield farm, and at the capital; during that long time he never heard him utter an improper word, use an oath, or allow one to be used in his presence without a decided but gentlemanly rebuke.

One gentleman related this anecdote: Mr. Webster was a great lover of fine cattle, and was a much better judge of stock than his friends at that time imagined. Mr. Webster was on a visit to this gentleman at his farm in Massachusetts. He had some valuable imported stock, in which he took great pride. He proposed to make Mr. Webster a present of one of his cows. In the exuberance of his generosity, he told Mr. Webster he might have his choice out of his lot. Mr. Webster requested that the cattle be driven into the yard. He walked leisurely down, and leaning his back against

the fence, saying nothing, he surveyed the stock before him. Not a point escaped his eye, not a mark was unnoticed. Having satisfied himself by an outside survey, he turned to his host, and said, "Bring me a pail." Selecting three choice specimens, he formed his decision, and said, "I will take this one." His friend saw with dismay that Mr. Webster, with the eye of a master, had selected the most valuable cow of the lot, and she was soon on her way to Marshfield.

BALTIMORE NOMINATION.

Before General Scott received the nomination of the Whig party for President, Mr. Webster had put himself forward as the champion of the rights of the south, and had gone as far in that direction as the northern heart could allow. He expected a generous vote from the south at the convention, whether it carried his nomination or not. The delegates from Massachusetts were Webster delegates, and gloried in the name of Webster Whigs. Mr. Choate headed the delegation, and made impassioned appeals for the nomination of his friend. From the start the nomination of General Scott was fixed, and the southern members did not care to recognize Mr. Webster's services on their behalf, which had alienated so large a portion of Mr. Webster's northern friends. They refused him the compliment of a full vote on any question, though it would not have jeopardized the nomination of their favorite candidate. Mr. Webster felt this neglect, and took no pains to conceal his mortification. He saw, with chagrin, his meagre vote from first to last, and felt indignant that the southern delegates voted in a body

steadily against him. Having finished the nomination of General Scott, the southern delegation resolved to take the cars, visit Mr. Webster, and explain to him the reasons which dictated their conduct. They telegraphed to him that they were coming. They reached his rooms about midnight, and found him in bed. He refused to arise, and refused to receive them. Personal friends interceded, and the southern gentlemen entered his parlor to await his coming. He soon made his appearance. He wore his dressing-gown, pants, and slippers. His drawers were untied, and the strings hung loosely about his ankles. He wore neither stock nor collar. He had arisen from his bed at their summons, and it was evident that he had not removed his night-shirt. He gave the delegation a chilling welcome, made his coldest bow, and wore his blackest look. The conference was opened by the chairman, who, in a speech complimentary to Mr. Webster's great abilities, and his signal services to the south, began to apologize for the action of the delegation at Baltimore. Mr. Webster cut the speaker short, by stating that he desired to hear no vindication of their conduct; that what they had done was past recall; if they had done their duty, they had nothing to regret; if not, their consciences must be their accusers. He told them he was mortified and indignant at their persistent refusal to give him the poor compliment of a vote. He reminded them of his labors and sacrifices on their behalf, the letters he had written, and the speeches he had made. He recalled the indignation of his own party, and the loss of long-tryed friendships he had suffered from his public course in behalf of the south; he told

them; they had been ungrateful, and were unworthy of the sacrifices made for them; that they had sown dragons' teeth, and a harvest of armed men would come up. He reminded the delegation that they had used and deserted every northern man who had stood their friend in dark and perilous days, and that he was the last man they would sacrifice, and the last they would desert. He said to them, "Gentlemen, my public life has ended. I am going to Marshfield to sleep with my fathers. I carry with me a consciousness of duty well done. When perilous times come to you, as come they will, you will mourn, in bitterness of spirit, over your craven conduct and your base ingratitude. I wish you good evening, gentlemen," and the great statesman passed out, leaving the delegation to their own meditations.

MR. WEBSTER AND GENERAL TAYLOR.

On the receipt of the nomination of General Taylor by the Whig party, Mr. Webster made a speech at Marshfield, in which he denounced the nomination as one "not fit to be made." Yet Mr. Webster was the original Taylor man of the country. He saw his merits as a candidate long before the public or politicians recognized him. A stirring article appeared in the *National Intelligencer*, presenting the claims of General Taylor to the Presidency, vindicating him from charges preferred against him, and denouncing the administration for their treatment of the great soldier in his Mexican campaign. When General Taylor came prominently before the public, and it was doubtful whether the Whigs or the Democrats would

nominate him, Mr. Webster gathered up his writings on General Taylor, with the early article that appeared in the *Intelligencer*, and sent them, with a letter, to a distinguished senator in the South, who was supposed to be in the confidence of General Taylor, his personal friend and adviser. This original letter I have seen, and a copy of it I possess. In it Mr. Webster urges the nomination of General Taylor, giving reasons therefor; yields whatever claims he might possess in favor of the great soldier; requests his friends to proceed prudently in the matter, making no "sudden pledge or plunge," and asks the senator to make General Taylor acquainted with Mr. Webster's services on his behalf. To this letter no reply was made, neither was there any recognition of Mr. Webster's services on behalf of the general. He had taken early steps to create a public sentiment in his favor. General Taylor was almost unknown to the American people. But none of these eminent services received the least attention or acknowledgment. General Taylor was nominated, elected, and inaugurated. Mr. Webster looked coldly and silently on. About six weeks before General Taylor died the facts in the case came out. Mr. Webster's letter was mislaid. Indeed, it was not opened till after the death of the senator to whom it was addressed. General Taylor was made aware of the fact that Mr. Webster was his early friend and advocate, and had yielded all his personal feelings and aspirations in connection with the Presidency, and had smoothed the path of the successful candidate to the chair of state. On learning these facts, General Taylor took his carriage and drove immediately to the resi-

dence of Mr. Webster, made his acknowledgments, and effected a reconciliation. Had General Taylor lived a month longer, Mr. Webster would have been Secretary of State.

Mr. Webster, at the close of his life, expressed his regret that when he moved from Portsmouth he had not selected New York instead of Boston as his home. His wife, who survived him, lived with her father, before her marriage, in lower New York, which was also for many years Mr. Webster's town residence. The building, scarcely changed, stands near Bowling Green, its entrance guarded by two huge granite lions. It was the centre, at one time, of fashion, and the home of the eminent men of New York.

XXXV.

LEONARD W. JEROME.

DARING speculation and success in bold operations have placed Mr. Jerome among the wealthy citizens of upper New York. He can be seen any pleasant Sunday morning, when the streets are crowded with churchgoers, driving his four-in-hand up Fifth Avenue, bound for the Central Park. His carriage, a huge omnibus, will be filled with gay ladies, in opera costume; two lackeys in livery fill the coupé behind, while the driver, with a cluster of flowers in his button-hole, attracts general attention, as the multitude cry out, "That's Jerome."

XXXVI.

REV. DR. E. H. CHAPIN.

IN NEW YORK. — AS A PREACHER. — IN THE PULPIT. — PERSONAL.

IN NEW YORK.

DR. CHAPIN is the leading Universalist preacher in the state. He has been a settled pastor in New York for several years. He was settled in Richmond, Va., and Charlestown, Mass., before he came to this city. A few gentlemen purchased the Reformed Dutch Church, then located in Murray Street, for the purpose of founding a new Universalist society. Dr. Chapin was called as pastor, and accepted the trust. The society whose house he occupied commenced the up-town march, and built an elegant edifice on Twenty-first Street and Fifth Avenue. Dr. Bellows's congregation moved from Chambers Street to Broadway, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, and built what was then one of the most costly and sumptuous churches in the city. Not satisfied with this, the congregation took a start for a more fashionable up-town location. On the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street they erected that strange-looking striped structure, known popularly as the Church of the Holy Zebra. The vacant church

on Broadway was purchased by Dr. Chapin's congregation, and here his fame as an eloquent preacher became permanently established. The last season his congregation have abandoned this down-town edifice, and have erected, and now occupy, one of the most expensive city churches, in a most fashionable locality up town.

AS A PREACHER.

Dr. Chapin was educated in the strictest principles of evangelical faith. His parents were members of a Presbyterian Church south, and of a Puritan Congregational Church north. The early religious training of Dr. Chapin affects his ministry still. In it is found much of the secret of his success. A stranger, to hear him, would not imagine that he was a Universalist, but would suppose him to be an earnest, rousing, evangelical preacher. He uses the vocabulary common to the evangelical pulpit. He talks of sin and its punishment; of the divinity of Christ, and the redemption of the soul through the blood of the Lamb; of repentance and faith, regeneration, religious experience, and salvation through the Savior. Of course he puts his own interpretation on these phrases, but he uses them nevertheless, usually without qualification or interpretation. He is not dogmatical, but practical. He deals largely with the humanities and the reforms of the day. He was an open friend of the slave, a bold and able advocate of temperance, and has given much of his time and advocacy to the benevolent movements of the day. He is a rhetorician rather than a theologian. He can preach eloquently on a political canvass, a snow storm, a disaster at sea, or a fallen omnibus horse in Broad-

way. He is at home on the woes, temptations, sorrows, and poverty of city life. He gives excellent practical advice to young men and young women.

IN THE PULPIT.

No congregation in New York is larger than Dr. Chapin's. It embraces many marked men of the city, and nearly every denomination has a representative in it. In appearance, Dr. Chapin is very peculiar. He is short, very stout, his black hair is turning gray, and his beard is nearly white. He dresses very little like a clergyman. His clothes fit him as if they were made for somebody else, and are put on without much regard to order. He waddles up the centre aisle to the pulpit at a brisk pace, swaying from side to side like an earnest man who has a job on hand that he means to attend to. His voice is clear, sonorous, shrill, but not unmusical. His reading is fastidiously correct, as if he had practised the manner and cadence before he left his study. In speaking, he is natural, impetuous, and stirring. His voice haunts the hearer like the remembrance of a pleasant song. He reads closely from his manuscript, rapidly, and with great fervor. Most of his gestures are out of sight, under the pulpit. Occasionally he breaks away from his notes, and electrifies his audience by a burst of eloquence rarely heard in a city pulpit. He strikes out on a high key, which he seldom abandons till his sermon is closed. He has none of that colloquial manner which marks Mr. Beecher. He has not the ability of soaring to the full compass of his voice with an impassioned utterance, and then falling to a colloquial tone that hushes an

audience into general silence. When he reaches his impassioned key, he holds on to the end. But he has the rare gift which marked Wesley and Whitefield, which distinguishes Spurgeon and the few popular preachers of this day, of putting himself in sympathy with his audience, holding them whether they will or no, and leading them captive at will.

PERSONAL.

Dr. Chapin is warm-hearted, genial, and noble-spirited. He is very popular with our citizens generally, with all classes and all sects. On public occasions, dinners, receptions of eminent men, the meeting of military and other public bodies, he is often selected to make addresses. He is very social in his friendships, and is regarded as a fast and true friend. As a lecturer he is popular and successful. Next to Mr. Beecher, his income is probably larger than that of any other clergyman in the state.

XXXVII.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

THIS gentleman is pastor of the Third Unitarian Church in New York. His position is somewhat noted, as he holds the theology that marked Theodore Parker, and his friends claim that the mantle of the Boston rationalist has fallen on Mr. Frothingham. His house is a small one in the upper part of the city. It is a very genteel, quiet place of worship, holding a small congregation. With here and there an auditor going in of a Sunday morning, the church presents a marked contrast to the rush and throng that distinguish the congregations of Dr. Bellows or Dr. Osgood. Mr. Frothingham is as little like a reformer or a radical as can well be conceived. He is as dainty a preacher as the most fastidious could desire. His congregation is very select. His pulpit is loaded down with flowers, and everything about the concern is as elegant and as choice as a lady's boudoir. At the exact time, from a side door, the pastor enters his church, and begins his work in elegant array. His silk gown has evidently been fitted by an artist. His black and curly locks shine as if the barber had just lifted his hands from them in the vestry. Each hair is in its place. His voice is low, and soft, and sweet, like a strain of distant

music. His cadence is that of the Unitarian school of the olden time. He reads closely, seldom lifts his eyes from the paper, and makes no gestures. He has been pastor of his church over ten years, and the size of his congregation to-day shows that he is illy fitted to change the theology and customs of even the liberal men of his own party. A rougher oratory, less fastidiousness, of a more decided utterance, are needed if New York is to be moved.

Mr. Frothingham passes with the public as a Parkerite. He is abstractedly of the Parker school, but personally quite by himself. He builds faith, as Parker did, on personal intentions, but does not feel, as Parker felt, the great religious impulses of the church and Christian society. He is an individualist in opinion and feeling, whilst Parker thought mainly for himself, but felt warmly with the masses. Mr. Frothingham feels *for* the many, but not *with* them; is a democrat in principle, and an aristocrat in taste and temperament; something of a socialist in ideas, and a recluse in disposition; a friend of the poor and suffering in practice, yet a somewhat fastidious gentleman in his affinities and associations. He is sincere, earnest, and laborious with head, and heart, and hand, yet he has more brains than bowels, and has not the large stomach and full juices that have so much to do with the success of the Luthers and Theodore Parkers of reform, and the Spurgeons of the platform.

XXXVIII.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

GREEK SLAVE. — SECTARIAN DOG. — A NOCTURNAL MISTAKE. — HOW TO COLLECT A CROWD. — SERMON TO OLD VETERANS. — HUMOR IN THE PULPIT. — WOOL BY THE FOOT. — GHOST IN ASTOR LIBRARY. — A BAPTIST MINISTER IN A QUANDARY. — A BAD SPECULATION. — RIVAL CLAIMS TO AUTHORSHIP. — A DIVINE ON HIS MUSCLE. — BARNUM AND THE RECTOR — FUN AND PIETY.

GREEK SLAVE.

To pay off the debt of a church up town, a fair was proposed, at which tableaux were to be introduced. The fair was in the hands of some ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability and standing. The printed programme announced "The Greek Slave" as the closing tableau. How that could be exhibited with propriety to a mixed audience was a marvel. "Say a house has the plague, and all London will go to see it," is the English proverb. Say that something supposed to be indelicate is to be put on exhibition, and the sensitive will go in crowds to express their indignation. The intention of the committee in putting the Greek Slave on the programme was to draw a crowd, and make the thing a success, as of course it was. At length the tableau of the Greek Slave was reached. Many a heart palpitated and cheek crimsoned as the curtain was rung up. The sight called out bursts of laughter

and rounds of applause. On the centre of the stage stood an Irishman [Irish laborers are called "Greeks" in this region, and their settlements are called Greek settlements]. He was clothed in rags, a torn hat on his head, and dilapidated brogans on his feet. He had a hod of bricks upon his shoulder, and, wiping the sweat from his brow, he gave the audience a knowing nod. The fair getters-up of the tableau were rewarded with rounds of applause. The Greek Slave lifted the debt.

SECTARIAN DOG.

A gentleman owns a dog that has some remarkable instincts. On week days he has all the passions and propensities of other dogs, but on Sundays his peculiarities and sectarian sentiments come out. Unlike the crow, he can count. He knows when Sunday comes. He is not the same dog as on other days. He indulges in no pastimes, encourages no company, and says, in actions louder than words, "Six days shalt thou play and do all thy sport." The family are Presbyterians; the dog is a Methodist. On Sunday mornings he attends the family to the Presbyterian house of worship, and then holds on his solitary and unbroken way until he comes to his own church, which is a little farther on. He has a particular place, up stairs, where he sits. No belle, or madam of fashion, who sweeps up the aisle of a popular church and finds a plebeian in her pew, can give a more decided expression of displeasure than does this dog if he finds any one in his seat. He attends divine service, and pays dogmatical attention to the word of doctrine. An example to many professed Christians, he may be seen on his way to church in

foul weather as in fair — not a half-day hearer either ; while his denominational preferences are as well known as are those of any gentleman in the city.

A NOCTURNAL MISTAKE.

Two gentlemen do business in New York. They live side by side up town. The houses are so much alike that a stranger would easily mistake one for the other. With a security peculiar to New York, the night key that unlocks one door answers for the whole block. As everybody knows, the city is always under repair. Before the house of one of these gentlemen a drain was opened. He knew his house of a dark night, because he stumbled over the pile of dirt and rubbish in front of his door. One day both of these gentlemen happened to go away quite early, and remained away quite late. During their absence the drain before one door was closed and opened before the other. A little mystified by the lateness of the hour, one of the parties, taking the drain as his beacon, unlocked his neighbor's door, put out the gas in the hall, stumbled on the stairs, and undertook to go to bed. The other coming home about the same time, avoided the house near which the drain opened, went into his friend's house, lit up the gas in the parlor, rung the bell, and called for something to eat. The families were quietly in bed. The influx of strangers, and the loud noise they made, roused the whole house. Heads out of the window, with night-caps on, shouted "Police !" The city guardians made their appearance, and straightened matters. An attempt was made to hush up the affair, but it was too good a joke not to get wind.

HOW TO COLLECT A CROWD.

Pope's Venus was on exhibition in the city. It was Venus, and nothing more. It was not popular, and the gallery was losing money. One morning a furious attack was made, in one of the leading papers, on the exhibition. The attack was a very savage one. Pope's Venus was especially denounced as indelicate and immoral, and the virtuous and religious in New York were called upon to frown on such an exhibition. New York was indignant. Crowds flocked to the galleries. But everybody asked, "What is all this fuss about? This is the old statue of Venus." A quiet old man, who was walking round the room, looking like a decayed professor, could have answered the question if he would.

SERMON TO OLD VETERANS.

We have, in New York, a remnant of the soldiers of 1812. They furnished their own clothing and arms when the country called them to its defence. The government has never paid them for their clothes. They are poor, decrepit, and old. They can scarcely give a fellow-member a decent burial. They went at one time from church to church, as they were invited, to attend public worship. They assembled, about fifty in number one Sunday, and marched in good order to the church. Seats were reserved for them, and they took their place in the pews. Understanding the fitness of things, the pastor, who had invited the veterans to worship with him, selected a theme appropriate to the occasion. It was, the benefits of Sunday school instruction. The celebrated Dr. Robbins, of Massa-

chusetts, was invited to deliver an address to the graduating class of young ladies of the Norton Seminary. His address was on the origin, history, and social effects of duelling.

HUMOR IN THE PULPIT.

A very eccentric pastor who dwells among us is quite sensational in his way of doing things. His sermons are often from odd and out-of-the-way texts, announced in a manner often to produce a marked sensation. One day he came into his church, dressed in a white coat, white pants, and white vest, a low Byron collar, around which was fastened a red neck-tie. On arising to announce his text, he stood for a few moments perfectly still. His coat was thrown open, his thumbs thrust into the arm-holes of his vest, and in a loud, shrill voice, he said, "Let her drive!" This he repeated, and then, in a low tone, told his audience where the suggestive text could be found.

On another occasion, in speaking of prayer, he drew a humorous description of the various kinds in vogue at the present day. His powers of mimicry are very keen, and, to the great merriment of his audience, he ridiculed the different methods of addressing the Throne of Grace. He told a story of a man who wanted to pray, and did not know how. He went to a minister, and got him to write a prayer for him. He pasted this prayer on his foot-board, and when retiring to rest it was his custom to point to that prayer, and say, "Lord, them's my sentiments," as he jumped into bed. In the same sermon he told the story of a little girl who was piously inclined, yet was very fond of pickles. She took

one with her to her room as she retired. She laid it down on the chair while she knelt in devotion. Her little sister came into the room, helped herself to the pickle, and commenced craunching it. Pausing in her prayer, the little devotee said, "Please excuse me a minute, Lord, my sister is eating up my pickle." She arose from her knees, rescued her pickle, and then finished her prayer.

It is the custom of this preacher when a collection is taken up, to step to the front of the pulpit, take out his wallet, deliberately put a bill on the plate, and do so with an air that seems to say, "I would like to see any one in this house do less than that!"

WOOL BY THE FOOT.

A celebrated wool merchant of this city keeps a large stock on hand. It is in lofts, and so piled as to present a front to the buyer on all sides. A famous dealer went in one day to examine this stock. The manner in which it was piled suggested to him that it might not be as perfect all the way through as it was on the edges. "What do you ask for your stock?" said the dealer. A price was named, so much for the lot. "I will give you that price," said the trader, "for two feet deep all around." The owner did not see the joke as the laugh ran around on 'change, but he was excessively annoyed when parties asked him, "How much is wool a foot?"

GHOST IN ASTOR LIBRARY.

The belief in spirits and ghosts seems to be bred in our bone. Fortune-tellers, under different names, flourish in New York, and find patrons among the wealthy and so-called intelligent. Some merchants among us buy, sell, and make investments as they are instructed by mediums, in whom they trust, and to whom they pay their money. Judging from the ill success of some of these ventures, it would be fair to presume that the judgment of spirits is not much safer in the matter of trade than that of men who remain in this world. A large portion of the letters dropped into the post office without any direction are letters addressed to fortune-tellers, on business, love, matrimony, and divorce.

Some time since the rumor became general that the Astor Library was haunted, and that a veritable ghost walked through the alcoves and galleries of that silent mausoleum of dead authors. It was announced that the dead Dr. Post had appeared to the living librarian. Much excitement was produced. Throngs of people, mostly ladies, visited the rooms daily. In groups they moved quietly round, their tread soft, their voices trembling and subdued, peering from alcove to alcove, as if they expected, but dreaded, that the local ghost would start out and greet them. The aged librarian was silent on the matter, neither denying nor affirming that he had seen a ghost. His friends say that he firmly believed, to the day of his death, that he had a visit from one who had been long in the spirit land. We boast in the nineteenth century of our freedom

from superstition. But New York women and men believe as firmly in ghosts as they did in Massachusetts in the time of the Salem witchcraft.

A BAPTIST MINISTER IN A QUANDARY.

A large congregation filled an up-town Baptist Church not long ago. It was observed that three or four pews near the door were filled with women of the lower class. There was an effort at cleanliness and neatness about the company. They seemed to be acquainted with each other, and every female had a young babe in her arms. On the arrival of the minister, he was told that these women were present to have their children baptized. Now the Baptists believe that infant baptism and the popish mass originated about the same time, in the same locality, and the request put the preacher in a quandary. He sent a kind word to the mothers, however, and informed them that he was not in the habit of baptizing children; but if he was, he knew of none whom he would sooner baptize than those in his audience.

BAD SPECULATION.

A young clergyman of this city, desirous of doing good, and having some money, was advised to buy the Sun newspaper, and turn it into a religious sheet. It circulated largely among the working classes; and while that fact would have deterred any one of common sense from attempting to convert it into a high-toned evangelical organ, yet the advisers of the gentleman induced him to make a venture. Of course the paper ran down rapidly, and the old proprietor had to step in

to save it from utter annihilation. The clergyman went out of the concern, it is hoped, thirty-five thousand dollars wiser, as he certainly was thirty-five thousand dollars poorer.

RIVAL CLAIMS TO AUTHORSHIP.

The poem "Nothing to Wear" was published by the Harpers, and for a time had a great run. Its reputed author was a Mr. Butler, a lawyer of this city; a man of small stature, fair talents, and a speaker on platforms at religious meetings. After the poem was published, the daughter of an Episcopal clergyman of Connecticut laid claim to the poem, stating that the idea and versification, the title and the name, — Miss Flora McFlimsey, — were her own. To verify her claim she printed four lines, which she avers Mr. Butler omitted in his version of "Nothing to Wear." The young lady says that she lost the poem from her satchel while riding in the cars. She enjoys the confidence and respect of a large circle of friends, who aver that she has written poetry quite equal to that referred to. It is quite certain that Mr. Butler has produced nothing so far that compares with "Nothing to Wear."

A DIVINE ON HIS MUSCLE.

A Doctor of Divinity lives in the upper part of the city. He is fond of out-door exercise, and usually walks to his home. If he attends a meeting late at night in the lower part of the city, he generally goes home on foot. At a time when garroters were plenty, he was attacked by a couple of ruffians late one night. Understanding something of the manly art, he disabled one of the

villains, and dragged the other to the station-house. He returned and secured the companion, and saw them safely locked up for the night. He appeared before the magistrate the next morning, and they were convicted and sent to the penitentiary. The doctor continues his lonely walks through the city late at night. It is said the gentlemen of the pave, who admire his pluck, give him a wide berth.

BARNUM AND THE RECTOR.

When Tom Thumb was married, Barnum kept out of sight. It was not known that he had anything to do with the business. It was first intended to have the wedding in the Academy of Music on the ticket system, but the general would not submit to making a show of himself on that occasion, so that idea was abandoned. The bishop of New York was to have performed the ceremony. Grace Church was the fashionable altar at which high New York exchanged its vows. It required some finesse and great skill to obtain that fashionable church for the marriage of the Liliputians. Barnum undertook to manage that himself. He was not known to the rector, so he went boldly into his presence and asked for the church. He said the wedding was to be of the most select character, tickets were to be given to the aristocracy, and the guests were to come in full dress. The rector reluctantly consented. He appended to the consent certain conditions, which were put in writing, and if any one of the conditions were violated, the rector had a right to revoke his consent. Two conditions were expressly insisted upon. The first was that the church should

not be mentioned in connection with the affair until the morning of the wedding, though all New York knew it ten days before. "And now," said the rector, "don't you let that Barnum have anything to do with this matter. Don't let him know that I have given my consent to have Grace Church used. I wouldn't have Grace Church and Barnum bound up together for a thousand dollars." Barnum consented to all the conditions, and signed them on behalf of the agent, in whose name the affair was conducted. Great was the chagrin of the rector to learn that he had not only been outwitted by Barnum, but had entertained, beneath his own roof, the great showman himself!

FUN AND PIETY.

Genuine fun at times gets into the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting. Petitions from all sorts of persons are read, for all sorts of things. One was "for a young woman who had lost her first love." A person frequently took part who was in the habit of adding "er" after some words, such as, "O Lord-er," "Hear our pray-er," "Come and bless us-er." He believed in falling from grace, and he had an eye to the young woman who had lost her first love. He arose to pray, and did so in this manner: "O Lord-er, hear the pray-er of this young woman-er, who has lost her first *lov-er*." In each repetition of the word he called it "lov-er," and so emphasized the word "*first*," that the case seemed particularly hard, from the fact that had it been the second lover she had lost, the affliction would not have seemed so great. The ardent prayer went

forth that the lost lov-er might be restored. Grave faces relaxed and countenances, unused to smile in the house of the Lord could not resist the temptation. The idea of a stray lover being the theme of prayer was so comical, that no one could keep his face straight.

XXXIX.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN NEW YORK.

ITS ANTIQUITY. — THE PREPARATION. — THE TABLE. — THE DRESS OF THE LADIES. — THE RECEPTION. — NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

ITS ANTIQUITY.

NEW YORK without New Year's would be like Rome without Christmas. It is peculiarly Dutch, and is about the only institution which has survived the wreck of old New York. Christmas came in with Churchmen, Thanksgiving with the Yankees, but New Year's came with the first Dutchman that set his foot on the Island of Manhattan. It is a domestic festivity, in which sons and daughters, spiced rums and the old drinks of Holland, blend. The long-stemmed pipe is smoked, and the house is full of tobacco. With the genuine Knickerbockers, New Year's commences with the going down of the sun on the last day of the year. Families have the frolic to themselves. Gayety, song, story, glee, rule the hours till New Year's comes in, then the salutations of the season are exchanged, and the families retire to prepare for the callers of the next day. Outsiders, who "receive" or "call," know nothing of the exhilaration and exuberant mirth which marks New Year's eve among Dutchmen.

THE PREPARATION.

The day is better kept than the Sabbath. The Jews, Germans, and foreigners unite with the natives in this festival. Trade closes, the press is suspended, the doctor and apothecary enjoy the day, — the only day of leisure during the year. It is the day of social atonement. Neglected social duties are performed; acquaintances are kept up; a whole year's neglect is wiped out by a proper call on New Year's. All classes and conditions of men have the run of fine dwellings and tables loaded with luxury. Wine flows free as the Croton, and costly liquors are to be had for the taking. Elegant ladies, in their most gorgeous and costly attire, welcome all comers, and press the bottle, with their most winning smile, upon the visitor, and urge him to fill himself with the good things. The preparation is a toilsome and an expensive thing. To receive bears heavily on the lady; to do it in first-class style draws heavily on the family purse. A general house-cleaning, turning everything topsy-turvy, begins the operation. New furniture, carpets, curtains, constitute an upper-ten reception. No lady receives in style in any portion of dress that she has ever worn before, so the establishment is littered with dressmaking from basement to attic. This, with baking, brewing, and roasting, keeps the whole house in a stir.

THE TABLE.

Great rivalry exists among people of style about the table — how it shall be set, the plate to cover it, the expense, and many other considerations that make

the table the pride and plague of the season. To set well a New Year's table requires taste, patience, tact, and cash. It must contain ample provision for a hundred men. It must be loaded down with all the luxuries of the season, served up in the most costly and elegant style. Turkey, chickens, and game; cake, fruits, and oysters; lemonade, coffee, and whiskey; brandy, wines, and—more than all, and above all—punch. This mysterious beverage is a New York institution. To make it is a trade that few understand. Men go from house to house, on an engagement, to fill the punch bowl. Lemons, rum, cordials, honey, and mysterious mixtures, from mysterious bottles brought by the compounder, enter into this drink. So delicious is it, that for a man to be drunk on New Year's day from punch is not considered any disgrace.

DRESS OF THE LADIES.

This is the most vexatious and troublesome of all the preparations for New Year's. Taste and genius exhaust themselves in producing something fit to be worn. The mothers and daughters quarrel. Feathers, low-necked dresses, and gorgeous jewelry the matron takes to herself. The daughters are not to be shown off as country cousins, or sisters of the youthful mother, and intend to take care of their own array. The contest goes on step by step, mingled with tears of spite and sharp repartee till midnight, nor does the trouble then end. Few persons can be trusted to arrange the hair. Some parties keep an artist in the family. Those who do not, depend upon a fashionable hair-dresser, who, on New Year's, literally has his hands full. En-

agements run along for weeks, beginning at the latest hour that full dressing will admit. These engagements run back to midnight on New Year's eve. Matron or maid must take the artist when he calls. As the peal of bells chimes out the Old Year, the door-bell rings in the hair-dresser. From twelve o'clock midnight till twelve o'clock noon, New Year's, the lady with the ornamented head-top maintains her upright position, like a sleepy traveller in a railroad car, because lying down under such circumstances is out of the question. The magnificent dresses of the ladies; diamonds owned, or hired for the occasion; the newly-furnished house, adorned at great expense; the table loaded with every luxury and elegance; the ladies in their places; the colored servant at the door in his clerical outfit, — show that all things are ready for

THE RECEPTION.

The commonalty begin their calls about ten. The elite do not begin till noon, and wind up at midnight. Men who keep carriages use them, the only day in the year in which many merchants see the inside of their own coaches. Exorbitant prices are charged for hacks. Fifty dollars a day is a common demand. Corporations send out immense wagons, in which are placed bands of music, and from ten to twenty persons are drawn from place to place to make calls. The express companies turn out in great style. The city is all alive with men. It is a rare thing to see a woman on the streets on New Year's day. It is not genteel, sometimes not safe. Elegantly-dressed men, in yellow kids, are seen hurrying in all directions. They walk singly

and in groups. Most every one has a list of calls in his hand. The great boast is to make many calls. From fifty to a hundred and fifty is considered a remarkable feat. Men drive up to the curbstone if they are in coaches, or run up the steps if they are on foot, give the bell a jerk, and walk in. The name of one of the callers may be slightly known. He is attended by half a dozen who are entirely unknown to the ladies, and whom they will probably never see again. A general introduction takes place; the ladies bow and invite to the table. A glass of wine or a mug of punch is poured down in haste, a few pickled oysters — the dish of dishes for New Year's — are bolted, and then the intellectual entertainment commences. "Fine day" — "Beautiful morning" — "Had many calls?" — "Oysters first rate" — "Great institution this New Year's" — "Can't stay but a moment" — "Fifty calls to make" — "Another glass of punch?" — "Don't care if I do" — "Good-morning." And this entertaining conversation is repeated from house to house by those who call, till the doors are closed on business. Standing on Murray Hill, and looking down Fifth Avenue, with its sidewalks crowded with finely-dressed men, its street thronged with the gayest and most sumptuous equipages the city can boast, the whole looks like a carnival.

NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

The drunkenness and debauchery of a New Year's in this city is a disgrace to the people. As night approaches, callers rush into houses where the lights are brilliant, calling for strong drinks, while their flushed cheeks, swollen tongues, and unsteady gait tell what

whiskey and punch have done for them. From dark till midnight the streets are noisy with the shouts of revellers. Gangs of well-dressed but drunken young men fill the air with glees, songs, oaths, and ribaldry. Fair ladies blush as their callers come reeling into the room, too unsteady to walk, and too drunk to be decent. Omnibuses are filled with shouting youngsters, who cannot hand their change to the driver, and old fellows who do not know the street they live in. Joined with the loud laughter, and shout, and song of the night, the discharge of pistols, the snap of crackers, and illuminations from street corners, become general. At midnight the calls end ; the doors are closed, the gas turned off, the ladies, wearied and disgusted, lay aside their gewgaws, very thankful that New Year's comes only once in the season.

XL.

CENTRAL PARK.

ITS ORIGIN.—THE COMMISSION.—ITS INFLUENCE ON THE PEOPLE.—THE
ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—THE PRIDE OF NEW YORK.

ITS ORIGIN.

It is not a little curious that the unsurpassed location of the Central Park owes its origin to a quarrel among politicians. It is difficult to conceive of a finer location. Its extent, central site, natural features, outlets, drives, and attractions are exceeded by no similar enclosure in the world. In 1850, the legislature of New York entertained a bill for the purchase of a piece of unimproved land, known as Jones's Wood, for a public park. The party who introduced the bill was a senator from New York. An alderman of the city was his bitter opponent. After the bill had passed locating the park at Jones's Wood, the alderman called upon Mr. Kennedy, now General Superintendent of Police, at his store, to get him to unite in defeating the purchase. Mr. Kennedy had thought nothing of the bill. A map was brought and the site examined. The points made by the alderman were, that the senator who introduced the bill was interested, and would be largely profited by the sale. The plot was on the extreme eastern side

of the city; it was small, scarcely a dozen blocks; a thick population bounded it on the south, Harlem shut it in on the north, the East River formed another boundary, and enlargement was impossible; besides, the price was enormous.

While examining the maps, Mr. Kennedy pointed out the present site of the park. It was then one of the most abandoned and filthy spots of the city. It was covered with shanties, and filled with the most degraded of our population. The valleys reeked with corruption and every possible abomination. It was viler than a hog-pen, and the habitation of pestilence. As a place for building it was nearly worthless, as the grading of it was out of the question. As a site for a public park, its inequalities of hill and dale, its rocky promontories, and its variety of surface, made it every way desirable. The great point of the alderman was to defeat his political opponent and the bill for the purchase of Jones's Wood. The eminent fitness of the new spot was conceded at once. The omnipotent press joined in the new movement. The proposed name of Central Park was received with acclamation. The purchase of Jones's Wood was annulled. The bill for the opening of Central Park passed. In 1856, the purchase was complete, and the work commenced.

THE COMMISSION.

At first the Central Park was a corporation matter. The city officials were so corrupt, that the friends of the measure refused to put it into the hands of the Common Council. The Aldermen, in city matters, were omnipotent. They were county officers as well as city.

If they sent a bill to the Council, and that body refused to concur, the Aldermen could meet as a Board of Supervisors, and pass the bill that the Council had rejected or the Mayor vetoed. The Legislature put the affairs of the Park into the hands of a Commission, made up of distinguished men, representing the great parties of the city.

On receiving their appointment, the Commissioners called a meeting of the distinguished citizens of New York to consult on the laying out of the Park. Washington Irving took the chair. The models of Europe would not do for New York. This Park was not for royalty, for the nobility, nor the wealthy; but for the people, of all classes and ranks. Drives, public and quiet; roads for equestrians and for pedestrians; plots for games and parades, for music and public receptions, must be secured. The main features that the Park now wears were adopted at that meeting.

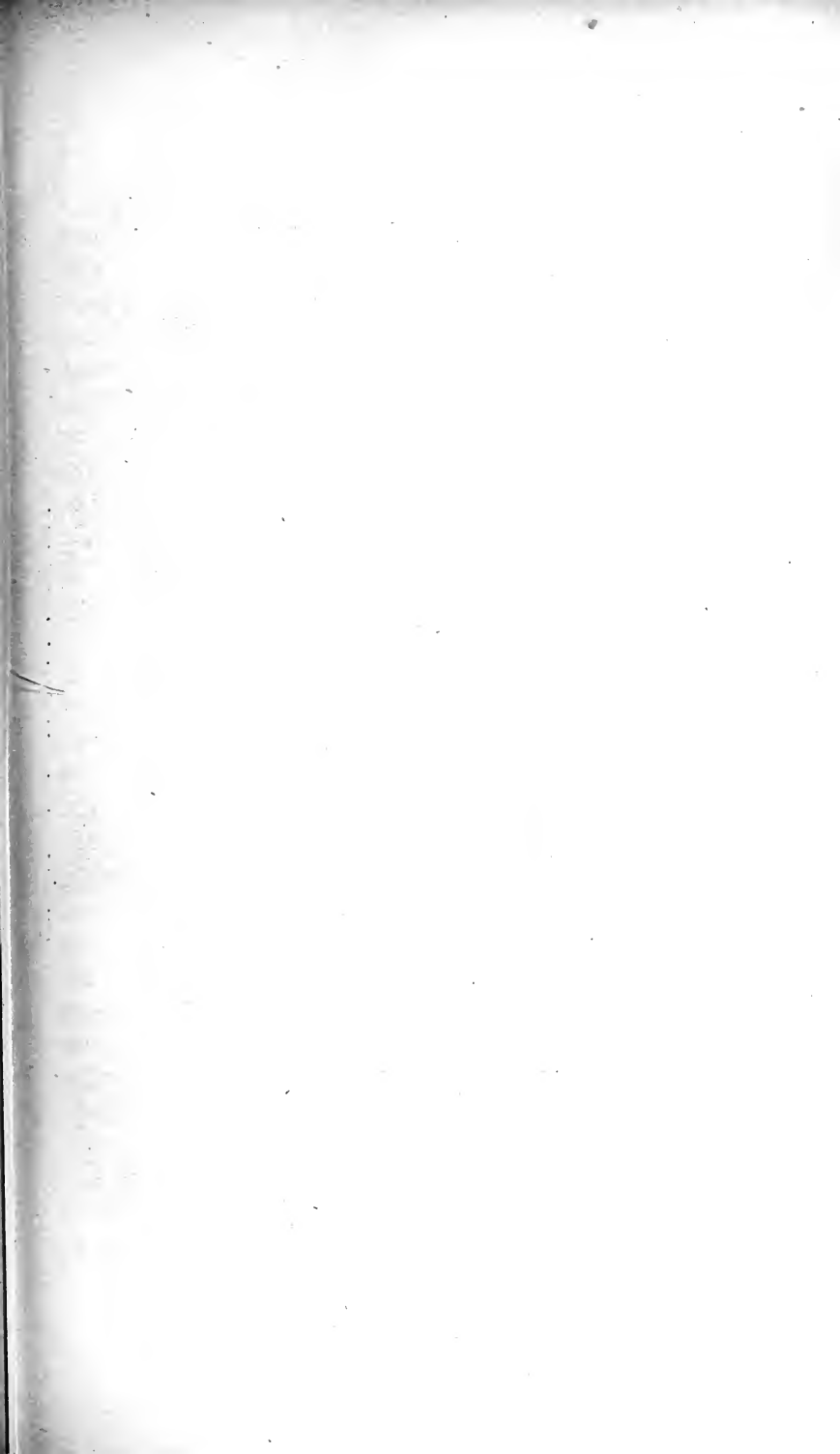
ITS INFLUENCE ON THE PEOPLE.

The Park is two and a half miles long, a half mile wide, and comprises eight hundred and forty-three acres. The main drive, from Fifty-ninth Street along the Fifth Avenue, is seventy feet wide, with a footpath fifteen feet wide, and, with its Macadamized road-bed, is one of the finest in the world. Along its pathway, where three hundred miserable shanties were straggling, filled with squalid women, and ragged, and untamed children, with its hollows and ravines full of stagnant water and filthiness, with barren rocks, offensive and unsightly, now green velvet lawns greet the eye, choice flowers bloom, museums of taste and galleries of art stand,

zoölogical gardens instruct and please, conservatories arise, and the grounds are studded with statuary and works of art, the gift of liberal friends. The old Arsenal, in the Park, is a gallery of art, free to the public. The widow of Crawford, the artist, presented to the Park the plaster casts from her husband's studio. Among the collection is the model of the famous statue of Washington, at Richmond, with the colossal statues of Jefferson, Henry, Lee, Marshall, and other favorite sons of Virginia. The intelligent mechanical skill of this day is taking down the unsightly aqueduct which disfigures a portion of the Park, and is substituting underground mains, which are to take the place for miles of unsightly masonry.

The whole influence of the Park has been to educate and elevate the public taste, and to inspire a love for the beautiful. The "transverse roads" that traverse the Park are a curiosity and an educator. Teams are driven across the Park, funerals, with their long line of carriages, thousands of cattle for the market, and teams that no man can count; yet all this is hidden from the eye of the visitors. These transverse roads are canals walled in by solid masonry. They pass under the bridges of the Park, and, by an ingenious contrivance, are hidden from the eye by trees, grass, flowers, and groves. It is seldom that the grass is trodden upon or the flowers plucked. The police are everywhere to arrest fast driving, and all who commit breaches of the rules. Before the Park was opened horse flesh was at a discount, and was the derision of Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Fabulous sums have been paid for fine horses since the opening of the Park. While driving

is limited to six miles an hour within the enclosure, a fine boulevard has been opened by the Commissioners, where men may try the mettle of their teams if they will. A private trotting course on the road allows steeds to be trained. The road for fast horses is a continuation of the Park to High Bridge. It is broad, level, and well Macadamized. It is the sight of sights on a pleasant afternoon. Here the notable men of New York can be seen in their glory. There is scarcely a horse noted for show, elegance, or speed that cannot here be seen on an afternoon. Fast old men, and fast young men, leaders of the bulls and bears on exchange, stock speculators, millionnaires, railroad kings, bankers, book-men, and merchants, the bloods of the city, and all who can command a two-forty horse, appear on the drive. All is exhilaration; the road is full of dust; teams crowd the thoroughfare; horses tear up and down, to the horror of nervous and timid people; fast teams race with each other, and frequently interlock and smash up, while the tearing teams hold on their course, carrying terror and dismay along the whole road. Danger as well as excitement attends the drive. Some of the fastest teams are driven by men between sixty and seventy, who have all the enthusiasm of youth, and shout out their "Hi! hi's!" and other exclamations, so common to fast teams at their utmost speed. Some of the horses driven on this road cost from five to fifty thousand dollars, and could not be purchased at any price.





CENTRAL PARK, SATURDAY AFTERNOON

THE ZOÖLOGICAL GARDEN.

Near the skating pond, which is the great attraction in the winter, a square has been laid out for a Zoölogical Garden. It is separated from the Park by the Eighth Avenue, but it is to be connected by a tunnel under the railroad. It has natural caves, which are to be dens for lions, bears, and wild beasts. It has natural lakes and ponds, and when completed will be one of the great attractions of the Park. The collections of wild beasts, birds, and rare and curious animals are already very large. Donations to this department are numerous. This will be one of the richest collections in the country.

THE PRIDE OF NEW YORK.

New Yorkers boast of their Park, and have good reason so to do. It is indeed beautiful for situation, and the Commissioners have built themselves a monument in the tasteful and attractive manner in which they have performed their work. On a bare, unsightly, and disgusting spot, they have created an area of beauty, charming as the Garden of the Lord. Where not a tree or shrub was found, they have bidden a forest spring up, and have planted three hundred and twenty thousand eight hundred and forty-six shrubs and trees. The original cost of the Park was four million eight hundred and fifteen thousand six hundred and seventy-one dollars. The total cost, with the purchase and construction up to the last report, was nearly nine millions of dollars. The cost of construction and maintenance the past year was over five hundred thousand dollars.

The Park contains over seven miles of carriage road, six miles of bridle paths, and twenty miles of walks. On Saturday afternoon it is a sight to behold. It is the people's day, and the people's Park. Tens of thousands, composed of the various nationalities of the city, assemble. Dodworth's band, from a gaudy Oriental pagoda, furnish the music. Immense awnings are stretched on all sides, under which the crowds sit in great comfort. The grass, close shaven by a machine, is open to the gambols of children. The crowd is composed of the millionaire and the hod-carrier; ragged newsboys and the Fifth Avenue exquisite; ladies in the latest style, and female emigrants just arrived; madame flashing with jewels, and the scrubbing-woman who cleans paint and washes linen; vehicles of wondrous construction, and carriages that might have come out of the ark; the splendid turnouts, with servants in livery, and an old box-wagon, driven by a Jerseyman or a farmer from Long Island.

The rules of the Park are very strict, and are rigidly enforced. Within hearing of the band no carriage can move while a piece of music is being played. About three o'clock, the crowd in carriages, on horseback, and on foot, pour into the great pathway that leads to the music stand, and from thence diverge into the different portions of the Park, filling the grottos, the rambles, plains, and hills, sailing on the lakes, feeding the swans, lolling in the summer-houses, and making a panorama of beauty, to see which is well worth making a visit to New York.

XLI.

SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE
METROPOLITAN POLICE.

THE efficiency of the New York police is largely indebted to the School of Instruction. This department is under the charge of Mr. Leonard, who, for twenty-three years, has been a member of the police. He is eminently qualified for the task committed to him. He is tall, with a fine frame, a genial, intelligent face, a gentlemanly bearing, and is one of the most efficient and accomplished officers in New York. He is every inch a gentleman, and has been an inspector of the force since the rank was created.

When a man is appointed on the force, he is immediately assigned to duty. But for the period of thirty days he has to appear at the School of Instruction daily. A book of laws is put into his hands, and he must make himself familiar with its contents. He is then examined in every thing pertaining to his duties. He must be civil, decorous, use no insulting word; must not drink, nor visit places where liquor is sold; must not smoke nor read on duty, nor withdraw a complaint; must keep a memorandum-book; must accept no money from a citizen; must not assist an officer to prosecute a civil case; must take off his

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

XLII.

LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

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

HOMES OF THE LOWLY.

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

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

A NIGHT TRAMP.

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

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

BAREFOOTED BEGGAR.

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

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

A STREET BOY.

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

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

A SAD SCENE.

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

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

GENTEEL SUFFERING.

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

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

XLIH.

SOCIAL EVIL IN NEW YORK.

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

EXTENT OF PUBLIC PROSTITUTION.

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

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

nine houses of assignation, seventy-five concert saloons of bad repute, two thousand six hundred and ninety prostitutes, six hundred and twenty waiter girls of the same bad character, and one hundred and twenty-seven bar-maids, also vile girls. The increase of 1866 over 1864 is accounted for in the difference between war and peace. The followers of the camp were with the army in 1864. In 1866 the soldier was at home, and the prostitutes were thrown on the town. In January, 1867, there were five hundred and sixty-eight houses of prostitution, two thousand five hundred and sixty-one prostitutes, thirty-eight concert saloons of ill repute, three hundred and thirty-six waiter girls, and the average will be about the same for the entire year. New York has an estimated population of from nine hundred thousand to one million, and such is the extent of public prostitution in comparison to the population!

MR. KENNEDY'S STATEMENT.

A most extraordinary statement was made public of the terrible ravages and extent of prostitution in New York. Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Church, stated in Cooper Institute, that the number of public prostitutes in the city equalled in number the membership of the Methodist Church. The attention of Superintendent Kennedy was called to these statements, and he was requested to say whether they were true. In answer, he writes as follows, which I take, by permission, from the private files of the Superintendent's department:—

"OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF METROPOLITAN POLICE,
300 MULBERRY STREET,
NEW YORK, January 22, 1866. }

"MY DEAR SIR: Your note of to-day is before me, with the printed sheet of the 'Great Metropolis Condensed,' inquiring whether the figures in the paragraph marked 'Licentiousness' can be verified. I have to say that I have nothing in my possession to sustain such monstrous statements. During the past fall I had a careful examination made of the concert saloons in this city, for the purpose of using the result in our annual report; which you will find in the leading dailies of Friday, January 5, instant. At that time we found eleven hundred and ninety-one waiter girls employed in two hundred and twenty-three concert and drinking saloons. Although much the greater part of these girls are already prostitutes, yet we have evidence they are not all such; but continuation at the employment is sure to make them all alike. Previous to that I had not made any census of persons of that character since January 24, 1864, when the footing was as follows:—

"Houses of prostitution, five hundred and ninety-nine. Public prostitutes, two thousand one hundred and twenty-three. Concert saloons of ill repute, seventy-two. The number of waiting girls was not then taken.

"The newspapers of last week, in reporting Bishop Simpson's speech delivered in St. Paul's Church, made him say that there are twenty thousand prostitutes in New York. I felt it to be about time to correct the impressions of such well-meaning men as he, and on Thursday last I sent out an order, instructing a new

census to be made. I have nearly all the returns in, and find a much less increase than I expected. A large number who have been following the army during the war, very naturally have gravitated to this city. Where else would they go? But with all that, the increase is below my estimate. On the 22d day of January, 1866, the report is as follows:—

“Houses of prostitution, six hundred and twenty-one. Houses of assignation, ninety-nine. Concert saloons of ill repute, seventy-five. Public prostitutes, two thousand six hundred and seventy. Waiter girls in concert and drinking saloons, seven hundred and forty-seven.

“You will see that houses of prostitution have increased twenty-two in two years, and houses of assignation have decreased thirteen. Concert saloons have increased four. Prostitutes have increased five hundred and forty-seven. The waiter girls will be increased by the figures to come in.

“As it regards ‘other women,’ we have no means of knowing anything of their number. That there are many of them cannot be disputed; the number of houses for their accommodation tells us that; but there is no such number as two thousand five hundred, you may depend on it, visit those places; and of those who do, the waiter girls furnish the larger portion.

“So that, taking all the public prostitutes, and all the waiter girls in music saloons (and these we have to a unit), there are but three thousand three hundred.

“Medical estimates are humbugs, from Dr. D. M. Reeves down to Dr. Sanger. According to Dr. Reeves, every female in the city over thirteen years of age

was required, to fill up his estimate of lewd women, and Sanger is but little more reasonable.

“Very respectfully, yours,

“JOHN A. KENNEDY.”

HOUSES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

These are few. No hotel is more elegantly furnished. Quiet, order, and taste abound. The lady boarders in these houses never walk the streets nor solicit company. They are selected for their beauty, grace, and accomplishments. They dress in great elegance, and quite as decorously as females generally do at balls, parties, or at concerts. Meet them in the streets, or at picture galleries, or at a fashionable soir  e, and there is nothing about them to attract attention. No person who knows them or their character can in any way recognize them in public. These women have their pew in a fashionable church; some attend Sunday school, and have their own religious homes. Everything about the house is elegant. The door swings on well-oiled hinges. The bell is answered by a colored servant, and nearly all the servants are colored. They are quiet, mind their own business, and are known to be servants. All that grace and attraction can do to secure visits is employed. None but men who can afford to pay a first-class price visit a first-class house. The woman who is at the head of the establishment is one that has passed middle life, and is usually well preserved. She bears some foreign name, and has a person about the house that is called her husband. It is not uncommon for some so-called Count, Baron, or Consul, from some foreign power, to be, or pretend to

be, the lawful guardian of the woman. If a gentleman calls, he is at once ushered into the parlor. If two gentlemen enter together, both are presented to the parlor. But no other gentleman can enter while they remain. If any one leaves the house from up stairs, the parlor door is shut and guarded. No one looks out, and no one looks in. Such are the inexorable rules of the house. The visitor is received by the madam in whose name the mansion is kept. One by one the lady boarders drop in. Conversation becomes general and spirited. Some remarks are rather broad. There is little to dispel the illusion that one is on a call at a first-class boarding-school or seminary. As the evening wanes, and wine flows, the talk becomes bolder. Home, early days, childhood, mother, the school of girlish hours, the Sabbath, the Sunday school, the home pastor, their style of life, what the world thinks of them, how absolutely they are cut off from society, and barred out as if lepers,—are themes of conversation. Some are girls of superior mind. Some have had fortunes lavished on their education. Some can sing and play exquisitely. Operas, songs, ballads, snatches of hymns, are trolled off with great skill. Many support their parents in fine style. Some have children that were borne to them when they were happy wives. These children have usually no knowledge of their mother's shame. They are at fashionable boarding-schools, and are brought up at great expense, and are told that their mother is in a foreign land, or is married to a man of wealth. Some mothers who are supported by the infamy of children know, and some do not know, of the great degradation of their dear ones.

THE KEEPER.

The woman who keeps the house keeps also a strict watch on all her boarders. She knows who comes and goes, the sum that is paid, and exacts of all her tribute. What with board, and dues paid for the privilege of the house, the costliness of the dress and ornaments that must be worn, the services of a hair-dresser, and cosmetics, coach hire, and the dash and display for which many of these girls have left pleasant homes, and bade adieu to a virtuous life, and all its honors and comforts, they have but little left. They lay up generally nothing. Their hold on gay life is very short, seldom continuing more than three years, and some breaking down in six months. They then commence the downward path of the road in which they have entered. The next step follows,—poorer houses, meaner dresses, coarser fare, rougher company, and stronger drinks. Then comes street-walking, low brothels, concert saloons, dance cellars, disease, Blackwell's Island, a few months of misery, and then death. The petted and giddy creatures, to whom the flowery path and seductive way is for a month or two so fascinating, cannot believe that rough winds can ever blow upon them, or that a rough word can ever be spoken, or want and sorrow can roll their black surges over them. While in their beauty and prime no creatures can be more tenderly cared for. The woman who is their mistress has every motive to treat them tenderly. Their health and beauty are her capital. She makes merchandise of their flesh and blood. She employs the best of masters for music and dances. The table is loaded

with luxuries. Nothing is too elegant or costly. The health of the girls is closely and anxiously watched. Their exercise and airings are carefully attended to. They are kept cheerful and buoyant. The deceived and infatuated creatures fancy that this will always last. But when sickness comes, and charms fade; when new comers are introduced, and the wan and faded women are put in contrast, the arrow enters into their soul; when they cease to be attractive, and call visitors to the house no more, the door is opened and they are told to go. No tears, no pleas, avail. Women that are moved by tears do not dwell under such roofs. Out these poor girls go, without a penny. Almost always they are brought in debt, and so much of their finery as will do for the new comers is retained. For the expelled there is no redress. The pavement is her home. The glare of the druggist's window suggests poison. The ripple of the black Hudson suggests suicide. Some one picks her up on the pave at night, and her low walk with the low women of her class commences.

HOW THEY ARE FILLED.

The short life and brief career of women who fill what are known as first-class boarding-houses for young ladies is one of the facts of which there is no dispute. Officers whose duties take them occasionally to these places say that once in about two or three months the company wholly changes; and when they ask for persons whom they saw on their last visit, an indefinite answer is given, and an unwillingness manifested to tell what has become of their associates. Some feign reform, many die of sickness, by the hand of criminal

practitioner, by suicide; many begin the dark tramp down that path that ends in death. We know from what source comes the supply for low stews, vile brothels, concert saloons, and dance houses; for where the beastly and drunken resort, multitudes can be found. But from whence comes this unceasing supply of brilliant, well-educated, accomplished, attractive, and beautiful young girls? They are found, as they are wanted, for the houses of fashionable infamy. They come, many of them, from the best homes in the land; from careful parentage and pious families; from fashionable boarding-schools; from seminaries of learning; from Sunday schools; from the rural cottages of Maine and Vermont; from Chicago, Richmond, and California; from all parts of the civilized world.

AGENTS AND RUNNERS.

Men and women are employed in this nefarious work as really as persons are round the country to hunt up likely horses; and when the victim is uncommonly attractive the pay is large. No system is better arranged with bankers, express-men, runners, and agents. No place is so distant, no town so obscure, that these panderers do not enter it. They are at concerts, on the railroad, at theatres, at church, at fashionable resorts in the summer, and at seminary graduations. They hang about hotels, under pretence of being strangers to New York; they get acquainted with young lady visitors, invite them to church, to a walk, to the opera, and, when confidence is gained, they are invited to call at the house of an acquaintance; and, after a pleasant evening, they wake up in the morning

to know that they have been drugged and ruined, and that their parents are in despair. In some seminaries of learning in this city letters are constantly exchanged, signals swing out of the blinds by means of ribbons of different hues, and appointments made and kept. If a daughter is missing from New York, or from a radius of twenty miles around, the police know usually where to look for the erring child, if she has not eloped.

THRILLING CASES.

In one of the most attractive of these houses of bad resort there is, at this moment, a young woman of surpassing beauty. Her form is queenly. She would make a sensation in any fashionable *soirée* or watering-place in the land. She dresses in elegant style and with exquisite taste. Her complexion is alabaster; her hair raven black, flowing in natural ringlets. Her voice is superb, and as a singer she could command a large salary. On the boards of a theatre she would move without a rival. Her accomplishments are varied. She can sing with ease and skill the most difficult music of the best masters. She can paint and embroider, and the specimens of her skill are exhibited to her admirers at the house where she resides. She has a finished education, and could fill and adorn any station in life. She has a parentage the most respected, who reside among the noble of New England. Their reputation and family honor, till now, have been without a stain. Apparently happy in her home, and virtuous and modest, she left the Seminary, where she had nearly reached the honor of graduation, and where she was at the head of the school, and one night was not to be

found. Her absence was the cause of great distress. Months passed, and no knowledge of her residence was obtained. At length the sad fact was revealed that she was a lady boarder in a house of ill repute in New York. When she entered that abode, she resolutely shut the door in the face of all who knew and loved her. Father, mother, sister, friends, besieged the door in vain. Deaf to all entreaties, and hardened to sobs and tears, she refused to look on the face of the mother who bore her, and those to whom she is still dear. To all she had but one answer,—“Think of me only as one that is dead.” Yet she will talk of home, and dear ones of olden days; will sigh, and wipe the tear away, if any one seems to have a heart of sympathy. But the mystery of her course; what led her to fling away the great gifts God gave her; how she came to know of that way of life; what her first wrong step was; who aided her in her bad descent; why she does not fly from the life she evidently loathes, and find refuge in the home of her childhood, to her mother’s arms, that are still wide open to receive her,—all this is a secret locked in her own bosom. Soon her sunny day-dream will close. The bleak winds of winter will blow on that form trained to tenderness and reared in delicacy, and her feet will stumble on the dark mountains, with no one to help or heed her bitter cry.

STARTLING FACTS.

There is another case sadder and more mysterious than the one just related. In one of the Broadway houses can be seen a young lady about seventeen, but so fragile and so girlish that she seems scarcely twelve.

Small and genteel in figure, she appears only a child. She has a remarkable forehead of great breadth, an eye searching and keen, and her smartness and talent are marked. She is the belle of the house, and, looking on her, one can easily see — what was the fact — that she was the sunshine of her home. She belongs to New York. Her father and mother are persons of rare intelligence, of unquestioned piety, and high social position. They are rich, and live in good style. On this child they lavished the tenderest care. No money was spared to give her a complete and polished education. Her voice is superb, and her execution marvellous. Her home was not sad and hard, but sunny. She was the morning light and evening star of the fireside which she adorned. She was the pride of her parents, the ornament of the social circle that was proud to call her companion. From her youth she was trained in the Scriptures. At the family altar daily she was accustomed to kneel, and till she left the roof of her mother she had attended Sunday school from her childhood. She seemed to have no sorrow nor cause of grief. Her company was unexceptionable. No open act of hers, and no word uttered, betrayed anything but a virtuous heart and a pious life. One afternoon she did not come home from Sunday school as usual. The evening came, night rolled its heavy moments along, and the darling came not. Agony laid the mother on her bed, helpless. The father searched New York over, but the lost one could not be found. To the suggestion of shrewd detectives, that perhaps she would be found in a house of low resort, the family could only utter their horror. Like Jacob, they knew

their darling must be dead. Leading a life of infamy? Never! With a likeness of the missing daughter, and an accurate description, the matter-of-fact officers started on their search. The first house they entered they saw a young girl who resembled the lost one. On inquiry, they found she came to the house on Sunday afternoon; told her name; said she came from a Sunday school; hung up her bonnet and cloak, as if they were to be trophies to the goddess of infamy; demanded and received garments suited to her new life; and, coming fresh from the Sunday school, entered on her career of infamy. Satisfied that the lost child had been found, the officer said to the father, "Come and see if this be thy child or no." With a heavy heart and unsteady step the forlorn and bereaved father followed the detective. He shrank from the entrance, as if the portals really led to hell. The daughter met him at the door, flung her arms about him, and gave him a passionate kiss. Then she seated herself, with hands folded, head declined, and eyes fastened on the floor. She heard all that was said; she spake no word; made no explanation; confessed no act; revealed no temptation, and refused to explain why she had adopted her new course of life. To all entreaties, tears, and prayers she was indifferent. Nothing could move her. Her mother came to see her, and the girl threw herself on the bosom where her head had so often lain in joy and sorrow, and in a passionate burst of anguish shed scalding and bitter tears. To all inquiries how she came to that place, and who led her astray, she would answer not a word. To all entreaties to come home, and all should be forgotten and for-

given, she made but one reply, — “O, mother, it is too late! too late!” But from the house where she was she refused to move. Once in a while she goes home, hangs up her hat and shawl on the old nail, throws herself on the bosom of her mother, and weeps and sobs. But when the time comes for her to go, she wipes away her tears, puts on her hat, kisses her mother a good bye, and departs. Prayers, tears, promises, offers of reward, all have been used in vain. In her home of infamy she often talks of her girlish days; of her superintendent and teacher. She speaks of the church that she attended as “our church;” names the pastor with terms of endearment, and makes special mention of the missionary of the church, who is still in the field, to whom she seemed to be specially attached. And these are but specimens of what can be found in New York.

VICTIMS FROM NEW ENGLAND.

A very large number of the girls on the town come from New England. Maine furnishes the largest share, as the statistics of prostitution show. Many can find no employment at home, and seek this great city for something to do. They have no idea how all ranks of labor are crowded, nor how hard it is to find respectable employment; how few can be trusted; what hot-beds of temptation factories are, and places where a large number of young girls find work. Many are tempted, and fall in their homes. They know that there is no mercy for them there. Their mother and sisters will abandon them, and so they flee to a place in which they can hide in the solitude of the multitude.

A NIGHT ENCOUNTER.

Two gentlemen, of the highest respectability, were walking on Broadway quite late one night, and they were accosted by a young girl who seemed less than thirteen. She was thinly clad, and was in feeble health. The two gentlemen commenced a conversation with the girl, and learned from her lips this story. She was from the State of Vermont, and of good parentage. Her father was a farmer, and her mother and family stood high in the town in which they lived. A young man from the city came to pass the winter near her home. Singing schools and meetings brought him into her society. He declared his intentions to be honorable, and made proposals for marriage. Her parents knew little of the young man, and were not friendly to his attentions. The young lovers met in secret, and finally fled from the town. Her day-dream of love soon ended, and, deserted, she went on the town. She loathed the life she led. But want and starvation were on the one hand, and infamy on the other. She had led her life but a few weeks, and had sought for work and a chance to make an honest living, but in vain. Her parents knew not of her whereabouts, nor did the widow with whom she boarded know that she was leading a life of infamy. She led the gentlemen to the door of a very quiet, respectable house, and told them that was her home. They promised to call and see her the next evening, and aid her to escape from ~~the~~ life she abhorred. They called at the time proposed, and were conducted to the room designated. It was in complete order. By the side of the girl was a

small table, and on a white cloth lay a small Bible, the gift, she said, of her mother; and she stated that she never lay down to rest at night till, as in her childhood's happy home days, she had read a portion of God's word. She talked calmly about her position and life, but it was the calmness of despair, with the tone of one whose destiny was settled, and whose lot was inevitably fixed. To all entreaty, she replied, "It is now too late. I could not endure the cold pity of my mother, or the scorn of my sisters, or the taunts of my former associates. To my bitter tears and burning confessions they would give an incredulous ear, and among them I must ever walk a lost woman. I know that my life will be a short one. My health is very poor, and growing worse from day to day. I am not fitted for the life I lead. Let me alone. To all who once loved me I am as one dead. I shall die alone, and have a pauper's burial."

A MAYOR'S EXPERIENCE.

One of the former mayors of New York, a gentleman of warm heart and great benevolence, had a case brought before him while in office. It was that of quite a young girl, intelligent and well educated, and not sixteen years of age. She would not tell her name, or reveal the name of the town in which her parents resided. The mayor resolved to save her if he could. He tried to persuade her to abandon her life, get some honest employment, and make a new stand in a virtuous course. He used all the arguments, reasons, and motives that he could command. With great coolness she replied to them all, "I know all

you say — the deep degradation into which I have fallen. But I have no relief, no home, no hand to help me rise. I am a good musician; I am a neat and competent seamstress. Twice I have gained a situation, have resolved to amend my life, and have behaved myself with circumspection. But in each case some one that knew my former life has told the story of my past degradation, and so hurled me back to infamy. You have daughters, have you not?" she said to the mayor. "I have," was the answer. "Will you trust me as a seamstress in your family with what you now know of me? Would you feel safe to allow me to be the companion of those daughters after the life I have led?" The mayor hesitated. With great bitterness and much feeling, she replied, "Don't speak. I know what you would say. I don't blame you; but if, with your kind, generous heart, with your desire to do me good and save me, you can't trust me, who will?" She went out to continue in that way that so soon ends in a black and hopeless night.

HOPELESS CLASSES.

Hopeless indeed seems the condition of fallen woman. Men can reform; society welcomes them back to the path of virtue; a veil is cast over their conduct, and their vows of amendment are accepted, and their promises to reform hailed with great delight. But alas for man's victims! For them there are no calls to come home, no sheltering arm, no acceptance of confessions and promises to amend. We may call them the hopeless classes. For all offence beside we have hope. The drunkard can dash down his cup, and the murderer

repent on the gallows. But for fallen woman there seems to be no space for repentance ; for her there is no hope and no prayer. How seldom we attempt to reach and rescue ! and for her where is the refuge ?

Every form of temptation is put in her path — hard and cruel homes, a serpent for a lover, no work, love of display, promises of marriage, mock marriage, and strong drink. I know a woman in this city, who, when a young girl, was led from her home in Massachusetts by a man whose name is well known in political circles. He solemnly promised to marry her, and I have seen his written promise of marriage. The parties came to New York, and a mock marriage was celebrated ; and a mock minister was called in, and the Book of Common Prayer was used. The parties passed as man and wife for years, and received company as such. The woman bore the name of the man with whom she lived. Ten years passed away. Her husband was a leading politician in the land, and began to be much absent from home. One day a lawyer of eminence called on her, in company with a leading citizen, and told the astounded woman that the man with whom she was living was not her husband, that the marriage was a mock one, that her husband was about to marry a woman of fortune and position, and would never see her again, and that they had come to make terms with her and settle the whole case. Frightened and alone, with no one to rely on or give advice, with starvation staring her in the face, she made the best settlement she could. In later times she sought redress in the courts. But the cunning deceiver had

made it impossible to prove any marriage, and her case failed. He was worth a handsome fortune, lived in grand style, and left the poor child, whom he took from her father's home, and so foully wronged, to eke out a scanty and insufficient livelihood by selling books in the streets of New York.

XLIV.

PANEL-THIEVING.

AS A SYSTEM. — THE PANEL-HOUSE. — ROBBERY.

AS A SYSTEM.

THIS system of robbery, so common in New York, blends prostitution and robbery. It is made profitable, and is not easy of detection. Parties need but little furniture or capital. They seldom stay long in a place. Their safety demands frequent removals. One or two cribs — as these places are called — are quite notorious, and have been kept in the same spot for a number of years. Panel-thieving is reduced to a system, and on the observance of the system the success depends. The women who are employed in this department of crime are mostly intelligent, neat, and good-looking negro or mulatto women. Men who have been robbed do not usually care to have it known that they have been keeping company with a colored woman, especially if they happen to be well-to-do men of family in some rural town. So they will not be likely to press the matter with the police. They will bluster and make a noise. But when their name, residence, and business are taken down, and they find that all their

night frolic is to come out in the public print, they let the prosecution go. Panel-thieves count on this.

THE PANEL-HOUSE.

The place selected is usually a basement in a quiet neighborhood, the more respectable the better. Often panel-thieves hire a basement. The party who rents it, or who lives in the house, does not know who his neighbor is. But usually it is for purposes we will name by and by. All concerned are interested in the game. The room is papered and a panel cut in the paper, or one of the panels is fitted to slide softly. The room contains a bed, a single chair, and a few articles for chamber use, — the whole not worth over fifty dollars. The bolts, and bars, and locks are peculiar, and so made as to seem to lock on the inside, though they do not. They really fasten on the outside. And while the visitor imagines he has locked all comers out, he is really locked in himself, and cannot escape till he has been robbed. A rural gentleman from the country leaves his hotel about ten o'clock at night to see the sights. He meets a neatly-dressed and fine-looking woman, with whom he has a talk. She has a sad story to tell of domestic cruelty. She has been driven to the street, and never accosted a gentleman before, and would not now, did not want drive her to it. The country gentleman is captivated. His sympathies are touched. She incidentally names a modest sum for her company. He proposes a walk to look at her house. On the way the woman details some of her personal history, and in return finds out where her companion is from, and whether he has money worth the trouble

of taking him home to pluck. She keeps up the rôle of an abused woman on her first street walk, and the man becomes quite social. The house is reached, is quite respectable, and in a decent neighborhood; so the parties enter. A plainly furnished basement is seen, but all is neat, cosy, and tidy. As the woman takes off her bonnet and shawl, she is seen to be dressed plainly, but with good taste. The door is carefully bolted, or supposed to be. The price agreed on is paid in advance, partly to see how full the wallet is stuffed, partly that the man may have no occasion to take out his wallet till he gets to his hotel, or at least gets out of the house, for he might find out that he had been robbed, and so make trouble. He must put his clothes on the chair, for there is no other spot except the floor to lay them. The chair is put quite à distance from the bed, so that the robbery can be safely committed.

ROBBERY.

At a given signal the panel slides, and the confederate creeps in on his hands and knees, and searches the pants. All the money is not taken; for this reason none of the parties are brought before the courts; the fact will appear that the man had some money left — a thing not credible if robbed in a panel-house, and he will find it difficult to convince the judge that he did not spend the missing money when he was drunk. Another reason for leaving some money is, that the bulk in the pocket-book must not be so reduced as to excite suspicion. When quite a bulk is removed, carefully prepared packages, about the size, are put in the place of the money. When the robbery has been com-

pleted, and the thief has crept out of the room and closed the panel, a loud knocking is heard at the door. The woman starts up in fright, and announces the arrival of her husband. The man hastily dresses, and makes his escape from the front basement door. In his flight he finds, by feeling, that his pocket-book is all right. He reaches his hotel, and usually not till morning does he know that he has been robbed. His first step is to seek the residence of the panel-thief and demand his money. But how can he find it? The woman, to escape detection, led the man through by-lanes and dark alleys. And should he find the house, he could not identify it. If he could, he would not find the woman or her confederate. If the house was a large one, all the furniture in the room will be changed. It will probably be the abode of a physician, who, indignant at the attempt to convict him of panel-thieving, and to ruin his practice, will threaten to shut the libeller up in the Tombs. As a last resort, the victim will go to the police; but as the woman is at Brooklyn, Harlem, Jersey City, or some new abode far from the robbery, nothing can be done, and the man must bear the loss. And so the panel game goes on from year to year.

XLV.

GAMBLING-HOUSES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

LOCATION. — ARRANGEMENT AND TABLE. — GAMBLING-ROOM. — HOW THE PLAY GOES ON. — THE COMPANY. — JOHN MORRISSEY'S HOUSE. — HIS START. — FINDS EMPLOYMENT. — BEGINS AS A GAMBLER. — AT SARATOGA. — GAMBLING AS A TRADE.

LOCATION.

IN the city of New York there are not more than a dozen first-class gambling-houses. But these are superb in all their appointments. The location is aristocratic and easy to be found. A brown-stone front or a marble house is selected, and kept in great style. Such a house is usually distinguished from a first-class dwelling only by a broad silver plate on the door. Heavy blinds or curtains, kept drawn all day, hide the inmates from prying eyes. If one wishes to enter, he rings the door bell. This is answered by a finely-dressed colored porter, for all the servants are black. They are trained to their duties, are silent and polite. To your salutation the porter responds, "Who do you wish to see?" You name the proprietor or a friend, and are at once invited to the parlor. The elegance of the establishment dazzles you. The doors are of rosewood. The most costly carpet that can be imported lies on the floor.

Mirrors of magnificent dimensions extend from the ceiling to the floor. No tawdry frescoing, but costly paintings by the first artists, adorn the walls and cover the ceiling. The richest of gold, gilt, and rosewood furniture in satin and velvet abound.

ARRANGEMENT AND TABLE.

The basement of the house is devoted to domestic labors. The front parlor is used for dining. The dinner is served at six o'clock. Nothing in New York can equal the elegance of the table. It is spread with silver and gold plate, costly china ware, and glass of exquisite cut, and the viands embrace all the luxuries of the season served up in the richest style. Fruits, home and foreign, fill the sideboard, and wines and costly liquors are to be had for the asking. Among the keepers of the first-class gaming-houses there is a constant rivalry to excel in the matter of dinners and the manner the table is spread. The rooms are open to all comers. All are welcome to the table and sideboard. No questions are asked, no price is paid, no one is solicited to drink or play. A man can eat, drink, look on, and go away if he pleases. But it must be profitable business, or men who a few years ago were drunken prize-fighters could not now be millionnaires. A man who does not spend one dime in the house can call for the choicest wines, and drink what he will, as freely as the man that leaves thousands at the bank.

GAMBLING-ROOM.

The gaming-room is usually the third one, erected in the yard for the purpose, surmounted by a dome, through which the light comes, as the walls are solid. In this room is a spacious sideboard, crowded with the choicest and most costly liquors. As with the dinner, so with the sideboard: all are made welcome. One has but to call, and the prompt servant serves you at your will. The roulette table is spread, and the "lay-out," as it is called, is placed on the faro table. The keeper of the bank and the dealer of the cards are in their places. The cards are shuffled in a patent silver case, got up in expensive style. Men, players, table, the lay-out, the cue, box, and all the paraphernalia of gamblery, are in the first style and most costly order.

HOW THE GAME GOES ON.

In front of a table covered with green cloth, with a pad before him, the dealer shuffles his cards. Some play lightly; they lose five or ten dollars of an evening, then stop. Many play deep, and losses are heavy. From one thousand to a hundred thousand dollars often change hands in a night. Merchants, bank men, and clerks often play till they lose all, and put up watch and jewelry, pledge their salaries, incur debts of honor, that must be paid. Defalcation, speculation, fraud, theft, forgery, follow a visit to the hells in high life. Recently one man lost three hundred thousand dollars. There is at present a man in this city who "plays system," as it is called. He has had such a run of luck that he broke the bank of one of the first houses, and

carried away two hundred thousand dollars in one night. All these gamblers are fast men. They spend all they win on their vices, passions, or in play. When they are low, they visit the low gaming dens of the city, and if their fortune in any way changes, they hasten back and try their luck again in a first-class house. Many gamblers do not lay up five dollars in five years.

THE COMPANY.

None but men who behave like gentlemen are allowed the entrée of the rooms. Play runs on by the hour, and not a word spoken save the low words of the parties that conduct the game. But for the implements of gaming there is little to distinguish the room from a first-class club-house. Gentlemen well known on 'change and in public life, merchants of a high grade, whose names adorn benevolent and charitable associations, are seen in these rooms, reading and talking. Some only drink a glass of wine, walk about, and look on the play with apparently but little curiosity. The great gamblers, besides those of the professional ring, are men accustomed to the excitement of the Stock Board. They gamble all day in Wall and Broad Streets, and all night on Broadway. To one not accustomed to such a sight, it is rather startling to see men whose names stand high in church and state, who are well dressed and leaders of fashion, in these notable saloons, as if they were at home. The play is usually from five to twenty-five dollars. A stock of checks is purchased, and these played out, the respectable player quits the table. But old and young, men in established

business and mere boys, are seen night after night yielding to the terrible fascination of play.

JOHN MORRISSEY'S HOUSE.

A few years ago John Morrissey was a resident of Troy. He kept a small drinking saloon, of the lowest character. It was the resort of the low prize-fighters, gamblers, thieves, and dissolute persons of all degrees. So low, and dissolute, and disreputable, was the place, that it was closed by the authorities. With other traits, Morrissey blended that of a prize-fighter of the lowest caste. Drunken, brutal, without friends or money, battered in his clothes and in his person, he drifted down to New York to see what would turn up. He located himself in the lowest stews of New York. At that time the elections in the city were carried by brute force. There was no registry law, and the injunction of politicians, to "vote early and vote often," was literally obeyed. Roughs, Short-Boys, brutal representatives of the Bloody Sixth, took possession of the polls. Respectable men, who were known to be opposed to the corruption and brutality which marked the elections, were assaulted, beaten, robbed, and often had their coats torn from their backs. The police were powerless; often they were allies of the bullies, and citizens had quite as much to fear from them as from the rowdies. If the election was likely to go against them, and their friends presided over the ballot-box, and should signal the danger, a rush would be made by twenty or thirty desperate fellows, the boxes be seized and smashed, tables and heads broken, the voters dispersed, and the election carried by default.

HIS START.

A local election was to take place in the upper part of the city. The friends of good order were in the majority, if allowed to vote. But it was known that the rowdies would come in force and control the election. A few voters got together to see what could be done, and among them the present General Superintendent of Police. It was suggested that force be met with force, that the ballot-box be guarded, and the assailants beaten off by their own weapons. But where could the materials be found to grapple with the Plug Uglies and their associates? Somebody said that Morrissey was in town ready for a job, and that he could organize a force and guard the election.

FINDS EMPLOYMENT.

One day Mrs. Kennedy came to her husband as he sat in his room, and said to him, "There is an awful-looking man at the door, who wants to see you. He is dirty and ragged, has a ferocious look, and is the most terrible fellow I ever saw. Don't go to the door; he certainly means mischief." "Is he a big, burly-looking fellow?" "Yes." "Broad-shouldered, tall, with his nose turned one side?" "Yes, yes," said the impatient lady. "O, I know who it is; it is John Morrissey; let him come in." "O, husband, the idea of your associating with such men, and bringing them to the house, too!" But the unwelcome visitor walked into the parlor. Now, John Morrissey at Saratoga, in his white flannel suit, huge diamond rings, and pin containing brilliants of the first water, and of immense

size ; tall of stature, a powerful-looking fellow, walking quietly about the streets, or lounging at the hotels, but seldom speaking, is not a bad-looking man. Seen in New York in his clerical black suit, a little too flashy to be a minister, yet among bankers, merchants, or at the Stock Board he would pass very well as one of the solid men of the city. But Morrissey as he appeared that morning was an entirely different personage. He had come from a long debauch, and that of the lowest kind. He was bruised and banged up. His clothes were tattered. The Island was all that seemed to be opened to him. With him a bargain was made to organize a force of fighters and bullies, sufficient to prevent the ballot-boxes from being smashed, and the voters from being driven from the polls. He said he could do it, for he was at home among desperadoes. True to his appointment, he was at the polls before they were open. He was attended by about thirty as desperate looking fellows as ever rode in a wagon or swung from Tyburn. He stationed his force, gave his orders, told each not to strike promiscuously, but, on the first appearance of disturbance, each to seize his man, and not leave him till his head was broken. There was no disturbance till twelve o'clock. The late Captain Carpenter was in charge. About noon a huge lumber-van drove up, drawn by four horses. It was loaded with the roughest of the rough, who shouted and yelled as the vehicle neared the curbstone. Bill Poole, at that time so notorious, led the company. They were choice specimens of the men who then made the rulers of New York. Plug Uglies, Bummers, Roughts of the Bloody Sixth, Short-Boys, Fourth Ward-

ers, and men of that class, were fully represented. Bill Poole sprang to the sidewalk. Captain Carpenter stood in the door. Addressing him, Poole said, "Cap., may I go in?" "O, yes; walk in and welcome," Carpenter said, and in Poole went. He saw the situation at a glance. He measured Morrissey and his gang, turned on his heel, and, passing out, said, "Good morning, Cap.; I won't give you a call to-day; drive on boys;" and on they went to some polling-place where they could play their desperate game without having their heads broken.

BEGINS AS A GAMBLER.

This was Morrissey's first upward step. He washed his face; with a part of the money paid him he bought a suit of clothes, and with the balance opened a small place for play. He became thoroughly temperate. He resolved to secure first-class custom. To do this he knew he must dress well, behave well, be sober, and not gamble. These resolutions he carried out. His house in New York is the most elegantly furnished of any of the kind in the state. It has always been conducted on principles of the highest honor, as gamblers understand that term. His table, attendants, cooking, and company are exceeded by nothing this side of the Atlantic.

AT SARATOGA.

He followed his patrons to Saratoga, and opened there what was called a Club-House. Judges, senators, merchants, bankers, millionnaires, became his guests. The disguise was soon thrown off, and the club-house assumed the form of a first-class gambling-house at the

Springs. Horse-racing and attendant games followed, all bringing custom and profit to Morrissey's establishment. About this time the celebrated conspiracy was formed by politicians and railroad men to break down Harlem Railroad, and with it Commodore Vanderbilt. As a player Morrissey soon became familiar with Vanderbilt, who spent his summers at the Springs. In the extraordinary movements made by Commodore Vanderbilt to checkmate the conspirators, and throw them on their back, Morrissey was employed to play a conspicuous part. He made his appearance at the Stock Board, backed by Vanderbilt. He traded in Harlem in a manner that astounded the old operators at the board. He was allowed to share in the profits of that bold stroke which ruined thousands who had sold Harlem short. Morrissey is now worth half a million. He is still a gambler by profession, and carries on his establishments in Saratoga and in New York.

GAMBLING AS A TRADE.

It is very rare that a gambler makes money. The late hours, the constant drinking, the exciting food that is eaten, the infatuation of play, inevitably lead to destruction. If men begin with a cautious hand, and in what are known as first-class houses, they descend step by step till they reach the lowest depths to which gambling descends. A few men make it a profession, and a few have followed it for half a century. They are men of peculiar organization, who resist the fascinations of play, and never touch the wine cup. Some of them live in elegant style up town, and bring up their families in luxury. They are model husbands

and fathers ; cheerful, genial, and liberal in their own homes. Their profession is unknown to their families often, and to their most intimate friends. There are many kinds of reputable business in New York which require night work, and in some of these departments the persons alluded to are supposed to be employed. Any one who takes a late city car going up town will find two or three genteelly-dressed men, very fashionable in their attire, carefully barbered, profusely covered with jewelry, fat, sleek, and in good condition, evidently on excellent terms with themselves ; any night in the week, between twelve and two, this class, looking very much alike, may be seen going to their homes. They are the men who make gambling a business. They do not drink, they do not swear, they do not play. Success in the business they have undertaken forbids this. They attend church, and usually have a pew in a fashionable place of worship. They are liberal subscribers to the causes of religion and beneficence. They would not hesitate to head a subscription with a liberal sum to suppress gambling. It would be policy do so, and policy is their forte.

ONE MAKES A FORTUNE.

A man lives in the upper part of this city, and in fine style. He is reputed to be worth five hundred thousand dollars. He came to New York penniless. He decided to take up play as a business ; not to keep a gambling-house, but to play every night as a trade. He made certain rules, which he has kept over thirty years. He would avoid all forms of licentiousness ; would attend church regularly on Sunday ; would avoid

all low, disreputable company; would drink no kind of intoxicating liquors, wine, or ale; would neither smoke nor chew; would go nightly to his play, as a man would go to his office or to his trade; would play as long as he won, or until the bank broke; would lose a certain sum and no more; when he lost that, he would stop playing, and leave the room for the night; if he lost ten nights in succession, he would lose that exact sum and no more, and wait till his luck changed. This system he has followed exactly. While this one man has been successful in this career, tens of thousands, who have tried the hazard, have been carried down into irretrievable ruin.

XLVI.

LOW CLASS GAMBLING-HOUSES.

THE SKIN GAME. — HOW VICTIMS ARE SECURED.

THE SKIN GAME.

THERE are two kinds of gambling in the city, one known as the square game, which is played only by gentlemen, and in first-class houses; the other, the skin game, which is played in all the dens and chambers, and in the thousand low hells of New York. In the square game nobody is solicited, nor obliged to play, though they visit the rooms. In low gaming-houses it is not safe for any one to enter unless he plays. Persons are not only solicited, but bullied into hazarding something. Runners are out, who visit all the hotels and places of amusement to solicit custom, as drummers solicit trade for dry goods houses.

HOW VICTIMS ARE SECURED.

The mode of procedure is usually this. A person arrives in New York, and books his name at a hotel. A sharper, who is hanging round from a low clubhouse, watches his descent from the coach, or his entrance with his carpet-bag; watches him as he books

his name, and waits until he has finished his dinner or supper, and comes into the public room. To a stranger there is no place so lonely and utterly desolate as a great city. The stranger does not know what to do with the time that hangs heavy on his hands till the morning trade begins. The roper-in for the gambling-house understands this very well. At the proper time he approaches the visitor, and calls him by name; asks him if he is not from Chicago or New Orleans, as the case may be; announces himself as from that city; speaks about mutual acquaintances. The visitor, thankful that he has found somebody to speak to in this great wilderness, becomes communicative. The sharper soon finds out whether his companion is a drinking man or not. If he is, an invitation is given to come up and take a drink, in which the health of their mutual friends in New Orleans and elsewhere is duly honored. Each treats the other, and several glasses are drank. From the bar the parties proceed to the front steps of the hotel. "What are you going to do with yourself to-night?" is carelessly asked by the roper-in. Of course the victim has no plans; he has not been in New York long enough to form any. He is only too happy to accept an invitation to call at a private club-house of a friend.* "They keep vile liquor in this house; I would not drink the stuff. My friend imports his own liquors; you'll get a fine drink over there." Arm in arm the parties start for the club-house, which, of course, is a gambling-den. They take a few drinks all round, and then pass into another room, where "a few gentlemen" are having a quiet game by themselves. The roper looks on for a while,

and suggests to his friend that he take a chance for a dollar or so ; that he is not much accustomed to play, but that he does so once in a while for amusement. He plays and wins ; he plays again and wins. The game is so played that winning or losing is at the pleasure of the man who shuffles the cards. Between each play the visitors drink. It costs them nothing, and they drink deep ; at least the victim does. Confidentially over their glasses the sharper suggests that his friend back him for the little sum of fifty dollars. The excited man yields, and wins. He now bets a hundred dollars. The infatuation is upon him. He bets all his money, pledges his watch and jewelry, till, insensible, he is turned out on the sidewalk, to be taken to the station-house, or carried to his hotel by the police. In these dens strangers have lost as high as two hundred thousand dollars in a single night. In the morning the gamblers cannot be found, and if found, the robbers are far away. There are about fifty of these sharpeners, who prowl around the hotels nightly, seeking their victims among the unwary. Men who frequent low and disreputable places to fleece strangers and the young are not only professed gamblers, but curbstone brokers and gamblers in stocks, with whom the excitement of the day is exchanged for the hazard of the night.

XLVII.

DAY GAMBLING-HOUSES.

THEIR ORIGIN. — HOW THE ROOMS ARE FITTED UP. — AN INSIDE VIEW.

THEIR ORIGIN.

THERE is a class of speculators who are not content with legitimate business nor legitimate hours. The uptown hotels are crowded with them. Rooms are occupied, halls rented, and the day excitement at Wall Street is renewed in the evening, and often runs up to the small hours of the morning. The same spirit led to the opening of day gambling-houses. These are conveniently located to business. They run from Fulton Street to Wall, are found at a convenient distance from Broadway and Water Street. They are designed to attract merchants, bankers, young men, and visitors from the country. They have ropers-in, as have the night gambling-saloons. These decoys have a percentage taken from the winnings of their customers. Every man they can seduce to enter one of these establishments, if he lose money, is a gain to the decoy. These sharpers hang round the street, loaf on the curbstone, dog their victims from store to store, proffer them aid, go with them blocks to show them the way, help them to make purchases, propose to show them sights, and at

length, as if accidentally, lead them into a day gambling-saloon, which is situated very conveniently for the purpose. In these dens, men who have lost in stocks on the street try to make gains. Missing bonds here turn up, missing securities are here found, pledged by confidential clerks, who, until now, were supposed to be trustworthy. Young men who are robbed in the street, from whose hands funds are snatched, from whose possession a well-stuffed pocket-book has been taken, find the thief usually within the silent walls of a day gambling-house.

HOW THE ROOMS ARE FITTED UP.

The place selected for one of these saloons is in the busiest and most frequented parts of lower New York. A store let in floors is usually selected. A large building full of offices, with a common stairway, up and down which people are rushing all the time, is preferred; or the loft of a warehouse, if nothing better can be had, is taken. A sealed partition runs from the floor to the wall. The windows are barred with wooden shutters, and covered with heavy curtains. The rooms are handsomely carpeted, and gayly adorned. Lounges and chairs line the sides of the room, and the inevitable roulette and faro tables stand in their place. The padded cushion on which the cards rest tells the employment of the room. The outside door is flush with the partition. A party desiring to enter pulls the bell, and the door opens without any apparent agency, and closes suddenly on the comer. The hardened gambler walks in as he would into a bar-room or an omnibus, regardless of observation. But the young man who is

new to the business, who has come justly or unjustly by a bill, who has been sent on an errand and must make up a falsehood to account for his detention, or who is sent from the bank to the Clearing House, or from the Clearing House to the Custom House, and who runs in to try his luck for a few minutes, or for thirty, can be easily detected. He pauses below; goes a story above; looks up and down before he pulls the bell; faintly draws the wire, and darts in like a startled fawn. Not without observation and scrutiny does the customer get into the saloon. The outside door admits him into a small vestibule. The door behind him is closed, and he cannot open it. The bell has announced his presence. He is scrutinized through a small wicket opening in the wall. He must in some way be vouched for. If he comes through invitation of a roper-in he has a card. If all is right he is admitted. The darkness of night fills the room. The gas is lighted. The silence of a sepulchre reigns in the chamber. Persons sit, lounge, and stand in groups; they watch the table, but not a word is spoken except the monotonous utterances of the men who have charge of the gaming.

AN INSIDE VIEW.

Seated at the table to deal the cards sits a man apparently between forty and fifty years of age. These men all seem of the same age and of the same tribe. They are usually short, thick set, square built, pugilistic fellows, half bald, with mahogany faces — men without nerve, emotion, or sensibility. They sit apparently all day long pursuing their monotonous and deadly trade, making no inquiry about their victims, caring nothing

about their losses, unmoved by the shriek of anguish, the cry of remorse, the outburst, "O, I am undone! I am ruined! What will my mother say? What will become of my wife and children?" While the wounded are removed, and their outcries hushed, the play goes on. These rooms are distinguished by their silence and quiet tread inside. They open about nine in the morning, and close at four, when the tide begins to turn up town. The amount of misery these day gambling-houses create, the loss of money, character, and standing, exceeds all belief. The men who carry on this class of gambling down town are connected with the low class up town, and when the day gambling-houses close, those that run in the night are opened. The losses are often very heavy. Men enticed into these dens have been known to lose from twelve to fifty thousand dollars a night. There is no seduction in New York more subtle or more deadly than the day gambling-houses.

XLVIII.

TELEGRAPH HEADQUARTERS, ETC.

PROFESSOR MORSE. — INVENTION OF THE TELEGRAPH. — MEN SLOW TO BELIEVE. — GOVERNMENT AID. — TELEGRAPH COMPANIES. — AMERICAN TELEGRAPH COMPANY. — NEW MODE OF WRITING. — SYSTEM OF BUSINESS. — A DOMESTIC CONVENIENCE. — EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

PROFESSOR MORSE,

THE inventor of the telegraph, can be found daily at the headquarters of this great system, which is located on Broadway. He is the son of a New England clergyman, Dr. Morse, of Charlestown. His father made his pulpit a fortress in the dark and trying times which beset his faith. He was remarkable for his courage and daring in all that he considered right. A village physician in Watertown, Mass., had introduced vaccine. The excited people insisted that he was about to turn people into cattle, by taking the virus out of a cow and putting it into a man. The practice of the doctor fell away. He dared not go out of his house nights, and his life was in danger. Dr. Morse espoused the theory of vaccination, protected the doctor, and gave the arm of his son to be operated on to remove the popular terror. These lessons of heroism and daring were not lost on the children.

INVENTION OF THE TELEGRAPH.

In the year 1832 Professor Morse sailed from Havana in a packet ship, bound for New York. Quite a number of eminent men were on board. The voyage was long and tedious. One evening a physician of Boston detailed some marvellous discoveries that had been made in connection with electricity. When the doctor closed his statement, Professor Morse quietly remarked, "If these statements are true, and such discoveries have really been made, then I can send a message by lightning round the world." He retired to his state-room, and from that time seemed lost to all things around him till he reached his native shore. He had been absent from his family and his native land three years. His family and friends were on the pier to receive him. He accepted their warm and cordial greetings with marked indifference. He made no inquiries, and seemed morose and insensible. He was big with a great discovery that was to change the face of the world. All his feelings and powers were absorbed in this. Till the telegraph was a reality, and established beyond dispute, he seemed not to walk among men. This great invention was born on the wide ocean, whose waters touch all climes and bind all nations in amity. It seemed to scorn the limits of state or nation.

MEN SLOW TO BELIEVE.

The public were slow to accept the great discovery. The monks persecuted Galileo, and refused to look through his telescope lest they should believe. Harvey

demonstrated the circulation of blood, and lost his practice for his pains. The man who cut the first types with his penknife out of wood, and exhibited the first printed page to the startled authorities, was nearly hung for being in league with the devil. Jenner fled from his indignant countrymen because he was successful in controlling the small pox. Gangs of men, grinning their incredulity, greeted Fulton with derision as he started his first steamboat from New York. Morse could expect no better fate. The invention of the telegraph was not perfect at the start. Difficulties were to be overcome, and months of patient trial needed, to make it a success. Facing all opposition, and breasting all scorn, the inventor pursued his way for a time almost alone. The attempt to get up a company to make telegraphing a practical success was met by ridicule and derision. Professor Morse went from office to office, and from man to man, but nobody would touch his scheme. Jacob Little was then the great bear of Wall Street. Being one of the shrewdest financiers, and a man of remarkable forecast, he was urged to embark in the new enterprise. After it became established, Mr. Little said, "At one time I might have controlled all the telegraph lines in the land." But when the proposal was made to him, he shook his head, and said, "I will give Professor Morse a hundred dollars to help him along, but not one dollar for investment." A few personal friends were willing to try their luck, but they were poor in purse, and without influence. But one man in the land except Professor Morse grasped the future of this great discovery. Mr. Butterfield, of western New York, so famous in

connection with express companies, and who ran the great stage lines west, grasped, with his whole soul, the inventor and his cause. He gave his money and his time to demonstrate the practicability of the discovery. Men laughed at his folly, and derided him for his gullibility. He defied his friends, and told them that the time would come when the telegraph would supersede the mail. Things went roughly and savagely enough for a long time. Poverty, like an armed man, came upon the inventor, and all associated with him. They dressed meanly and poorly, wore rough shoes, and had a hard battle to keep the wolf from the door and hold on to the great discovery.

GOVERNMENT AID.

That an experimental line might be run between Baltimore and Washington, the government made a very discreet proposition. If the thing was a success, and the lines could really pass a message from Baltimore and back, a certain sum should be paid the inventor; but if the experiment failed, the economical government was to pay nothing. It must be no bogus despatch, but a real one, sent to the satisfaction of the government. The message was sent, and the answer returned. John C. Spencer was then at the head of the Treasury Department. He was as intelligent as men averaged at that time. Yet so ignorant was he of telegraphing, and so little did he understand the system, that he asked Mr. Butterfield, when the subject was canvassed, how large a bundle could be sent over the wires. He wanted to know if the United States mail could not be sent in the same way. Nor were

the scientific men much more advanced. Not one of them knew that the earth formed the most perfect circuit. The work was delayed a long time from the supposed necessity of a canal from Washington to Baltimore to complete the circuit. But all troubles came to an end, and the telegraph took its place among the most beneficent discoveries of the world. The inventor placed himself high among the benefactors of his race. He found himself suddenly raised to affluence, as were all his friends who joined him in the dark day, and stood by him through his trials. The stock could not be presented so fast as men subscribed for it. Companies multiplied, and a network of wires spread under the whole heavens, and ran in every direction over the land and under the sea.

TELEGRAPH COMPANIES.

For a time everybody seemed rushing into the business. Three great lines, however, embraced the telegraphing. Morse's company took the lead; House's line printed the words; but Baine's was the most curious of all. It took down the message, and by a chemical process obliterated part of the words, and in an instant changed the characters. The three companies interfered with each other, underbid, and created a rivalry, by which the public were badly served, and the companies kept very poor. A consolidation was called for, and a company was formed, known as the Six Nations Telegraph Company, and so named after the Six Indian Nations. The business was divided between the parties composing the new organization. To the American Telegraph Company was assigned

the seaboard from Halifax to New Orleans, with its headquarters at New York, and branches running to Canada. The consolidation introduced a new era into the business. It called into the service of the lines the ablest talent. It produced harmony and concord. The public were better served, and the tariff of prices reduced rather than raised. Telegraphing became a necessity. Its boon was brought to every man's door.

AMERICAN TELEGRAPH COMPANY (WESTERN UNION).

The headquarters of this company are on Broadway, corner of Liberty Street. It has a capital of over two millions of dollars, employs over twenty thousand miles of wire, has eight hundred offices, and the names of two thousand on its pay-roll. Its annual expenses are over half a million of dollars a year. The business demands men of talent, intelligence, quickness, and parts. These men cannot be had without being paid for. For messages alone thirty thousand dollars are paid annually. The same sum is paid for the mere cups and batteries of telegraphing. The headquarters smack of mystery. Everything is systematized, and order and quiet rule. The endless click of a hundred instruments sounds like a distant cotton factory. All the instruments—Morse's, House's, and Baine's—are used.

NEW MODE OF WRITING.

The old style of taking down the message and then writing it out, is abandoned. The operators understand the click of the machine, as well as they do the utterance of a man. As an accurate reporter takes

down the speech of the orator as he speaks, so the message is written down as it comes clicking over the wires. The ear is more accurate than the eye, and fewer mistakes are made in the new system than in the old one of words or symbols. So written down, the message is ready for immediate distribution. Bank checks are not recorded with more accuracy. All messages are numbered, together with the name of the party who sent, the name of the party who receives, and the date. They are important in court trials, and become a material part of legal evidence.

SYSTEM OF BUSINESS.

To be a success, telegraphing must be run as systematic as railroads. The cupola of the building is full of mystery. Two thousand cups or cells, the complication of the wires, the network of lines crossing and recrossing each other, seem all confusion. But to the master hand that controls all this it is simplicity itself. As in a station there are tracks for incoming trains and tracks for outgoing trains, so is it with messages. There are special wires assigned to special business. The line for the Brokers' Board has no other business sent over it. Express-men, railroad companies, the press, the police, and the markets have each a wire. One line is devoted to Philadelphia, another to Boston. That messages may not be interrupted, they are sent by one instrument over one line and returned by another. With wonderful accuracy message follows message with the speed of lightning. A curious instrument is used in the American Company's office, which is called a *telegraph*

switch, operating somewhat like a switch on a railway track. With it a message can be switched off at any moment, at any point, to let an incoming despatch have the track.

A DOMESTIC CONVENIENCE.

It was the purpose of the far-seeing men who systematized telegraphing to make it a common necessity — like Croton water, the express, and the post office; to bring the tariff of prices within every man's means; to bring a wire to every man's door, that the whole community might buy, sell, and travel by electricity. The American Company cover the whole country — from Halifax to New Orleans, from Sandy Hook to Montreal — with a network of vibrating wires. But the local and domestic use of the telegraph is scarcely less important. The company have forty offices in this city. Every person, within a circuit of twenty miles, can, if he will, be connected with headquarters. If a lady is sick, she telegraphs her husband to come home and bring the doctor. If a man of business concludes to go to California, or to Europe, he telegraphs for his carpet-bag to meet him at the steamer at noon. A merchant invites a friend to dine with him, and he informs his wife of the fact by lightning. Contracts are made, money paid, the payment of checks stopped, consultations held, and millions of stocks change hands, through the subtle agency of the wire. The General Superintendent of Police sits in his office and converses with his captains thirty miles away. Some men have special wires assigned to them, connecting their home and store.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

In the early history of telegraphing, it was discovered that it was a work peculiarly adapted to women. They were invited to enter the field. Rooms were provided for their instruction, and if they were worthy of it, employment and good pay secured. The room in the central office in which women are instructed in the art is very handsome, well furnished, airy, and cheerful. The lady superintendent, who has this department in charge, has been many years in the employ of the company, and draws the handsome salary of one thousand dollars a year. On the line of railroads, at the stations, and in small country towns, women are employed. They have a liberal salary, and can do their sewing, pursue their studies, and yet perform all the duties of the office. They make the best operators. They are more reliable than men, more trustful and accurate; their ear is quick, their fingers ready. None but first-class women are employed. Their neat and tasteful dress, and the order in which they keep their office, make their rooms very attractive. Their influence is felt all along the lines. Men are more attentive and civil in their duties where lady operators are employed.

LIX.

GEORGE LAW.

THIS gentleman was born near Cambridge, Washington County. He came to New York a penniless lad, and reached mature life before he made his mark on the city. He obtained his start financially by his contract to build the High Bridge for the Croton Aqueduct. He obtained several other contracts equally profitable, and then became a speculator in Wall Street. His connection with the ferries and railroads, especially Harlem, Eighth Avenue, and city roads, enabled him to amass a colossal fortune.

Mr. Law resides in a fashionable residence on Fifth Avenue. He is a huge man in size, ponderous as well as tall, with an immense face and head, which seems swollen, it is so huge. His features are coarse, and one, from his general expression, would judge him to be a hard man to deal with. Like most men who started poor, Mr. Law has very little sympathy with the masses. He is probably as unpopular a man as can be found in New York. He has the control of several railroads and ferries, and he runs them to suit his own pleasure. The public are nothing to him but contributors to his fortune. If he wants a ferry, and can get it in no other way, he will start an opposition line, reduce the fare,

run off the old line, then raise the fare, charge what he pleases, and give the public such accommodations as he is disposed to. He is over sixty years of age, drives a one-horse buggy, which is shabby and dilapidated. Slovenly in his dress, coarse in his manners, with a countenance stolid as if made of mahogany, he can be seen daily riding from point to point, giving personal attention to his immense business.

L.

BROWN AND BROTHERS.

THIS great banking-house is known all over the world for its reliability, and the honorable manner in which its business is discharged. The founder of the house is James Brown, who is still living. Like so many of our successful men, Mr. Brown was born in the north of Ireland, and came to this country when a lad, bringing nothing with him but good principles and his indomitable industry. His home, in the north of Ireland, was the centre of the linen manufacture, and Mr. Brown commenced business by importing linens. In this business his brothers were engaged. With William, the English partner of the firm, who was knighted, James acquired a handsome fortune. With this he opened the banking-house of Brown & Brothers. Mr. Brown is a man of great liberality, and a devout Presbyterian. He has built the finest private banking-house in the world, on Wall Street. It is of white marble, and cost a million of dollars. Mr. Brown is a gentleman of the Old School. He attends closely and personally to his own business. He is of medium height, about seventy years of age, stoops slightly; his hair is gray, and his manners are quiet and unostentatious. He goes to his daily business as regularly as any clerk in New York.

LI.

STREET-WALKERS.

WHO THEY ARE. — BED-HOUSES. — VISITORS. — WOMEN ON THE PAVE. — AN INCIDENT. — HOW STREET-WALKERS APPEAR.

WHO THEY ARE.

THE tramps on the sidewalk, who annoy the passer-by, and dog the footsteps of men who walk Broadway after ten o'clock, are mostly young girls, who have an ostensible trade in which they are employed during the day. Many of them are waiter girls in low restaurants, who are known as the "Pretty Waiter Girls;" or they work in hoop-skirt factories, binderies, or in some place where girls congregate together. Not all the girls in saloons and concert-rooms are bad. But few remain long in that connection who do not become so. The wages paid to waiter girls vary from five to fifteen dollars a week. To this is added the wages of infamy.

The homes of most of the street girls are in the suburbs of New York. They come in from Brooklyn, Hoboken, Jersey City, Harlem, and other places easy of access, and can be seen coming and going night and morning, and their employment is as well known as that of any trade in New York. Many of them are mere girls. Some have run away from home, and have

a place to lay their heads on condition that they divide the spoils of the night. Some are orphans, and take the street to keep themselves out of the almshouse. Some have brutal or drunken mothers, who drive their children into the street, and live in idleness and debauchery on the infamous wages of their daughters. Some get coal, rent, and food from the hands of a child who sleeps all day and is out all night, and the thing is too comfortable to admit of much scrutiny.

Most of these girls have a room in the city that they call their home,—a small, plainly-furnished sleeping apartment. This room is rented by the week, and paid for in advance. To this place company is taken, and the night spent. If robbery is committed, as it is frequently, the room is deserted the next morning, and the occupant goes, no one knows where. As the rent is always paid in advance, the landlord is no loser.

BED-HOUSES.

All over New York, in parts high and low, houses abound that bear the designation of bed-houses. A location, fashionable or disreputable, is selected according to the class of custom that has to be secured. No one knows who is at the head of such institutions. Often landlords who are known on 'change as reputable men fit up a bed-house, and hire some hag to take care of it. The location is well known. The house is dark, and all about it is quiet. If a noise was allowed, the police would step in and shut up the thing as a nuisance. One of the most notorious houses of this class has fifty rooms. Sometimes a room is engaged in advance. But usually parties come to the house, enter

the vestibule, and wait the response to the ring. A person appears in the dim light. But no feature can be seen. If there is no room vacant, the quiet, low answer is, "All full." If otherwise, the parties are admitted. A dim candle is put into the hand of a servant, and the money for the room paid at once, and the customers are escorted up stairs.

VISITORS.

No rooms are so profitable. A well-regulated bed-house is the most lucrative house in New York. Women who have tried to keep respectable boarding-houses often find "a gentleman friend" who will open such a house, or be a guarantee for the rent. Men are found who not only will furnish such houses and take their pay in instalments, but advertise so to do. Into these houses come the street-walkers, who find their victims on and near Broadway. If the girls have not the money, their companions have. Gray-headed old men can be seen wending their way late at night under the lead of a child scarcely fourteen years old. Appointments are made at saloons to meet at a named house in the night. Low theatres, low and vile restaurants, and dance cellars bring up custom. Women can be seen going in from nine to ten at night with pitchers, plates, and household articles in their hands. They go to keep an appointment previously made; and they go out from home with the articles in their hands under pretence of buying something for breakfast, leaving husband or father asleep from toil. But more than all, people come in coachés—some, private ones. The coachman has his eye-teeth cut. He knows what is

going on. But the mistress or master has made it all right with him. From the heated *soirée*, where wine has flowed in abundance, from the opera or concert, the parties take a ride in the locality of a bed-house, and pass an hour or so in it, before the coach goes to the stable, and the mistress or man unlocks the hall door with the pass key. From twelve to two, elegant coaches and plain hacks can be seen before the doors of these lodging-houses, waiting for company — the women deeply veiled, the men so wrapped up that recognition is not common. Houses in low localities are preferred if clean; if in better localities, the coming and going of coaches would attract attention. Lodgings are cheap, and run from fifty cents to ten dollars. Parties remain all night if they choose. The doors are never closed. They stand open night and day. Knock when customers may, they will find a welcome.

WOMEN ON THE PAVE.

For a half century the streets running parallel to Broadway, on either side, from Canal to Bleecker, have been the abode of women who walk the streets. In walk, manners, dress, and appearance they resemble the women of their class, who, three thousand years ago, plied their wretched trade under the eye of Solomon. About eight o'clock they come out of their dens to the broad pavement,— up and down, down and up, leering at men, and asking for company or for help. At eleven at night, when the street is clear, and not a soul is to be seen, as a man passes a corner, all at once a flutter will be heard, and a woman flitting out from a side street, where she has been watching for her victim,

will seize a man by the arm, and cry out, "Charlie, how are you?" or, "Where are you going?" If the man stops for a talk, he will probably follow the woman, as an "ox goeth to the slaughter." On passing a man on the street, if the party looks after the woman, her keen sight detects the slight move, and she turns and follows the looker-on. Some of these walkers are splendidly educated. Some take their first lessons in degradation on the pave. Love of dress and finery, unwillingness to work, a pique at a lover, a miff at the stern family arrangement, are causes enough to send a young girl on the street.

AN INCIDENT.

A gentleman in this city employs in his factory a large number of females. He is quite careful to get respectable girls. He demands a written testimonial before he will admit any one. Among those at work for him were two sisters. They were models of propriety and order. They were neat in their dress. Early and punctual they were at work. They mingled but little in society; were quite reserved in their conversations; said but little, and kept constantly at work. Their quiet and industrious manners, silent and resolute conduct, living seemingly for each other, and always acting as if some great secret weighed them down, or bound them together, called out the sympathy of their employer. But they resisted all sympathy, refused to make him their confidant, and asked only to be left alone. They came and went regularly as the sun. One night this gentleman was walking alone on Broadway quite late. As he passed Houston Street a young girl accosted him. The tones of her voice seemed

familiar. He drew her to the gas light. The moment he did so the girl gave a scream, darted down the street, and was out of sight in a moment. She was one of the model sisters in his factory. The next morning the girls were not in their usual place, and he saw them no more. All that he could hear of them was, that long before they came to his factory they were on the street. Each night while in his employ they followed street-walking as a vocation. All they ever said about themselves was said to one who, in the factory, had somewhat won upon their confidence. They refused to join in some pastime proposed, and gave as a reason, that they had no money to spend on themselves; they were saving, they said, all the money they could get to take up the mortgage upon their father's farm, as he was old and feeble. Filial love could do no more than this!

The Eighth and Fifteenth wards are crowded with tenement-houses. Suites of rooms, at a low rent, suitable for cheap house-keeping, can be had. And here the same class of street-walkers are found when at home.

HOW STREET-WALKERS APPEAR.

Girls new to the business are flush in health, well-dressed, and attractive. They visit theatres, ride in cars, go in omnibuses, hang round the hotel doors, and solicit company with their eyes and manner, rather than by their speech. This class throng the watering-places. They travel up and down the North River. Two or three of them take a state-room, and move round among the passengers soliciting company. This custom became, the past summer, a great nuisance.

Lady passengers were annoyed, both in their state-rooms and out, with the conduct and vile talk in the rooms near them. Some, unwilling to be so annoyed, left their rooms and remained in the saloons all night. Broadway is not a more noted place for women of this class than are the boats on the North River.

From this grade the class descends to mere ragged, bloated, drunken dregs, who offend all decency as they ply their trade. The second season reveals the destructive power of this mode of life. Pale, young women, thin and wan; women who know early what it is to want fuel and food; women scantily clad, who shiver as they tell their tale and ask relief; women who know that life is brief, and the future without hope — such persons compose the great mass of street-walkers. A short life they lead, and if their tale is true, it is not a merry one.

The court-room of the Tombs on Sunday morning, at six o'clock, is a suggestive place. Children from twelve to sixteen; women from sixteen to sixty; women on their first debauch, in all their finery, and tinsel, and pride, with the flush of beauty on their cheeks, with which they hope to win in the path they have chosen, and from whose faces the blush has not yet passed away forever; and persons in their last debauch, without anything that marks the woman left to them, — these indicate the life and the doom of New York street-walkers.

LII.

HOUSES OF ASSIGNATION.

THE number of these places of resort in the city cannot be known. The public houses are many, and are well known. But in all parts of the city, houses, private and public, are kept for company, and most of them in the midst of the fashionable and élite of the city.

Most of these places are known by advertisements, which are well understood. A house in upper New York, in a fine location, is selected. It is plainly furnished, or quite gaudily, as the style of the house may permit. It is no uncommon thing for a downtown merchant to take a house, furnish it, hire a house-keeper, use as many rooms as he may wish, and then allow the woman to let out the rooms to regular boarders, or nightly, to parties who may come for an evening, or who may previously have engaged a room. Parties hire a room by the week or month, pay in advance, and come and go when they please. "A widow lady, with more rooms than she can use;" "rooms to let to quiet persons;" "apartments to let where people are not inquisitive;" "rooms to let, with board for the lady only," are of this class.

To a stranger in the city, a search for board is quite

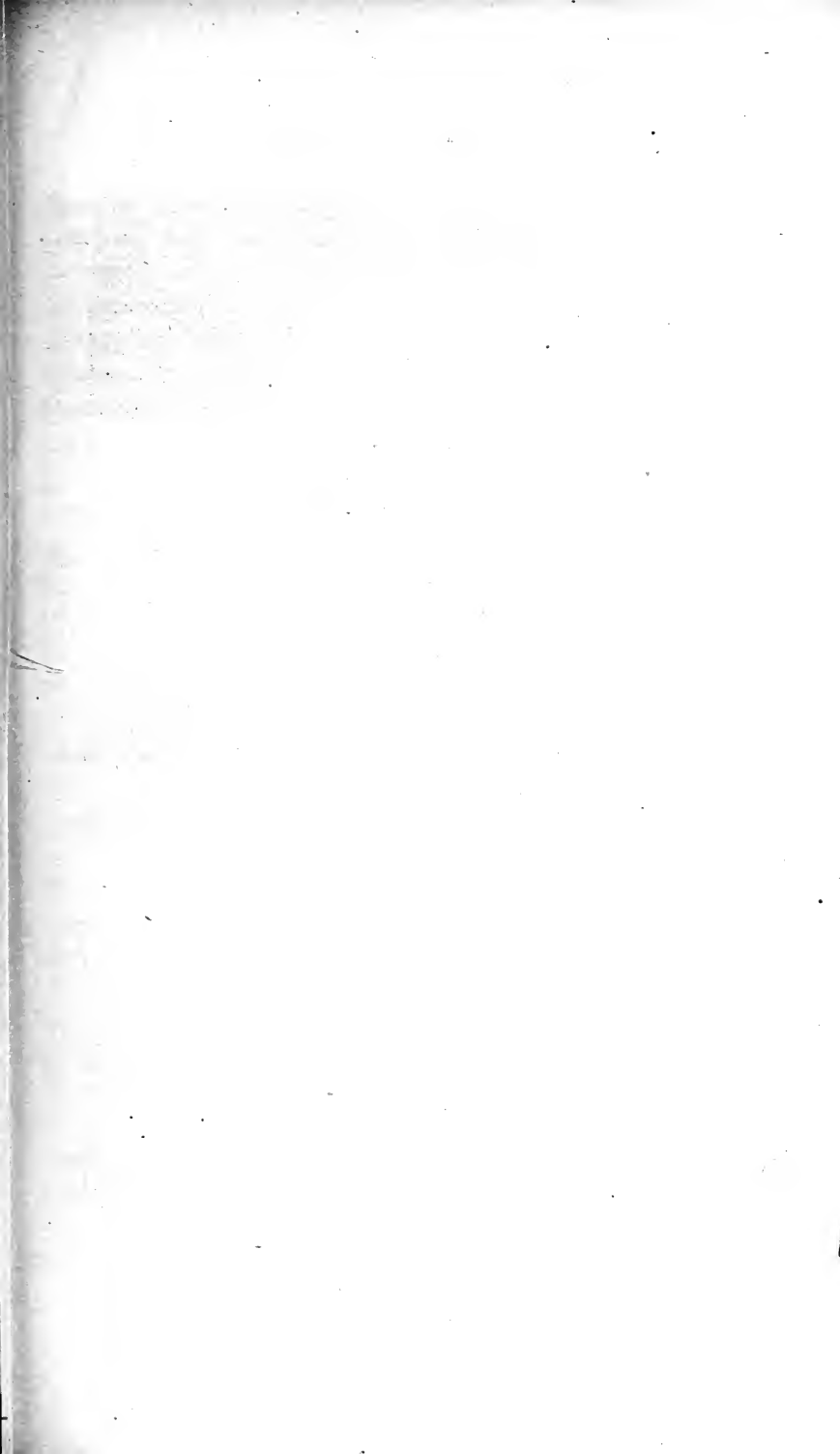
hazardous. A family that is not well known may not be reputable. One with a wife and family of daughters is quite as likely to get into a house of assignation as anywhere else. No reputable lady, who keeps a boarding-house, will take a gentleman and woman to board of whom she knows nothing. Parties must come well recommended, and the fact of marriage must be well known.

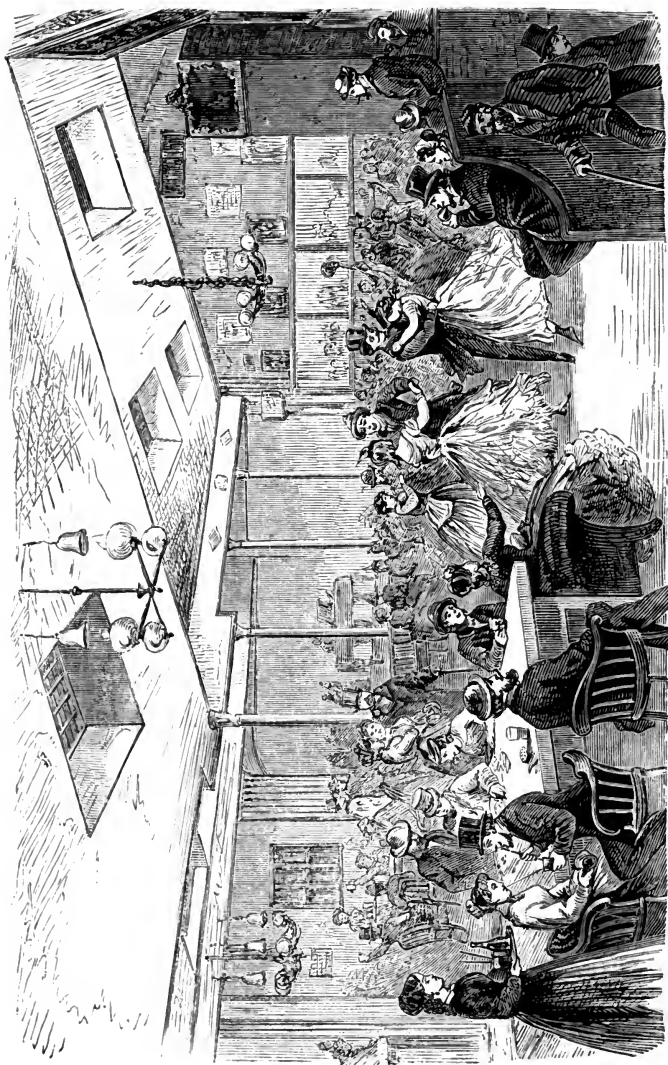
Cheap hotels are used for purposes of infamy. The hotels that rent rooms by the day are not particular what relation parties sustain to each other, so long as the rent is promptly paid, and no one disturbs the peace. One or two houses up town, run on the European plan, became so notorious as resorts of the abandoned, that they were compelled to close, or entertain the lowest and most vile. First-class hotel keepers have quite as much as they can do to keep their houses free from this social nuisance. Men and women take rooms, and are registered as Mr. and Mrs. —. The relation of the parties may be veiled for a day or so; but the keen eyes of hotel mén soon detect the position of the parties, and then they are packed off, be it day or night. Without this precaution no respectable house could be kept.

Some time since a reverend gentleman was at a leading hotel, where he staid some days. He was in a fine position in a neighboring city, and had much personal wealth. He was of the old school, wore a decidedly clerical dress — white cravat and black suit. At the table, near him, sat a well-dressed, quiet lady, not more than twenty-five years of age. She said but little, was elegantly arrayed, wore few ornaments, and

those of great value, indicating wealth and taste. She accepted the attentions the courteous clergyman bestowed. She seemed to be quite alone, seldom spoke to any one, made no acquaintances, and came in and went out unattended. A table acquaintance sprang up. The husband of the lady was a merchant, then out of the city on business, and would be back in a few days; the lady was quite alone; knew but few persons; so strange to be in a hotel alone in a large place like New York; it was not always safe to make acquaintances in a city,—so she said. The acquaintance ripened; new attentions were proffered and accepted. The parties met in the parlor, and went together to the public table. Soon the husband came, and made one of the trio. He was a quiet, gentlemanly-looking man, dressed in a nice black suit; and his jewels, that shone from his finger and his shirt-bosom, were all that indicated that he was not a man of the cloth. He drank a glass of wine with the attentive doctor, and thanked him for the kind and considerate attention his wife had received from his hands. One day, as the parties sat at their meals, quite cosy and chatting, a merchant came to dine. He was well acquainted both with the clergyman and with the merchant and his wife. An interview was soon had between the new comer and the divine. “How long have you been acquainted with those parties you were to-day dining with?” said the merchant. “Only a week or so.” “Do you know who they are?” “O, yes; he is a wealthy merchant of this city, and the lady is his wife, and a remarkably modest and agreeable woman she is.” “The man is

not a merchant. He is one of the most notorious gamblers in the city, and the woman is not his wife." Without bidding adieu to his newly-formed acquaintances, the clergyman paid his bill and departed, with a firm resolution never again to be misled by appearances, never to form intimate associations with strange men and women at a hotel, and never to be gallant to a lady he knew nothing about.





INSIDE HARRY HILL'S DANCE-HOUSE.

LIII.

HARRY HILL'S DANCE-HOUSE.

WHO IS HARRY HILL? — THE DANCE-HALL. — INSIDE VIEW. — THE COMPANY. — A DARK PAGE TO READ. — THE PASTIMES. — THE MANAGER. — WRECKS OF CHARACTER.

No description of New York would be complete without a notice of the notorious Dance-House kept by Harry Hill. You can find dance-houses, drinking saloons, and places of resort for the high and low, the respectable and vile. But one house in New York comprises all classes and conditions. It is the pride of Harry Hill that judges, lawyers, merchants, politicians, members of Congress and of the Legislature, doctors, and other professional men, visit and patronize his place. And no public resort of any description in the city is better known.

WHO IS HARRY HILL?

He is a man about fifty years of age, small, stocky, muscular — a complete type of the pugilist. He keeps the peace of his own concern, and does not hesitate to knock any man down, or throw him out of the door, if he breaks any of the rules of the establish-

ment. Aside from his business, Mr. Hill is regarded as a fair and honorable trader, a man who keeps his word, is generous and noble in his impulses, kind to the poor, and large in his gifts to charity.

For twelve years he has kept one of the most noted dance-houses in the city. His rooms are constantly crowded, and the profits of his hall and bar are estimated at one thousand dollars a week over all expenses. He attends closely to all departments of his trade. He is at the bar; in the hall, where the dancers must be kept on the floor; at the stage, where the low comedies and broad farces are played. He keeps the roughs and bullies in order; he keeps jealous women from tearing out each other's eyes; he keeps the noisy drunkard quiet. With burly face and stocky form, he can be seen in all parts of the hall, shouting out, "Order! order!" — "Less noise there!" — "Attention!" — "Girls, be quiet!" — and these he shouts all the evening.

THE DANCE-HALL.

This is situated on Houston Street, near Broadway. The building is of wood, two stories high, and very low studded. A huge lantern, hanging over the door, with its red and blue glass, is a signal to all comers. In the lower part is a bar, with a counter for refreshments. Through a narrow lane, between the counters, the company pass into the hall up stairs. No one is allowed to go up unless the admission fee of twenty-five cents is paid. Usually a dish of oysters and something to drink are added to the fee. Most of this is clear gain to Mr. Hill. A private door admits the

women. They are allowed to go in free, as the dance would not amount to much without them.

INSIDE VIEW.

The hall is a curiosity. It is very low studded. It was originally composed of many quite small rooms. But partition after partition has been knocked away, and room added to room, till the hall is very large. The ceilings are of different heights, and remain as originally built. A more homely room cannot be found in New York. The walls are covered with pictures, and not one indecent or objectionable one can be seen. The rules of the house are hung up in conspicuous places, and are put in the form of poetry. The pith of these rules is, "No loud talking; no profanity; no obscene or indecent expression will be allowed; no one drunken, and no one violating decency, will be permitted to remain in the room; no man can sit and allow a woman to stand; all must call for refreshments as soon as they arrive; the call must be repeated after each dance; and if a man does not dance, he must leave." The profits of the concern are connected with the bar, and that must be liberally and constantly patronized. There is no bar in the hall, but a long counter occupies one side. After the dance, each man takes his partner to the counter. Here he orders what he will, and the refreshments are sent up from below. The rules are quite rigidly enforced, and the penalty for neglect is summarily inflicted.

THE COMPANY.

The crowd is at all times great. Benches range around the sides of the room. Out of one hundred girls and women present, not one can be found who has not started on the road to ruin. They occupy the benches, and by their side sit the partners whom they have chosen for the evening. Most of the women are young — most of them mere girls. The decay and degradation that are seen at the Water Street dance-houses are not seen at Harry Hill's. The women are of a superior class. Most of them have just begun their life of shame. The crimson hue has not left their cheeks. Some of them are very pretty. Their dresses are rich. They wear satin, silk, velvet, and many jewels. Some have on a full dress; some have on an opera attire. They would pass well in any station; they would not appear bad at church, or at a concert; they would attract attention at a soirée; they would appear well in a Sunday school. In less than two years not one of these gay and elegantly-dressed throng will be seen at Harry Hill's. They will drink, behave indecently, and the stern command of the proprietor will bid them "clear out." They will be found, if alive, in the stews and viler dance-houses of low New York. It is the capital of Harry Hill to keep a reputable vile house, and he will do it. None but well-dressed and well-behaved girls can walk his saloon. No matter who they are, where they come from, what appointments they make, where they go when they leave his place, — while there, they must behave. In that low, dingy room, on hard benches, sawdust floors,

and walls and ceilings that indicate the building to be no better than a cheap, wooden tenement-house, the élite of the women of the town gather nightly. The white patten, crimson and gaudy dress, rich velvets, cloaks, and genteel attires, make the dingy room look as if upper New York, in their best outfit, had taken possession of a low dwelling at Five Points for an evening.

A DARK PAGE TO READ.

A sadder story of New York life cannot be written than that connected with this place. Girls of great promise and education ; girls accomplished, and fitted to adorn any station ; girls from country homes, and from the city ; missing maidens ; wives who have run away from their husbands ; girls who have eloped with lovers ; girls from shops and factory, from trade and the saloon, can here be seen in the dance. The only child of a judge, the wife of an eminent lawyer, showy, flashy, and elegantly dressed, and women of a lower degree, all mingle. They come and go as they will. Women who have good homes and confiding husbands, girls whose mothers know not where they are, and would rather bury them than know that they went in such company, are at this hall. The quantity of liquor these women drink is astonishing. After each dance the company go to the bar and drink. They drink champagne when their partners can afford it. Strong liquors are in demand at all times. It is no uncommon thing to see a young miss take a half tumbler of undiluted liquor, and toss it off without winking. At midnight the doors close, and the company depart. It is the rule of Mr. Hill not to keep

open on the Sabbath, and he plumes himself greatly on his piety. But the dance is merry till midnight on Saturday.

The men who here meet are a sight to behold. They crowd the centre of the floor, and jostle each other for want of room. Men of all grades and all degrees — officers in uniform ; sergeants and officers of police without uniform ; judges of courts, and leading men of the bar ; merchants, jewellers, book-men, and bankers ; politicians, and candidates for the high honors in the state and nation ; clerks, men, boys, with all classes and kinds. These men join in the dance, drink at the bar and flirt with the women, and pay the bills.

THE PASTIMES.

As the name indicates, dancing, with drinking, is the great pastime. This occupies the centre of the room, and is kept up at regular intervals. The girls are called up to dance by the stern command of the proprietor, and he must be obeyed. This tiresome business is carried on hour after hour. Men select their partners as they will. If they do not, partners are assigned to them. The dancers are free and loose. The music is made by a piano, violin, double bass, and other instruments. During the evening all the men present join in the dance. When that is over, and drinks taken, the girls move round the room among the company, and secure a companion for the next dance and for the night.

In one corner of the hall there is a small stage. Low actors, suited to the company, perform at intervals. Punch and Judy have a box to themselves, and enter-

tain the crowd. Broad songs are sung, and at each improper allusion, profane remark, the mention of the name of God, or anything that sneers at piety, or what the religious world calls sacred, are rapturously applauded. Thus, amid low acting, Punch and Judy, songs and drinking, the time passes. A low, vulgar performance, called Mrs. Partington, in which a poor ventriloquist and a dirty rag baby are the chief actors, is repeated several times in the evening.

THE MANAGER.

Under Mr. Hill is a manager. For many years he has been in charge of this hall. He is a doctor of medicine. He has a finished education, and is one of the best newspaper writers in the city. He has now, and long has had, a place on a leading city journal. He could earn a respectable livelihood anywhere. He is a fine-looking man, and though sixty-five years old, no one would take him to be over forty-five. He is erect, with dark hair, dresses genteelly in a black suit, and is one of the best informed men of the country. Yet he flings all his gifts away, and consents to be the manager of this dance-house, from night to night, and from year to year, pandering to the lowest vices, passions, and persons of the city. New York is full of such ruins.

WRECKS OF CHARACTER.

Harry Hill is quite free to converse about men and things pertaining to his concern. He keeps the names of prominent persons who patronize his establishment. He believes that men have fits of dissipation from too close attention to business ; from ventures that are too

much for them, and losses or reverses. Prominent merchants, eminent men, representatives of trade in all its branches, men very regular in ordinary times, visit his rooms. Once a year, once a quarter, they come. The proprietor keeps a watch over them, and when he thinks they have drank enough, either removes them or sends for their friends. From the stews of New York, heated and often maddened by poisoned liquor, men come for a dance with the gay throng in this hall. They bring with them money, from five thousand to fifty thousand dollars, which they are just drunk enough to show. If Mr. Hill knows the parties, he interposes and saves them from loss. If he does not know them, he lets things take their course. Only there must be no robbery within his walls. Whatever bargains are made, alliances formed, traps set, the victim must not be snared in the dance-room of Harry Hill. It is his boast that no person was ever robbed of watch, jewels, or money since he threw his doors open twelve years ago. Whatever crime is committed, it is done outside, and the police trace nothing to that establishment. The room is full of thieves, pick-pockets, prize-fighters, bullies, short-boys, and denizens of the bloody sixth; females of all grades, shoplifters, counterfeiters, women just out of the State Prison, panel-thieves, and females whose trade it is to get employment in houses as domestics only to commit robbery, or admit robbers to the dwelling. By the side of a police sergeant sits a panel-thief. By the side of a Broadway jeweller sits a noted shoplifter. A confidential clerk of a down-town store is drinking with a miss who looks as if she had left her fashionable board-

ing-school just after tea. A lawyer of repute can be seen drinking with a prize-fighter, and respectable business men mingle cosily with desperate New York males and females. But few men with money reach their homes till they are plucked of the cash they vaunt so boastingly, lucky if watch and jewels, under the drug, are not also taken.

In such dens as these the ruin of well-to-do men is laid. Entering from curiosity, they become customers, and then victims. Ketchum and Jenkins took their first lesson in these respectable dance-houses. Bank clerks, and young men in confidential positions, go to laugh and have a jolly time of an evening. They are ensnared before they know it. In the lap of Delilah their locks are shorn, and their strength departs.

A STARTLING CASE.

A young man in this city represented a New England house of great wealth and high standing. He was considered one of the smartest and most promising young men in New York. The balance in the bank kept by the house was very large, and the young man used to boast that he could draw his check any day for two hundred thousand dollars and have it honored. The New England house used a great deal of paper, and it could command the names of the best capitalists to any extent. One gentleman, a member of Congress, was reputed to be worth over half a million of dollars. He was accustomed to sign notes in blank and leave them with the concern, so much confidence had he in its soundness and integrity. Yet, strange to say, these notes, with those of other wealthy men, with

nearly the whole financial business of the house, were in the hands of the young manager in New York, who, with none to check or control him, did as he pleased with the funds. Every one thought him honest. Every one confided in his integrity. All believed that he was doing the business of the concern squarely and with great ability.

In the mean while he took a turn at Harry Hill's "to relieve the pressure of business." Low amusements, and the respectable company he found, suited him. From a spectator he became a dancer. From dancing he took to drinking. From the bar he entered those paths to which Harry Hill's saloon is the entrance. He tried his hand at light play. He then went into gaming heavily, was stripped every night, drinking deeply all the while. He became enamoured with fancy women, clothed them in silks, velvets, and jewels, drove them in dashing teams through Central Park, secured them fine mansions, and paid the expenses of the establishments—all this while keeping the confidence of his business associates. His wan, jaded, and dissipated look went to his devotion to business. Men who met him daily had no idea that he was bankrupt in character, and had led the great house with which he was connected to the verge of ruin. The New England manager of the house was the father of the young man. His reputation was without a stain, and confidence in his integrity was unlimited. He had the management of many estates, and held large sums of trust money in his hands belonging to widows and orphans. In the midst of his business, in apparent health, the father dropped down dead. This brought

things to a crisis, and an exposure immediately followed. The great house was bankrupt, and everybody ruined that had anything to do with it. Those who supposed themselves millionnaires found themselves heavily in debt. Widows and orphans lost their all. Men suspended business on the right hand and on the left. In gambling, drinking, in female society, and in dissipation generally, this young fellow squandered the great sum of one million four hundred thousand dollars. He carried down with him hundreds of persons whom his vices and dissipation had ruined. And this is but a specimen of the reverses to which a fast New York life leads. He may be seen any day reeling about the street, lounging around bar-rooms, or attempting to steady his steps as he walks up and down the hotel entrances of the city. A sad wreck! a terrible warning!

LIV.

THE FRIENDS IN NEW YORK.

THE SECT. — A QUAKER MEETING-HOUSE. — SABBATH SERVICE. — THE PREACH-
ING. — YEARLY MEETING.

THE SECT.

THE sect usually called Quakers are known to each other as Friends. They are not numerous, and cannot well be. The large portion of them are wealthy, and live in fine style, surrounded with all the appliances that belong to cultivated life. Their children enjoy every advantage of education and culture that can be secured. They mingle with the world, catch its customs, and withdraw gradually from the plain and simple manners of their parents, wear the gay attire of fashionable life, and when they settle down, take the position which their wealth and culture presents. It is a common thing in New York for the children of wealthy Friends to leave the plain and unostentatious worship in which they have been trained, and attend the imposing services of some liturgical church. The sect in New York ranks among our best and most wealthy citizens. On 'change they are foremost among the solid merchants of New York. They are eminent in works of charity and humanity. The up-town

movement, which has driven from the lower part of the city so many houses of worship, has not spared the Friends. Their fine down-town meeting-houses have been abandoned to gas companies, public schools, livery stables, places of amusement, and to trade.

A QUAKER MEETING-HOUSE.

These buildings are among the institutions of the city, and have marked peculiarities. The Friends do not go to church, but to meeting. Their places of assembly are called, not churches, but meeting-houses. Such a building looks like an oasis in a desert. It stands in the centre of a plot of ground made up of several lots. The grass is green, and is kept in the neatest manner. The house is of brick, very large, and barn-like in its appearance. Amid merchandise, the confusion and turmoil of city traffic, it stands in the quiet of its own position, guarded by the substantial wall that surrounds the lot, indicating repose and thrift. Nothing can be plainer than the inside of the meeting-house. No part is painted except the front of the gallery. The seats are mere benches, scoured to a snowy whiteness. The men and women sit apart, and the house is so arranged that the two parts can be closed for the transaction of business if necessary. When business is transacted, the women and the men hold separate sessions. The old custom of seating people according to rank and age is to be found in the meeting-house of Friends. The greatest deference is paid to age and infirmity. No rudeness, or impertinence, or forwardness on the part of children is allowed. The respect and deference paid to their superiors during public

service, by the younger portion of the congregation, are very marked. The youth have seats assigned them in the gallery, which they occupy. In the place where in modern churches the pulpit stands, in the Friends' meeting-house there is reared a gallery for the elders. These "chief seats" in the assembly are filled by the rulers of the meeting. Over their heads is a broad canopy not unlike a New England sounding-board.

SABBATH SERVICE.

The Friends are not strict Sabbatarians. They take literally the command of the Apostle,—"Let no man, therefore, judge you in respect to a holy day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath days." The first day of the week is not unobserved, but other days are as sacred. Meeting is held on our Lord's Day, and great interest clusters around the house when the hour of service arrives. Men pass into the plain structure whose garb gives small indication that they are of this peculiar people. Their names are well known among merchant princes and among the professions. Carriages line the sidewalks, fine turnouts drive up to the door with footman and coachman in livery. The old line of Friends wear the costume of the last century. Many compromise the matters in dress so that it is difficult to tell whether they belong to the meeting or to the world. The larger part of the meeting, however, are dressed in modern style, and conform to the fashions quite sharply. Some of the ladies who on First Day are plainly dressed, and yet with great elegance, are leaders of fashion at Saratoga and Newport. No one out-dresses them in style or ornament

at the opera. They manage the matter by having two styles of dresses — one for the world, the other for devotion.

THE PREACHING.

In a fashionable locality up town can be found the leading Friends' meeting-house of New York with its stone front. I attended service one Sunday in that place. The exercises commenced promptly at half past ten, by a general silence that lasted half an hour. This was broken by an old man of ninety, who made an address on the words, "That thought upon His name." Silence followed the address for thirty minutes. An English preacher then spoke on the "wedge of gold and the Babylonish garment." He drew a sad picture of the defection and worldliness of the people whom he addressed. He especially mourned the defection of the younger members of the society, who, seduced by the pomp and show of other services, found in these the attractive wedge of gold and the fascinating garment of Babylon. His voice was thin; he paused long after each sentence; he grasped the rail with both hands with earnest energy, and was followed by silence so long that I thought it would not again be broken. The wife of the English speaker at length arose, and with great deliberation divested herself of bonnet and shawl, and commenced speaking. Her address was composed of passages of Scripture most beautifully joined together. Her utterance was very distinct, her cadence peculiar, and her voice so sweet that it rings in the ear like the melody of a beautiful song. The sentiments uttered and the manner and spirit of the meeting would have been regarded as evangelical anywhere. The

address of the lady was followed by a longer pause. Many were employing the moments in devotion. But I saw the usual number of sleepers that adorn the assemblies of other sects. The leaders at length arose, and shook hands with each other. This was the signal for a general rising, and the audience dispersed.

YEARLY MEETING.

This annual convocation of Friends is very interesting, even to "the world's people," as the Friends call outsiders. Most of the business is private. But there are daily public meetings to which all are invited. Not far from two thousand Friends come to this city to hold the Yearly Meeting. Prominent men from all portions of our country and from Europe attend as representatives. Old men are not at a discount among the Friends. It is customary in other sects to consider a minister acceptable according to his youth. When all is got out of him that can be got, and a minister is old, he is turned aside for a younger man. Among the Friends, age is a passport to the highest honors and the most respectful attentions. When an old man comes into a meeting, young men meet him at the door and escort him to the chief seats. When an aged woman comes in, the young women arise and lead her to a comfortable place, and put cushions under her feet. This respect for age is patriarchal. It recalls the plains of Mamre and the fields of Boaz, and might safely be imitated by other denominations. In the Yearly Meeting the women have their leaders, as do the men. They hold their own business meetings, and admit and cut off members. Except in some matters that demand

the approval of the other house, they are as independent as if there was not a man in the land. Like other denominations, the Friends are broken up into parties and cliques. Radicals disturb the peace of this quiet fold; conservatism, refusing to stir, puts on the brakes. They know the divisions of the Old School and the New. Those who believe in, and those who deny the divinity of the Savior, bear the name of Friends. In common with all devout people, they mourn the degeneracy of these days, and sigh for the better times in which their fathers lived. The custom of cutting off those who marry outside of the Meeting takes from the sect the life blood by which it is to be nourished, and carries its strength to other churches.

LV.

THE CHILDREN OF ABRAHAM.

THE JEWS IN NEW YORK. — THE SYNAGOGUES. — INNOVATIONS. — THE FEAST
OF THE PASSOVER. — JEWISH SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

THE JEWS IN NEW YORK.

THE people of Israel are very numerous. A portion of them are intelligent, respectable, and wealthy. The leading bankers are Jews of this class; so are the importers, who have almost wholly monopolized a large portion of the foreign trade. But the Jews of the lower class are disagreeable, and their presence a nuisance to any Christian neighborhood. If they get into a block, they infest it like the plague. Persons in search of a house invariably ask, "Are there any Jews in the block?" Their social customs and habits, their pastimes, and the manner in which they spend the Sabbath, are so unlike our own, that it is impossible to dwell with them with any comfort. When they get into a neighborhood, in any numbers, it is deserted by all others. There are some beautiful watering-places in the vicinity of New York where the Jews hold entire possession. They came in few at a time, and Christian families had to desert the place; they could not live with them. One of the large hotels at Long

Branch is the rendezvous of Jewish families. A new hotel, erected two years ago, was occupied by leading families from this and other cities, on the express condition that Jewish women and children should not be allowed in the house. Every means has been resorted to by the people of Israel to get rooms in this hotel, and fabulous prices offered. But up to this time none have been admitted. A half dozen families would drive away all who were not of Israel. These people may be just as good as Christians morally, yet their social customs make them so disagreeable that parties who have money to spend, and can choose their location, will not dwell with them. The prophecy uttered by Balaam over three thousand years ago, that "Israel shall dwell alone," seems to have a literal fulfilment.

JEWES OF THE LOWER CLASS.

Portions of the city on the east side are wholly given up to this nation. Chatham Street is the bazaar of the lower Jews. It is crowded with their places of trade, and over their stores they generally live. Noisy and turbulent, they assail all who pass, solicit trade, and secure general attention and general contempt. They know no Sabbath. On Saturday, their national Sabbath, they keep open stores because they live in a Christian country. On Sunday they trade because they are Jews. The lower class of this people are foreigners, and fraud is their capital. They go aboard of an emigrant ship with their worldly effects nailed up in a small wooden box. The authorities at Castle Garden know them well, and watch them on their landing. They frequently demand a plethoric trunk,

present for it a check, and carry off their prize. It is their custom to watch their chance on ship-board, and transfer the label from their own mean box to the well-filled trunk of somebody else. They often leave the old country without means, and land with a handsome outfit, plundered from some luckless emigrant.

THE SYNAGOGUES.

These are very numerous. Some of them are very elegant and costly, and their locations are unsurpassed. Following the pattern after which the synagogue was built in which the Savior preached his first sermon at Nazareth, so the synagogues in New York are built. Men worship with their hats on. It is as disrespectful to take your hat off in a Jewish synagogue as it is to keep it on in a church. The men sit below. Women sit in the gallery, and they are not allowed to enter the enclosure where the men worship. A more irreverent congregation, apparently, cannot be found than the Jews at worship. They wear scarfs over their shoulders while engaged in devotions. If they see a person they wish to speak to, or make a trade with, they take the scarf off their shoulders, throw it over their arm, and talk on friendship or business, as the case may be, and then replace the scarf and continue their worship. Psalms are sung, led by a ram's horn; the law read, as it was in Mount Zion in the days of David and Solomon. The audience room looks like the Corn Exchange. The centre of the room holds a platform, which is railed in, on which is a huge table for the reading of the law. The number of men about the table, their business-like appearance, their bustling

back and forth with their hats on, many of them peering over the same book, suggests that this is a thriving mercantile house, where a good business is carried on by earnest men, who speak in a foreign tongue.

INNOVATIONS.

Even Israel has its troubles. New men and new measures have got into the synagogue, filling the friends of the old order of things with sorrow and alarm. The Rabbis preach about the degeneracy of the times, the new-fangled notions of this age, the abandonment of the old landmarks of the fathers, and the better days of the olden time. The wealthiest Jews have built synagogues according to modern ideas. Families do not sit apart, but together in pews, according to the Christian ideas. This is a great scandal of the faithful in Israel. The ram's horn is laid aside, and a costly organ leads the devotions. The tunes of the patriarchs are abandoned for the sweeter melodies of the nineteenth century.

Not in religion alone are these innovations found, but they touch the culinary arrangements of the Jews, and affect their domestic customs. A friend of mine, not long since, was invited to dine with a wealthy Jew, whose name is well known among the most eminent business men of the city. The table was elegantly spread, and among the dishes was a fine ham and some oysters, both forbidden by the law of Moses. A little surprised to see these prohibited dishes on the table, and anxious to know how a Jew would explain the introduction of such forbidden food, in consistency with his allegiance to the Mosaic law, my friend called

the attention of the Jew to their presence.* "Well," said the host, "I belong to that portion of the people of Israel who are changing the customs of our fathers to conform to the times and country in which we live. We make a distinction between what is moral in the law, and, of course, binding, and what is sanitary. The pork of Palestine was diseased and unwholesome. It was not fit to be eaten, and therefore was prohibited. But Moses never tasted a slice of Cincinnati ham. Had he done so, he would have commanded it to be eaten. The oysters of Palestine were coppery and poisonous. Had the great lawgiver enjoyed a fry or stew of Saddlerocks or Chesapeake Bay oysters, he would have made an exception in their favor. We keep the spirit of the law, and not the letter."

The new synagogue in upper New York, on Fifth Avenue, called Beth-Emanuel (or the Temple of God, in English), is to be the most costly and elegant religious edifice in all New York. It is in the quaint Moorish or Saracenic style, and in finish, gorgeousness, and richness, will be unequalled. It will be adorned with minarets, pinnacles, and Oriental turrets of great height. The sides are to be ornamented with columns of Moorish pattern and painting. The main entrance is to restore the pattern of Solomon's Temple, with its brazen gates and gorgeousness of exterior. No Christian temples, in expense or in elegance equal the synagogues of the Jews.

THE FEAST OF THE PASSOVER.

This festival is held in all reverence by the Jews. It begins on Friday at six o'clock. No pleasant bread is eaten, and no pleasant drink taken during its continuance. The synagogues are crowded. The solemnities of Zion are kept as they were three centuries ago in Jerusalem, —

“When
The timbrel rang along their halls,
And God communed with men.”

The Passover bread is of the first quality. The flour is selected by the priests, and must be made of the finest wheat. It takes eighteen hundred barrels to supply the Passover bread for New York. It is mixed in sacred vessels, which are kept by the Rabbis. Holy men keep watch over the flour from the time it leaves the barrel until it is put into the oven. Holy men receive it as it comes from the oven, and guard the sacred food until it is distributed to the faithful. Everything is done that vigilance can suggest to guard the bread from the touch of the Gentiles, and from everything that the law pronounces unclean.

JEWISH SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Not alone in food and in the order of worship are the children of Israel subject to innovation, but their religion is assailed from quarters that admit of no defence. The Sunday schools of New York are very numerous. In spite of themselves the Jewish children have to mingle with the children of the Gentiles. The Sunday schools are very attractive; the music, the cheerful

songs, the interesting books and papers, the flowers, and the exhilaration of the gatherings, are irresistible. Large numbers of Jewish children attend the Sunday schools. They hear of the Savior; they learn to sing his praise; they go home and fill the house with song about the Babe in Bethlehem, and the Holy One who took little children in his arms. To preserve their children from such influences as grow out of a Sunday school, the Jews have been compelled to mark the day on which the Savior arose from the dead by opening a school of their own. These schools are conducted by the Rabbi, who does not allow any one but himself to impress religious truth on the minds of children. The exercises consist of lessons in the Hebrew tongue from the Law, the Prophet, and the Psalms. The Jewish catechism is taught, and the singing consists of chanting the Psalms of David. This peculiar people, who have rejected the Messiah for so many years, bear in their persons, as a nation and a race, proof that He who spoke of them was the Lord from heaven.

LVI.

JACOB LITTLE, THE GREAT BEAR OF
WALL STREET.

JACOB LITTLE originated the daring, dashing style of business in stocks, by which fortunes are made and lost in a day. He was born in Newburyport, Mass., and early exhibited great tact and aptitude for business. In 1817 he came to New York, and entered the store of Jacob Barker, who was at that time the most shrewd and talented merchant in the city. He remained with his master five years, and completed his financial education. In 1822 he opened an office in a small basement in Wall Street. Caution, self-reliance, integrity, and a far-sightedness beyond his years, marked his early career. For twelve years he worked in his little den as few men work. His ambition was to hold the foremost place in Wall Street. Eighteen hours a day he devoted to business — twelve hours to his office. His evenings he spent in visiting retail houses to purchase uncurrent money. He was prompt, energetic, reliable. He executed all orders committed to him with fidelity. He opened a correspondence with leading bankers in all the principal cities from New York to New Orleans.

Twelve years of industry, integrity, and energetic devotion to business placed Mr. Little at the head of financial operations in Wall Street. He identified himself with the style of business known as "Bearing Stocks." He was called the Great Bear on 'change. His mode of business enabled him to roll up an almost untold fortune. He held on to his system till it hurled him down and beat him to pieces, as it had done many a strong man before. For more than a quarter of a century Mr. Little's office in the old Exchange building was the centre of daring, gigantic speculations. On 'change his tread was that of a king. He could sway and disturb the street when he pleased. He was rapid and prompt in his dealings, and his purchases were usually made with great judgment. He had unusual foresight, which at times seemed to amount to prescience. He controlled so large an amount of stock that he was called the Napoleon of the Board. When capitalists regarded railroads with distrust, he put himself at the head of the railroad movement. He comprehended the profit to be derived from their construction. In this way he rolled up an immense fortune, and was known everywhere as the Railway King.

He was the first to discover when the business was overdone, and immediately changed his course. At this time the Erie was a favorite stock, and was selling at par. Mr. Little threw himself against the street. He contracted to sell a large amount of this stock, to be delivered at a future day. His rivals in Wall Street, anxious to floor him, formed a combination. They took all the contracts he offered, bought up all the new stock, and placed everything out of Mr. Little's reach,

making it, as they thought, impossible for him to carry out his contracts. His ruin seemed inevitable, as his rivals had both his contract and the stock. If Mr. Little saw the way out of his trouble, he kept his own secrets; he asked no advice, solicited no accommodation. The morning dawned when the stock must be delivered, or the Great Bear of Wall Street break. He came down to his office that morning self-reliant and calm as usual. He said nothing about his business or his prospect. At one o'clock he entered the office of the Erie company. He presented certain certificates of indebtedness which had been issued by the corporation. By those certificates the company had covenanted to issue stock in exchange. That stock Mr. Little demanded. Nothing could be done but to comply. With that stock he met his contract, floored the conspirators, and triumphed.

Reverses so common to all who attempt the treacherous sea of speculation at length overtook Mr. Little. Walking from Wall Street with a friend one day they passed through Union Square, then the abode of our wealthiest people. Looking at the rows of elegant houses, Mr. Little remarked, "I have lost money enough to-day to buy this whole square. Yes," he added, "and half the people in it." Three times he became bankrupt, and what was then regarded as a colossal fortune was in each instance swept away. In each failure he recovered, and paid his contracts in full. It was a common remark among the capitalists, that "Jacob Little's suspended papers were better than the checks of most men."

His personal appearance was commanding. He was

tall and slim ; his eye expressive ; his face indicated talent ; the whole man inspired confidence. He was retiring in his manner, and quite diffident except in business. He was generous as a creditor. If a man could not meet his contracts, and Mr. Little was satisfied that he was honest, he never pressed him. After his first suspension, though legally free, he paid every creditor in full, though it took nearly a million of dollars. He was a devout member of the Episcopal Church. His charities were large, unostentatious, and limited to no sect. The Southern Rebellion swept away his remaining fortune, yet, without a murmur, he laid the loss on the altar of his country. He died in the bosom of his family. His last words were, "I am going up. Who will go with me?"

LVII.

METHODISM IN NEW YORK.

ITS ORIGIN. — HORSE AND CART LANE. — THE LIBERALITY OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS IN NEW YORK. — THE GROWTH OF THE CHURCH. — THE DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

ITS ORIGIN.

A BAND of Irish emigrants brought Methodism to this city. They were converted in England by the preaching of John Wesley. Under the preaching of the father of Methodism, just eight years before he reached New York, Philip Embury was converted. He was a local preacher, a carpenter by trade, and earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. The Methodists were few in number. They had no pastor, no altar, no class-meetings, no love-feasts. A few separated themselves from the sinful amusements of the day. But these buried their talents, and took no active part in religion. Philip Embury is called the Father of the Methodist Church in America. But it is very clear that the Mother of the Church was Barbara Hicks. In a small house occupied by Methodists a company was gathered one night, playing cards. Among the company was Philip Embury; but whether he was playing cards or not seems to be as unsettled a question in history as whether John Rogers, who was burned at the stake, had

nine children or ten. While the revellers were in the midst of their pleasure, the door opened, and Barbara Hicks walked into the room. She seized the cards and threw them into the fire, burning the idols, as she called them. Like a prophetess of old, with uplifted hands and earnest tone she rebuked the Christians in Zion who were crucifying Christ afresh. She turned to Embury, and said, "Brother Embury, you must preach to us, or we shall all go to hell, and God will require our blood at your hands." Her appearance and utterance spread consternation through the company. Embury, alarmed, felt the call as from God. His house was located on what is now known as Park Place, near Broadway. It was a small wooden cottage, one story high, with one window and a door in front. Without chapel or congregation, Embury began to preach in his own house. Here he laid the foundations of Methodism, preached the first sermon, met the first class, and formed the first Methodist Society in New York. The room was small, but it was large enough for the congregation, which was composed of six persons.

HORSE AND CART LANE.

The little sect soon outgrew its narrow limits. A rigging loft, which occupied the site now known as 120 William Street, was hired as a chapel. It was situated on what was then known as Horse and Cart Lane. A tavern sign with a horse and cart painted on it gave the name to the narrow street. The room was rented at a small cost, and was plain and comfortable. One Sunday the little band in the rigging loft were greatly alarmed by the entrance of a military officer.

He was dressed in full uniform, scarlet coat and gold trimmings, and his sword was by his side. He was tall and commanding in appearance, and had one eye covered with a green silk shade. He was an officer of the British army. He lost his right eye in the memorable battle on the Plains of Abraham. He was converted under the preaching of Wesley, and identified himself with the Methodists. He was barrack-master at Albany, but he preached Christ to his fellow-men as often as opportunity offered. It was his custom to preach in full uniform. His sword he laid upon the Bible. He had heard of the meeting in the rigging-loft, and had come from Albany to worship with the little band. The company extended a warm welcome to Thomas Wells, and he preached to them with great acceptance.

THE LIBERALITY OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS IN NEW YORK.

Nothing is more marked than the freedom from bigotry and persecution which distinguished the conduct of the early Christians of New Amsterdam. The Dutch were owners of the soil, which they bought from the savages. They had a law, by which no other sect except the Episcopal could build churches within the limits of the city. But so long as they were left in the undisturbed possession of their customs they cared not who came or who preached. They rescued the first Catholic missionary who came to New York, and refused to give him up, though the savages threatened to attack the white settlements; paid the ransom demanded for him, paid his expenses to France, and gave him a letter of protection till he should reach his home. The Dutch

welcomed the Episcopalians, and gave them the use of their house of worship a part of the day on the Sabbath, till their own house should be built. When the Dutch built a new church, the Episcopalians presented them with an organ as a testimonial of their good will.

The same catholic spirit greeted the founding of the Methodist Church. Mary Barkley, the widow of the second rector of Trinity Church, owned a piece of land called the Shoemaker's Ground. In 1768, Mrs. Barkley leased that lot of land to the Methodists. It was on John Street, and on it they placed a chapel for worship. The deed of purchase is dated 1770. On it was erected the first Methodist Church in America. The present John Street Church stands on the same site. The first Methodist Church was erected by the assistance of Christians of all denominations. Among the donors were Robert Livingston, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, Duane, the first mayor of the city, Delancy, the recorder, Lieutenant-Governor of the state, officers of Trinity Church, and distinguished citizens generally. They gave their money, so the paper ran, "to build a house for the service of Almighty God, after the manner of the people called Methodists." The chapel, named after Wesley, was of stone, and stood some distance from the street. It was occupied for many years in an unfinished state. The galleries were mere lofts, without breastwork or stairs. The hearers ascended by means of a ladder. While the chapel was being built, the preacher worked as a carpenter on the edifice. He afterwards preached the dedication sermon. The house was lighted at night by each hearer carrying his own candle. It was contrary

to law for Dissenters to build a church or chapel in the city. Anxious to have a house of worship of their own, the conscientious Methodists sought the Dutch authorities to know how the law might be kept, and they have a house of worship. "Put a fireplace and chimney in your building," said the liberal guardians of the law, "and it will be a dwelling and not a church." This was done. On the erection of the chapel, the preacher's house, as it was called, was built in the yard in front of the place of worship. It was a wooden building, small, and rough. It was gloomy within, for windows were few. Those who lived in it said it was cold as a barn. It was furnished by the congregation, but in the plainest style. Stairs connected it with the chapel. Its roof sheltered some of the noblest men of the land.

THE GROWTH OF THE CHURCH.

The little sect, which in 1760 numbered but six persons in the congregation, and gathered those in a small private room, now numbers its church members by millions, and has over twelve thousand churches and twelve thousand preachers. Its places of worship are among the most costly and elegant in the land. Among the white marble and brown-stone churches in this city, with the elegant adornments of painting and sculpture, with all modern appliances, with organs and choirs, none exceed the Methodists'. Their friends rank among the foremost merchants, bankers, and millionaires. They are found among the leaders in all the professions. The denomination move with the order, compactness, and efficiency of an army. The Book Concern, founded by the foresight of a few wise men, with

a very small capital, and that borrowed, is the great power of the church. From its funds the bishops are supported, and the great denominational interests sustained. Its Sunday school literature is unequalled. It commands the best talent in the land. Its authors need not be Methodists. If a book is good it is liberally paid for. Leading denominations purchase their Sunday school literature from the Book Concern, and have their imprint placed upon the edition they buy.

THE DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Among the early friends of the Methodist Church is the well-known millionaire, Daniel Drew. He has always been a liberal supporter of Methodism. The centenary year of the church occurring in 1866, two gentlemen called on Mr. Drew and requested him to make a donation as a centenary gift. Without a moment's hesitation, he replied, "I will give you two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to found a Theological Seminary." That seminary has been opened at Madison, N. J. Mr. Drew has already spent over half a million, and his plans for buildings, library, etc., will come up to the full sum of one million of dollars, all of which is a free gift to the church of his youth. This great donation is deeded to the Conference of the Methodist Church. It has helped to swell the seven millions contributed in one year as a centenary offering. Besides this, the Conference owns in real estate the additional sum of seven millions of dollars. The church enters on a new era full of promise and full of strength.

LVIII.

MADAME DEMOREST.

THIS lady is one of the representative women of the age. She is a good specimen of an earnest, resolute woman, with intelligence, tact, and brain, starting out in life with an aim, and following it persistently until it is secured. She was born in Saratoga, where she grew to womanhood beneath her mother's roof. She felt the stirrings of genius, and formed the resolution early to make her own mark in the world. She apprenticed herself to the trade of dress-making, and mastered it. She then learned the millinery business in all its departments. She need not have done this; but as she intended to have an establishment of her own, she knew how valuable to her would be a practical knowledge of all the branches of the business into which she proposed to enter.

She opened her New York establishment in a small way. She imported fashions, and adapted them herself to the taste of our people, giving the benefit of her skill and establishment, not only to the wealthy and fashionable, but to persons in middle life and to the lowly. She banished the old, tedious, painful method of fitting dresses, and introduced a system that has been taught to more than ten thousand persons, carry-

ing comfort to thousands of homes, and teaching women an art by which they can gain a comfortable livelihood.

Her two great establishments in New York have become the headquarters of fashion. They are crowded daily. By a system peculiarly her own, Madame Demorest can send to any portion of our land the latest fashions in an envelope, so that among the mines of Colorado, on the Pacific coast, in the dense forests, or in the interior of the continent, the ladies can make their own dresses in the latest style. This lady has over three hundred branches in the leading cities and towns of the United States, all of which are supplied from the headquarters in New York. Over two hundred girls are employed in the central establishment on Broadway. She superintends her establishment in person. She is independent in her opinions and views, is an earnest Christian and reformer. She has received several patents from the government for articles of dress, uniting utility, elegance, and health.

When philanthropy was not as popular as now, and when respectable and intelligent colored girls could not find employment in establishments called fashionable, Madame Demorest welcomed them to her Broadway rooms, gave them the same wages, and a seat in the same work-room that was assigned to others. At first, fashionable ladies flaunted out of the rooms, and announced that they would not patronize an establishment that employed negro girls. But they were glad to come back, as they could not get their work done elsewhere. Madame Demorest early bound herself up with the charities and humanities of the age. When it

was very fashionable to crowd the sideboards with liquor on New Year's, she banished from her table every kind of intoxicating drink. The young women who are with her find her a steadfast friend, and seldom leave her establishment except to get married, or to set up in business for themselves. She is liberal to the lowly and the poor, and no child of want or sorrow appeals to her in vain.

The Demorest Monthly Magazine, now conducted by W. Jennings Demorest, one of the most successful and enterprising magazines in the land, originated in the humblest way, without a thought that it would reach its present dimensions. Presenting a few patterns, and combining literature with fashion, it was sent forth to acquaint the community with the new mode of supplying their wants. It met the necessities of the home, and was greedily purchased on all hands. It took its position with a bound among the foremost monthlies of the age. Among the contributors to its columns are many of the first writers of the land — novelists, poets, historians, and lady writers of celebrity.

LIX.

GENERAL GRANT IN NEW YORK.

HIS ARRIVAL. — HOW THE GENERAL GOT INTO THE ARMY. — GENERAL SCOTT ON GENERAL GRANT. — MR. LINCOLN RECALLS HIM. — A FATHER'S OPINION OF HIS SON. — THE ORATION. — MRS. GRANT. — GENERAL GRANT IN PRIVATE LIFE.

Soon after his appointment as Lieutenant General in the army, General Grant visited New York. It was said he could not hold communication with the army without interruption at Washington, as his telegrams were tampered with. He came unattended and unheralded. He was some days in New York before the people knew of his arrival. It was by his order that the telegraph and press were silent. He passed most of his time in the private apartments of Mr. Stetson. In his social habits he has the simplicity of a child, is unostentatious, and makes friends everywhere.

HIS ARRIVAL.

He reached the Astor House at midnight. A party of gentlemen had secured a private parlor, and ordered a dinner without regard to cost. It was spread in the most elegant style of the Astor. The party were impatiently waiting for the call to dinner. Young

Charles Stetson entered the room, and said, "Gentlemen, I am sorry to disturb you, but I must have this room, and the dinner as it stands. I can make no explanations now. I will make it all right with you tomorrow." Stunned and disappointed, the party separated, and General Grant and his friends sat down to the magnificent dinner.

AN ADJUTANT GENERAL'S STORY.

While the general was at the Astor, the adjutant general under Governor Yates was in the rotunda. As General Grant passed him to go to dinner, he said to some friends, "When I look at that man I can scarcely believe my senses. Three years have made a great change in his position and prospects. I gave him the first appointment that he had during the war. His antecedents were not such as to hope a great deal from him. He obtained no employment for a long while. At the earnest solicitation of his friends, and by Governor Yates's command, I appointed him to a clerkship in my office. He made a very poor clerk. We should not have kept him but for the outside pressure. He seldom said anything, engaged in conversation with but few persons, and seemed rather stupid than otherwise. Governor Yates had raised a regiment, which was a sort of pet with him. It was very mutinous, and no man could control it. One day Captain Grant came up to me, and in a quiet way said, 'I wish you would give me the command of that regiment. I think I can manage it.' After much persuasion Governor Yates consented. Grant put the regiment immediately on a march. On halting, the chief mutinous

spirit walked deliberately out of the ranks. Grant had him immediately seized, pinioned, and sent to the rear under guard. Several symptoms of insubordination were developed on the march. They were met at once and severely punished. The tramp the regiment took was fifty miles. The column was then turned, and marched back. The colonel then addressed the boys, telling them what they could depend upon while he held command. He knew how to treat good soldiers and reduce refractory ones. Those who had behaved themselves he gave leave of absence; those who behaved ill he put to unpleasant police duty and on guard. He told the regiment that he should deal kindly with all who did their duty; 'but,' said he, 'if you do not obey orders, I will march you one hundred miles on the next trip, and shoot every mutinous man found in the ranks.'"

HOW THE GENERAL GOT INTO THE ARMY.

In the incident just detailed we see the first step in General Grant's military career. At the opening of the rebellion, "Mr. Grant," as he was then called, resided at Galena. He had been educated at West Point at the public expense. He was with General Scott in Mexico as lieutenant, but all unknown to the commanding general. In Galena he was connected with his father's tan-yard. He was a plain, matter-of-fact sort of man, with little force, as it was supposed, attracting no particular attention any way. The flag had been shot away from Sumter. It had been blown out of the rebel cannon at Memphis. Our armies had done but little, and the prospect for the future was not

brilliant. One morning Mr. Grant called on Mr. Washburne, a member of Congress who resides at Galena, and said to him, "Mr. Washburne, I do not feel right in regard to my position while the war is going on in defence of the Union. I am not doing my duty, and I cannot sleep nights. I am doing nothing. I have been educated at the nation's expense. I am not lifting a finger to aid her in this dark hour. I am no politician. I don't know what I can do. I feel as if I was fit for something, if I can only find my place." Mr. Washburne was about visiting Springfield to hold an important consultation with Governor Yates, and he invited his neighbor to accompany him. On the morning of the fourth day after their arrival, Mr. Grant called at the rooms of Mr. Washburne. Mr. Grant said, "Mr. Washburne, I don't seem to be wanted here. Nobody knows me. There is nothing for me to do, and I am going home." "Hold on a day longer," said Mr. Washburne. An important consultation was held in the chamber next morning. At Mr. Washburne's request Mr. Grant was called in. He held an interview with the state authorities for about thirty minutes. He made a plain, common-sense, soldierly statement. With the word, as with the sword, he cut the Gordian knot of their difficulties. He pointed out the straight path in which they could walk without trouble. He then left the room. Governor Yates exclaimed, "Good God, Washburne, who is this man? I have learned more about troops in thirty minutes than I knew before in all my life. All I can do for him now is to put him on my staff. He must not be lost to the national cause."

His first business was at the state barrack, where he was to prepare troops for march when the governor should call for them. Things had been loosely done at the state rendezvous, and seldom were men ready when called for. The governor used to send his order for men a week or two in advance. His first requisition was for a thousand men, fully equipped, to be at the state capital on a given day at the hour of noon. Promptly on the hour a colonel reported to the adjutant general, and much to his astonishment, as the men were not wanted for several days. They found that Grant obeyed orders. He was ready at any hour for any emergency. The state barrack became a model for the army. Letters from the War Department, commendatory of the troops, praising their discipline and their fine equipment, reached Governor Yates. Such a man as Grant could not long remain in a subordinate position. He was commissioned as colonel of one of the finest regiments that left Illinois.

GENERAL SCOTT ON GENERAL GRANT.

When General Grant first began to loom up as a military man, when he was gaining his first victories, — not only fighting battles, but spoiling the enemy, — he attracted general attention. It was the time when Mr. Lincoln referred to him as one of the most promising officers in the army, some one said, “Mr. President, Grant drinks.” “Does he?” said Mr. Lincoln. “I wish I knew what whiskey he drinks. I would have some ordered for the other generals in the army.” About this time I called on General Scott, who was then residing at Delmonico’s. In referring to the war,

General Scott said, "I never knew a war of this magnitude that did not throw to the surface some eminent military character. Our war so far has produced no such person. We have had splendid fighting and brilliant engagements, but we have not crippled the enemy, and have carried away no success. Both armies have retired in good condition, ready to renew the conflict next day. A war would be perpetual in which the enemy was not worsted, crippled, and his means of renewing the conflict destroyed. I don't know," he said, "but what I ought to make an exception in favor of that young man who is out on the Mississippi. He seems to know how to fight. He not only gains victories, but cripples the enemy. So far, certainly, he is the hero of the war."

MR. LINCOLN RECALLS HIM.

To suit the soldiers who compose the home guard, who took care of the "spoils," filled the civil offices, and gave Mr. Lincoln daily instructions about running the government, General Grant's movements before Vicksburg were too slow. A strong pressure was brought to bear on Mr. Lincoln to remove him. All sorts of stories were told about his habits, his military incapacity, and his life as a soldier. Mr. Lincoln yielded, and an order for the removal of General Grant from the command of Vicksburg was made out at the War Department, and countersigned by the President. The adjutant general was sent on to relieve General Grant. He reached the headquarters about noon. The commanding general was from his post. The adjutant general took the opportunity to make himself

acquainted with the situation. He had a soldier's eye, and a spirit free from jealousy. He saw at a glance how matters stood. General Grant had been telegraphed to, and he knew what had been done, and for what purpose the adjutant general was at his post. On his return, the commanding general frankly said to the adjutant general, "I know what you are here for. I don't want to see your orders till to-morrow. Give me twenty-four hours, and I will give you Vicksburg." Said the adjutant general, "You are entitled to it. I see the difficulties you have had to contend with. You are on the eve of triumph. To carry out my orders will be to throw the cause back six months. I will leave you for twenty-four hours. If I am cashiered for disobedience to orders, I will accept it for the good of the country." At noon the next day the wires quivered in all directions with the thrilling news that Vicksburg had fallen. The adjutant general had now his peace to make with the President. He had disobeyed his superiors. His orders were peremptory and imperative. He was to remove General Grant, and do it at once. But he had not only not removed General Grant, but left him in command. The order for his removal was reposing quietly in his pocket. He found Mr. Lincoln in high glee over the brightening prospects of the national cause. He laughed at the fears of the officer, and said to him, "You would have deserved to be shot if you had obeyed your orders."

A FATHER'S OPINION OF HIS SON.

In company with General Grant at the Astor House was an officer of the army, who met his father at Cincinnati just after the disasters at Shiloh, which seemed to cloud the military glory of the rising general. The disappointment was universal; it was feared that Grant's name would be added to the long roll of generals who had failed. A large company was present when the old man was introduced. He was quite advanced, and looked like a plain farmer; quite shrewd he was, and he had unbounded confidence in his son. After some complimentary things had been said, the old gentleman spoke. "Some people think that my son has not done very well at Shiloh. But they don't know Lysus. He is a great man, and the people will find him out. He will come out right, gentlemen. I know him better than any one else. I should not be at all surprised if Lysus should yet command the armies of the United States."

THE OVATION.

One of the most popular ovations ever tendered to a man was given to General Grant in this city. A self-constituted body, known afterwards as the Sparrow-grass Committee, attempted to make use of General Grant for political purposes. They went to Washington to secure the attendance of the general at the nice little private parties they had got up, by which they hoped to secure the guest to themselves. But telegraph can travel faster than steamer, and the plans of the self-constituted committee were defeated. The general came at the early hour of six in the morning.

He got out of the rear car, outflanked the committee, took a private carriage, and drove to the Astor House. The levee was held at ten o'clock in the morning. In a plain citizen's dress, with an iron-gray frock coat, light vest and pants, he took his station to welcome the people. He was sunburnt, and bronzed with exposure and toil. The rush was tremendous, the living tide filling all the stairs, vestibules, and windows. All around the Astor House was a surging crowd, and to gratify them he stepped upon the portico, while cheer upon cheer rent the skies. This was the first popular ovation that the general received. The people placed his name by the side of Wellington, Napoleon, and other great captains of the world. In appearance he was not prepossessing; his face was unsympathizing, his eyes contracted, with a sleepy sort of look about them. He was very stocky, and appeared short, though he was taller than the average of the crowd. Throughout the whole ovation he was unassuming and unaffected. He was introduced to thousands at Cooper Institute. He bowed his acknowledgments. The first citizens gave him an elegant dinner. In answer to the call for a speech, he simply said, "I thank you for your kindness." Through all the war he has been distinguished for his affection for his soldiers. After his long reception of several hours he retired to his couch for a little rest. He had scarcely lain down before he was told that a Massachusetts regiment, on its way home from the war, was in front of the Astor, waiting to pay him a salute. He would not have left his couch for all the kings of Europe. But he instantly rose, and went to the balcony of the hotel. There he saw his boys who had been with him on the

Potomac, drawn up in line, with their tattered banners, immediately in front of the main entrance. They were surrounded by full ten thousand people. On his appearance the boys were nearly frantic. They shouted, they yelled, threw their caps up in the air, and some of them attempted to get at him by climbing up the columns of the Astor House porch. The sight drew tears to the general's eyes as the column moved onward nearer home.

MRS. GRANT.

This lady accompanied the general, and participated in the ovation. She won all hearts by her modest deportment. She is very domestic in her habits, and finds little pleasure in being gazed at by the crowd. She held a levee for the ladies who called on her. Some one asked her how long she was to remain in New York. She said, "We shall leave to-morrow morning for Washington." The inquirer suggested that perhaps they would be induced to stay another day. Mrs. Grant replied, "No. The general says he shall leave to-morrow morning; he is a very obstinate man; you cannot change him." She spoke with the utmost simplicity of the change in her social position, and the new life to which she was called. She said she was not such a wife as Mr. Grant, as she called him, ought to have; "had he only married my sister, she would have been suited to our new position."

GENERAL GRANT IN PRIVATE LIFE.

Few men are better informed, or have better ability to express themselves, than General Grant, when he chooses so to do. His reticence is not the result of

diffidence. A senator called upon him not long since, in Washington, and before he had a chance to talk on political subjects General Grant introduced his horses, and consumed the whole interview in talking about them. As he left the War Department, a friend met the senator, and said to him, "So you have had an interview with General Grant. What do you think of him?" "He don't know anything but horse," said the senator; "he talked about it all the time." I was in the department when General Grant was told of this. He said, "Yes, I did talk horse to him : I understand horse, and I think he understands the subject better than politics, so I talked about what we both understood." The chairman of one of the most important committees in the Senate told me that he was riding from New York to Washington in the cars when General Grant was on the train. He came and sat down beside the senator, opened the subject of the national finances, urged retrenchment, and gave his views on the subject as if finance had been the study of his lifetime.

He is very decided in his opinions, and resolute when his mind is made up. While at the levee he wrote his name on a few cards. He handed his pencil to a friend, and said, "I will write no more." "Just one more ! just one more !" was cried out on the right hand and the left. At Governor Fenton's levee, General Grant attended as a guest. The people shouted "A speech ! a speech !" and would listen to no one else, not even Governor Fenton. The governor urged the general to say a few words, as the easiest way to satisfy the crowd. "There are not men enough in New York to make me speak to-night," was the response at the splendid dinner given

him. He sat in the centre of Congressmen and distinguished persons. He spoke but one word during the whole dinner. An engineer spoke of a river that the army crossed, and said it was thirteen feet wide. General Grant lifted his finger, and said "fourteen." Some one congratulated him on his relief from the responsibilities of war. The general said he would rather be with his army than at a public dinner. General Grant's father visited him at Vicksburg just after its surrender. He saw the carcasses of thousands of cattle and horses that lay dead on the field. As a manufacturer of leather, he thought what a fine speculation was before him! He went to his son, and asked for an order to gather the skins. To a friend the old man said, "And what do you think Lysus said? Why, he told me I had better go home and attend to my own business, and not be speculating on the battle-field, and compromising him with the government." His war horse was a small black palfrey, to which he seemed fondly attached. The horse seems fit only for a lady to ride. He was agile, slender-limbed, and suitable only for a toy for children. "That horse," said the general, "is the most remarkable horse I have ever seen. He is an imported blood horse. Jeff Davis brought him over from Europe. He came from his plantation. I have ridden him in all my campaigns. His endurance is amazing. I have taken him out at daylight, and ridden him till evening, and found him as fresh as when he was saddled. His intelligence is amazing; he knows more than some men. Gold could not buy him."

In speaking of his habits, the general said he was a

great sleeper. To keep him in good working order, he wanted nine hours of solid sleep ; he could use fourteen, but nine he must have. When in command out west he could only sleep seven hours, and he found himself breaking down. While in New York with General Grant, Speaker Colfax related a characteristic anecdote. The House of Representatives had invited General Grant to visit their chamber, where he was received with all honors. He was greatly embarrassed, and his position was a painful one. Calls from all parts of the House required the general to take the speaker's desk, that he might be seen. The speaker took him by the arm and led him up to the desk. After standing there a few moments, General Grant, in the tone of a school-boy put on a platform for punishment, and with a most imploring look, said, "Mr. Speaker, may I now go down?" He was so evidently distressed that his friends could not think of detaining him one moment longer in that prominent position.

LX.

ORIGIN OF THE NEW YORK RELIGIOUS PRESS.

DR. MORSE AND HIS SONS. — BOSTON RECORDER. — THE OLDEST RELIGIOUS
NEWSPAPER. — THE FOUNDING OF THE OBSERVER.

THE filling of Hollis Professorship at Cambridge divided the Congregationalists in Massachusetts into Unitarian and Trinitarian. The Unitarians took the college and nearly all the Congregational Churches in Boston and the surrounding towns. The Old South was saved to the Trinitarians by the casting vote of Governor Phillips, the father of Wendell. The ability and courage of Dr. Morse, the pastor of the First Church in Charlestown, saved that to the Evangelical faith. The Unitarians sprang into existence almost in a day, and became a great political power in the state. All the important offices, such as those of senators, representatives in Congress, legislature, and judge, were held by men professing the liberal faith. It was considered a great concession to authority when George Briggs, a Baptist, was nominated for Governor. Governor Briggs sent the name of Mr. Hubbard to the Council as a Supreme Court judge. It was considered doubtful whether the Council would confirm the nomi-

nation, as Mr. Hubbard was a Trinitarian. Daniel Webster left Brattle Street Church for St. Paul's, Episcopal. His political friends called on him to assure him that he was damaging his political prospects in that step. He objected to the preaching at Brattle Street, and compared it to "throwing shot on shingles." Some one asked him if he believed that three were one, and one was three. He replied, "Gentlemen, we know very little of the mathematics of heaven, and the less we talk about them the better." This brief history of the situation is necessary to understand what is to follow.

DR. MORSE AND HIS SONS.

Dr. Morse, of Charlestown, was the champion of Orthodoxy, and his pulpit was the citadel of the ancient faith. He was bold, brave, far-seeing, and was accepted on all hands as the Evangelical leader. Many accounted him a bigot, and believed that he was blunting the intellect of his children by training them on the Bible, catechism, and the formula of Calvinism. Yet the genius of one founded the national journalism of the land, and the intellect of the other gave us the telegraph. The power of the press was well known to Dr. Morse. The newspapers of the day were in the hands of the opponents of Orthodoxy. By the side of the news found in the journals, were lampoons on the religious belief of the Trinitarians, and insults offered to their worship. A religious newspaper was called for. It was contemplated and was intended to print a paper that should present foreign and domestic intelligence; but it was also proposed to print some religious news with the secular portion of the paper.

BOSTON RECORDER.

Proposals were issued for the publication of a paper to be called the Boston Recorder. These proposals were sent to all the Trinitarian Churches. It was estimated that nine hundred and fifty subscribers would support the paper. A printer was found in the person of Deacon Willis, father of Nathaniel P. Willis. Mr. Willis had been conducting the Eastern Argus at Portland. He was now in Boston. He agreed to print the new paper on condition that he should be paid for his services. The entire income of the Recorder was pledged to him till he should be fully paid. On these conditions he agreed to issue the paper. Sidney Morse, son of Rev. Dr. Morse, was selected to take charge of the new paper. Mr. Everts, editor of the Panoplist, father of William M. Everts of this city, was to be editor-in-chief. The first number of the Recorder was published in January, 1816. Less than five hundred subscribers had agreed to take the paper. For four weeks fifteen hundred copies were printed. Mr. Willis became alarmed, and pointed to the files of unsold papers. He was not paid for his work, and refused to print another number. Dr. Morse offered to be responsible for all the expense. A new printer was obtained. Mr. Everts left the Recorder in the hands of his youthful associate. In two months the paper had exceeded the paying point. In five months it numbered thirteen hundred subscribers. Mr. Willis wished to come back, as the pecuniary success of the concern was made certain. A proposition was made, and Mr. Morse, by an instrument still in existence as proprietor of the Recorder, transferred it to Mr. Willis.

THE OLDEST RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

It has been frequently asserted that the Boston Recorder is the oldest religious paper in the world. Such is not the fact. The first religious newspaper was published by Rev. Elias Smith, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The first number was issued in 1808, under the auspices of the sect called Christians. It has been published regularly from that time to the present. Complete files of the paper are preserved. I have often heard Rev. Elias Smith give an account of the early trials and discouragement that attended that paper. It was considered almost sacrilegious to issue a religious print. The preachers regarded the project with disfavor. But the editor saw no reason why the church should not have an organ, as well as trade and politicians. Amid poverty and great opposition the religious press was launched, and has been a success from that hour.

THE FOUNDING OF THE OBSERVER.

Mr. Morse left the Recorder in the hands of Mr. Willis. The concerted action of the enemies of the church aroused her friends in all quarters. The bloody battles of Europe were ended, and Napoleon banished to Helena. On the wings of peace religion was poisoning herself for a great flight. The American Board had just been formed. The Bible, tract, and other national societies were springing into existence. Far-seeing men felt the need of a great central organ, located in New York, to be national in all its parts, catholic in its spirit, and not sectarian, — a paper which should support the great institutions, and represent the spirit

of the age. Young Morse had already turned his eye towards this centre. A society had been formed at Andover some years before, embracing the noblest spirits in the seminary, most of whom afterwards fell beneath the banner of the cross on heathen ground. The object of this society was to devise plans for doing good. Sidney E. Morse, in 1818, read a paper at one of these meetings, on the benefits to religion of an ably conducted newspaper, to be published in New York, whose influence should be on the side of the church. He proposed to make the paper a necessity, being so ably conducted, and with such a Christian spirit, that a Christian family could not be without it. Such was the bigotry and exclusiveness of the liberalism of his native state, and such the hatred borne to his father, that Mr. Morse knew he had no chance to rise in Massachusetts. He removed to New York, and in 1823 established the *Observer* as a first-class newspaper, national in its scope and evangelical in its spirit. As it was founded, so it is carried on. It has always been distinguished for the ability with which it has been conducted. It commands the best talent in the land. Its correspondence, foreign and domestic, is full, fresh, talented, and reliable. No one rises from its perusal without an intelligent knowledge of the things that pertain to the spirit of the age, and the up-building and progress of the kingdom of our Lord.

LXI.

THE PECULIARITIES OF NEW YORK
CHURCHES.

CLERICAL REPUTE. — FLUCTUATION OF CHURCHES. — GRACE CHURCH. — WAYSIDE WORSHIP. — TREATMENT OF STRANGERS.

NEW YORK is unlike any other city on the face of the globe. In her churches she is more peculiar than in anything else. She has a style of her own ecclesiastically. On Sunday morning almost all the churches are well attended. The Sunday dinner — the only meal in the week, perhaps, in which the husband and father is at home — prevents afternoon worship. The Sunday evening congregations are usually very small, except when some stirring theme is to be presented, or a sensation preacher promises to entertain the crowd.

CLERICAL REPUTE.

A local reputation will not serve a man in the city. No matter how popular he is at home, or how eloquent he may be, it will not avail him unless the New Yorkers know him. Men who can fill the largest houses in other cities preach to empty benches in New York; and no amount of advertising will draw if the party is

a stranger. New York tries a minister more than any other city. If he has mettle in him, and patience, he will succeed. Men of marked ability and talent get a call to New York, and are as completely lost as if settled at Sandy Hook. It is a great wonder that any one well settled will come to the city. A few large, rich congregations are all well enough. The great mass of the churches are poor. To build houses and maintain public worship cost a great deal. Living is high, and ministers are cramped, hedged in, and confined. Hundreds of families, who, before they moved to New York, supported and attended public worship, do neither after they come. Pew rents are very high, and a man on a small salary, with a small income, might as well attempt to live on Fifth Avenue as to attend a fashionable place of worship. Hosts of persons professing to be Christians have no religious home, but from year to year drift round from church to church, and pick up their spiritual provender where they can find it. The population is constantly changing from the east side to the west, from the west side to the north, from the north to Brooklyn, from Brooklyn to the country, and from the country back again to New York. Many persons are exceedingly liberal in their contributions to religious objects. The mass care but little, and the whole burden falls on a few. The population fluctuates, and the labor of keeping a city charge together is very great. Many pastors have left a large, warm-hearted, liberal people in the country for a church in New York. Their salaries, large as they seemed, proved inadequate to a comfortable support. After spending what they saved in their rural home, they

retired from the city in disgust. A Connecticut pastor moved to this city not long since. He had a commanding church, and was one of the most popular men in New England. He was called to what had been one of the most fashionable churches. It had begun to wane before he came to the city. The influence he had in other places did not avail him here. His congregation steadily decreased, and he soon resigned.

Fashion has a great deal to do with ministerial success. New York has great business talent, but it is less æsthetical, less literary. The standard of intelligence is much lower than in any of the rural towns. Pulpit ability need not be high to satisfy the churchgoers of New York, but it must be fashionable. If a man has a congregation composed of the upper-ten, though his pulpit talents be small, and his oratory positively bad, he will have a success. If he has not a good position, he will struggle in vain against the worldliness of the city, and fight hard to keep poverty from his door. In a few instances the settlements in New York churches are very long. In most cases, however, pastors come and go. In one denomination, the members of one association, and that a very large one, all changed their pastorates in ten years.

FLUCTUATION OF CHURCHES.

At one time all the leading churches were down town. They are now nearly all up town. They are so near together that the singing of one church can be heard in another. Between Twentieth and Forty-eighth Streets, and between Fourth Avenue and Broadway, there are probably more costly churches than can

be found in the same space in any other part of the world. They have outrun the population, and nearly all are thinly attended.

This up-town movement is a very queer thing. The old Wall Street Church began it many years ago. The society purchased a square in an unpaved, muddy, and untried locality, giving little promise that it was to be the abode of wealth and fashion. A costly church was built, which still stands on Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street. The Duane Street Church followed, and built a costly edifice on the corner of University Place and Tenth Street. Those new churches made a heavy drain on the down-town societies, and took the wealthy men who were driven from their homes down town by trade. For a time they became the aristocratic churches of the city. The Rivington Street Church having been depleted by the up-town movement, took a start and erected a fine brown-stone edifice on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Second Avenue, then a fashionable locality. Broome Street Church caught the fashionable fever, secured that most eligible site corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, and put up one of the richest and most gaudy edifices in New York. The churches which had gone up town, and stripped the humbler congregations of men of wealth and ladies of fashion, had a tribute of justice meted out to them. Madison Avenue Church became the height of fashion, and served the up-town churches as they had served their brethren in the lower part of the city. The Old Brick Church at the Park followed in the wake of sister societies, secured a most fashionable site on Fifth Avenue, and outbuilt all churches

and outtopped all steeples. The work of removal still goes on. Feeble down-town societies, which could scarcely live, sell their valuable sites for merchandise, and are able to build a costly up-town church. Go as high as a congregation will, some church will outstrip them, and secure the fashionables, who are ever on the wing for a new aristocratic place of worship.

GRACE CHURCH.

For nearly twenty years Grace Church has resisted all the fluctuations of the city. It led in the up-town movement. From its location below Trinity Church it removed to its present commanding site on the bend of Broadway, at the head of Eleventh Street. It has always been crowded with the intelligence, wealth, and fashion of New York. Its singing has always been one of its great features, and has never been surpassed. To be married in Grace Church has been regarded as the height of earthly felicity. It boasts the most noted sexton on the continent. Brown of Grace Church is known everywhere. He is a man of immense size. His face is very red, and he has the air of a boatswain. It is worth a visit to Grace Church to be ushered into a pew by Brown. With his coat flying open, with the speed of a man who is under a great pressure, and with the air of an alderman handing a bowl of soup to a charity boy, he shows you into a seat, and impresses you with his condescension as he closes the door. He is immensely popular with the élite of New York. No party, bridal, or burial is considered complete without him. He keeps on hand any quantity of dukes, marquises, counts, and distinguished foreigners, ready to be

served at popular parties at a moment's notice. Outside of Grace Church, on Sunday morning, can be seen the finest turnouts in the city, — carriages, coupés, cabriolets, with coachmen and footmen in livery, — which fill the street, making it gay and brilliant for blocks around.

WAYSIDE WORSHIP.

All sorts of plans are resorted to, to get an audience. Ministers preach from the decks of ships and in bar-rooms, in halls and in theatres, under tents and in billiard-rooms, in public parks and in public gardens. To reach the masses, a benevolent gentleman hired Cooper Institute for one year, paying two thousand dollars for its use on Sunday. It was thrown open to the public. The movement was a failure, for the people would not attend. The Academy of Music has been thrown open, with assembly rooms, and opera houses. If they were filled, the stated ministrations of the gospel were neglected. Small congregations gather to hear men and women preach ultraism on the Lord's Day. Long-bearded men and strong-minded women officiate, without disturbing very much the regular worship of the city. Nothing is more curious than the Sunday notices which fill the Sunday papers. At one time the regular churches scorned to advertise. They left this custom to the erratic and sensational, and to men getting up new congregations. But religious advertising has become a necessity, and new congregations cannot dispense with it. Sunday notices indicate the religious teaching of the day. Odd texts and queer themes are put forth to attract the floating masses. No subject comes amiss. Themes are announced that are suited to a French

Sabbath better than to a Christian one. Others are advertised that would conform to a New England Sunday. The Turks, the Chinese, Pagan and Infidel, the Catholic, Jews, with all grades of Protestants, keep Sunday after their own fashion. Operatic choirs, Scotch precentors, and surpliced boys, lead the devotions. Scraggly prophets prophesy to a handful of old women and a few damsels in bloomer costume, about the coming doom. Daniel's horns are explained by men who preach to the few faithful; and worship adapted to every nationality and form of belief can be found on the Sabbath.

TREATMENT OF STRANGERS.

Much complaint exists that New York church-goers are proud, exclusive, and rude to strangers. In most New York churches the seats are abundant, and strangers are welcome. A few aristocratic churches are crowded, and some sensational houses are jammed. New York is full of strangers. They are here to see the sights. They want to enjoy the five thousand dollar choir. They want to hear the minister that is paid thirteen thousand dollars a year, and earns twenty-five thousand more by speaking and lecturing. Besides these strangers, we have in New York a boomful of drift wood, who float round popular assemblies, and demand the best pews. These come to see, not to worship. They gape, and stare, and whisper, and sit bolt upright during prayer. Their boldness, flippant talk, and rudeness annoy regular worshippers. They criticise the minister, wonder how old he is, and if he is married. They criticise the singing, the length of the sermon,

take out their watches, and wish the thing was done. Congregations tire of this; they are not honored by having such persons occupy their pews; and when strangers complain through the newspapers that they have to stand in the vestibule, and that no one invites them to a seat, they can find the reason in the rude and ill-mannered behavior of a large class of strangers who beset our churches.

LXII.

MINISTERS' CHILDREN.

THE sons and daughters of the rich men of a quarter of a century ago are generally poor. The rich men of this day are not the sons of the rich. With few exceptions they are sons of porters, bootblacks, sawers of wood, and heavers of coal. They have been architects of their own fortunes. Young men brought up in idleness and luxury, expecting to inherit their fathers' wealth, are now porters, draymen, or ticket-takers. Daughters reared in affluence, and who never expected to want, are undergoing privations among the children of toil. Not a few have exchanged an elegant mansion for a room in a tenement-house. The children of ministers are generally the objects of sympathy. They occupy that narrow selvage of land between gentility and want. They are patronized and pitied. Donation and sewing parties are got up for them. They are exempt from contributions to benevolent objects in deference to their poverty. The remains of the fair are sent to the parsonage, with cast-off dresses to be turned for the children. The wife of the merchant, the lawyer, and doctor will allow the minister's children to play with their own out of deference to the cloth; but it is done with an air of patronage that

cuts to the bone. But life in New York shows that the home training, discipline, and privation of the parsonage yield beneficent fruits. Whatever else our ministers' children may lack, they do not lack culture and sound moral training. They are early introduced into the best of society, and they have an independence that is valuable to them in all after life.

The sons of clergymen in New York are among the most eminent bankers, able and accomplished lawyers, merchants of success and forecast. Most ingenious and beneficent inventors belong to this class. The daughters dwell in sumptuous palaces. They give tone to society, and their husbands are the most honorable and learned of men. The children of the wealthy, in the homes where these daughters were trained, to whom the minister's children did not dare to lift up their eyes, are in subordinate positions. Some of them are in the employ of these very children of the parsonage whom they patronized in other days.

There are residing in New York a great many clergymen without parishes. Sickness and various other causes have induced clergymen to leave their societies and dwell in New York. They dress well, and live in fine establishments. The wonder is how they live. The mystery is explained when it is known that the son or daughter has a snug corner for the parent. Not long since a clergyman was dismissed from New York because he was old. His son, a successful merchant, bought a fine church, fitted it up in elegant style, deeded it to his father, and will support him while he lives.

The clergy of America have no reason to blush for

the position they hold, or for that of their children. They founded this nation in the cabin of the Mayflower, and on the stormy waters of Massachusetts. They laid down the great principle, which has made America a mighty nation, that majorities must govern. They laid the foundation of colleges in their poverty. They founded our great libraries by donations of books from their scanty store. It was through their influence that the school-house and church stood side by side ; that all should have the Bible in their own language, and learning enough to read it. Washington bears witness, in letters still extant, that the clergy were a power on the part of the people in the war of the Revolution. They were commissaries in the army, officers and soldiers. They preached and prayed for the great cause, and made their scanty salaries still more scanty, that America might take her place among the nations of the earth.

LXIII.

REV. DR. WILLIAM ADAMS, OF THE
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

HIS EARLY CAREER. — MINISTRY IN NEW YORK. — MADISON AVENUE CHURCH.

— SECRET OF SUCCESS. — HIS STYLE OF PREACHING. — HIS POSITION. —

DR. ADAMS AS AN AUTHOR. — A FASHIONABLE UP-TOWN CHURCH.

DR. ADAMS is one of the marked men of New York. He is the patriarch of the Presbyterian pulpit. He has been in the settled ministry over thirty years, and is still in the full vigor of health and success. His church is in a fashionable locality. Every sitting in the house is rented, and probably no congregation in the land embraces so much wealth, so much business talent, so much social and political influence, so many active and prosperous merchants, so many energetic young Christians, — men whose names are known abroad as our most eminent bankers, princely merchants, large-hearted and generous givers. To be the pastor of such a people for thirty years, to keep abreast with this stirring age, overflowing a church when everything is evanescent and changing, to stand at his post for over a quarter of a century, and, without a question, lead the New York pulpit, indicates no common ability.

HIS EARLY CAREER.

He was born in Colchester, Conn. When an infant he was removed to Andover, Mass., his father becoming principal of the celebrated academy of that town. John Adams, the father of William, was one of the most celebrated teachers of his day. His pupils are among our most eminent clergymen and laymen. They are scattered over the missionary stations of the world; are among our most eminent Biblical scholars; they are presidents of colleges and professors of theological schools, and fill our most popular pulpits. Trained under his father, the protégé of Professor Stuart, he had eminent advantages for preparing himself for the great work of the ministry, to which he early consecrated all his talents. His boyhood was passed in the company of Judson, whose labors in Burmah are imperishable; Gordon Hall; Newell, who translated the word of God in Mahratta; Winslow and Spaulding, who did the same work in Tamul; Thurston and Bingham of the Sandwich Islands; Goodell in Armenia; Temple and King in Greece; Byington and Kingsley among the Choctaws; Bridgman in China; Schaufliker among the Hebrews in Palestine, and Perkins in Syria. When a boy, the first dollar William donated was a gift to the missionary cause. He settled in Brighton, near Boston, when the evangelical cause was weak, and his ministry was at once attended with marked success. He was one of a company of young ministers who met once a week in Dr. Beecher's study in Boston for improvement; and Dr. Adams is only too glad to acknowledge the great benefit he derived

from those interviews with this eloquent man, who took so kindly to the younger members of the profession.

MINISTRY IN NEW YORK.

The climate of New England being too severe for the health of Mrs. Adams, Dr. Adams was induced to try a winter in New York, for the double purpose of getting the benefit of the climate and the skill of an eminent physician. Without the thought of remaining in New York, Dr. Adams took rooms in Park Place, then a fashionable locality, but quite up town. The wealthy of New York lived in that neighborhood. From Broadway to Greenwich, and up as far as Chambers, the solid men of the city had their homes. Grace Church was below Trinity. The Old Brick Church was almost out of the reach of the down-town population. Trinity was the centre of fashion. The Old North Church was filled with the Dutch aristocracy. Potts was in fashionable upper New York, on Duane Street. Maccauly preached to his wealthy congregation on Murray Street. Edward Everett had dedicated the first Unitarian Church on Chambers Street. Mason was far in the upper part of the city, on Bleecker Street. Dr. Matthews's church, above Bleecker, was in the ultra fashionable location of Washington Square. A ministry of thirty-three years can mark great changes in churches and people. Most of the church edifices have passed away; the ministry have gone — most of them to the house appointed for all living. Of the early associates of his pastoral life in New York, few remain to exchange Christian salutations.

Before Dr. Adams received a call in New York, he

resigned his connection with his church in Brighton, and was dismissed. A call was extended to him from the Broome Street Church, which he accepted. He was then twenty-seven years of age. The church was very much run down ; but his ministry was successful, and for eighteen years he remained pastor. He had no ambition for an up-town location, and the steps taken to build the imposing edifice in which he now preaches did not originate with himself. The Broome Street Church contained an unusual number of earnest and successful men. The Pearl Street Church was in a feeble condition, and it was proposed to unite that with the Broome Street Church, and place over the united enterprise the pastor of the Pearl Street congregation. This plan being satisfactory to all parties, and leaving the lower part of the city well supplied, Dr. Adams consented, with a portion of his flock, to go farther up town.

MADISON AVENUE CHURCH.

Trade, like a flood, had driven families from lower New York. A loud demand was made for a place of worship in the upper part of the city. The little band that went out from Broome Street were not wealthy. They were gifted, ardent, and devoted. They left all their church property with the congregation down town. A most desirable location was secured on Madison Avenue, and on it was reared a church not exceeded in elegance, comfort, and capacity by any in the city. The edifice is of stone, and the tall steeple is of the same material to the vane. It cost one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, every dollar of which

was paid by voluntary contributions, and not a dollar of debt remains on the edifice. The magnificent ceiling would be pronounced gaudy, were it not toned down by the black walnut of the pews, pulpit, and organ. The new congregation gathered first in the chapel of the Union Theological Seminary, but soon removed to Hope Chapel, where worship was continued till the dedication of the new edifice in December, 1854. From the opening of this church, thirteen years ago, to the present time, it has been literally crowded. Such a congregation, regularly filling every seat and pew in the house, cannot be found in the city. Strangers are accommodated with seats on camp stools, double rows of which line the aisles. The passages between the pews in the galleries are filled at the ordinary services of the Sabbath. The congregation is a remarkable one. It embraces a great number of men — young men, men eminent in the professions and among the merchants, men of all parties and callings. It is a vigorous and live people. There is an elasticity in the very atmosphere of the place which all feel. The singing is of the first class. The men in the pews are at once recognized as our most noted merchants, bankers, and millionnaires, with active politicians of all parties.

SECRET OF SUCCESS.

This lies on the surface. Dr. Adams is a gentleman of taste and refinement. He is eminently social, genial, of warm affections and sympathies, a devoted friend, a laborious pastor, a learned and earnest preacher. In his dress, appearance, and manner, in the pulpit and out of it, he meets the popular idea of what a clergy-

man should be. He is prudent, conservative, and eminently wise in the management of his pastoral duties. He has strong common sense, and is a keen observer of passing events. He rides no hobbies, and all know that whatever subject he touches will be treated with decorum, ability, and eloquence. He possesses the gift, not common, of putting himself in sympathy with his audience by a sort of electric bond, and he holds their closest attention when he addresses them. He is a man of extensive reading ; he is familiar with every fresh work, and nothing seems to escape him. He is perfectly at home in all departments of general knowledge. Of the literature of the church — its biography, history, geography, hymnology — he is master. Coming on to the stage with the men who founded the great institutions, such as the Foreign Mission, the Bible and Tract Societies, he is familiar with all the thrilling incidents of men and matters which have marked the pathway of the church for half a century. His memory is a vast storehouse of anecdote, illustration, facts, and graphic occurrences, gathered from books, nature, and men. He has travelled all over the world, and with his eyes open. There is nothing startling or extravagant in his performances ; he shrinks from display, and from being thought sensational. But there is a tender persuasiveness, the eloquence of quiet earnestness, that becomes a messenger from God to men, which captivates and leads to the cross.

HIS STYLE OF PREACHING.

Dr. Adams comes to his people each Sabbath as fresh as the day that he was installed. His sermons are scholarly, without pedantry. He recognizes the power of illustration. His metaphors are drawn largely from books, and in this lies much of his freshness. Every new book or review that is valuable is seized, and made tributary to the sermon. He uses selections as he would choice diamonds loaned to him. He labels them, and puts upon them the owner's name, to enhance their value. The names of Shakespeare and Dante, Milton and Macaulay, Scott and Thackeray, Butler and Bryant, with poets, philosophers, and inventors, are familiar to his congregation, and contribute to the interest of the discourse. Dr. Adams has never sought to be a platform speaker. The old New England custom of writing sermons in full, and reading them, he has followed through all the years of his pastoral life. He prepares with great care and labor, but is not confined to his notes in delivery. He dresses with great neatness and propriety, holding out what Sydney Smith calls the signals of his profession — "black and white." He comes in at a given hour from a side door near the pulpit, and ascends the desk. He does not make it a dressing-room. He has arrayed himself elsewhere. There is a vigorous freshness in the congregation that greets him. A house in which it is difficult to get seats is filled early. Few stragglers come in after the pastor has entered the desk. The services conducted by him are appropriate, impressive, and interesting. His people lie very near his heart, and there is a

tender beauty with which he bears their woes, wants, sorrows and joys to God.

HIS POSITION.

As a citizen in the home of his adoption no man ranks higher. Among scholars he is honored as a preacher of high literary and theological attainment. Among the churches, where he has so long maintained a preëminent rank, where his freedom from sectarianism and his earnest advocacy of every humane and beneficent cause are so well known, and his genial, brotherly spirit so highly prized, he is held in universal esteem. He has received the highest college honors. His denomination has conferred upon him every mark of confidence and esteem in its power to bestow. As Moderator of the General Assembly at Washington, it was the duty of Dr. Adams to address the President on a visit of that body to the Executive Mansion. His speech introducing the members, for beauty of thought and graceful elegance of manner could not have been excelled.

DR. ADAMS AS AN AUTHOR.

The published works of Dr. Adams are not numerous. He has spent his strength on his sermons, and given to his own people the rich, ripe thoughts of his mature life. He wove a grateful and beautiful wreath upon the grave of his beloved teacher and friend in his tribute to the memory of Professor Stuart. His work, entitled the "Three Gardens — Eden, Gethsemane, and Paradise," typifying apostasy, redemption, and heaven, is a graceful exposition of evangelical Christianity. His most popular and recent work, entitled "Thanksgiving,"

is just from the press. A New England man, loving the home of his youth, he has drawn some sketches of the homely, happy life that he enjoyed around the fireside of his mother, with a beauty and pathos seldom equalled. Nothing can be more beautiful than these two descriptions.

A FASHIONABLE UP-TOWN CHURCH.

For thirteen years Dr. Adams has preached to what is popularly called a fashionable up-town church. But it will be hard to find a more devoted and earnest set of workers than go out every Sunday from this sanctuary to do their Master's will. They touch and sustain every form of Christian work among all classes at home and abroad. It has been the custom to set off mission churches, and leave them to take care of themselves. One of the finest chapels in this city, and one of the most vigorous missions, has been built and sustained by this congregation. The church worshipping in the mission is a part of the Madison Avenue Church, controlled by the same session. Over five thousand dollars a year are expended to support this mission. Teachers from the first families in the congregation are the most devoted instructors in the school. The donations made by private individuals in this church to the cause of Christ in all portions of the world, to found colleges, build churches, and to relieve the destitution in great cities, are gigantic. No form of Christian labor in this city can be found in which the members of this church do not bear an active and leading part. Besides the regular support of worship, Dr. Adams's congregation has contributed to benevolent causes one hundred

thousand dollars. A wealthy up-town church this is, but rich also in good works. It is a reservoir from which proceed continually those streams that make glad the waste and barren places of the land. Dr. Adams has reached the period of sixty years, nearly forty of which he has spent in the active duties of the Christian ministry. His vigor and energy, his efficiency as a pastor, seem in no respect to be enfeebled. As an accomplished gentleman, a devoted friend and pastor, a persuasive and effective preacher, he has no rival. The great central idea of his preaching is the Cross. The great aim of the pastor is to exalt the Savior who died on Calvary for man, and lead sinners to trust in the merits of his death.

LXIV.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT AND THE
NEW YORK HERALD.

MR. BENNETT'S EARLY LIFE. — EMBARKS FOR AMERICA. — HIS NEW YORK CAREER. — CAREER AS A JOURNALIST. — NEW YORK HERALD. — THE NEW HERALD BUILDING. — INSIDE VIEW. — THE COUNCIL. — MR. BENNETT AT HOME. — HIS FAMILY. — MR. BENNETT AND THE FRENCH MISSION. — PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

MR. BENNETT'S EARLY LIFE.

MR. BENNETT was born in the year 1800, at New Mill, Keith, in Banffshire, Scotland. He was reared under the shadow of Gordon Castle. His parents were Roman Catholics, and he was trained in their religion. Every Saturday night the family assembled to hear the Scriptures read, and to engage in worship according to the custom so touchingly described by Burns. An uncle, for whom Mr. Bennett was named, was a Presbyterian clergyman. James was kept at school till he was fifteen years of age. He then entered a Roman Catholic Seminary at Aberdeen, his parents intending him for the ministry. On the banks of the Dee he pursued his studies for three years. He then threw up his collegiate course, and abandoned his ecclesiastical career. He pursued the classics with great enthusiasm. Fifty

years after he recalled his studies of Virgil on the banks of the Dee. Burns was his favorite poet. He read with zest the novels of Walter Scott. But he was charmed with the *Memoirs of Franklin*, written by himself, and he felt a great longing to visit America, the home of Franklin. He early exhibited marked talent, with great shrewdness, dashed with manliness. He heard Chalmers often, and never failed to acknowledge his indebtedness to that great man for the influence he exerted over his life. Of his own family he has written, "Bishops, priests, deacons, robbers, and all sorts of persons, were in my family. They were bright in ideas, and saucy enough in all conscience."

EMBARKS FOR AMERICA.

It was a sudden impulse that induced Mr. Bennett to embark for this country. He met a companion in the street one day, who informed him that he was going to America. Bennett expressed a desire to see the place where Franklin was born, and resolved to embark with his friend. He sailed on the 6th of April, 1819, and landed at Halifax. At Portland he opened a school as teacher, but it was not of choice that he taught. He soon moved on towards Boston. He was charmed with all he saw in the city and vicinity. He hunted up every memorial of Franklin that could be found. He examined all the relics of the Revolution, and visited the places made memorable in our struggle with Great Britain. But he was poor, and well nigh discouraged. He walked the Common without money, hungry, and without friends. In his darkest hour he found a New York shilling, and from that hour his fortunes began to

mend. He obtained a position with Wells and Lilly, in Boston, as proof-reader. Here he displayed his ability as a writer, both in poetry and prose.

HIS NEW YORK CAREER.

Mr. Bennett came to New York in 1822. He immediately connected himself with the press, for which he had a decided taste. He was not dainty in his work. He took anything that came along. He was industrious, sober, frugal, of great tact, and displayed marked ability. He soon obtained a position on the Charleston Courier as translator of Spanish-American papers. He prepared other articles for the Courier, many of which were in verse. His style was sharp, racy, and energetic. On returning to New York he proposed to open a permanent commercial school on Ann Street, near Nassau, and issued his prospectus. The plan was not consummated. But he gave a course of lectures on political economy in the North Dutch Church.

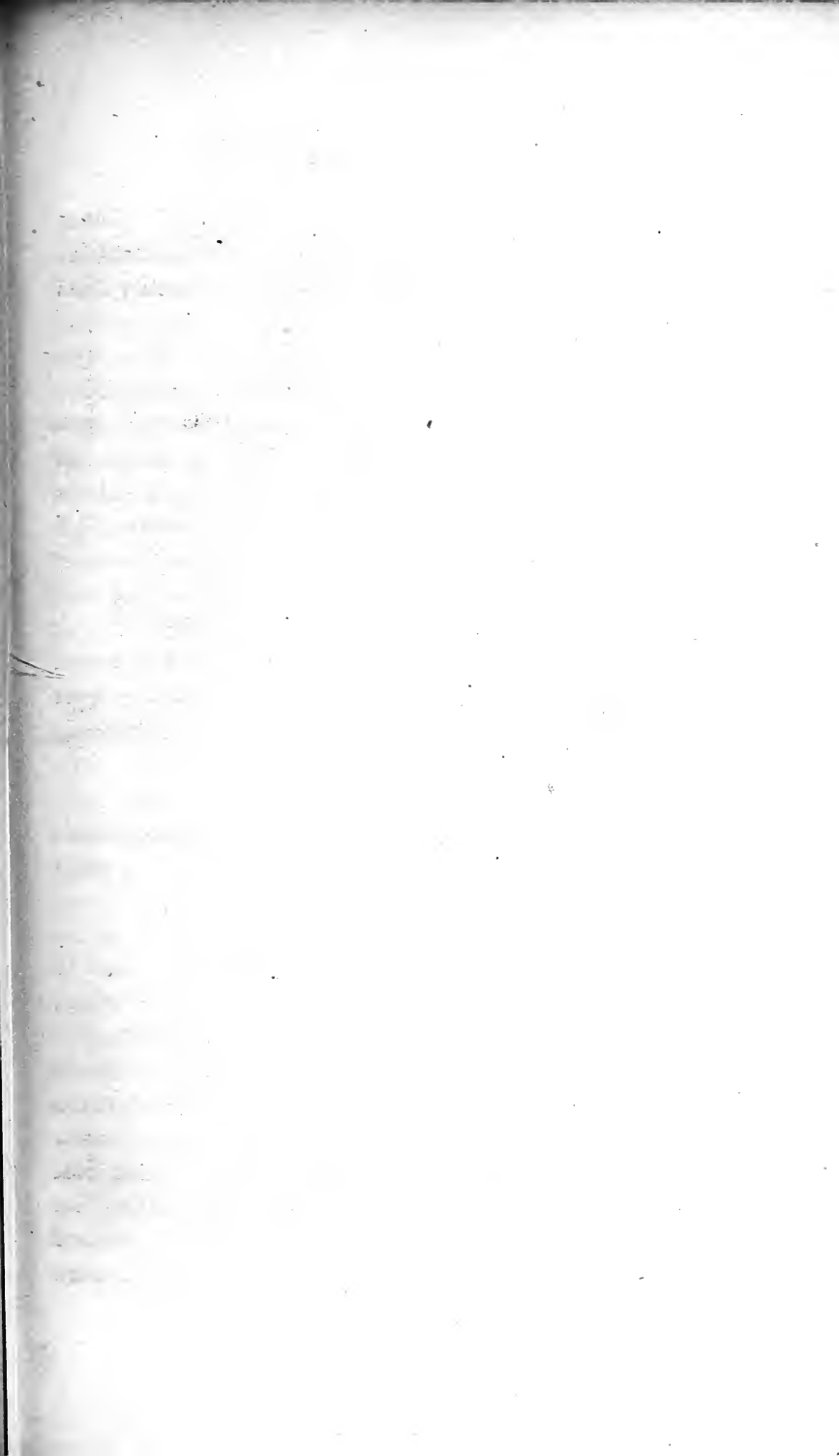
CAREER AS A JOURNALIST.

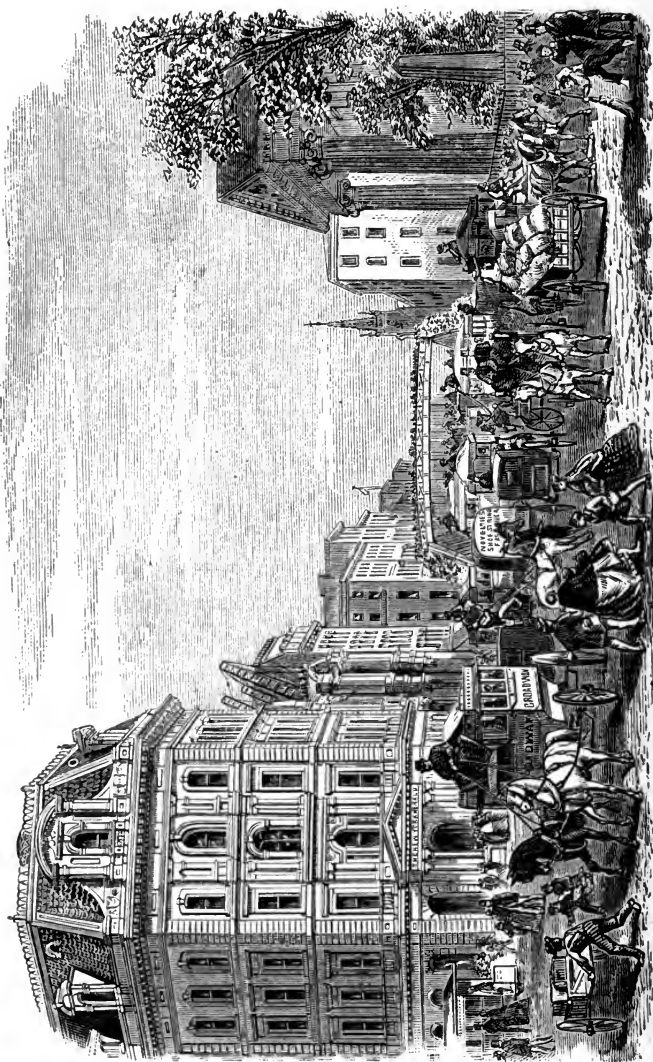
Mr. Bennett, in 1825, became proprietor of the New York Courier by purchase. It was a Sunday paper, but was not a success. As a reporter and writer he was connected with several journals. In 1826 he became associate editor of the National Advocate, a Democratic paper. The next year the Advocate espoused the cause of John Quincy Adams, while Mr. Bennett was a warm partisan of Jackson. Leaving the Advocate, Mr. Bennett became associate editor of the Inquirer, conducted by M. M. Noah. He was also a member of Tammany Society, and a warm partisan.

During the sessions of Congress, Mr. Bennett was at the Capital, writing for his paper ; and while at that post a fusion was effected between the Courier and Inquirer. He continued in his position as associate editor and Washington letter-writer till 1832. Mr. Bennett sustained General Jackson in his war on the United States Bank. The Courier and Inquirer, under Mr. Webb, sustained the Bank. This difference led Mr. Bennet, to leave the concern. He wrote much for the press, and his peculiarly cutting and slashing style made his articles very effective. He studied the New York press very closely. He felt that it was not what the age demanded, and resolved to establish a paper that should express his idea of a metropolitan journal. He had no capital, no rich friends to back him, — nothing but his ability, pluck, and indomitable resolution.

NEW YORK HERALD.

On the 6th day of May, 1835, the New York Herald was issued from No. 20 Wall Street. It was a small penny sheet. Mr. Bennett was editor, reporter, and correspondent. He collected the city news, and wrote the money articles. He resolved to make the financial feature of his paper a marked one. He owed nothing to the Stock Board. If he was poor, he was not in debt. He did not dabble in stocks. He had no interest in the bulls or bears. He did not care whether stocks rose or fell. He could slash into the bankers and stock-jobbers as he pleased. He worked hard. He rose early, was temperate and frugal, and seemed to live only for his paper. He was his own compositor and errand boy, collected his own news, mailed his papers,





HERALD BUILDING, BROADWAY.

kept his accounts, and thus laid the foundation of that great success that has made his name as familiar on the Thames and Danube as it is on the Hudson.

THE NEW HERALD BUILDING.

Opposite the Astor, on the site of the old Museum, stands the marble palace known as the Herald Building. It is the most complete newspaper establishment in the world. The little, dingy, story-and-a-half brick building, standing back from the street up a court, and known in London as the "Times Printing Office," would not be used for a third-rate American paper. Before the Herald buildings were completed, and while Mr. Bennett was making a savage assault on the National Banks, he was waited upon by the president of one of the banks, who said to him, "Mr. Bennett, we know that you are at great expense in erecting this building, besides carrying on your immense business. If you want any accommodation you can have it at our banks." Mr. Bennett replied, "Before I purchased the land, or began to build, I had on deposit two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the Chemical Bank. There is not a dollar due on the Herald buildings that I cannot pay. I would pay off the mortgage to-morrow if the owner would allow me to. When the building is open I shall not owe one dollar to any man, if I am allowed to pay. I owe nothing that I cannot discharge in an hour. I have not touched one dollar of the money on deposit in the bank, and while that remains I need no accommodation."

INSIDE VIEW.

The Herald building has two stories below the sidewalk, in which are located two engines of thirty-five horse power each, ready for action at a moment's notice. If one fails, the other will strike off the edition. Three huge Hoe's presses throw off twenty-six sheets at once. The presses run from twelve at night till seven in the morning to print the daily issue. The edition varies from three to five hundred thousand. The engine and press rooms are kept in perfect order. The proprietor makes constant visits to every part of the establishment, and allows no confusion or untidiness. The first story is the Herald office, fitted with the neatness and system of a bank. Every department has a responsible head. On the third floor the paper is edited. It has a force of twelve editors, thirty-five reporters, and five hundred men in all. The principal room is the council room. It faces St. Paul's on Broadway. It is elegantly furnished with black walnut furniture. The chairs are carved, and, with the lounge, are handsomely covered with maroon leather. A long table, around which twelve persons can sit, runs the length of the room. A bronze bust of Mr. Bennett stands on a pedestal at one end. The walls are adorned with portraits of young Bennett, Robert Burns, and favorite characters. Opening from this is a handsome library, filled with important books for reference. The editorial rooms, and rooms for reporters and writers, occupy the entire floor. A small winding stairway leads from the entrance on Ann Street to the editorial rooms. At the top of the stairs a colored gentleman

demands your business and your card. The visitor is ushered into a small reception-room, occupied almost entirely by an immense round table, files of papers, and a few chairs. If persons cannot sit they can stand. Visitors are seldom allowed in the editorial rooms. The parties whom they call to see meet them in the reception-room. The composition room is under the French roof, large, airy, and complete. Every issue of the Herald is electrotyped, and there is a room for that purpose in the building. A dummy lowers the form down to the press-room.

THE COUNCIL.

The Herald is edited. Nearly every other paper in the country is conducted by a journalist; that is, the editor writes his own leaders. The editor-in-chief of the Herald seldom writes an editorial. At twelve o'clock each day the editors meet in the council-room. If Mr. Bennett is in the city, he presides; if not, young James presides. A list of subjects is presented by Mr. Bennett, and these are discussed. If he wants any subject written upon, he gives out the heads in his dry, terse, grotesque way. If taken down just as he states them, they would be very effective, though comical. The subjects may be Phillips's last speech, the action of Congress, new move of the President, the situation abroad, or the last purchase of Mr. Seward. To each editor a subject is given, or one man is selected to write on a given matter. The editor decides what shall be written, dictates the points, orders such an article for such a day, and to be written in such a manner. Everything is decided by the editor before the

council breaks up. Then subjects are called for from the editors, and suggestions solicited ; but Mr. Bennett decides whether they shall be written upon or not. In business, Mr. Bennett is shrewd, sharp, and prudent. If he pays a dollar he expects to get a dollar's worth for it. He often seems rough and impatient, and he is prompt and decided.

MR. BENNETT AT HOME.

In his house he is genial, liberal, and kind. He dispenses an elegant hospitality. No English nobleman, with an income of fifty thousand pounds, lives in a style more generous than he in his city residence on Thirty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue. His favorite residence is on Fort Washington. Here he receives his friends in a principality of his own. He has a great deal of company, and has everything to make guests happy. He leaves each one to enjoy himself as he pleases — a thing very rare in America. On entering Mr. Bennett's mansion as a guest, the visitor will find every attention he can desire and every elegance that can make him happy. A French cook, bowling and billiard rooms, horses and carriages in the stable, a steamboat to sail up and down the Hudson, are at his service. At dinner all the guests are expected to be present at a given hour. At the other meals each one does as he pleases. The guest comes down to breakfast at any hour, and orders, as if at a hotel.

On a lounge or an old sofa the host will be found, with his floor strewn with books and papers. He usually goes to his office on pleasant days. It is the duty of one of the editors to mark with a blue or red

pencil all paragraphs in the papers, personal, financial, political, acts of Congress, &c. Those that have an interest to the editor-in-chief are sent to Mr. Bennett, and his eye catches at a glance the stirring events of the day. A telegraph wire connects Mr. Bennett's room at Fort Washington with his son's room in New York. The bell ringing three times indicates that Mr. Bennett has something to say. The father and son talk as if in an adjoining room. "Don't put in that article" — "Publish that editorial on Congress" — "Come home to dinner," — with other matters, are rattled over the wires. Mr. Bennett is a great student of history. He studies Cromwell and Bonaparte, Biddle and Jackson, and delights in the history and scandal of the times. His philosophy is of the type that laughs at all public things, and he looks at public acts from this standpoint. But no man is more genial in his home. His two great loves are his son and his paper. He makes few outside calls, and will not attend balls, parties, or soirées, except in his own mansion. He is a fast friend; and when he takes one to his bosom he takes him with all his faults, and holds fast to him through good report and through evil. Those who visit him find all sorts of guests — French, Germans, Italians, English, with men of all ranks. All who have any claim upon Mr. Bennett are sure of a welcome. He knows how to distinguish between those who come as friends and those who come to obtain a boon, or obtrude business upon him in his retirement. He is up very early around his grounds, but allows his guests to sleep as long as they please. He dislikes to read of the death of men who were young when he was young. It fills him with

melancholy, that lasts a long time. His life is very regular, his constitution is of iron, and he is guilty of no excess. He is careful of exposure, drinks no stimulating liquors, does not use tobacco, and excitements do not touch him. There are probably twenty years more of wear in him. He is very liberal in his way. He supports several widows, by a regular instalment paid weekly, whose husbands were young when Mr. Bennett was young, or were fellow-craftsmen of his when he was struggling for a foothold in this city.

HIS FAMILY.

Mrs. Bennett is a remarkable lady, possessing great force of character. Her long residence abroad, for the purpose of educating her son, made her familiar with the languages of Europe. She speaks, with the fluency of a native, French, German, Italian, and Spanish. She has presided at the table around which sat the Spanish and Italian admirals, the French commander, and the German ambassador. With each of these officials she maintained a conversation in his own language, without hesitation or embarrassment, as if she had never spoken any other. The Herald is indebted to Mrs. Bennett for the establishment of the foreign correspondence, which is so marked a feature in that print. Her letters from foreign capitals during her residence abroad were marked by taste, tact, and talent. She is genial and accomplished as a hostess, and gives a charm to the elegant home over which she presides.

Mr. Bennett's daughter, Janette, is quite young, cultivated and accomplished. Like her mother, she is familiar with all the tongues of the continent, and in

her education enjoys all the advantages that wealth and liberality can bestow.

Young Bennett, named after his father, is one of the best educated young men in the country. He has probably a better practical education than any other. He enjoyed great advantages, as he spent the most of his younger years abroad, and was trained in every accomplishment. He can speak fluently, and also write French, German, Italian, and Scotch. On coming home, his father resolved to fit him to take his place in carrying on the Herald establishment. Young Bennett set type, and learned all the mysteries of the craft as a printer. He studied engineering, and knows how to run the huge machines in the basement of the building. He can work at the press. He is master of the art of electrotyping. He can telegraph with skill and accuracy. And the toys of his boyhood were miniature steam engines, small telegraph machines, with juvenile fonts of type and presses. He has marked business and executive ability, and devotes more hours to his office than any young man in the city. He has the entire management of the immense business of the Herald. He presides at the council in the absence of his father, and conducts the affairs of the office in the same prompt, decided manner. He edits the Telegram, and owns the Weekly. He never leaves his office during business hours, and is always at his post except a few weeks in summer, when he follows his favorite pastime of yachting. He is not only the business manager of the Herald, and has to attend to all the calls, but he is the active editor, and manages the finances. He goes over the accounts daily, and knows

how the affairs stand, to a dollar, before he leaves the office at night. He visits every part of the establishment during the day, from the press-room to the upper room for composition. Young Bennett is tall and slim. His face is thin, his eye pleasant, his nose prominent, and his smile attractive. He is courteous in conversation, and there is a repose about him which indicates ability to fill the position he occupies. He is frank, manly, and generous. He has many traits of character that are ascribed to Prince Alfred, the royal sailor-son of Victoria. A warm friendship sprang up between the Duke of Edinburgh and young Bennett, when the latter was in London. An officer high in rank in the British navy told me that after young Bennett had tendered his celebrated yacht to the Prince, Alfred pleaded earnestly with his sovereign mother to allow him to accept the generous gift. Advised by her ministers that it would not do, she positively forbade the acceptance. Of course Prince Alfred would have acknowledged the gift by a princely reciprocation. But the history of the *Henrietta* was so romantic, the offer was so generous, the owner had shown so much pluck in crossing the Atlantic, and was, withal, so genial, so cultivated, and so manly, that the heart of the prince was completely won. And this testimony I heard confirmed on all sides during my stay in London.

MR. BENNETT AND THE FRENCH MISSION.

The French mission was offered to Mr. Bennett by the President, without his solicitation. He peremptorily declined it, on the ground that he would

not be bothered with the duties attached to the position. "If I wanted to go to Europe," said Mr. Bennett, "I would take fifty thousand dollars, and go at my leisure." Soon after he declined the post, Mr. Seward visited New York. A mutual friend stepped over to the Herald office and announced the fact to Mr. Bennett, and asked him to walk over and see the secretary. "I have no business with Mr. Seward," replied the editor; "if he wishes to see me he can call and see me." Mr. Bennett regards himself as a representative man, who is to be called upon by all who wish to see him. He carries this rule to great lengths.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Mr. Bennett is tall, and marked in appearance. Like Commodore Vanderbilt, nobody passes him without turning to take a second look. His form is genteel, and he is as erect as a Mohawk Indian. He dresses in good taste, without imitating either a sloven or a snob. His hair is white and flowing, giving him a venerable look. The lines of his face are hard, and indicate talent and determination. In an omnibus or car he would command general attention. He could easily be mistaken for a clergyman, a professor in a college, or for one of the solid merchants of the city. He can command the best talent in the world for his paper. He pays liberally for fresh news of which he has the exclusive use. If a pilot runs a hazard, or an engineer puts extra speed on to his locomotive, they know that they will be well paid at the Herald office, for its editor does not higggle about the price. When news of the loss of the Collins steamer was brought to the

city, late on a Saturday night, the messenger came direct to the Herald office. The price demanded was paid, but the messenger was feasted and confined in the building until the city was flooded with extras Sunday morning. The attachés of the Herald are found in every part of the civilized world. They take their way where heroes feared to tread. If in anything they are outdone, outrun, outwritten, if earlier or fresher news is allowed to appear in any other journal, a sharp, pungent letter is penned, either discharging the writer or ordering him home. During the war, the Herald establishment at Washington was a curiosity. The place was as busy as the War Department. Foaming horses came in from all quarters, ridden by bespattered letter-writers. Saddled horses were tied in front of the door like the headquarters of a general. The wires were controlled to convey the latest news from every section up to the last moment of the paper going to press. Mr. Bennett is a fine illustration of what our country can do for a penniless boy, and what a penniless boy can do for himself, if he has talent, pluck, character, and industry. In the conflict of interest, and in the heat of rivalry, it is difficult to estimate a man rightly. In coming times Mr. Bennett will take his place in that galaxy of noble names who have achieved their own position, been architects of their own fortunes, and left an enduring mark upon the age in which they lived.

LXV.

DANIEL DREW.

EARLY LIFE. — MR. DREW ON THE HUDSON. — MR. DREW AND THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD. — MR. DREW AT THE STOCK BOARD. — PERSONAL AND DOMESTIC.

THIS remarkable man was born in Carmel, Putnam County, New York. He is seventy years of age. He is one of the most astute, shrewd, and successful capitalists in the city. In person he is tall and slender, his hair is black, his complexion very dark. He is tough and agile, and would pass easily for forty-five. He is reputed to be worth twenty millions. For several years he has seldom made less than half a million a year. His gifts are very large. He seldom gives away less than one hundred thousand dollars a year in private charities, besides the large gifts which mark his munificence. He selects his own charities, and vagrant solicitors have not a very high opinion of his liberality. At a meeting of the trustees of his church, not long since, the question came up about finishing a mission chapel. One of the trustees said, "We expect a generous sum from brother Drew." Turning to him he said, "Brother Drew, I put it to your conscience. Don't you see your way clear to give us ten thousand dol-

lars?" To which Mr. Drew replied, "No, I do not;" which ended the matter. Mr. Drew is a devout member of the Methodist Church. He attends promptly and punctually to all the duties belonging to his profession. He is a member of a class, and visits the class-meetings regularly. He is present at the devotional meetings of the church, and speaks and prays with great acceptance. As a Christian man he is humble, cheerful, and of good report. He is very reticent on ordinary occasions, but genial and intelligent when one wins or enjoys his confidence. He has two children, a son and daughter. The son is well provided for on a farm. The daughter, the wife of a Baptist clergyman, is an heiress in her own right.

EARLY LIFE.

He passed his early years on a farm. In a small school-house he obtained the rudiments of his education. His father died when Daniel was fifteen years of age. He then came to New York to seek his fortune during our war with England. From a North River sloop he landed on the spot where Washington Market now stands. Resolved to do something, and finding nothing better to do, he hired himself out as a substitute in the place of another, and became a soldier. Next we find him on the saddle, driving cattle to market from his rural home. It took two weeks then to make the trip. While engaged in this business a storm came on. He found shelter in a gig that stood under a tree. A bolt of lightning stunned him and his companion, killed the horse, and gave them a narrow escape. Careful, persistent, indomitable, with good

habits, with a shrewdness of no ordinary kind, with a zeal and energy glowing like a volcano beneath a quiet exterior, he early laid the foundation of a fortune.

MR. DREW IN NEW YORK.

In 1829 Mr. Drew removed to this city. He established his headquarters at Bull's Head in the Bowery, and made it the Drovers' Exchange. New York was too limited for his business capacity. He stretched the trade into Pennsylvania, and then into the far West. Drovers of over two thousand head of cattle crossed the Alleghanies under his direction. In 1834 he began his steamboat enterprise. Vanderbilt, then coming on to the stage, was running opposition everywhere. Something had to give way; and Mr. Drew, watching his opportunity, bought the Cinderella for a trifle.

MR. DREW ON THE HUDSON.

In 1838 the Hudson River Line, with fine boats, and at three dollars to Albany, monopolized travel. Mr. Drew bought the Emerald, and ran her as an opposition to the old line, at one dollar fare. A compromise was effected, and the old price restored. In 1840 Mr. Drew formed a partnership with that steamship king, Isaac Newton. The floating palace, Isaac Newton, became a night boat through the suggestion of Mr. Drew, and the People's Line became a success. The New World followed, and the history of the line is well known.

MR. DREW AND THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

The Hudson River Railroad was opened in 1852. Mr. Boorman, the president, told Mr. Drew that on the opening of the road to Albany his steamboats would go under. Mr. Drew carried passengers for a dollar. The fare on the road was three. The president urged Mr. Drew to put his fare up to two dollars. "Our company makes money enough at one," said Mr. Drew. "You can regulate the fare in one way. Buy out the People's Line, if," he added, "you have money enough." Vanderbilt looked with jealousy on Mr. Drew's advent in the steamboat business. "You have no business in this trade," said the Commodore. "You don't understand it, and you can't succeed." Since 1836 more than fifty opposition boats have been placed on the Hudson River against the People's Line. Not one of them has been a success; while the unequalled river steamers — the Dean Richmond, the St. John's, and the Drew — tell the story of Mr. Drew's success. He chooses his assistants with great sagacity; and the captains, pilots, clerks, and subordinates seldom leave his employ till they are removed by death. Mr. Drew insures his own steamboats. It would cost him half a million of dollars to have them insured in any reliable office. His losses are not ten per cent. on that sum. The loss of the Dean Richmond cost Mr. Drew nearly three hundred thousand dollars. He paid every shipper and passenger all that was claimed. There was not one single lawsuit, nor a reference even, in the settlement of the cases.

MR. DREW AT THE STOCK BOARD.

In 1836 Mr. Drew appeared in Wall Street. For eleven years his firm, including Robinson and Kelley, were very celebrated. Mr. Drew was a rapid, bold, and successful operator. His connection with the Erie Railroad, guaranteeing the paper of that company to the amount of a million and a half of dollars, showed the magnitude of his transactions. In 1857, as treasurer of the company, his own paper, indorsed by Vanderbilt to the amount of a million and a half of dollars, saved the Erie from bankruptcy. During that year, amid almost universal commercial disaster, Mr. Drew's losses were immense; but he never flinched, met his paper promptly, and said that during all the crisis he had not lost one hour's sleep. In connection with Vanderbilt, he relieved the Harlem road from its floating debt of over half a million dollars, and aided in placing it in its present prosperous condition.

PERSONAL AND DOMESTIC.

His heart is in Carmel, where lies his farm of a thousand acres, carried on with the same judicious skill which marks his operations as a capitalist. His farmers have homes of their own, and their interest is identified with that of Mr. Drew. Near the rural graveyard, where he intends to be interred at the last by the side of his ancestors, Mr. Drew, in connection with his daughter, has erected one of the most beautiful churches in the land, and consecrated it to the promulgation of the faith he has long professed. To all the institutions of learning in his church, sacred and secular,

he has been a liberal and constant benefactor. The elegant marble structure on Fourth Avenue, known as St. Paul's Church, is a monument to his liberality. Waiving his desire that a theological seminary, bearing his name, should be erected in Carmel, the place of his birth, he selected the beautiful site in Madison Square, central to the whole church, for the establishment of a denominational seminary. The manner in which he made the great donation is characteristic of the man, and we have detailed it elsewhere. Considered from any stand-point, Mr. Drew must be regarded as a public benefactor. His industry, energy, and talents have been honorably employed. In donations seldom equalled he has laid a chaplet on the altar of religion, a testimonial of its value in youth and its support in age.

LXVI.

THE NEW YORK BAR—ITS REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

GENERAL VIEW. — EMINENT LAWYERS. — CHARLES O'CONOR. — WILLIAM M. EVARTS. — JAMES T. BRADY. — DAVID DUDLEY FIELD. — A. OAKLEY HALL. — WILLIAM J. A. FULLER.

GENERAL VIEW.

THERE is so little homogeneousness among the members of the New York bar, that to attempt the briefest sketch even of our leading lawyers would take more space than we can give to the subject. We will therefore only say, generally, that there are over three thousand lawyers in New York city who gain a livelihood by their professional labors, with incomes ranging from five hundred to fifty thousand dollars each. Of course the number who receive the latter amount is exceedingly limited, by far the larger majority of them justifying Daniel Webster's criticism, that "lawyers work hard, live well, and die poor." The average income of a first-class New York city lawyer, in good practice, ranges from ten to fifteen thousand dollars a year. Of these three thousand lawyers, perhaps half a dozen or more have a national reputation, while the rest are wholly

unknown as lawyers outside of the city of New York. In fact, New York lawyers do not know each other, except as they are brought into personal or professional contact. Some dozen or so of the best lawyers are more or less known to the whole profession from their prominence at the bar, or the accident of the peculiar line of practice which they pursue. Of the rest, perhaps a hundred are known to each other personally, by social relations or otherwise; another hundred by their professional or business intercourse; and the rest are as unknown to each other, even by reputation, as if they resided at the antipodes. There is not that general *esprit de corps* in the profession which is found in other places. There are several reasons for this apparently anomalous condition of things. In the first place, New York is such a maelstrom that whatever lawyer comes here — no matter what his previous career or legal reputation, or how great his talent — soon has his individuality swallowed up in the general vortex, and is rarely brought to the surface unless by some exceptional circumstances. Then, again, there are so many different courts in the city that very good lawyers may even have an office in the same building, may each have a large practice, and hardly ever meet, from the fact that one lawyer brings his cases in the Supreme Court, another in the Superior Court, another in the Common Pleas, and so on, as the caprice of the lawyer or other reason may dictate. Moreover, many of our best lawyers content themselves with chamber practice, giving counsel, conveyancing, etc., and never appear in court. In fact so much time is lost by *waiting* in court-rooms, that lawyers absolutely avoid the trial

of cases as much as possible ; and thousands of cases are settled annually from this very cause, that might otherwise be litigated to the bitter end. It is a surprising fact that very few lawyers here practise in the Federal Courts. The Circuit Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York is almost a close corporation, there not being more than a dozen lawyers who practise there regularly, and it is a *terra incognita* to the New York bar generally. We do not believe there is any lawyer here who can make out a complete bill of costs in this court without the assistance of the clerk. A similar condition of things exists with regard to the United States District Court, except that the number of regular practitioners may be increased a score or two. In this court, where is conducted the admiralty and maritime business of this great commercial city, it is a singular fact that no lawyer has had any nautical experience, — there is no man whose early training qualifies him to try a nautical case with the *best* results. We know of but one man of the New York Bar (Mr. W. J. A. Fuller, referred to below as the Rubber Patent Lawyer) who has spent years of his life as a sailor ; and he rarely tries this class of cases, for which his training and experience eminently qualify him ; but when he does, he crushes his opponent like an egg-shell. We mention this circumstance merely to show that the practice of the law in this city is full of *specialities*, and that each lawyer adapts himself, not perhaps to that for which he is peculiarly qualified, but selects that branch of the profession which yields him the largest income.

EMINENT LAWYERS.

We will have to content ourselves with a pen-and-ink sketch of a few only of its representative men.

CHARLES O'CONOR.

First and foremost in the profession — a rank conceded to him by the universal suffrage of the bar and of the community — stands Charles O'Connor, who wears his laurels with a grace and gentleness that command unbounded respect and confidence. The Forrest divorce trial first brought Mr. O'Connor into national prominence, and made known to the whole country, what was then only known to the bench and the bar of this city, that he who could in such a forensic grapple utterly overthrow such an adversary as John Van Buren, must be a lawyer of the very highest talents and attainments. Mr. O'Connor's peculiar characteristic is great common sense, which enables him to apply his prodigious legal learning in so clear a manner as to make his points equally apparent to the unlettered jurymen and to the profound jurist. He has no clap-trap, no straining for dramatic effects. His quiet, almost cold manner, his inexorable logic, his piercing, and at times almost stridulous voice, his sharp, glittering eye, that holds a witness or an opponent with a charm equal to the fascination of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, all bespeak a man of no common mould. His industry and application are wonderful, almost beyond belief. He is always calm and collected, never losing his temper or thrown from his balance. He relies on the strong points of his case, and never lumbers it with

useless rubbish or foreign or immaterial issues. He holds the ear of corn up before you, strips off the husks, always from the top, and never beginning at the bottom, until he reveals the core, and this he holds before the judge and jury with a plain, straightforward directness that makes his hearer oblivious of the husks, remembering only the ear — the strong point upon which he relies to carry his case. He has been successful beyond measure, although he has always been careless and capricious in the matter of fees, being governed by circumstances of the case and of the party, and by his own whims, and not guided by any fixed rule. For many years past he could make his professional income just what he pleased, increasing it to a fabulous amount had he been so disposed. He has confined himself very closely to his profession, rarely mingling in public questions, political controversies, or post-prandial speeches; and yet, in private and social life he is one of the most genial men imaginable. He is said to have replied to an admirer, who complimented him on his professional success as compared with that of John Van Buren, "Perhaps had he devoted himself as assiduously to his profession as I have done for the past twenty-five years, and not given so much of his time to public life and private entertainment, the result would have been far different."

Mr. O'Connor is a Democrat in politics, a Catholic in religion, but quiet and unobtrusive in both. He has argued many cases involving the gravest public questions, and it is said that in preparing for the defence of Jefferson Davis, he has subordinated all the learning and statesmanship extant that bears upon the case, and

that he designed to make this the crowning professional effort of his life.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

In this connection we will introduce William M. Evarts, perhaps the only man at the New York bar who can be justly called Mr. O'Connor's peer. He, too, has argued many most important public cases, and has been fittingly selected by the government to prosecute Jefferson Davis. Each of these lawyers feels and knows that in the other he has an opponent who will call forth all his skill and power, and doubtless experiences, in anticipation of this conflict, —

“That stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.”

Should this trial ever take place, it will have something more than the historic interest involved in its momentous issues, in the sharp and fierce play of steel between these opposing champions. It will be artistic cutting and thrusting with Milan blades, no coarse work with butchers' cleavers. Mr. Evarts is a *great* Common Law lawyer. Gifted with extraordinary natural talent, he has labored with untiring zeal and industry, until he has accumulated an amount of legal learning, even to attempt the acquisition of which would appall a man of less ability and perseverance. Born and reared in New England, he early acquired habits of industry and self-reliance that have made him not only a great lawyer but a great man. He is one of the clearest and deepest thinkers on public affairs in the country, and has one of the most original minds. In the trying times of our great civil conflict, when new Alabamas

were launched and fitting out in England to destroy our commerce, this man, of slender frame but giant mind, was sent by the government to England to prevent this flagitious national wrong. By the sheer force of his superior intellect and knowledge of international law he accomplished more than whole navies — he stopped this outrage. After reasoning the matter with the best publicists of the English cabinet, he had such assurances from them that he wrote to Mr. Seward, in effect, that he need have no further apprehension, for these piratical craft would not be permitted to go to sea — and they did not sail. This was in the darkest hours of the strife, when, perhaps, another Alabama or two would have been “the last pound that broke the camel’s back.” For this signal service he deserves the lasting gratitude of the nation. Mr. Evarts presents the singular anomaly of a man eminently fitted by nature, training, and habits to hold a place in the councils of the nation, and yet who finds the post of honor in private life. His voice would be potential in the Senate, and yet the great State of New York is often, practically, represented there by empty chairs. In England the state would be sure to have the services of such a man in some public position at any cost. Mr. Evarts has a clear, ringing voice, of great penetration and power, a pleasing delivery, that often rises to earnestness and eloquence, and a comprehensive grasp of the question or case under consideration that generally carries conviction to the reason and judgment of the auditor. His manner is somewhat peculiar at times. He has a large blue eye, which often seems to look, not at outward objects, but which is introspective, as if the

speaker were seeking the thought in the depths of his own mind, and was oblivious of everything around him. As a pleasant orator, an after-dinner speaker, full of playful wit, and quiet, dry humor, he stands almost without a rival, in or out of the profession. Mr. Evarts has, perhaps, the best clientage in New York, and represents the "heavy respectability" of the best classes and highest toned merchants, bankers, and insurance offices in and about Wall and South Streets. He is among the safest of counsellors and the best of lawyers.

JAMES T. BRADY.

James T. Brady is the only lawyer of the New York bar who has positive genius. O'Connor, Evarts, and others have the highest order of talent, but they stop just short of genius. High as Mr. Brady stands in the profession as an advocate, a counsellor, and a lawyer of the largest and widest capacity in every department, he illustrates eminently the fact that heavenly genius must be wedded to earth-born industry to insure perfect and complete success in any walk in life. Not that Mr. Brady is without great legal attainments. On the contrary few men surpass him even in this direction. But his lack of steady application is well known, and its effects often injuriously felt by himself, at least, though not perhaps perceived by others. Had he the industry, the close and constant study of Mr. O'Connor, for example, he would be a very Titan. His versatility of talent is most remarkable. Whether arguing an abstruse and intricate question of law to a court, or indulging in the pleasing flights of fancy, or thrilling bursts of eloquence to a jury, he is equally at home,

equally ready, facile, forcible, and convincing. He is a most felicitous speaker at the bar, in the forum, on the platform as a lecturer, on the stump in a political canvass, at a public dinner, literary festival, or private entertainment, and at a social gathering. In private life he is a man "of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy." He has an ardent temperament, a highly poetic nature, and the most exquisite imagination. With all his genius he is as simple, unostentatious, as a child, and his affability to the younger members of the profession is worthy of imitation. He is always ready to grapple with the most difficult case, and never loses his self-command or self-possession, either at the bar or elsewhere. No draft can be made on him for services of any kind which is not readily honored at sight. He is by far the finest rhetorician at the bar, with a wealth of diction, a gorgeousness of imagery, a felicity of classic allusion, and a richness of ornate, apt, and refined illustration, that are without parallel. He tries many very desperate cases, so desperate in fact that no other lawyer will touch them, and often wins them by his fertility of resource, and the assiduous devotion to the interests of his clients. Mr. Brady may be properly styled the most genial member of the bar; always courteous, polite, polished, considerate, especially to his inferiors, he is the Chevalier Bayard of the profession — always *sans peur et sans reproche*.

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.

David Dudley Field will always have a niche in the temple of legal fame, as the author of the New York Code of Procedure, and is eminently worthy of

honorable mention as a lawyer of sterling common sense and untiring energy, who holds his position by the sheer force of an unbending will. The excellent suggestions of that quaint writer on the crudities and absurdities of the law, good old Jeremy Bentham, were first put into legal practice by Mr. Field when he made the New York Code, which mowed down, as with a McCormick's reaper, the rank and luxuriant harvest of technical fictions and incongruous absurdities that for centuries had overgrown and covered up the simple rules of reason and justice that it is the object of all laws to subserve and enforce. Mr. Field, for this, will be remembered, when the ablest lawyers of his time will be forgotten in the dust of ages; albeit, some of them even now affect to regard his system of common-sense practice as a bold innovation, which lays an iconoclastic hand upon the idol of their false prejudices and traditional legal education. Mr. Field, in his code, never forgets that the law addresses itself to the plain sense of plain men, and he proceeds by no indirection to his point. That is a striking anecdote related of the Russian Emperor, who directed his engineers to lay out a railroad between St. Petersburg and Moscow. When the plans were submitted to the Czar's inspection, he asked the meaning of the crooked angles and zigzag lines that marked the devious route. "To accommodate the intervening towns and villages," was the reply. The Emperor drew his pen across the map, turned it upon its face, and marked upon the back two dots representing the two cities. He then made a straight line between the points, and said, "Build me that road."

The illustration is apt for other matters than the survey of railroads, and especially does it apply to Mr. Field's code. He treats the whole subject of the law in a common-sense manner, utterly ignoring those endless involutions, redundancies of expression, and the profuseness of verbiage, that usually bury the sense in such a fog of words that if a fog-bell were rung in the middle of one of these legal sentences it could not be heard at either end of the paragraph.

Mr. Field is emphatically an earnest man ; and, like all such men, who spend no time in trifles, has neither courted nor found popularity. His manner is cold, almost forbidding, very like that of an English barrister; and yet the few who break through this outer crust, which exerts a repelling influence upon the many, find him pleasant and companionable in private life. He has never succeeded in obtaining public station, although eminently fitted for it by great executive ability. Were he personally more popular among his associates, and professional and political *confrères*, he would long ago have held high rank in public affairs.

Mr. Field has a fine presence, a tall, commanding figure, a thoroughly English manner, and a clear voice, with unusual distinctness of enunciation. He has not the fervor of the impassioned orator, but his arguments are always clear, occasionally eloquent, and generally convincing. He pays the closest attention to the interests of his clients, and always prepares his cases with industrious zeal. He does not allow his attention, during the progress of a trial, to flag or waver for an instant, but is always watchful and devoted to the matter before him. Like all successful lawyers, he is

a great worker, and pays the inevitable price of sleepless nights and laborious days, illustrating the poet's lines, —

“He who would climb Fame's dizzy steep
Must watch and toil while others sleep.”

Take him for all in all, he is a man whose place at the bar will not readily be filled when he shall have passed away.

A. OAKEY HALL.

A. Oakey Hall, who has been four times elected district attorney of New York city, is another representative man, who largely fills the public eye as a successful lawyer. He has many qualities peculiar to himself. He was famous as an editor and *littérateur* before he was celebrated as a lawyer; and even now, in addition to his onerous and multifarious official duties, he finds time to edit a city paper (the New York Leader), and occasionally to write a story, a book, a play, and even to woo the muses with success. “Hans Yorkel,” his newspaper *nom de plume* in by-gone years as the New York correspondent of the New Orleans Commercial Bulletin, made a reputation that almost any writer might envy. His sparkling, brilliant, piquant letters, equally light and profound, ranging at will “from grave to gay, from lively to severe,” were, by their own buoyancy, borne far and wide on the current of the newspaper press.

Mr. Hall is the only man at the New York bar who makes politics a business, and succeeds at it. He has been a Whig, a Republican, and a Democrat; and, in spite of this tergiversation in politics, he has always

wielded a large influence with the party to which he was attached, and retained its confidence while he acted with it. He has been the counsel to the Metropolitan Police Department and to the sheriff of New York, through all administrations, even when his political opponents were in power and held the offices. This speaks as highly for his ability as a lawyer as for his adroitness as a politician. He is always retained, and bears the burden of the fight in all important cases growing out of the quarrels of leading actors and authors, with whom he is on terms of the closest intimacy, and by whom he is regarded with the greatest favor and admiration.

How, in the midst of all these labors, Mr. Hall finds time to discharge the duties of district attorney is a marvel even to his best friends, who know his ability and industry. True, he has able and hardworking partners (Mr. Vanderpoel is, without exception, the hardest working lawyer in New York); but even with their aid, the amount of labor performed by him is prodigious. One secret of his successful accomplishment of so much work is, that he drives his work, and does not permit his work to drive him. Mr. Hall is a facile and forcible writer, a pleasing and impressive speaker, and a thorough lawyer. He is a very popular public orator, and keeps the audience in a roar by his clever punning and repartee, while he holds them by the force and logic of his argument. In criminal practice he has few if any rivals; certainly no superior. His impassioned eloquence is very effective with a jury; and his clear, felicitous, oftentimes poetic and always scholarly arguments, ever command the interest

of auditors, and the respect and attention of the court. His "points" are brief, and his "briefs" are pointed. He is one of the leading managers in municipal, state, and national politics, and makes and carries more "points" than any other man. In private life Mr. Hall is a perfect gentleman, always courteous, refined, entertaining, and instructive, and considerate for the feelings of others, although when closely pressed by an opponent he can strike back as hard as any one. Mr. Hall is a great humorist, and says more clever things and makes better jokes than any member of the bar. He never spoils a joke for the sake of a friend, and does not even spare himself when he can say a good thing to "point a moral or adorn a tale." A notable example of his making a joke at his own expense was when some one congratulated him on the very heavy majority by which he was reelected district attorney, and he replied that he "had more *tried* friends than any man in New York." Mr. Hall is only forty-one years of age, and claims that he has only begun life, and laughs at the kindly-intentioned idea that as yet he has accomplished anything worthy of private note or public mention.

WILLIAM J. A. FULLER.

William J. A. Fuller, best known among the profession as the Rubber Patent Lawyer, is another representative man, of whom there are but few at the New York bar. His success, which has been great, is owing measurably to his business ability, practical common sense, close attention to business, and wonderful knowledge of human nature. He has an iron will, indomi-

table energy, extraordinary positiveness of character, intense application, and none of the *vis inertiae* so common to lawyers. He is very self-reliant. *Ita lex scripta est* is not the "be all and end all" of his investigations; and his original habits of thought have grafted many new points of practice, and made many new precedents, by applying old principles to new cases. He believes that law, like everything else, is progressive, and is not disturbed by the mere dicta of judges. He is unusually fertile in expedients, and his rare judgment and knowledge of men enable him to settle most cases that are brought to him without protracted litigation; and yet he is as tenacious as a bull-dog. He is one of the most amiable or most inflexible of lawyers, as the circumstances of the case require, treating his opponents just as they treat him. While he is always courteous to his brethren of the profession, he never grants them any favors that will, in the least degree, prejudice the interests of his clients—in which practice he stands almost alone.

Like Mr. Hall, he achieved literary distinction as an editor and magazine writer before he turned his attention to the law. His life has been checkered and eventful—more so than falls to the lot of ordinary men. He has travelled in every quarter of the world, and is familiar with most civilized and savage peoples. He was, in early life, a sailor for many years, in which capacity he circumnavigated the globe, acquiring thereby an experience that makes him the superior of every lawyer at the bar in the trial of nautical cases. Mr. Fuller first brought himself into prominence as counsel for Horace H. Day, in the great Goodyear

rubber controversy ; and has, for many years, devoted his talents and energies, and most of his time, to sustaining the Goodyear rubber patents and prosecuting infringers. He brings to bear upon this business not only his legal ability, but his rare talent for managing men, and has been uniformly and completely successful in crushing out piracies upon these patents, in whatever direction he has moved against them.

Perhaps in nothing has Mr. Fuller shown his knowledge of men better than in his selection for a partner of Hon. Leon Abbett, one of the very best general lawyers in the city, who was for some years the Democratic leader of the New Jersey legislature, and is now the Thurlow Weed of that Camden-and-Amboy-ed state.

Mr. Fuller is a fluent, forcible writer, and a most earnest and effective public speaker. He made a great mark in the Fremont campaign, on the stump and with his pen ; but his absorbing professional labors have driven him wholly from the field of politics, although at the breaking out of the rebellion he did gallant work for the Union cause.

His leading qualities are indomitable energy, an impassioned earnestness that carries conviction with it, great industry, an iron will which bends everything and everybody to it, integrity, and perfectly square dealing. So prominent is this last trait, that the infringers trust him implicitly, and often come to see him, under a pledge that they shall not be troubled (when he seeks information against other infringers), and leave his office unmolested, when they know that he holds war-

rants for their arrest for violation of their injunctions. His success is due largely to his keen and thorough knowledge of men (for which his checkered and eventful life eminently fits him), great readiness, the power of thinking rapidly on his feet, never losing his self-control; and, unlike most New York lawyers, he attends to his business — never neglects it.

Governor Curtin says of him, "What are his peculiar excellences as a lawyer? — *He wins his cases.*"

LXVII.

THE METROPOLITAN FIRE DEPARTMENT.

ITS ORIGIN. — THE NEW FORCE. — THE HORSES. — THE ENGINE HOUSES. — AT A FIRE. — THE GOVERNMENT OF THE DEPARTMENT.

ITS ORIGIN.

THE act creating a paid fire department was passed March, 1865. It disbanded the volunteer companies, and created a force under the control of commissioners appointed by the governor. The old force was very corrupt and unreliable. The engine houses were filled with loafers of every description. The noise and confusion on the streets on occasions of alarm were very great. Citizens were annoyed, and the sick and dying disturbed, by the yelling of runners who attached themselves to the engines. Racing and fighting between companies were common; disputes between companies hindered operations at fires, and often ended in blows. False alarms were frequent, to bring out the machines. Thieving was generally practised by hangers-on who got within the lines, and runners meddled with the duties of firemen. The organization of runners was very large, and very formidable, and very profitable. On the

coming in of the new department it was violently resisted. The constitutionality of the law was tested in the Court of Appeals. When the act was sustained by the court, an effort was made by bold, bad men to disband the volunteer organization at once, and leave the city without protection against fire. In the Metropolitan Police Department were many old firemen, and they were organized to meet the emergency of the occasion. From July to November, 1865, three thousand eight hundred and ten volunteers were relieved from duty as firemen.

THE NEW FORCE.

The new department was organized with a chief engineer, at a salary of four thousand five hundred dollars, an assistant engineer, and ten district engineers. There are thirty-four steam fire engine companies, each composed of a foreman, an assistant foreman, an engineer of steamer, a driver, a stoker, and seven firemen, in all twelve men. There are twelve hook and ladder companies. The engines and apparatus are drawn by horses. The Metropolitan Fire Department is composed of five hundred and four men, and one hundred and forty-six horses. The steam engines, costing four thousand dollars each, are built in Manchester, New Hampshire, by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, and are the cheapest and best that are built in the country. The foreman of each company receives thirteen hundred dollars, the engineer twelve hundred dollars, the assistant engineer eleven hundred dollars, and the firemen one thousand dollars each. The department demands the whole time of the men. It cost, in

- 1867, eight hundred and ninety-three thousand dollars to run this department.

THE HORSES.

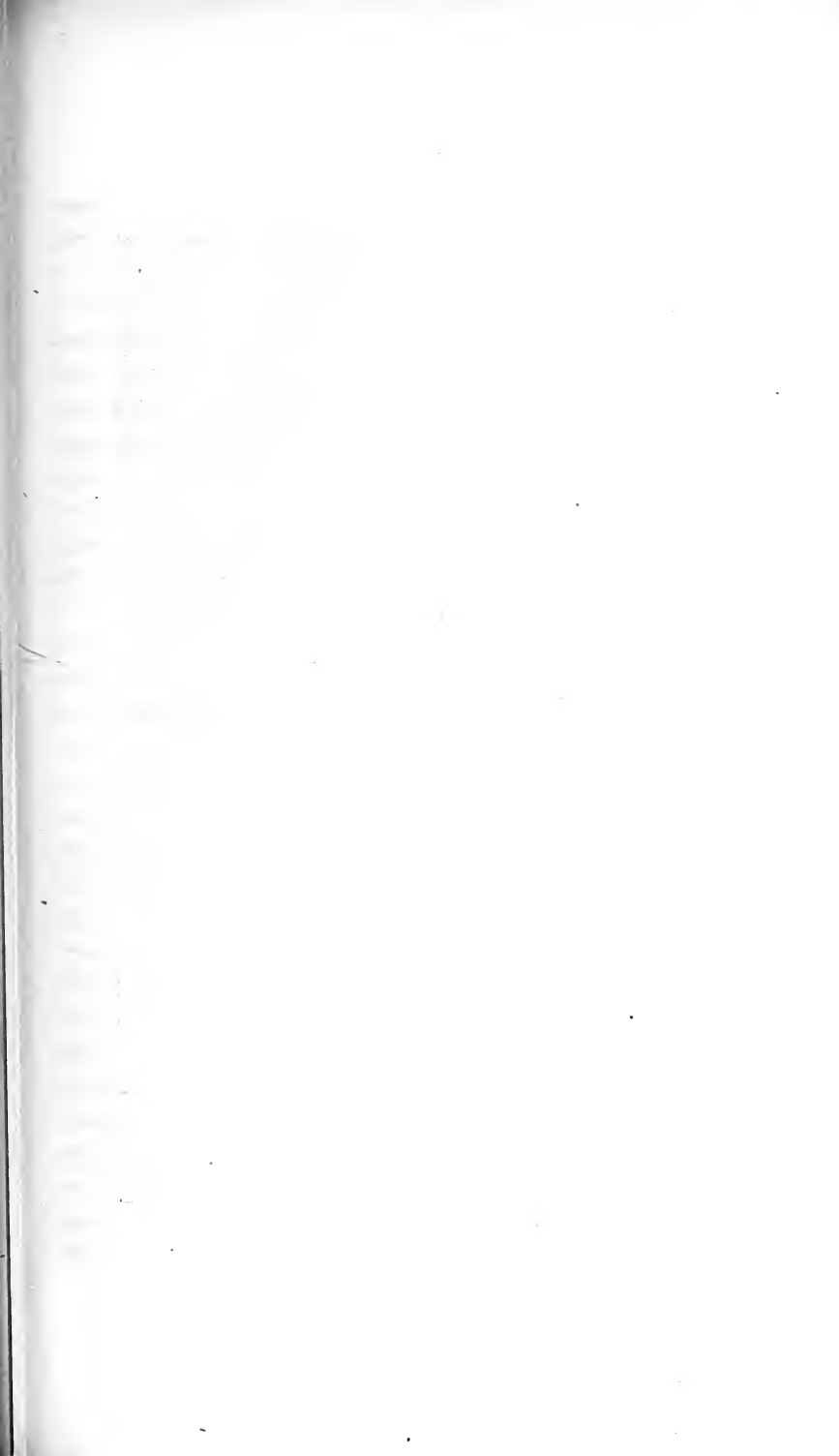
The horses connected with the fire department are among the most remarkable in New York. They are the best that can be found, and are selected with great care for the work. One person is employed to make purchases, and to it he devotes all his time. The docility and intelligence of the horses are remarkable. They are never unharnessed, but stand in the stable ready for a start. They are fed twice a day—at six in the morning and six at night. The movement of the the engines is regulated by telegrams from headquarters. On an alarm of fire, the station that gets the notice does not telegraph to other stations, but to the headquarters. A gong is attached to every station-house, and the ringing of that gong is as well understood by the horses as by the men. As soon as it sounds, the horses back with a bound, and tear out of their stalls in a furious manner, rush to their positions at the engine, and are harnessed in an instant, without a word being spoken. If the gong does not sound, the word "Back!" produces the same effect. When the alarm sounds, the men can be seen loitering on benches or lying down. They spring for their caps, the horses rush for their places, every part of the harness is fastened with a snap, and in fifteen seconds from the time the alarm sounds, the men are in their places, horses are harnessed, the driver is in his seat, the fire lighted, and the steamer on its way to the fire. After ten o'clock at night the firemen are allowed to go to bed. A strict

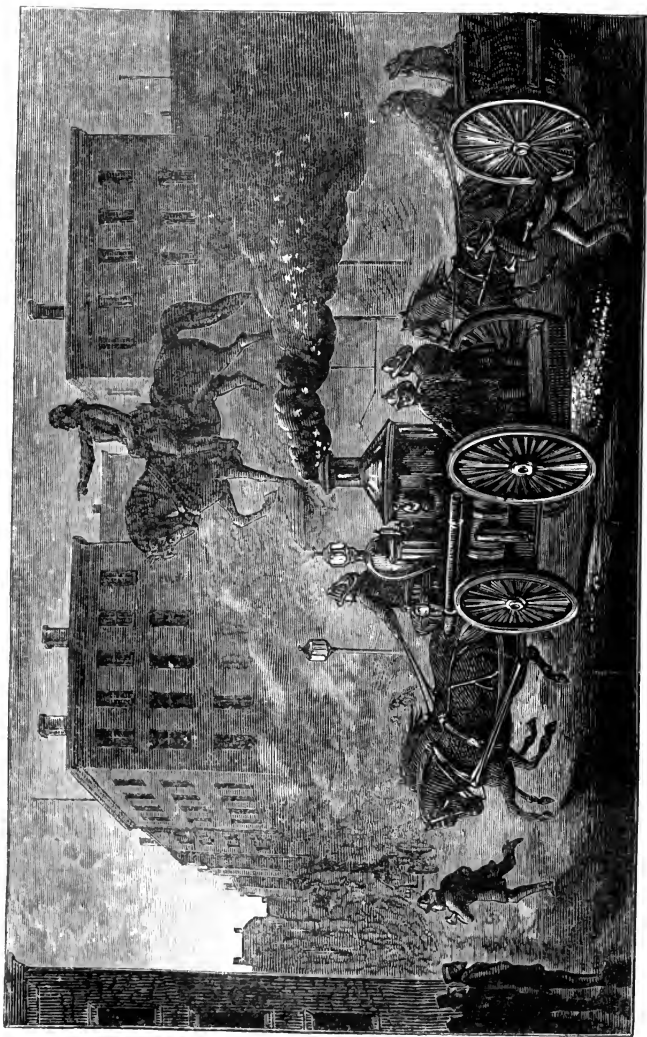
watch is kept, and but thirty seconds are needed to arouse, to harness, and to get under way. The drivers are forbidden to go beyond a certain speed. The foreman runs on foot before the engine. The driver may keep up with him, but he must not go past him. The horses are groomed with great care, and are daily exercised when not used before the steamer. They are not allowed to be harnessed or rode under the saddle, but must be exercised by walking gently before the engine-house. These horses, fiery and spirited, are so trained that they will stand all day and all night in the midst of the confusion of a fire, the crackling of the flames, and the crash of falling buildings. The chief engineer has to attend all fires. He keeps his horse ready harnessed, and when the alarm-bell sounds he knows exactly where the fire is, and moves towards it at once.

THE ENGINE HOUSES.

These rooms are models of neatness, and some of them are very elegant. They are no longer scenes of debauchery and dissipation, nor are they crowded at night by herds of loafers, who lodge at the expense of the city. Twelve men occupy the room. They have each a specific work to do, which occupies their time. The basement contains the kindling-wood and the furnace which keeps the water in the engine hot. On the ground floor are the engine-house and the stables. Everything is ready for a start. The engine is in perfect order. The kindlings and coal are placed under the boiler. A swab, saturated with turpentine, lies on the platform on which the stoker stands. Four firemen's caps hang on the engine. They belong to the

engineer, assistant engineer, fireman, and stoker. Two of these men are always in the room. If the fireman goes to dinner, the engineer remains. If a fire breaks out in his absence, he does not return to the engine-house, but starts for the fire, the alarm signal telling him where it is. No fireman is allowed to appear at the fire without his cap. This he will find on the engine when he reaches the conflagration. A large dormitory over the engine-room, fitted up with every convenience, furnishes the sleeping quarters of the men. Great care is taken in securing persons for the department. They must be in sound physical health, have good moral characters, be quiet and industrious. No person not a member of the force, without a permit from headquarters, is allowed to enter the engine-houses. The telegraph system connected with these places is as perfect as can be conceived. The telegraph is under the charge of the foreman. When an alarm is telegraphed from any station, it must be repeated, and the number of the station-house that sends it given, or no attention is paid to it. If it is a false alarm, the foreman who sent it is held responsible. Every message is recorded, with the name of the sender. No station-house or engine-house can be certain when a message is coming, therefore they must be continually on the watch. If a response is not immediate, an officer is sent to the delinquent station for an explanation. While I was at the headquarters, to show how rapidly the communications were made, the superintendent of the fire alarm called the roll of every station, bell-tower, and engine-house in the district, including New York, Harlem, and Westchester County. Answers came back from every





FIRE-ENGINE ON DUTY

station, and the time consumed in calling the roll and getting returns was just thirty seconds.

AT A FIRE.

The police of the city have charge of the order to be observed at a fire. Ropes are drawn at a proper distance, and no one allowed inside the lines except the firemen and officials, who wear their badges on their coats. Thieving and robbery, which were so conspicuous in former times, and so profitable, do not now exist. The men are not allowed to shout, or make any demonstrations on their way to or from the fire. Only certain persons are allowed to ride on the engine. Furious driving subjects the party to immediate arrest, and if repeated, to dismissal.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE DEPARTMENT.

The whole department is under the charge of a commission, of which General Shaler, the efficient commander of the First Division of the New York State troops, is president. Every department of the force is run with military exactness. Men are tried for violations of duty and breaches of law before the full board. The officers are held responsible for all the property under their care, and nothing is furnished to them except on a requisition, signed and countersigned after the regulation of the army. Rules are laid down for the exercise and drill of the horses, their grooming, when they should be fed, how much they shall be fed, and what shall be given to them. The men are drilled and exercised in everything that pertains to their duty. They are daily exercised in

the manner of hitching up the horses to the apparatus, which exercise, with the intelligence and intuition of the horses, enables this to be done in a time so slight as to seem incredible. New York may, indeed, congratulate herself upon having one of the most complete, efficient, and well disciplined fire departments in the world.

LXVIII.

FIRST DIVISION NATIONAL GUARD.

FORMATION OF THE DIVISION. — THE MILITARY AS A POLICE FORCE. — THE MILITARY AND RIOTS. — THE SEVENTH REGIMENT AND THE ASTOR PLACE RIOT. — MAYOR WOOD'S RIOT. — AN EPISODE. — THE FINALE. — FIRST DIVISION AND THE WAR. — PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTION. — THE PARADES.

NEW YORK has always had occasion to be proud of her military organizations. Since the Revolution there has been a corps of volunteer soldiers, on whom the authorities have relied to enforce law and preserve peace. For many years New York was without police. A few watchmen patrolled the streets at night, most of whom were laboring men through the day, and added to their scanty income by guarding the city at night. In all cases of brawls, riots, and all disturbances of the peace, the magistrates relied entirely upon the military. This force were voluntary soldiers, in every sense of the word. They purchased their own uniforms, when they had any, and their arms and equipments. They paid for their armories, and the expenses for music and parades were borne by an assessment on each member. Yet for eighty years the city military has been sustained, and when the new organization took place in 1862, the volunteer city troops numbered

thirteen thousand men, some of them in the highest state of discipline, with expensive armories, uniforms, and equipments, and the whole division was unequalled by any volunteer organization in the world.

FORMATION OF THE DIVISION.

At the close of the revolutionary war the city troops were organized as artillery, and were designated as the First Division of Artillery. The commandant had under him all the ununiformed militia of the city. Till 1867 there had been only three commanders of this division: General Stephens, who organized the division of artillery, General Morton, and General Sanford. General Sanford held his position for thirty years, and was the oldest commissioned officer in the state. In 1846 the old military system was abolished, and the First Division of uniformed troops created. The commander of the First Division of Artillery, outranking all others, took command of the new military district, including the city and county of New York, with Staten Island. In 1862 the law was again changed, and the city troops became the First Division of the National Guard. It is composed of four brigades, and musters thirteen thousand men. Under the new construction the arms and uniform are provided by the United States. The city of New York appropriates five hundred dollars a year to each regiment for an armory. Parades, music, and other expenses are borne by the troops. To keep such a body of men together, to subject them to the proper drill and discipline, to make them bear their own expenses, which the First Division has done for eighty years, to keep the peace at all

hazards and under all forms of excitement, to quell riots, shoot down their fellow-citizens when ordered so to do, to take their lives in their hands when called upon by their commanding officer to expose themselves, — to do this because they choose to do it, and to uphold the laws on all occasions, reflects great credit on the commanding general and the troops.

THE MILITARY AS A POLICE FORCE.

Till the coming in of the Metropolitan Police, the city troops held the quiet of New York in their hands. With the exception of a few riots, the city has always been celebrated for its good order and quietness. It is full of desperate men, ready for plunder, robbery, and arson. It is the headquarters of the crime of the country. It is easy to hide in the multitude of our people. The dens, dark chambers, underground rooms, narrow alleys, and secret retreats, render criminals more safe in the city than in any other part of the land. But for the presence of the military nothing would be safe. Banks would be plundered, men robbed in the streets; no man could sleep safely on his own pillow; property and life would be as insecure as they were in Sodom. There is something very remarkable about the New York military. It represents every phase of life, from the highest to the lowest. It embraces every nationality. The Seventh Regiment is essentially New York. The Sixty-ninth is wholly Irish. In the time of the Know-Nothing movement, the Seventy-first Regiment became American, *par excellence*, and no man was allowed to join it unless he was born of American parents. Besides this, there were German

regiments, regiments heterogeneous, regiments composed mainly of Jews ; yet the whole division has been a unit in preserving public peace and enforcing law. Questions have come up that have agitated the whole community, and men have risen against the law. From thirty to fifty thousand men have filled the Park, defying the authorities, and threatening to destroy public property ; Wall Street has been crowded with maddened men, assembled to tear down the banks ; mobs have gathered on political questions,—and on every one of these exciting topics the city troops have had as much direct interest, or indirect, as any of the rioters, and, as individuals, have been as much excited ; yet, as soldiers, they have never shrunk from their duty. They have promptly obeyed every call of their officers, have been under arms night and day for many days, placed their cannon in the street when ordered to do so, and were as reliable in any crisis as if they had no interest in the city and not a friend in the world. There is not a rogue in the Union that does not know that should he overpower the civil authorities, a few sharp taps on the City Hall bell would bring ten thousand bayonets to the support of law ; and that the city troops would lay down their lives as quickly to preserve the peace as they would to defend the nation's flag on the battle-field.

THE MILITARY AND RIOTS.

One of the earliest riots was known as the Abolition riot, in which the houses and stores of leading abolitionists were attacked and sacked. The military were called out, and a general conflagration prevented.

During the great fire in 1836, which swept all New York, from Wall Street to the Battery, and from Broad Street to the water, the military were on duty three days and three nights. The day Mayor Clark was sworn into office, he received a letter from the presidents of the city banks, informing him that the banks were to suspend specie payments, and that they feared a riot. The mayor was terribly frightened, and sent for General Sanford, who assured the mayor that he could keep the peace. The next morning Wall Street was packed with people, who threatened to tear down the banks and get at the specie. The First Division was called out. There was probably not a man in that corps who was not as excited, personally, as the maddened throng that surged through the streets; yet not a man shrank from his duty, or refused to obey his commander. The First Division were marched to the head of Wall Street, except the cavalry, who were stationed around the banks in the upper part of the city. General Sanford planted his cannon on the flagging in front of Trinity Church. The cannon commanded the whole of Wall Street. He then sent word to the rioters that his fuse was lighted, and on the first outbreak he should fire upon the rioters, and that peaceable citizens had better get out of the way. The announcement operated like magic, and in a few minutes there was not a corporal's guard left in the vicinity of the banks. The citizens knew that the troops would do their duty, and that silent park of artillery was an efficient peace corps.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT AND THE ASTOR PLACE RIOT.

This famous corps, of which the city has always been so justly proud, came prominently into notice during the Astor Place riots. As the military was composed of citizens taken from the banks, stores, shops, and places of mechanical toil, people regarded the troops rather as holiday soldiers than men organized for sanguinary conflicts. Within the lifetime of the generation that organized the riot, the troops had never come in contact with the citizens. It was not believed that they would fire on their friends if ordered so to do, and the threats to call out the military were received with derision. If called out, it was presumed that they would fraternize with the people. The friends of Macready, the English actor, and of Forrest, had succeeded in creating a high state of excitement about these two men. Clinton Hall was then an opera house. Macready had an engagement, and was to appear in that place. A riot ensued. The Seventh Regiment was called out to quell it. They marched to their position, and, in obedience to orders, they fired on the mob. From that moment they took their high place in the confidence of our citizens as the conservators of peace, which position they have never lost. Their discipline, soldierly bearing, full ranks, and splendid marching, have been the theme of universal praise. On the first visit of the corps to Boston, the Bostonians received with much allowance the eulogiums on this fine corps. On reaching the city, an immense concourse greeted the regiment at the station, and followed it to the Common, where thousands of

citizens were gathered to look on the soldiers, the boast of New York. The regiment formed in line on the great mall. The mighty concourse were hushed to silence, as not an order was given. The regiment stood in exact line, like statues. Soon the clear, ringing tones of the commander shouted out the command, "Order — arms!" Down came every gun, as if moved by machinery. Boston was satisfied. Shouts, bravoos, and clapping of hands rent the air. With the second order, "Parade — rest!" the regiment was nearly swallowed up alive.

MAYOR WOOD'S RIOT.

On the formation of the Metropolitan Police, with Simeon Draper at its head, Mayor Wood organized an armed resistance to the force. He shut himself up in the City Hall, closed the iron gates, and filled the inside of the hall with the old police, with Matsell at its head, gave orders to resist unto blood, and to admit no one. Recorder Smith had issued warrants for the arrest of the mayor, and the new police, under Captain Carpenter, were ordered to serve the warrants. The Park contained not less than thirty thousand men, the larger part of whom were friends of Wood, and were resolved to sustain him in his resistance to the new order of things. Wood's police were armed with clubs and revolvers, with orders to use both if it was necessary to resist an entrance into the City Hall. The location of the new commissioners was in White Street, and their friends were assembled in full force around their quarters, as Wood's friends were assembled in the Park. The day before, General Sanford had served

a warrant on Mr. Wood, and the understanding was that all warrants from the new commission should be served through the commandant of the First Division. Under the notion of vindicating the law, two additional warrants were issued, which the commissioners resolved to have served on Wood by their own men. The attempt would have been madness. The officers would never have reached the City Hall steps. They would have been pounded to jelly by the maddened men who filled the Park, who were yelling, screaming, shouting, frenzied with excitement and bad whiskey, and cheering for "Fernandy Wud."

General Sanford had fifteen thousand men under arms. His cannon commanded both White Street and the City Park. He went to the commissioners in White Street, and reminded them of the agreement that all warrants should be served through him; that if the new police undertook to serve papers, they not only would be destroyed, but that the lives of a thousand men would be taken before peace could be restored. "Better a thousand lives lost, than that the dignity of the law be not upheld," said the commissioners. "Perhaps so," replied the general, "if you and I are not among the slain."

AN EPISODE.

While these scenes were being transacted with the new commissioners, an interesting episode occurred, in which the Seventh Regiment bore an important part. That regiment had accepted an invitation to accompany Governor King to Boston, and participate in the celebration of the battle of Bunker Hill. March-

ing down Broadway to embark, the regiment was ordered to halt in front of the City Hall to aid General Sanford in serving a warrant on Mayor Wood. The general entered the City Hall in company with the sheriff, served the warrant, and left the mayor in charge of that officer. Supposing the difficulty was over, the regiment were allowed to embark for Boston. Considering that their dignity had been lowered by the aid General Sanford rendered, the commissioners the next day got out two additional warrants (to which allusion has been made), which they were resolved the civil force should serve. General Sanford told the Commissioners that they could not serve them, and that he should not allow them to be served. "And how can you prevent it?" said the commissioners. "I have cannon in the streets, and troops under my command, and I shall use both if it is necessary. I will not allow the peace of the city to be broken." "Well," said the commissioners, "we'll have a force here very soon who will protect us, and authority that will outrank you." Taking the hint, General Sanford went to the telegraph office, and sent a telegram to the colonel of the Seventh Regiment, to the purport, "Stay where you are; finish your visit. You are not needed in New York."

Previous to this a telegram had been sent to Governor King, signed by the new commissioners, to which was added the name of the brigadier general of the First Division. The purport was, "Return immediately, and bring with you the Seventh Regiment." Governor King received the telegram just as he arose to make a speech under the marquée on Bunker Hill. He sup-

posed New York was in the hands of rioters. He had no doubt but that General Sanford was killed, as his name was not on the telegram, while that of a subordinate officer was. Greatly excited, Governor King left the tent, gave orders for the immediate return of the Seventh Regiment, took the noon train, and reached New York at eleven at night. The regiment immediately marched out, and descended the hill on their way home. At the foot of Bunker Hill they were met by General Sanford's order, countermarched, and went back to their festivities.

THE FINALE.

After assuring the commissioners that they would not be allowed to attempt to serve the warrants, General Sanford took Captain Carpenter and Captain Leonard by the arm, and walked up to the City Hall. Wood had not resisted the sheriff. He recognized General Sanford's authority ; but he said he would not have a warrant served on him while he was alive by any member of the new police force. The crowd was so dense in the Park that a lane had to be made for the officers, and they went single file up to the iron gates. Matsell was in charge. General Sanford announced his coming, who his companions were, and what their business was. They had come from the Police Commission to serve warrants on Mayor Wood. The general ordered the gates to be opened, or he should batter them down with his cannon. Matsell reported the order to Mayor Wood, and he ordered the gates to be opened and the gentlemen admitted. They found the mayor in his private office, attended by his

counsel, Judge Dean. He was as bland as a summer's morning, was very glad to see his friends, had the warrants examined by his counsel, who pronounced them all right; and, though he had said he would resist unto death, he was very tame in his submission. The mayor was ordered to send away the police force from the City Hall, which he immediately did. This being done, the gates of the City Hall were thrown back, and the crowd quietly dispersed. Governor King sought an interview afterwards with General Sanford, and thanked him for his wise measures in preserving the peace of the city. The July riots transpired during the absence of the military from the state. Had the city troops not been in Pennsylvania, that flagrant outrage would not have been attempted.

FIRST DIVISION AND THE WAR.

Every regiment in the First Division, through its colonel, offered its services to defend the capital when it was supposed to be in danger. The Seventh Regiment was the first to march out of the city. It was immediately joined by the leading regiments, who remained in the field as long as their services were needed. Over one hundred thousand men went from this city to the support of our flag during the war. Nine thousand men at one time have been in the field in connection with the First Division. Three thousand seven hundred and eighty officers were in the conflict who had belonged to the First Division of our city troops. They were in command of regiments raised in all parts of the country.

PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTION.

It has been usual for the First Division to tender a reception to the President of the United States on his first official visit to New York. This has been done since the days of General Jackson. On his way to the tomb of Douglas, President Johnson passed through New York. The First Division tendered him the usual escort. The courtesy gave great offence to many of our citizens, and shortly after General Sanford was removed, as his friends say, for tendering the escort to President Johnson and his suite. The division has never been political, and never can be while it retains its efficiency as a military organization.

THE PARADES.

There is no public recreation afforded to our citizens that gives such genuine and general pleasure as the parade of the division. Thirteen thousand men under arms, handsomely uniformed and equipped, with banners, music, and display, are an attractive sight. Broadway is cleared. The city for miles sends its tribute to the pavement. Thousands look on the pleasant sight, and the troops are cheered through the whole line. There is in no part of the world so fine a volunteer corps. When it was proposed to send the Seventh Regiment of New York to the Exhibition at Paris, as a specimen of our volunteer military, the idea was derided. France, it was said, is a nation of soldiers, and we would simply make ourselves ridiculous in sending young men from the warehouse, the office, and from trade, dressed up in uniform, as a specimen of American

soldiers. The crowned heads of Europe would laugh at our raw troops, when compared with the standing armies of the Old World. But the Seventh Regiment would have created a sensation in Paris. With the exception of the Imperial Guard of France, there are no such soldiers in England or France. The men in the British army are very small. The government has been obliged to lower the standard of size to get men to serve at all. The soldiers in the French army look stunted. The nation seems to have been swept to put dwarfs in uniform. In discipline, military drill, precision, and soldierly movements, neither the French nor English soldiers will compare with our first-class regiments. I do not refer to the Imperial Guard who attend on the Emperor's person, which is the finest body of men I ever saw. The First Division embraces the most vigorous, liberal, and noble-hearted of our citizens. Smart, energetic men, whether merchant or mechanic, with shrewd and successful young men, are found in the National Guard. Whatever they undertake is a success. A concert, a fair, a testimonial, or a lecture, if they take hold of it, is sure to succeed. If any one wants aid or assistance, and can enlist the sympathies of the military, money is poured out like water. Our citizen soldiery are the great conservative element of our community, the guardians of law, and the true bond of unity between the different sections of our country.

LXIX.

HON. JOHN KETTELAS HACKETT,
RECORDER OF NEW YORK.

THE RECORDER'S COURT. — RECORDER HACKETT. — THE RECORDER ON THE
BENCH. — SENTENCING CRIMINALS. — COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS.

RECORDER'S COURT.

THIS court is coeval with the city. It was borrowed from the English. The recorder of London was a dignitary of great consequence, and the lord mayor's special adviser. The most honored and the wisest magistrates were assigned to this position. In New York the court has cognizance of criminal offences, from felony to capital crimes. The city judge is the assistant of the recorder, and presides alternately with him. The room in which the court is held is small, but pleasant. It is crowded during the sessions of the court with jurymen, lawyers, witnesses, friends of the accused, eminent men, and with rogues and thieves of all degrees. On the left of the recorder, below the jurymen, huddled together in a row, are from fifty to a hundred of the most desperate criminals, thieves, and pickpockets that can be found in the city. They are well known to the judge and to the police. They like

the excitement of a criminal trial. They take an interest in their friends who are before the court. They study criminal law. They learn how the prosecution can be broken down. They learn the sharp practice of the law, and when to plead guilty to a small offence to escape conviction of a heavier penalty. They are very sharp in committing crime, and adroit in escaping punishment. They express their gratification when one of their friends escapes in a very audible manner, not always heeding the gavel of the judge who raps to order.

RECORDER HACKETT.

He is the son of the world-renowned Shakespearian actor, James H. Hackett. His grandfather was a native of Holland. He is a Knickerbocker, as have been almost all of the recorders. He held a front rank among the advocates at the New York bar. For several years he was associated with the corporation counsel in the trial of municipal cases. He is a splendid specimen of a man, over six feet high, and of graceful and robust proportions, with a full, powerful frame, a clear blue eye, and a voice sonorous and very musical. He commands the respect of all who have business at his court. He is bland in manner, but very decided and firm. He has the reputation of being severe in his sentences, but he is so tender and humane in pronouncing them, and so eminently just, that he secures the respect of all. He is a perfect gentleman on the bench, courteous and affable, as much so to the poorest prisoner as to the counsel that defends him. The best criminal lawyers practise before the recorder. Wealthy

clients demand the leading talent; pettifoggers and Tombs lawyers also address his honor. But they are put on their best behavior. If they deceive, resort to any tricks, are guilty of misrepresentation, they are turned out of court. Policy keeps them respectable and honest before the recorder.

THE RECORDER ON THE BENCH.

Promptly on the hour the recorder takes his seat, raps with his gavel, and calls to order. He dresses elegantly and in fine taste. In personal appearance he well becomes his station. One of the institutions of this court is the clerk, Mr. Henry Vandervoort. He is tall, slim, very courteous in his manner, and kind towards the prisoners at the bar. He is sixty years of age, but would not be taken for more than forty. He has been thirty-five years the clerk of this court. His long connection with desperate men has not hardened his spirit nor chilled his courtesy. He is an encyclopædia of criminal law. To the recorder he is invaluable. He knows all the trials, statutes, penalties, precedents, and authorities needed for every occasion.

SENTENCING CRIMINALS.

The day for pronouncing sentence is one of great interest. Testimony that cannot be legally produced on the trial is heard in mitigation of the penalty. The patience, kind-heartedness, and courtesy of the recorder here come into full play. The position of the judge is one of great delicacy. While he gives the criminal the benefit of a doubt in every case, he must take care that clemency does not interfere with justice. He

deals with the most desperate men and women. Before his eyes roguery is daily committed. Liars combine to clear the guilty. Every artifice is resorted to to excite sympathy. Sick women, who have no connection with the case, are brought into court to work on the feelings of the judge. Pretended mothers and sisters cry and snifle at the bar. Babies are hired for a day in court. All this the recorder knows.

Atrocious criminals plead guilty to a minor offence, or throw themselves on the mercy of the court: such get the full penalty of the law notwithstanding. A prisoner to whom clemency can be shown is sure of a merciful sentence if he pleads guilty. When a heavy penalty is pronounced, it is uttered in the tone of sincere regret, prefixed by the remark, "My duty compels me to sentence you to the full term allowed by the law." The great mass of prisoners in this court are young: from sixteen to thirty. Whether sentenced or discharged they get good advice from the recorder. Frequently citizens of respectability and high standing are brought up for assault and battery, or for breaches of the peace: in such cases respectability and standing avail nothing. "You are old enough to know better than to commit the offence with which you are charged." Some claim a lenient sentence on the ground that they agree politically with his honor. "Prisoner, if you are a Democrat, you ought to know better than to do as you have done. I shall sentence you to the full term allowed by law." In trials or in sentences the recorder is prompt, clear, and brief. His charges embrace only the points in the case that the jury have to consider. No impertinent counsel

rides over him. When a noisy brawler objects to a question, the recorder says, "I shall admit the question. You must appeal." The tone and manner indicate that nothing more need be said.

COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS.

The Court of General Sessions is nearly coeval with the settlement of New York. It was recognized in the Dongan Charter of 1684, in the time of George the Second. It was founded in the time of Charles the Second, when the city was called "The Ancient City of New York." The curious old black letter manuscript in the archives of the New York Historical Society contains the original formation of this court, its oaths, jurisdiction, and privileges. It has coördinate jurisdiction in criminal cases with the Court of Oyer and Terminer, over which presides any justice of the Supreme Court of the state. It has jurisdiction of all crimes committed in the county of New York. Two police magistrates have power to try and sentence all criminals guilty of misdemeanors. The Recorder's Court can try only cases where indictments have been found by the grand jury. The grand jury is a body composed of twenty-three members. They are required by law to appear in open court, and present their indictments through their foreman. All criminals have a right to a trial by jury. If, when arraigned before police magistrates, criminals demand a jury trial, they must be sent up to the Court of Sessions, to be tried before the recorder. No one can spend a day in the Recorder's Court without interest

and profit. By no other officer who represents the city and county is the law better upheld, justice more honorably or humanely administered, and crime more surely punished, than by the recorder of the city New York.

LXX.

REV. DR. SAMUEL OSGOOD, OF THE
CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH.

UNITARIANISM IN NEW YORK. — DR. OSGOOD AS A THEOLOGIAN. — DR. OSGOOD
IN THE PULPIT. — NEW CHURCH.

DR. OSGOOD is a leader among Liberal Christians. He is a representative man. He has been in the ministry over thirty years, and has been settled over the same church in this city for more than eighteen years. He looks scarcely forty. His hair is dark, his step elastic, and for vigor and fervor in the pulpit he is in the prime of his strength. He was installed successor to Rev. Dr. Dewey, in 1849. He took rank at once among our foremost preachers. He early identified himself with the cause of education, and has felt especial interest in the commercial and religious welfare of the city. He is one of the best platform speakers in the land. He prepares his sermons with great care, leaves his manuscript in his study, and brings to his pulpit the freshness of extemporaneous speaking and the accuracy of a written discourse. He is moderate in his views, and is more of an eclectic than a partisan. He is a genial and intelligent companion, a man of

catholic spirit, and blends himself thoroughly with the humanities of the age.

UNITARIANISM IN NEW YORK.

There has always been a great deal of what usually passes as Liberal religion in New York. But most of it was outside of church organizations, and known as free-thinking in the olden time. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the present Liberal Christian body had no open representatives here except a small society of Universalists, who held orthodox doctrines in almost all points, except of final universal salvation. The liberals themselves, who held Christian usages, were generally scattered through the leading churches. The ultra churches, who quarrelled with all revelation, met in clubs and conventicles of infidels.

The first Unitarian preaching was given by Dr. Channing, April 25, 1819, in the Medical College, Barclay Street. This was followed by regular worship in a hall on the corner of Broadway and Reade Street. The first Congregational Church, as such, was incorporated on the 19th November, 1819. It laid the corner stone of its edifice in Chambers Street, April 29, 1820. Edward Everett preached the dedication sermon, January 20, 1821. Rev. William Ware was ordained pastor, December 18, 1821. On November 24, 1825, he laid the corner stone of the second Unitarian Church, on the corner of Prince and Mercer Streets. Over the second church Rev. William P. Lunt was ordained, June 19, 1828. Mr. Lunt was succeeded by Rev. Dr. Dewey in 1834. The second church edifice was destroyed by fire in 1837. In 1839 the congregation dedicated

the new Church of the Messiah, on Broadway, opposite Waverley Place. Dr. Osgood succeeded Dr. Dewey in 1849. Rev. Henry W. Bellows succeeded Mr. Ware in the first church, January 4, 1839, and removed to the new edifice, the Church of the Divine Unity, on Broadway, in 1845, and removed to All Souls Church, where Dr. Bellows now ministers. The third Unitarian Church, under Rev. O. B. Frothingham, was erected on Fortieth Street within a few years, after he had preached some time in a hall. He represents the more radical portion of the Unitarian body, while Dr. Bellows represents more the old denominational faith.

DR. OSGOOD AS A THEOLOGIAN.

While Dr. Osgood represents the Unitarian faith, as held by Channing and his associates, he has perhaps more of what is called the Broad Church spirit, and is less inclined to sectarian aggression, having always retained much of the moderate temper of his early pastor and teacher, President Walker. He is on friendly terms with our leading clergy of other denominations, and has exchanged with Methodist and Universalist ministers.

Dr. Osgood was born in the town of Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1812. In August, 1837, he was ordained over the Congregational Church in Nashua, New Hampshire. He had there a very successful ministry. He was called to the Westminster Church, at Providence, Rhode Island; whence he removed to the Church of the Messiah in this city. As a writer he has been prominent. He holds a ready pen, and writes with great force and elegance. In 1836 he edited the

Western Messenger, at Louisville, Kentucky. From 1850 to 1852 he edited the Christian Inquirer, in this city. He has been a very valuable contributor to the Christian Examiner, and to the Bibliotheca, and other quarterlies. His autobiography, entitled, "Mile Stones on Life's Journey," has had a very wide circulation. In 1858, before the students of Meadville Seminary, he gave his celebrated oration on the "Coming Church and its Clergy." In 1860, on the inauguration of President Felton, he gave the oration before the Alumni at Harvard. He was the preacher before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery at their two hundred and twenty-ninth anniversary in Boston. His theme, "The Old Line of Manhood, and the New," was handled with masterly ability. He also published a volume of essays, and many discourses and papers. For eighteen years he has written a series of vacation letters in the summer, from Plainfield, Connecticut, where he has a beautiful estate, which is made to combine literature and religion with landscape and art.

Dr. Osgood is somewhat of a Churchman in his feelings. He has an evening service, with chants and responses, much like the old church vespers. He has never, however, read prayer, except in the Sunday school and in certain ordinances. He keeps up the old Puritan usage of free prayer. This movement for a more responsive service, that he favors, has now widely extended itself. The American Unitarian Association are now publishing an extensive hymn book and liturgy in one volume. Dr. Osgood is very laborious in his parish. His pastoral visits are numerous. He preaches twice on the Sabbath, gives an address to the

Sunday school every Sunday afternoon, and conducts a large Bible class. His theology is very much of the liberal evangelical school of Germany. The late Richard Rothe is his favorite author.

DR. OSGOOD IN THE PULPIT.

He wears the silk gown without the bands. He comes in from his vestry, and assumes his duties with great reverence, answering well Cowper's description of the pastor, who, conscious of his awful charge, is anxious mainly that the flock he feeds should feel it too. In his preaching he dwells much on the divine nature of Christ, and presents the gospel less as a system of ethics, and more as a communication of divine life, than is common with Unitarian preachers. In his mind Jesus Christ is the actual Mediator between God and man, not only by the historical world, but by the perpetual spirit, and in him we find our true union to the Father. He keeps affectionate and fraternal relations with the Unitarian body, and takes the name, but never calls himself anti-Trinitarian. His Unitarianism consists in affirming the spirits of God, and his unwillingness to ascribe to them any plurality of persons, while he accepts the great manifestation of the one God, as Father, Son, and Spirit. He quotes with favor Dr. Dorner's definition of the Godhead, which affirms that "God is one absolute personality in three modes of being." He showed his Broad Church affinities by putting a volume of S. W. Robertson's sermons with one of Dr. Channing's under the corner stone of his new church.

He has always taken a decided patriotic stand in the

pulpit. Although not a preacher of party politics, when the war broke out he had the children of the Sunday school sing the Star-spangled Banner on the church steps while the flag was hoisted upon the church tower. He has always held Dr. Channing's anti-slavery views, and affirmed the wrong of slavery, yet deprecated insurrection and bloodshed on the part of agitators, until the slave power made war upon our northern freedom. Since the war he has favored kindly yet decided measures of reconstruction, such as shall secure the liberty of the freedman, and in due time restore all the seceding states. In his Thanksgiving sermon, November 28, 1867, he urged the people to repeat the administration of Washington, and call to the chair of Washington the bold and sagacious soldier who had borne the sword and upheld the flag of the father of his country.

Dr. Osgood mingles freely in social affairs, especially literary and public, and speaks often in their behalf. He is an impressive speaker, and secures rapt attention, whether in the pulpit or on the platform. He has practised extempore speaking from his boyhood, and is master of the art.

THE NEW CHURCH.

In 1849, when Dr. Osgood took charge of the Church of the Messiah, it was located far up town. It was surrounded entirely with magnificent dwellings, and was in the aristocratic part of our city. Nearly all the wealthy and eminent men lived in that neighborhood. A volcanic eruption would not have devastated that portion of the city more thoroughly, as far as dwellings are concerned, than have trade, hotels, and boarding-

houses. The Church of the Messiah was emptied. It was simply a question whether the pastor should follow his flock or abandon his ministry. Eligible lots were obtained on Fourth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. On it the society has erected a church, which, for solidity, elegance, and completeness, has not been exceeded by any church edifice in New York. It is in the Rhenish style, and Byzantine Gothic. It is very churchly. The pulpit is unique, and embodies the altar and the cross. Every portion of the church is symbolical of the Messiah. His words are engraven on the arches and placed on the capitals. The portico is in a style of peculiar richness, and is adorned from designs wholly original, and taken from nature, expressive of charity, piety, beneficence, innocence, and love. The huge cross of stone which is placed on the side of the building, running from the wall beyond the eaves, is a very impressive symbol. The house will seat about twelve hundred, and cost about two hundred thousand dollars. The congregation is one of the richest in New York. Dr. Osgood's taste would lead to a less sumptuous edifice. But his people feel that they are entitled to one of the best houses of worship in the land, and so the present costly structure takes its place among the public religious institutions of New York.

LXXI.

BISHOP ONDERDONK.

WHEN I first became acquainted with Bishop Onderdonk, he was under the ban of his peers. He had been tried for alleged immoralities, and suspended as a bishop and as a priest. He was not allowed to officiate or to preach. He was decidedly the ablest man that has ruled the see of New York for many generations. In personal appearance he resembled Napoleon the First, of which fact he was quite proud. He was elevated to his position as bishop from the honorable post of assistant minister to Trinity. He assumed the mitre in troublesome times. What is now known as Ritualism was making havoc in the church — candles were placed on the altar in the day time ; worshippers bowed at the name of the Savior ; the priest turned his back on the congregation, and preached in the white surplice rather than in the black gown. Symbols of popery, as they were called, were introduced into many churches. Over these innovations Bishop Onderdonk threw the protection of his official position. The hot contest culminated in the ordination of Andrew Carey. His church notions were so extreme that he was accounted more of a Catholic than a Protestant. Against the

protest of many presbyters and laymen, the bishop decided to ordain Mr. Carey. While the services were in progress, two rectors, belonging to this city, left their pews, and walked up the aisles to the chancel, and openly protested against the admission of Carey into the church by ordination. This public protest created the wildest excitement in the congregation. The bishop pronounced the objections frivolous, and proceeded with the service. His friends declare that the persecutions which ended in his suspension originated with the Carey ordination.

Besides being High Church, Bishop Onderdonk had great executive ability, and ruled the diocese, it is said, with an iron hand. In the midst of the excitement created by the Carey ordination, the Episcopal Convention of the state came together. It was composed of churchmen high and low. The session was one long to be remembered. Men were too heated and excited for calm discussion. The bishop's rulings were sharp, and on more than one instance he shut off debate, as some thought, unfairly. Judge Duer, of the Superior Court, was in that convention. He was one of the ablest judges in the state, and a very influential member of the Episcopal Church. He was not friendly to the bishop, and the bishop knew it. He arose to address the convention. The bishop refused to hear him, and ordered him to his seat. He was not accustomed to such peremptory commands, and he insisted upon his right to the floor. The bishop thundered out, "Sit down, sir! sit down!" To this imperious command the judge submitted. The convention was greatly excited, and all knew the matter would not end there.

Within a year from that hour the bishop was silenced, and the ban was never removed.

The diocese of New York always believed their bishop to be a martyr. Had their voice been heeded, he would never have been silenced. To the day of his death he was their bishop, and he was *de facto* the bishop of New York. He lived in the Episcopal residence. His salary was paid by the standing committee, and paid first, before the assistant bishop could draw his pay.

The bishop regarded his trial and sentence as a punishment for his official acts, which he performed in good conscience. He thought the sentence unjust, but bowed to it with great meekness. During the long term of his suspension, the quiet and patient spirit that he exhibited — under what he conceived to be his wrongs — won the admiration of strangers, though it failed to touch the hearts of his brethren. The bitterness of his foes followed him to the tomb. On receiving his sentence, he withdrew at once from public gaze and from public life. He selected Dr. Seabury's church as his home, for the doctor had been his life-long friend. In this church Carey had been ordained, and was made assistant minister. All the honors and attentions that could be lavished upon the bishop by the Church of the Annunciation were paid to him. He attended the daily service of the church as well as the Sunday. It was a touching sight on communion days to see this aged man leave his pew alone, and lead in the communion, as became his rank, — his form, bent with sorrow rather than age, his step slow and

heavy, as if pressed down with some great grief, — and so kneel alone at the altar to receive the bread and wine.

After his suspension he seldom left his house, except to attend church. He withdrew from all social and ecclesiastical gatherings; received individuals who called upon him, but entertained no company. He seldom rode or walked in public. On the death of Bishop Wainwright, great efforts were made to restore the bishop. The House of Bishops refused the request, on the ground that the bishop not being penitent, he could not be forgiven. He replied that, having committed no wrong, he could not confess what he had not done. He was the wronged man, and had borne the injustice for fifteen years without complaint. His peers judged him guilty of contumely, and refused to lift the sentence. After the election of Bishop Potter, satisfied that there was no hope that the ban would be removed during life, he sank rapidly, and was soon borne to his burial. Few men have such a burial. His funeral was attended by an immense throng. The highest honors of the church were lavished upon his memory. His life-long friend, Dr. Seabury, preached a funeral sermon — which was more a eulogy than a sermon — from the felicitous text, "He was a burning and a shining light, and ye were willing for a season to rejoice in that light." He was the beloved bishop of Trinity Church. They caused to be erected to his memory a costly memorial in marble, which adorns the Episcopal Ca-

thedral. With a delicate chisel the artist has represented a deadly serpent darting his venomous fangs at the bishop,—a symbol of the calumny that drove him from his throne, and pursued him till he was laid away in his tomb.

LXXII.

AARON BURR AND HIS DUEL.

THE romance of Aaron Burr, by Parton, conveys about as correct an idea of the man as the likeness in the front of the book does of his personal appearance. Those who wish to know how Aaron Burr really looked will find a likeness of him in the State Library at Albany. It presents to the eye the features, expression, and general appearance of Burr; such as we should expect from his well-known character. At the time of his death, Hamilton resided in Park Place, near Broadway. Burr resided at Richmond Hill,—an eminence that could be distinctly seen from Broadway near Prince. It has since been levelled, and the lots on Charlton Street and Varick occupy the site where Burr's house stood. It was a country residence, and Burr rode in his own carriage to his office. He was very civil to all parties, and was on good terms with the boys in the neighborhood, who opened and shut his gate for him as he rode in and out. Sometimes he would throw them a few pence as a reward. One who knew Burr well, played on his grounds by his permission, opened and shut his gate, held his horse, and performed other boyish service, is now a man,

and one of the most respected members of the Dutch Church. He says that he saw Burr daily for some time before he fought the duel in which Hamilton fell. His conduct was so strange as to attract attention. Daily Burr visited a part of his grounds, pistol in hand. Walking among the trees, he would pace off a given distance, mutter something to himself, turn, and fire at a tree. He was practising for his duel. After the death of General Hamilton, this fact being known, it deepened the belief that Burr intended to kill Hamilton. It intensified the indignation against him, and made New York too hot to hold him.

There are few memorials of Burr remaining in this city. The Manhattan Bank — one of the strongest and most profitable, a close corporation with a perpetual charter, which asks no favors, which has never suspended specie payment — is a monument of Burr's adroitness and perfidy. He carried the charter through the legislature, and gained for the bank one of the most valuable franchises ever granted by the state; and he did it by the insertion of a single clause which hid the real purpose of the charter.

Almost side by side, in the vicinity of Central Park, stand the country seat of Hamilton and the later residence of Burr. On a commanding eminence stands the mansion of Mme. Jumel. At the age of seventy-eight Burr wooed and won the wealthy widow. In her mansion he passed a brief honeymoon; squandered her fortune; made her jealous by his gallantries; quarrelled with her, and left her, never to return. He closed his eventful life on Staten Island. He lay sick, helpless, and deserted. But for the woman with whom

his connections were equivocal, who had compassion upon him, and rescued him from want, his end would have been miserable indeed. Old, destitute, and forsaken, he would have died without a friend. Just before he closed his eyes, Burr said of her, "You can say, '*She gave the old man a home when nobody else would!*'"

LXXIII.

REV. DR. JOHN DOWLING OF THE
BAPTIST CHURCH.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH. — REV. DR. DOWLING. — HIS EARLY LIFE. — IN NEW
YORK. — PERSONAL.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

As early as 1709, persons holding Baptist views met for worship in New York. At that time a Rev. Mr. Wickendon preached in a private house. He was arrested by the authorities, ostensibly for preaching without a license from the crown, but really for attacking infant baptism and the unholy connection of church and state. He was confined in prison three months. In 1745 a meeting of Baptists was held in a private house, and Rev. Mr. Miller baptized a few converts. The ordinance of baptism was administered in the night, through fear of a mob. Both the preaching and ordinances of the Baptists were attended with much peril. Considering it cowardly to immerse in the night, the little company appealed to the governor for protection. He not only granted it, but attended the ordinance, and stated his conviction that "immersion was the ancient mode." In June, 1762, the

First Baptist Church was recognized. Rev. John Gano was chosen pastor. He held that position, with great acceptance, for twenty-six years. From so feeble a beginning the large number of Baptist churches in New York had their origin.

REV. DR. DOWLING.

For nearly a quarter of a century, Dr. Dowling has been pastor of the Berean Baptist Church. He is a man of commanding stature, of imposing personal appearance, and is head and shoulders taller than his brethren. He is one of the best pulpit orators in the denomination. He has a fine head, a voice strong and melodious, an impressive earnestness of manner that fixes attention, with a great flow of language. He draws large congregations wherever he preaches. His church, over which he has so long been a pastor, is situated in one of the most undesirable locations in New York; yet his house is always full, and his Sunday school is one of the best. He prepares his sermons with great care, but does not read them. Great revivals have attended his ministry wherever he has been settled. He is a laborious student. There are peculiar freshness and vigor about his performances. Few men have written as much or as elaborately as Dr. Dowling. During the rage of Millerism, in 1843, he wrote one of the most popular and able books against that delusion. His defence of the Protestant Scriptures, which was very favorably reviewed, had a wide circulation. His great work on the History of Romanism is a monument of industry and learning — a mine of wealth, and perfectly exhaustive of the subject.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

Dr. Dowling was born on the sea-coast of Sussex, England, in May, 1807. His home was near the spot where William the Conqueror landed, and where he, in his celebrated battle of Hastings, drove the last Saxon king from the English throne. His parents were devout members of the Established Church. He was converted at sixteen, and accounting his infant baptism of no avail, he sought baptism by immersion at the hands of Rev. Joseph Ivirney, and united with the Eagle Street Baptist Church, London. He commenced preaching Christ in and around the city, and frequently in Baptist pulpits.

IN NEW YORK.

Dr. Dowling came to this country in 1832. He was ordained to the Baptist ministry on the Hudson River. Soon after, he removed to Newport, and preached to the Second Baptist Church with great success. In 1839 he became pastor of the Pine Street Baptist Church, Providence, where his ministry was attended by extensive and powerful revivals. In 1844 he was called to his present charge, where he has labored with great results, with the exception of a few years which he spent with the Sansom Street Church in Philadelphia. He was recalled to his old charge with great unanimity, and has continued a vigorous congregation from 1856 to the present time.

PERSONAL.

Besides the works referred to, of a controversial character, Dr. Dowling has published a large number of devotional and literary works, with occasional sermons

and addresses. His "Judson Offering," written mainly by himself, had a large circulation. His "Power of Illustration, as an Element of Success in Preaching and Teaching," is a text-book, and one of the most popular in the language; while his "Night and Morning, or Words of Comfort to those who are Sowing in Tears," has been blessed to thousands in seasons of revivals. Dr. Dowling is a man of catholic spirit, and a warm and genial friend. He exhibits in his own preaching the element of illustration as an element of success. His theme is the Cross, and he allows nothing to intervene between the Savior and the sinner. He is earnest in delivery, impressive, interesting, and diversified in his manner of presenting divine truth. The fruits are seen in his long and successful pastorate.

LXXIV.

PHINEAS TAYLOR BARNUM.

HIS EARLY CAREER. — MR. BARNUM AS A PUBLIC CATERER. — THE THEORY OF SUCCESS. — REVERSES. — PERSONAL. — FAILURE AND SUCCESS.

MR. BARNUM is one of our most remarkable men. He is a resident of the city of New York. He lives among the millionnaires, in a costly brown-stone house on Fifth Avenue, corner of Thirty-ninth Street, and is a millionaire himself. He has retired from the details of active life, though he has the controlling interest in the Barnum and Van Amburgh Museum. He has made and lost several fortunes, but in the evening of his life he is in possession of wealth, which he expends with great liberality and a genial hospitality. He is fifty-seven years of age, of temperate habits and prudent life, which insure him many years more of vigorous manhood.

HIS EARLY CAREER.

He was born in Bethel, Connecticut, and was trained in a village tavern kept by his father. He had a hopeful, buoyant disposition, and was distinguished by his irrepressible love of fun. At the age of thirteen he began life for himself, and married when he was nineteen. As editor of the Herald of Freedom he obtained

a world-wide notoriety. The sheet was distinguished for its pith and vigor. Owing to some sharp comments on officials, Mr. Barnum was incarcerated in jail, as his friends thought, unjustly. On the day of his liberation, his friends assembled in great force, with carriages, bands of music, and banners, and escorted him in triumph to his home.

MR. BARNUM AS A PUBLIC CATERER.

Mr. Barnum's first appearance as an exhibitor was in connection with an old negress named Joyce Heth, the alleged nurse of George Washington. His next attempt was to obtain possession of Scudder's American Museum. Barnum had not five dollars in the world. He did not pay one dollar down. The concern was little better than a corpse ready for burial. Yet he bound himself by terms fearfully stringent, and met all the conditions as they matured. He secured the person of Charles S. Stratton, the celebrated dwarf, known as General Tom Thumb, and exhibited him with astounding success. He secured the services of Jenny Lind, binding himself to pay her a thousand dollars per night for a hundred and fifty nights, assuming all expenses of every kind. The contract proved an immense pecuniary success. From the days of Joyce Heth to the present time Mr. Barnum has always had some speciality connected with his shows, which the world pronounces humbugs, and Mr. Barnum does not deny that they are so. Among these are the Woolly Horse, the Buffalo Hunt, the Ploughing Elephant, the Feejee Mermaid, the What-Is-It, and the Gorilla. But Mr. Barnum claims, that while these special features may not be all

that the public expect, every visitor to his exhibition gets the worth of his money ten times over; that his million curiosities and monstrosities, giants and dwarfs, his menagerie and dramatic entertainments, present a diversified and immense amount of amusement that cannot be secured anywhere else. A large-sized baboon has been recently on exhibition at the Museum. It was advertised as a living gorilla, the only specimen ever brought to this country. Mr. Barnum's agents succeeded in hoodwinking the press to such a degree that the respectable dailies described the ferocity of this formidable gorilla, whose rage was represented to be so intense, and his strength so fearful, that he came near tearing the persons in pieces who had brought him from the ship to the Museum. Barnum had not seen the animal, and when he read the account in the Post he was very much excited, and wrote immediately to his men to be very careful that no one was harmed. The baboon was about as ferocious as a small-sized kitten. The story did its work, and crowds came to see the wonderful beast. Among others a professor came from the Smithsonian Institute. He examined the animal, and then desired to see Mr. Barnum. He informed the proprietor that he had read the wonderful accounts of the gorilla, and had come to see him. "He is a very fine specimen of a baboon," said the professor, "but he is no gorilla." "What's the reason that he is not a gorilla?" said Barnum. The professor replied, that gorillas had no tail. "I know," said the showman, "that ordinary gorillas have no tails, but mine has, and that makes the specimen more remarkable." The audacity of the reply completely overwhelmed the

professor, and he retired without a word, leaving Mr. Barnum in possession of the field.

THE THEORY OF SUCCESS.

Mr. Barnum's rule has been to give all who patronize him the worth of their money, without being particular as to the means by which he attracts the crowd to his exhibitions. He justifies his little deceit in securing the visitor a greater amount of pleasure than he bargained for. Thus Warren sent an agent to Egypt to write on the Pyramids, in huge letters, "Buy Warren's Blacking." He knew the whole world would be indignant, but they would buy his blacking. When Genin, the hatter, gave two hundred and twenty-five dollars for the Jenny Lind ticket, all the world knew that Genin sold hats in New York. Barnum offered the Atlantic Telegraph Company five thousand dollars for the privilege of sending the first twenty words over to his Museum. The notoriety would be worth more than that sum. Leonard Gossling came out as Mons. Gossling, with French blacking. He drove a fine carriage through New York, drawn by a splendid span of blood bays, with "Gossling's Blacking" emblazoned in gold letters on it. Gossling drove the team, attended by a band of music. Jim Crow Rice introduced the blacking into Bowery Theatre, and was paid for singing an original blacking ditty. As Warren's blacking was good, as Genin's hats were first-class, and Gossling's blacking an excellent article, and they never befooled the public to its injury, no harm was done. On this principle Mr. Barnum has catered to public amusement for over thirty years. He has gotten up baby-shows,

poultry-shows, and dog-shows. He has ransacked creation for curiosities, and all the world has contributed to the novelty and value of his Museum.

REVERSES.

It has not been all sunshine with Mr. Barnum. His imposing villa at Bridgeport was burned to the ground. Anxious to build up East Bridgeport, he became responsible to a manufacturing company, and his fortune was swept away in an hour. The citizens of Bridgeport, without distinction of party or sect, assembled and expressed their sympathy with Mr. Barnum in his great embarrassment, and in "his irretrievable ruin," as they thought. But with wonderful sagacity he relieved himself. As a business man he has singular executive force and great capacity, and would have been successful in anything he undertook.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Barnum has held many positions of trust and honor. He was elected president of the Crystal Palace Exhibition in 1854. He was appointed by the governor of Connecticut State Commissioner to the Grand Exposition at Paris. He was elected to represent the town of Fairfield in the legislature of Connecticut in 1865 and 1866. He was defeated for Congress in 1867, owing to the reaction which commenced in Northern States in regard to negro suffrage. Mr. Barnum has been a great friend to the temperance cause, and one of the most racy and eloquent of its advocates. He has a clear, flowing style, full of anecdote and points, which always draws crowds, and secures continued

interest. He lectures for benevolent and philanthropic audiences, giving away the entire proceeds. He was an influential speaker while a member of the legislature, being always distinguished for his practical good sense and sparkling wit. He received a telegram one day while he was speaking, announcing that the Museum was on fire, and that nothing probably would be saved. He laid the telegram on the desk, and finished his speech. He went to New York the next day, and found the Museum a pile of black, smouldering ruins. All that was left was the lease of the land, having eleven years to run. This lease was sold to James Gordon Bennett for two hundred thousand dollars, cash.

FAILURE AND SUCCESS.

Men who regard Mr. Barnum as a charlatan; who attribute his success to what he calls "humbug," "clap-trap," "exaggerated pictures," and "puffing advertisements;" who undertake to imitate him in these questionable performances, will find that the secret of his success does not lie in that direction. A wealthy man, after repeated reverses, he is. Whether he would not have been as rich without the "clap-trap," whether the titles "humbug," and the "prince of humbugs," which were first applied to him by himself as a part of his stock in trade, have not damaged beyond redemption his social status, are questions which I will not stop here to argue. But under all the eccentricity, jugglery, and tomfoolery, there was a business intelligence, tact, energy, indomitable perseverance, shrewdness, and industry, without which all his humbugging would have been exerted in vain. From distributing "Sears's

Bible" he became lessee of the Vauxhall saloon ; thence a writer of advertisements for an amphitheatre, at four dollars a week ; then negotiating, without a dollar, for the Museum, giving the proprietor what he asked, a piece of unencumbered land, as security, a mere morass, kept in the family because it was worthless, and nobody would buy it ; outwitting a corporation who intended to outwit him on the purchase of the Museum over his head ; exhibiting a manufactured mermaid, which he had bought of a Boston showman ; palming off Tom Thumb as eleven years of age, when he was but five ; showing his woolly horse, and exhibiting his wild buffaloes at Hoboken ; — these, and other smart things that Barnum did, are well known to the public. But there are other things which the public do not know. Barnum was thoroughly honest, and he kept his business engagements to the letter. He cheated the proprietor of the Museum in the matter of the security. The impression he left about "Ivy Island" was, that it was a valuable farm in Connecticut, while it was a mere bog. On it he could not have raised five dollars in the New York market, where its value was known. But without that deception he would have lost the Museum, he argues. He kept his business engagement to the letter, as he intended to do, so his deception did not harm. Once in the Museum, he taxed every energy to the utmost to secure success. He adopted the most rigid economy. Finding a hearty coadjutor in his wife, he put his family on a short allowance, and shared himself in the economy of the household. Six hundred dollars a year he allowed for the expenses of his family, and his wife resolutely resolved to reduce that sum to

four hundred dollars. Six months after the purchase of the Museum the owner came into the ticket office at noon. Barnum was eating his frugal dinner, which was spread before him. "Is this the way you eat your dinner?" the proprietor inquired. Barnum said, "I have not eaten a warm dinner since I bought the Museum except on the Sabbath, and I intend never to eat another on a week day until I am out of debt." "Ah! you are safe, and will pay for the Museum before the year is out," replied the owner. In less than a year the Museum was paid for out of the profits of the establishment.

Barnum deceived in regard to the age of Tom Thumb, but his performances were genuine. The mermaid was a cheat, but the show at the Museum presented more for the money than any exhibition in the country. During the whole of his career, Barnum has exhibited a conscientiousness that borders closely on high religious principle. His extravagances were the mere froth of the bottle; the article beneath the foaming cover was genuine and stout. He believed in advertising, but knew well enough that it was money thrown away if he had not something to show. He staked everything he had in the world on his contract with Jenny Lind. He based his expectation of success, not on her voice simply, nor on her reputation as an artist, but her character for extraordinary benevolence and generosity,—these he knew would captivate the American public.

To say that he failed, and lost several fortunes, is only to say that he was human. His confidence in the clock company was extraordinary. It grew out of the

impulses of his generous and confiding nature, and his desire to aid his friends in building up a part of Bridgeport, and make the town prosperous. But the manner in which he relieved himself from these obligations and retrieved his fortune, exhibits the pluck, shrewdness, and business ability of the man. That he was shamefully and wickedly defrauded no one has any question. He did not owe a dollar of personal debt, and he resolved not to pay the clock notes. He considered any strategy fair to elude their payments, and free himself from the pecuniary obligation they imposed. He put all his property out of his hands; sold his Museum — over the left; came to New York, and commenced “keeping boarders.” He lived from hand to mouth; was arrested continually on suits, and brought up before the judges for examination, all which were duly chronicled in the paper. Clock notes were at a discount. It was said that Barnum had gone under so deep that he never would recover. The paper on which his name was placed was considered fit for the wastebasket or the stove. The notes were bought for a song and cancelled. When the last clock note was paid Barnum was himself again.

To relieve a friend, he went into court and offered himself as bail for the sum of five thousand dollars. It was a libel suit. Three of them were pending, and in all of them Mr. Barnum offered himself as security. The lawyer, desiring to imprison the defendant, was both vexed and impertinent. He put the showman through a course of examination. “Mr. Barnum, are you worth fifteen thousand dollars?” “I am,” was the reply. “I desire a list of your property before you

are accepted as further security," the lawyer said. So Barnum began to call off the articles of property that he valued at fifteen thousand dollars, requesting the lawyer to keep an accurate inventory. "One preserved elephant, one thousand dollars; one stuffed monkey-skin, and two gander-skins, good as new — fifteen dollars for the lot." Starting to his feet in indignation, the lawyer cried out, "Mr. Barnum, what are you doing?" "I am giving you an inventory of my Museum. It contains only fifty thousand different articles, which I intend to call off, and which I wish you to take down." The limb of the law appealed to the court. Judge Ulshoeffer decided that if the lawyer was unwilling to take Mr. Barnum's affidavit to his responsibility he must go on with the catalogue. The lawyer decided to take him for bail without a further bill of particulars.

There are no better rules for business success than those laid down by Mr. Barnum, which have guided his own course. Among them are these: "Select the kind of business suited to your inclination and temperament; let your pledged word ever be sacred; whatever you do, do with all your might; use no description of intoxicating drinks; let hope predominate, but do not be visionary; pursue one thing at a time, but do not scatter your powers; engage proper assistance; advertise your business; live within your income, if you almost starve; depend upon yourself, and not upon others."

Besides his town residence, he has a superb estate in Fairfield, Connecticut, which is called Lindencroft. Here he dispenses an elegant hospitality, and dwells in the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens in his native state. His business success has hardly a

parallel. The revenue books of the city reveal the fact that the Museum receipts for 1867 were considerably over four hundred thousand dollars, being far more than those of any other place of amusement in America, with only one exception. The doors were open from sunrise till ten P. M. A constant stream of visitors passed in and out all day. Country visitors, with valise in hand, visited the Museum from sunrise till the business hours commenced. Thousands made their inspection of this gallery of curiosities before they took breakfast or visited a hotel.

LXXV.

ROBERT BONNER AND THE NEW
YORK LEDGER.

HIS EARLY CAREER. — REMOVAL TO NEW YORK. — AN UPWARD STEP. — OWNS
THE LEDGER. — HIS SYSTEM OF ADVERTISING. — STRATEGY. — THE VALUE
OF A NAME. — BANCROFT AND MR. EVERETT. — MR. BEECHER AND THE
LEDGER. — BONNER'S HORSES. — HIS STABLES. — PERSONAL.

MR. BONNER was born in the north of Ireland, not far from Londonderry, near the spot from which A. T. Stewart emigrated. The Scotch Presbyterian blood that made General Jackson so famous, and has given success to the well-known house of Brown & Brothers, runs in the blood of Mr. Bonner. He is simply a Scotchman born in Ireland. He was trained under the influence of the Shorter Catechism. From the faith of his fathers he has never departed. He has been trustee for many years in the Scotch Presbyterian Church in the upper part of New York, and a liberal contributor to the support of public worship and the various forms of benevolence and charity. He is a conscientious business man, with great resources, with fertility of genius unmatched, and with indomitable will, untiring industry, and more than all, he possesses

that crowning gift which Solomon possessed as an especial patrimony from God — “largeness of heart.”

HIS EARLY CAREER.

He was distinguished in his boyhood for great manliness of character, for frank and generous impulses. When a boy was wronged or wrongly accused, it was Bonner's custom to make the quarrel of his school-fellow his own. He allowed himself to be turned out of school for the part he took in defending a boy whom he knew to be innocent. At an early age he entered the printing office of the Hartford Courant to learn the art of printing. He was dexterous, swift at setting type, and led all the workmen in the nimbleness with which he could set up an article. The President's Message, in those days, was transmitted by mail. The editor of the Courant purchased an advanced copy, paying for it the enormous sum of thirty dollars! The only advantage to be derived from this early copy was in getting the message out in advance of other papers. To accomplish this Mr. Bonner performed the unheard-of feat of setting up seventeen hundred ems an hour. He performed all the duties connected with his position, became an accomplished printer, tried his hand at correspondence, and seated himself occasionally in the editorial chair.

REMOVAL TO NEW YORK.

In 1844 Mr. Bonner removed to the city of New York. There was a popular impression that a literary paper could not succeed in this metropolis. Boston and Philadelphia monopolized the family newspapers

and literary weeklies, and it was said that no paper of the kind could prosper in this city. Mr. Bonner thought otherwise. He early resolved to attempt a paper that should be circulated throughout the whole land. He watched his opportunity and bided his time, working hard in the mean while, and not being dainty in the place or style of business in which he engaged. Mayor Harper had been elected as the American candidate. A paper called the "American Republican" was the organ of the party. In this office Mr. Bonner commenced his New York career. The wages paid him were small. His work was hard, and economy was requisite to enable him to live. He formed the habit, from which he has never departed, of buying nothing that he could not pay for. He never borrowed a dollar of money, never signed a note in his life, and now carries on his great business on strictly cash principles, and literally owes no man anything. In some of his large enterprises he has paid his last dollar, and never has once failed in the venture he made. In some of his great advertising feats, in which he has paid as high as twenty-five thousand dollars a week for advertising, he has been offered lines of papers to increase the advertisement to fifty thousand dollars, with unlimited credit, and his answer has invariably been, "I cannot advertise beyond my means. I have no more money." The whole business of the Ledger is conducted on the same principle to-day.

AN UPWARD STEP.

The "Republican" was an evanescent affair, and Mr. Bonner found permanent employment on the "Evening Mirror" as a practical printer. This paper was conducted by Morris, Willis, and Fuller. It was Mr. Fuller's business to make up the paper. It was very desirable to display the advertisements, and do it in good taste. In this department Mr. Bonner excelled. The whole matter was soon left in his hands. He had an eye for beauty, and the Mirror advertisements became very famous. There was a small mercantile paper in New York, known as the "Merchant's Ledger." It was devoted almost entirely to commercial matters, with a very limited circulation. A young man, whose business it was to get up advertisements, was struck with the elegant manner in which Mr. Bonner made up the Mirror. He called the attention of the editor of the Ledger to Mr. Bonner's capacity, and this culminated in an engagement with Mr. Bonner to become the printer of that paper. Mr. Bonner did not own the material, but simply printed the sheet. He occasionally wrote articles that attracted attention, from their terse, compact, and spicy composition. A little incident showed Mr. Bonner the value of a name. His contributions to the Ledger were not very well received. The proprietor had a spice of jealousy about him, and he did not want his energetic and spirited printer to get into the editorial chair. Mr. Bonner wrote a short, pithy article on a popular subject, jammed it into a little nook in the paper, and placed at the bottom the name of Dr. Chalmers. It took like

wildfire. It was copied into all the prominent papers of the land. It taught Mr. Bonner the value of a name, — a lesson he has never forgotten.

OWNS THE LEDGER.

Shortly after he entered the office, Mr. Bonner purchased the Ledger. He seated himself in the editorial chair, and resolved to realize the visions of his youth. He did not change its character at once, but gradually. The Ledger became less and less commercial, and more and more literary. About this time Fanny Fern was creating a great sensation in the literary world. Her Ruth Hall had just appeared, and the work and its authoress were criticised by the press in all parts of the land. She was the literary star of the day. The question was violently discussed whether she was or was not the sister of N. P. Willis. Mr. Bonner saw his opportunity, and sent a note to Fanny Fern, offering her twenty-five dollars a column to write a story for the Ledger. She declined the offer. Another proposition was sent, offering her fifty dollars a column. That she also declined. Seventy-five dollars were offered. That she declined, announcing that she did not intend to write any more for the newspapers. She admitted that she admired Mr. Bonner's pluck. Soon it was intimated to Mr. Bonner that if he would allow Fanny Fern to write a story of ten columns, more or less, though the story should not occupy less than nine columns of the Ledger, she would undertake it. He closed the contract immediately, received the manuscript, read six lines, and sent her a check of one thousand dollars. He resolved, with this story, to introduce

a new era in the Ledger. He changed the form of the paper, double-leaded the story, so that it made twenty columns in the paper. He advertised it as nothing was ever advertised before. He had paid an unheard-of sum for a story—one hundred dollars a column. The harvest was a golden one. Out of the profits of that story Mr. Bonner purchased the pleasant residence in this city in which he still lives.

HIS SYSTEM OF ADVERTISING.

In the magnitude of his advertising Mr. Bonner has displayed the remarkable business skill for which he is celebrated. The manner of commending the Ledger to the public is wholly his own. When he startled the public by his extravagance in taking columns of a daily journal, or one entire side, he secured the end he had in view. His method of repeating three or four lines, such as,—"Fanny Fern writes only for the Ledger"—or, "Read Mrs. Southworth's new story in the Ledger"—and this repeated over and over and over again, till men turned from it in disgust, and did not conceal their ill-temper, was a system of itself. "What is the use," said a man to Mr. Bonner, "of your taking the whole side of the Herald, and repeating that statement a thousand times?" "Would you have asked me that question," replied Mr. Bonner, "if I had inserted it but once? I put it in to attract your attention, and make you ask that question."

Mr. Bonner knows how to reach the public. He pays liberally, but intends to have the worth of his money. He does not advertise twice alike. The newspapers are afraid of him. His advertisements are

so queer and unusual, that when they make a contract with him, they have no idea in what shape the advertisement will come. Sometimes it is in the shape of a fragment of a story; sometimes the page will be nearly blank, with two or three little items in it. In his peculiar style of advertising he often gives great trouble to the editors of the leading papers. Sometimes an entire page is almost blank. Sometimes a few small advertisements occupy the corner, giving the sheet a peculiar appearance, which attracts attention. Said an editor, "I had rather publish one of your horses in the centre than have such a looking sheet." But Mr. Bonner's purpose was answered by one insertion, and the contract was withdrawn.

With a manliness and liberality peculiar to Mr. Bonner, after one insertion, if the parties are dissatisfied, he always throws up the contract, however beneficial it might have proved to him.

STRATEGY.

His mode of advertising was new, and it excited both astonishment and ridicule. His ruin was predicted over and over again. But as he paid as he went along he alone would be the sufferer. He was assailed in various ways. Men sneered at his writers, as well as at the method in which he made them known. He had no competition. Just then it was announced that the Harpers were to put a first-class Weekly into the field. The announcement was hailed with delight by many classes. Men who had been predicting Bonner's ruin from the start were anxious to see it accomplished.

He had agents in all the leading cities in the land. These held a monopoly of the Ledger. The book-men and newspaper-men, who were left out, were quite willing to have the Ledger go under. The respectability and wealth of the house, its enterprise, with the class of writers it could secure, made the new paper a dangerous rival. Mr. Bonner concluded to make the first issue serviceable to himself. His paragraph advertising was considered sensational, and smacking of the charlatan. He resolved to make it respectable. He wrote a half a column in sensational style — “Buy Harper’s Weekly” — “Buy Harper’s Weekly” — “Buy Harper’s Weekly” — “Buy Harper’s Weekly” — and so on through the half column. Through his advertising agent he sent this advertisement to the Herald, Tribune, and Times, and paid for its insertion. Among the astonished readers of this Ledger style of advertising were the quiet gentlemen who do business on Franklin Square. The community were astonished. “The Harpers are waking up!” “This is the Bonner style!” “This is the way the Ledger man does it!” were heard on all sides. The young Harpers were congratulated by the book-men everywhere on the enterprise with which they were pushing the new publication. They said nothing, and took the joke in good part. But it settled the respectability of the Ledger style of advertising. It is now imitated by the leading publishers, insurance men, and most eminent dry goods men in the country. The sums spent by Mr. Bonner in advertising are perfectly marvellous. He never advertises unless he has something new to present to the public. He pays from five to twenty-

five thousand dollars a week when he advertises. The enormous circulation of the Ledger, — over three hundred thousand copies a week, — shows how profitable his style of doing business is. Nearly everything he does, every horse he buys, or new personal movement that distinguishes him, is set down to a desire on his part for gratuitous advertising. Of course he has an eye to business in whatever he does. But all the advertising he wants he is quite ready to pay for.

THE VALUE OF A NAME.

The popularity given to a little squib of his own, to which the name of Dr. Chalmers was attached, taught Mr. Bonner a lesson that he never forgot. Mr. Edward Everett had taken upon himself to aid the ladies of America in purchasing Mount Vernon. Mr. Bonner resolved to secure Mr. Everett as a writer for the Ledger. He knew that money could not purchase Mr. Everett's connection with his paper. He offered Mr. Everett ten thousand dollars to write a series of articles for the Ledger, the money to be appropriated to the purchase of the tomb of the father of his country. Mr. Everett could do no less than accept. At the conclusion of the Mount Vernon papers Mr. Everett continued on the Ledger until his death. Mr. Bonner paid him over fifty thousand dollars for services rendered on his paper. The notices to correspondents, which is a marked feature in the Ledger, contain answers to questions sent to the editor. Not more than one question in five is replied to. Those answers are written by the most eminent men in the country. Many of them were written by Mr. Everett, Henry

Ward Beecher, and distinguished statesmen and lawyers. The connection between Mr. Bonner and Mr. Everett was of the most delicate and tender character, as Mr. Everett's confidential letters sufficiently show.

It was Mr. Bonner's policy to spike every gun that could be aimed against him, and make every influence and every prominent man his ally. To this end James Gordon Bennett of the Herald, Henry J. Raymond of the Times, and Horace Greeley of the Tribune, became contributors to the Ledger.

The Ledger was objected to in some quarters as not being a suitable sheet for young persons to read. Mr. Bonner secured the services of the presidents of twelve of the principal colleges in this country to write for his paper. Of course it would not be improper for the young men in colleges to take a paper for which the president wrote. Indeed, over the purity of expression and chasteness of sentiment and utterance in what appears in the Ledger, Mr. Bonner exercises a rigorous censorship. There are a great many articles and advertisements that appear in religious papers that would not be admitted into the Ledger. Mr. Bonner gives this order: "Take the most pious old lady in a Presbyterian Church, and any word or phrase, innuendo or expression, that she would want to skip if she were reading a Ledger story to her grandchild, strike out."

Paul Morphy, in the height of his popularity, edited a chess column in the Ledger. Bryant, Willis, Halleck, Morris, and Saxe laid a poetical wreath at Mr. Bonner's feet. Prentice, Bancroft, Parton, and Cozzens joined the galaxy of Ledger writers. Fanny Fern, Mrs. Southworth, and other eminent novelists,

furnished the entertaining serials published by Mr. Bonner.

BANCROFT AND MR. EVERETT.

On the death of Mr. Everett, Mr. Bonner enclosed a check to Mr. Bancroft, with a note requesting him to prepare a suitable article for the Ledger in commemoration of the distinguished statesman. The article was prepared and sent to Mr. Bonner. It contained no allusion to Mr. Everett's connection with the Ledger. The article was sent back, and the omission pointed out. A sharp correspondence followed, in which Mr. Bancroft attempted to establish the propriety of the omission. Mr. Bonner refused to receive the article, and he finally carried his point, and Mr. Everett's connection with the Ledger had a marked place in the eulogistic article.

MR. BEECHER AND THE LEDGER.

For a long time Mr. Beecher has been a contributor to the Ledger. One evening Mr. Bonner and his wife went over to Plymouth Church to hear the pastor. The sermon was on success in life, and was given in Mr. Beecher's most vigorous strain. He showed that smartness, cuteness, and adroitness would not lead to success unless they were combined with energy, a knowledge of business, an indomitable perseverance, and an integrity which would enable a man to dare to do right. If Mr. Beecher had intended to hit Mr. Bonner's character and success, he could not have come nearer to the mark. Mr. Bonner had lacked not one of the elements Mr. Beecher had described, and every one knew his success. This sermon affected Mr. Bon-

ner in various ways. He was in search of a novelty that should captivate and profit the public. Why should not Mr. Beecher talk to a million of people through the Ledger, as well as to speak to a single congregation, within the walls of his house? His acquaintance with men had been large. His wit and fancy were exuberant, and if he would write a story for the Ledger he might preach in it as much as he pleased, put money in his purse, and benefit the youth of the country.

While Mr. Beecher was attending a council in his own church, a letter was put into his hands. He had had no conversation with Mr. Bonner about writing a story. The letter contained a proposal that Mr. Beecher should write a serial for the Ledger, and named the price which would be paid for it, which was perfectly astounding. "Miracles will never cease," said Mr. Beecher, in his note replying to the proposal. Norwood appeared, and the increased circulation of the Ledger immediately reimbursed Mr. Bonner for his extraordinary outlay. The story was longer than was expected, and an addition was made to the price agreed upon. In this way the editor of the Ledger treats all his first-class writers. He is generous in his proposals, and does more than he agrees.

BONNER'S HORSES.

When a printing boy, Bonner's rule was to be the first boy in the office. When he was a printer, he allowed no one to excel him in the swiftness with which he set type, and in his ability as a workman. When he purchased the Ledger he intended to make

it the foremost paper in the country. He resolved to own the most celebrated and fastest horses in the world. And his stud, which are kept in his stables on Twenty-seventh Street, are without rivals. His horses are seven in number. "Lantern" is a bay, fifteen and a half hands high, with long tail, mild, clear eye, white hind feet, and white streak on his face. He is very fleet, having made a mile in 2.20. "Peerless" is a gray mare, about fifteen and a half hands high, with a long white tail, clean limbed, and gentle. She has made the fastest time on record to a wagon, trotting her mile in 2.23 $\frac{1}{4}$. She is so gentle that she is used in the country by the ladies of Mr. Bonner's family. "Flatbush Mare" is a double teamster, and with "Lady Palmer," in double harness, has made the fastest time ever trotted in a two mile heat to a road wagon, — 5.01 $\frac{1}{4}$. She is fifteen and a half hands high. The other is a chestnut sorrel, about the same size. She has a fine head, and is very symmetrical. Besides her famous time with "Flatbush Mare," she has trotted two miles, to a three hundred and sixteen pound wagon and driver, in 4.59, — the greatest feat of the kind ever performed. "Pocahontas" is the handsomest trotter and the most perfectly formed horse in the world. She stands about fifteen hands, is a dark, rich bay, has a very fine head, proudly-arched nostrils, and a tail sweeping the ground for four inches, on which she frequently treads while standing. When six years old this splendid animal trotted in 2.23, and has made better time since she came into Mr. Bonner's hands. The "Auburn Horse" is sorrel, and of enormous size, being sixteen and a half hands, with four white feet and white face, pronounced by Hiram

Woodruff to be the fastest horse he ever drove. The champion of the turf is "Dexter," with sinewy form, and joints like a greyhound, compactly built, dark brown in color, with four white feet, and a white nose and streak, a bright clear eye, and a flowing tail. He has made a mile in $2.17\frac{1}{4}$ in harness, and 2.18 to saddle. The turf annals of the world present no parallel to this. Mr. Bonner buys his horses for his own pleasure. He drives them himself, and is one of the best horsemen in the country. He will not allow his horses to be used for show or for gain. He races with nobody, and bets with nobody. If any team can make faster time than his, driven by the owner, ten thousand dollars are deposited, and that owner may apply that sum to any benevolent cause that he pleases. Millionnaires gnash their teeth as Bonner drives by them. There are horsemen in New York who would give twenty-five thousand dollars for a pair of horses that would make Bonner take their dust. If Bonner's team is beaten, the owner must do as he does, drive it himself. Of the speed of his horses he is his own judge. He will buy anything that will beat the world. When a horse is presented to him for trial, he appears in full riding costume, with gloves, whip, and watch in hand. He does not allow the owner to handle the ribbons.

HIS STABLES.

Mr. Bonner's stables are located on Twenty-seventh Street. The building is a plain brick one, with everything for convenience and comfort, and nothing for show. The front part contains the carriage-house, har-

ness-room, wash-house, and the place where the feed is mixed. In the rear are the stables. Dexter and Peerless have box-stalls, and are never tied. The other horses are in ordinary stalls. Three persons are employed constantly to take care of the horses. Within the enclosure, but outside of the stables, is a track covered with tan bark, on which the horses are daily exercised, one hour in the morning and in the evening. The horses are fed four times a day, at six, nine, one, and nine at night. A small allowance of hay is given once a day. After eating they are muzzled, to prevent them from devouring their bedding, and they are kept muzzled all night. In the winter Mr. Bonner drives but one horse at a time, and usually the Auburn Horse. Dexter and the other fleet horses are seldom used in the winter, but are reserved for fast trotting in the spring. Great care is taken of the feet of the horses. To this Mr. Bonner gives personal attention. He has mastered the subject, as he has newspaper business. He has a theory of his own, which has proved eminently successful in the treatment of his own horses, and has enabled him to remove the lameness from the valuable horses of his neighbors and friends. The idea that the speed to which these horses are put is a damage to them is as fallacious as it is to assert that it hurts an eight-mile-an-hour horse to drive him at that speed. Some of these fast horses Mr. Bonner has owned many years. They are faster now than when he bought them. Lantern is nineteen years old, and is as sound and fleet as when he was ten. The men who have charge of these horses are as careful and tender of them as is a kind nurse of a child. In the stable

there is every convenience imaginable that a horse can require, — tools for fitting shoes, grooming the animals, making the wagons safe, with medicines, and all the appliances of a first-class stable. The horses are said to have cost Mr. Bonner over two hundred thousand dollars. They could not be bought for double that sum.

PERSONAL.

There is a frank, hearty manliness about Mr. Bonner which binds his friends to him. The eminent men who have written for his paper form attachments to him that death only severs. Mr. Everett conceived a warm and glowing regard for him that was foreign to his cold nature. His manuscript oration on Washington, elegantly bound, he sent as a token of his personal regard to the editor of the Ledger. Mr. Bonner's office is a curiosity. It is a workshop, plainly furnished. His table is loaded down with letters, manuscripts, and documents. What is confusion to others is order to him. The system with which he conducts his business is perfect. Any letter that he wants, or any number of the Ledger containing a given article, is produced at once. No man attends more closely to his business, or spends more hours in his office. Nothing goes into the Ledger without his supervision; and the sharp, crisp editorials, always compact, and often keen as a two-edged sword, are from his own pen. His office is adorned with likenesses of his prominent contributors and his celebrated horses. Horseshoes, and the paraphernalia of fast driving, lie around. He has made the horse his study for years, and has a better knowledge of a horse's foot than any surgeon in the world. Mr.

Bonner is in the prime of life. He is short, thick-set, and compactly built. His hair is sandy, his complexion florid, his forehead high and intellectual, his eye piercing, and his whole manner frank, genial, and buoyant. He does nothing for show. He lives comfortably, but without ostentation, in a plain brick house. His wagons are in the usual style, made substantially. His country seat, at Morrisania, is elegant and commodious, about which there is no tinsel nor dash. He is a fine specimen of what good principles, excellent physical culture, perseverance, and industry can do for a man. The position he now occupies he looked to when he was a printer's lad in the office of the old *Courant*. He attempted no eccentric things, sought for no short cross-paths to success. He mastered his trade as a printer patiently and perfectly. He earned every position before he assumed it, and earned his money before he spent it. In New York he was preferred because he did his work better than others. He was truthful, sober, honest, and industrious. If he took a job, he finished it at the time and in the manner agreed upon. He borrowed no money, incurred no debts, and suffered no embarrassments. In some of his great enterprises he put up every dollar that he had in the world. If he lost, he alone would suffer; and he knew he could go to work and earn his living. He has never allowed the *Ledger* to be so dependent on one man, or on one set of men, that it could not go on successfully if each should leave. The *Ledger* is now the most prominent and popular publication in the world. It is without a rival in the ability with which it is conducted, and in its circulation. To the list of old writers

new and attractive names are daily added. Mr. Bonner's great wealth, which he has honestly and fairly earned, enables him to command any attractive feature for his paper that he may select. Mr. Bonner is one of the most remarkable men of the age — the architect of his own fortune, a prompt, straightforward, and honest business man, with energy to push that business to success. A perfect master of his calling, and successful in everything he has undertaken, he is a worthy model for the young men of America.

LXXVI.

ANDREW V. STOUT, PRESIDENT OF
SHOE AND LEATHER BANK.

HIS EARLY LIFE. — HIS TACT. — CONNECTION WITH THE PUBLIC SCHOOL. — A
CRASH. — BUSINESS PRINCIPLE. — BECOMES A MERCHANT. — HIS CONNEC-
TION WITH THE BANK. — PERSONAL.

MR. STOUT'S career is a remarkable instance of business success. As a man of high-toned principle and integrity, an honest, careful, and successful financier, he has no superior. There are few bank presidents who have been in office as long. He has filled many important offices, and has presided over the Shoe and Leather Bank for nearly sixteen years. No one ever lost a dollar by him; and he can say, now that he has reached the age of fifty-five years, that he never failed to pay a note at maturity, and never made a business obligation that he did not meet promptly at the time.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

He was born in the city of New York, at No. 6 Pump Street, better known to-day as Canal. He was thrown on his own resources at an early age. By industry and hard study he acquired a good English education. At twelve years of age he not only took

upon himself his own support, but that of his relatives. He was a manly boy, mature beyond his years, and always considered much older than he was. At fourteen years of age he received an appointment in one of the public schools of the city, no one dreaming that he was a mere lad. He was very successful as a teacher, and at sixteen received the appointment of assistant principal in Shepherd Johnson's school, one of the most popular of the city.

HIS TACT.

Mr. Stout was blessed with a hopeful disposition, was full of pluck, and ambitious. He mastered everything he laid his hands to. He had a mother and sister who leaned on him for counsel and help. He resolutely formed the purpose of not only getting a living, but of making money, and making it fairly, guiding all his measures by high moral principle. He kept a sharp eye for every opening, was not afraid of the hardest kind of work, and felt justified in availing himself of every step that could carry him higher. He studied harder than his pupils, and what he did not know to-day he knew to-morrow. It was Walpole's theory, that a man is competent to fill any office that he can get. Mr. Stout, without knowing what Walpole had said, acted on that theory. An opening presented itself to him that illustrates this trait in his character. When he was sixteen he passed for twenty. Being an excellent English scholar, it was concluded, of course, that he was a graduate. He was appointed to take charge of a class in Latin, of which language he knew nothing. But he wanted the position and the emolu-

ment. He accepted the post without hesitation, and went to work at once to prepare himself. He hired a private tutor, passed his nights in severe study, and kept ahead of his class in all the lessons. Sometimes scholars would bother him with questions that he could not answer. In such cases he raised another issue, beat the inquirer off for the time being, and was ready the next morning. His class was admitted to be one of the best drilled and thoroughly taught in Latin that ever graduated from that school. Mr. Stout came fresh to his scholars every morning, had the enthusiasm of a new beginner, the ambition and pride of scholarly repute, and he made his class both learn and understand.

CONNECTION WITH THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

At eighteen years of age he was appointed principal of Public School No. 2 of this city. He rode in from Bushwick every morning, and devoted the intermission to business. For six years he rose every morning at four o'clock, and worked in his garden till seven. On his return from school he resumed his work. His evenings were passed in study and in business. Not content with this, in connection with a relative who was a builder, he contracted to erect several houses on East Broadway, then a fashionable locality. In this he was very successful, and before he was twenty years of age he was worth seventeen thousand dollars.

A CRASH.

It was not usual in those days to do business on the cash principle. Mr. Stout was reputed to be a rich man. He minded his own business and kept his own

counsel. He dashed in and out of New York, and was known on the road as the "flying man." His business repute was high. He met every contract that he made, and took up all his paper as it matured, and said nothing, and everybody believed he was rich. His moral and social characteristics added to his business repute. He was a decided and earnest Christian. In the prosperity of the little Methodist Church near him he took great interest. He was not afraid to turn his hand to anything that was needed to promote its welfare. He took care of its finances, and they prospered. No debt was allowed to accrue, nobody was behindhand in payments. At times Mr. Stout was sexton, pew-opener, trustee, collector, class-leader, leader of the choir, and preacher. His note was good anywhere. It was not necessary for him to pay a dollar of money on the houses that he built. He gave his notes on the contracts, and paid them at maturity. One day he was induced to indorse a note for five thousand dollars to get money from the bank. The indorsement was given with reluctance, and with the understanding that it should not be repeated. To save that five thousand dollars, indorsements grew till they reached twenty-three thousand dollars. The builder, whose notes he indorsed, announced to Mr. Stout one morning that he had failed, and had made no provision for the paper, and that the bank would look to him for payment.

BUSINESS PRINCIPLE.

Several methods of relief were open to Mr. Stout. He was worth seventeen thousand dollars, which he had earned by nights of toil, by economy, and by daily and

earnest attention to business. To pay the notes would not only sweep away every penny that he had, but leave him six thousand dollars in debt. He had never realized one cent from the money, and his name was used simply to accommodate the builder. Besides, he was not of age, though nobody suspected that fact, and he could repudiate his debts as an infant. He took no counsel, made no statement of his affairs to any one, shut himself up in his own room and considered thoughtfully what he should do, and then followed out the decision that he had reached. Having become bankrupt in money, he concluded he would not be in character. He had earned seventeen thousand dollars, and he could earn seventeen thousand dollars more. He did confide in one friend. He went to a relative and asked him to loan him six thousand dollars, the sum necessary to take up all the notes. The relative was astonished at the request, and insisted upon knowing the facts in the case. Mr. Stout made a full and frank statement. It was met with the remark, "Well, Andrew, I thought you would be a rich man; but if this is the way you do business, you will never be worth anything." But Mr. Stout did not want preaching, he wanted money; and as the relative seemed to hesitate about loaning the money, as no security was offered, Mr. Stout curtly told him he could do as he pleased about it; he could get the money somewhere, and pay the notes. The money was promised, and he went on his way.

The bank watched the young financier with a great deal of interest. The whole matter had been discussed often in the bank, and the wonder was, how young

Stout would meet the blow. It was supposed that he would ask for an extension; and it was agreed to give it to him, and to make the time of payment convenient to his ability. Had he proposed to compromise the matter by paying one half, the bank would have accepted it. That would have left him a capital of nearly eight thousand dollars for a fresh start. Had he offered his seventeen thousand dollars, on condition that he was released from all liability, the notes would have been cancelled with alacrity. He did neither. He proposed no compromise, asked no extension, and attempted to negotiate no settlement. When the first note became due, he paid it. He did the same with the second and third. After the third payment, he was called into the office of the president. Reference was made to the notes, and to the fact that he had obtained no benefit from the money. The president told him the bank was ready to renew the notes, and to give him any accommodation that he might ask. Mr. Stout simply replied, that the blow was a heavy one, but that, having assumed the obligation, he should discharge it; that he asked no favors, and as the notes matured he should take them up. He paid every dollar due, and every one was certain that his wealth must be very large. His manliness, pluck, and integrity, which carried him through that crisis, became the sure foundation-stone on which his great fortune was laid. He took the front rank among successful financiers, and his honorable course in that crisis established his fame as an honest man, in whom it would be safe to confide. Years of earnest and active business life have not changed that character, nor allowed a blot or stain to cloud that reputation.

BECOMES A MERCHANT.

In the department of dry goods, and in the whole-sale boot and shoe trade, Mr. Stout found his first permanent success. He had great financial talent, and with all his partners he reserved to himself the right to decide on credits. He gave his entire personal attention to his business. Like Stewart, he found his recreation in work. Nobody came so early that he did not find Mr. Stout at his post. He did not leave till the business was done and the store closed. His hours were from seven in the morning till six at night. Four months in the year he worked till ten and twelve at night, and often till four o'clock in the morning, yet would be at his post at seven, as usual. All who worked after six o'clock were paid double wages. But Mr. Stout always remained with them, no matter how late they worked. If sagacity and prudence, hard work and close attention to business, high moral character and great financial ability, lead to fortune, then Mr. Stout must have accumulated a handsome capital.

HIS CONNECTION WITH THE BANK.

An attempt was made to get up a bank in which the shoe and leather interest should have a large representation. In this movement Mr. Stout was very active; and when the Shoe and Leather Bank was incorporated he was the largest stockholder, became a director, and an influential manager. On the second year he was made vice-president, and had really all the duties of the president to perform. The third year he was elected president, and for fourteen years has had the

management of that institution. He has guided it with a financial skill unsurpassed, and the value of the stock shows how profitable that management has been. No voice is more potential in banking matters than Mr. Stout's. His judgment is reliable ; he is far-seeing and safe in his measures. He was city chamberlain, and while in that position there was some trouble about paying the police. Mr. Stout advanced the full sum necessary out of his private funds. He thus relieved the embarrassment of the force, and received a splendid testimonial, which now adorns his parlors.

PERSONAL.

Since he formed the resolution to meet the notes he had indorsed, which was so heavy a blow to him in his early life, his career has been an upward one. In every relation of life he has occupied the front rank. He is the guardian of widows and orphans, and holds a large amount of trust money, every one feeling assured that funds in his hands are safe. His characteristics are promptness, unbending honesty, and punctuality. Not only has he never failed to meet a pecuniary obligation during the long term of his financial career, but he carries this principle into the minutest relations of life. In his family his breakfast bell rings at exactly the same time, and does not vary five minutes in a year, and dinner delays for no one. He has been a church officer since he was a lad. He is always on time at the smallest meeting. The finances of the church are kept with the exactness of a bank. The sexton, minister, and all are paid promptly on the time. His bank board meets to a second. The board

is called to order promptly on the instant. Each director has three dollars a day for every board meeting. When the gavel of the president falls, if one of the directors is at the threshold of the inner door, but has not crossed it, he gets no pay. In his family Mr. Stout is one of the most indulgent of fathers. He is a genial, social, and high-toned friend. He is one of the most entertaining hosts, and a welcome visitor. His wealth, accumulated by shrewdness, integrity, and toil, he distributes with great liberality. From his early life he has identified himself with religion, humanity, and the benevolent operations of the day. He is a good specimen of what New York can do for a resolute, manly boy, who, with high moral principle, unbending integrity, and indomitable pluck, resolves to place his name among the successful and true men of the land.

LXXVII.

JOHN ALLEN'S DANCE-HOUSE.

LOCATION. — A VISIT TO THE DANCE-HOUSE. — AN INSIDE VIEW. — A TALK
WITH ALLEN. — RELIGIOUS SERVICES. — ALLEN *vs.* SATAN.

IN another place I have alluded to the dance-cellars and halls in Water Street. There is one that deserves special mention. It is kept by John Allen, one of the most notorious men in the city. He is well educated, a man of fine presence, below fifty years of age, a tall, slim, wiry fellow, sharp and keen.

LOCATION.

I visited this establishment the other day. It is a fine brick building, very large and capacious, and he prides himself upon it as the model establishment of the city. It stands like a palace among the rookeries of lower New York. Allen himself was, at one time, a professedly religious man. He was designed for the ministry, and, it is said, was a student in the Union Theological Seminary. He has brothers in the ministry, and his nephews are educated by himself for the sacred calling. He began life poor, and is now said to be worth a hundred thousand dollars.

A VISIT TO THE DANCE-HOUSE.

In company with a friend, I made a visit to this dance-house, for the purpose of a personal interview with Allen. He is very fond of company, and is proud to have his establishment visited by a minister or a Christian. My friend was quite well acquainted with Allen, and introduced me. He immediately seized his Bible, which lay on the counter, surrounded by half a dozen religious newspapers, garnished with decanters and glasses. He is a tonguey man, and argued for half an hour, intermingling with his religious conversation the obscene and peculiar phraseology by which his establishment is kept up; shouting to the jaded and lagging girls to keep to their work; heaping imprecations, invectives, and curses upon them, and all the while holding to the thread of his argument.

AN INSIDE VIEW.

About twenty girls make up the establishment. They are dressed in a uniform peculiar to themselves. They wear flashy costumes, scarlet and other gay colors, short dresses, red topped boots, with bells affixed to the ankles. They sit on benches waiting for company, or are grouped in whirling dances. A small orchestra is in attendance, to the music of which the dance goes on. A slight fee is demanded for admittance, but the concern is supported by the immense bar, which is often insufficient to supply the demands of the thirsty crowd. Every one who enters is expected to dance, and to treat some female of the establishment. After each dance all the parties on the

floor go up and drink at the expense of the men. If parties neither dance nor drink, they are ordered out. Allen needs no policeman to assist him in clearing his establishment. He is a lithe, wiry pugilist, and can clear his establishment single-handed when he pleases. Sailors in from a long cruise, boatmen, longshoremen, captains, countrymen, patronize the house. The girls are mostly foreigners, of the lowest order, and come from the lowest stews and their downward career is well nigh ended.

A TALK WITH ALLEN.

He admitted that he was at war with society, and society with him. He went into the business, he said, to make money, and he had made a fortune. He does not hide his bitterness that society now will not receive him back. He talks about his children, his brothers, his nephews, and what he does for benevolent causes. He has several religious papers, to which he is particularly attached. Any one who chooses may read them, and tracts and religious reading are at the service of any who have a taste that way.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

The room opens at about eight, and the pastimes close at about twelve. Fifty would be a large crowd for the rooms; but as company is coming and going all the evening, several hundreds partake of the rude fun, among whom are boys and girls below twelve years of age. The atmosphere reeks with blasphemy. The women are driven to their work by imprecations, and often by blows, from their taskmaster. Many of them

came from good homes, left their country residences, and began a gay life without imagining where it would end. Brazen, sore-eyed, filthy, the mere scum of life, they remain here a short time, are then kicked on to the sidewalk, and are sent to the Island to die. Yet even here religious service is sometimes held. Allen is willing that any Christian should talk to his girls, and even an exhortation is not objected to. If any wish to leave, he will clear them out with an oath.

One of our earnest mission men told me that, being in the dance-room one night, he proposed to hold a prayer-meeting. After several songs had been sung, notwithstanding the protest of the proprietor that he would not have a prayer in his establishment, or that he would not hear it, a prayer-meeting was held. Some of the girls knelt on the floor, while others bowed their heads. Many announced their desire to leave their miserable employment and get an honest living, but said that nobody would employ them; that they could get nothing to do. If they got a place, they would be found out and sent away, and that they must remain with Allen or starve. And this is but a type of lower New York life — full of sin, full of shame, full of sorrow, full of suffering, full of repentance and remorse, without relief, and without hope. Were Satan to be personified, Allen would be a good specimen.

LXXVIII.

NEW YORK DAILY PRESS.

ITS POWER. — NEW YORK TIMES: MR. RAYMOND. — THE EVENING POST: MR. BRYANT, PARK GODWIN. — THE PECULIARITIES OF THE POST. — THE NEW YORK WORLD: ITS ORIGIN, RELIGIOUS BASIS, ITS EDITORS AND CONDUCTORS.

ITS POWER.

THE daily press of the city is an immense power. It is felt in all parts of the land. The shrewdest capitalists invest in the stock. The Herald, Tribune, and Times pay over seventy-five per cent. on the investment. A share of the stock can scarcely be bought at any price. Men who do not sympathize with the politics of the paper have no objection to pocket the dividends. Our leading papers secure the most costly sites, and on them erect the most costly edifices that adorn the city. However elegant the building may be, the editorial rooms exhibit the clutter and soil that attend the conducting of a daily newspaper. In these dingy rooms, up towards the sky, in a lofty building, will be found the ablest talent in the land — the sharpest pens and the ablest writers, the keenest ability, blended with learning, wit, and power. The fascina-

tion of the press in New York has drawn the most eloquent preachers from the pulpit. Lawyers, with a large and lucrative practice, have thrown up their briefs for the excitement of the political arena. Poets, whose names will live in song while the English language shall endure, have hung their harps on the willows to accept the editorial chair of a city paper. Professors in colleges, doctors in medicine, actors, and literary men of all degrees, acknowledge the power of the press, and prefer its labor to distinguished honors elsewhere.

The press is a magic word. It runs the guard. It breaks through the lines of police. It ascends platforms and scaffolds. It opens places of amusement and galleries of art. It commands a plate at a twenty dollar dinner. It brings obsequious authors and proud capitalists into its dingy sanctum. It invades the privacy of aristocratic life. It enters balls, soirées, and brilliant saloons, where the élite assemble, and "our set" entertain. To one fairly entitled to it, the "New York Press" will carry a man round the globe. It influences all departments of trade. Men read its columns in the morning before they buy, or sell, or transact business. An author trembles for his bantling till the press has spoken. Its united voice will make his fortune. Its ban is his ruin. A new artist or actor cannot tell by the applause of the evening how he stands in public favor. The morning papers will decide that. A new performance, applauded or hissed, is not a success or a failure until the press has spoken. The editors of the city could destroy the season of any manager. Philippics from the pulpit and thunders from

the forum against an objectionable play will probably send all New York to see it. If the manager took any notice of the attack, he would send a season ticket to the gentleman who gave him notoriety. A small paragraph in a daily paper adverse to an artist, or attacking a man, will bring the parties at once to the editorial rooms. So conscious are men of this power, that when they wish to be kept before the people, knowing that their speeches will fall dead with the utterance, they write them out beforehand, and send them to the press interlined with greenbacks. Every political party, religious denomination, and distinct interest that wishes to succeed, establishes an organ. In New York a man's talent, social position, eloquence, and capital avail but little unless he is backed by the press. Politics aside, the press is eminently fair and honorable in its treatment of public men. Every phase of religion and benevolence has a fair hearing. The industry of the representatives of this great power is wonderful. Meetings cannot be too numerous for them to notice. The orator who closes his after-dinner speech at midnight will find himself accurately reported in the paper that he reads at his breakfast-table.

THE NEW YORK TIMES.

This paper was started by Henry J. Raymond, who is the editor-in-chief. It is now owned by a stock company. Untold sums of money were sunk before it became a success. The heaviest capitalists in the city are among its owners. Its dividends are very large. Next to the Herald and Tribune, it is probably the best paying paper in America. It is conducted with marked ability,

and to Mr. Raymond's indomitable industry, tact, and talent its success is greatly due. He began his career by holding the humblest positions in connection with the newspaper. He was reporter and writer of small paragraphs. He has now absolute control over the personal, literary, and political departments of the Times. He writes much, from the elaborate leaders to the spicy minor topics which grace the columns of the Times. He began poor enough. He has amassed a fortune, but remits none of his industry. He reaches the office between twelve and one daily. One hour he devotes to the counting-room, looking after financial matters. He then passes up to his own room, which faces the Park, and is located in the upper part of the commodious Times Building. He looks carefully through the correspondence, reads his letters, runs over the left-over proofs, writes on foreign affairs, works till four o'clock, and then is off. Occasionally he comes down again at night, and remains till one o'clock. His connection with Mr. Seward and other prominent men makes him authority on political affairs. Eminent bankers, interested in the Times, post him on finance.

Mr. Raymond is about fifty years of age, looking scarcely forty. He is below the medium height, thick-set, with a very marked countenance, and a presence that does not do justice to his abilities. He is a very popular and effective orator. He is very fond of social life, is often at places of entertainment, drives a neat span of bays in the Park, and is pleased with the company of men younger than himself. He is very decidedly fashionable in his dress, and sports an eve-

glass and a small gold-headed cane. But he is everywhere a gentleman, and in nothing does this characteristic come out more fully than in his intercourse with subordinates, whom he always treats with marked consideration and courtesy.

The force that surrounds Mr. Raymond is able. Mr. Shepherd writes many of the editorials. Morrison, a Canadian, writes much on our colonial relations. John Swinton prepares many of the minor topics. Stillman C. Conant is the managing editor. Besides making up the paper, he does the art notices, and writes the reviews of books. Henry Winson is city editor, and Governier Carr is night editor. The night mails and telegrams are under the charge of Cliff Thompson and J. H. Thompson. Cymon, the very capable and able Washington correspondent, is L. L. Crownse. James L. Swayne is the sharp, keen Albany correspondent; Lio. Jennings, of the London Times, and Dr. Thompson, write letters from abroad. Charles B. Seamore is the musical critic, and Augustus Dale the dramatic. John Webb is the librarian and indexer. Podgers is Mr. Ogden; Rodd is Roger Conant.

Joseph Howard, Jr., well known as Howard of the Times, connected himself with this paper in 1860. His remarkable letters on the presidential conventions, and on the reception given to the Prince of Wales, made his name widely known in all parts of the land. His telegraph bills in relation to the prince's tour were seven thousand dollars in fourteen weeks. He stands unquestioned among the first letter-writers of the age. He enjoyed the confidential friendship of President Lincoln, and was intimate with him in the White

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House while in Washington. His famous "Proclamation," which gained for him such notoriety, as well as a temporary residence in Fort Lafayette, was not understood. It was intended as a burlesque on the never-ending and never-availing proclamations from headquarters, and the author was rather surprised at the fidelity of his prediction. Released from Fort Lafayette, Mr. Howard had to ascertain how he stood professionally, politically, and socially. The government appointed him official recorder to the headquarters, Department of the East. He assumed his old place on the Times, and remained there until he took full charge of the Brooklyn Eagle. His versatility in writing is very great. He is connected with all sorts of papers, and writes over every imaginable signature. When the pompously solemn Drum Beat was published, as the organ of the Sanitary Fair, Howard wrote a burlesque that silenced the Drum Beat, under the facetious signature of "Dead Beat." He is a dramatic critic of the first order.

THE EVENING POST.

William C. Bryant contributes his name to the paper. Though editor-in-chief, he pays but little attention to what appears in its columns. Park Godwin is the principal owner, and controls the paper. He writes a great deal. Charles Nordhoff furnishes many articles for the paper, and held Mr. Godwin's place while he was in Europe. The managing editor, who prepares the correspondence and works up the city news, is Aug. Maverick. The business man is Isaac

Henderson. The peculiarities of the Post are, that each editor controls his own department, and has a share in the annual profits of the paper.

THE NEW YORK WORLD.

This paper, now the leading Democratic organ of the city, was started as a religious paper. The intention was to have the whole drift of it evangelical, and to admit no advertisements that were questionable in their character, or favored theatres, liquor saloons, or anything that was not strictly moral or religious. The paper originated with Rev. Dr. McClinck, then pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Church in this city. The wealthy Christian men of New York were stockholders. The names of Drew, Stout, Cornell, and other wealthy bankers, were among the subscribers to the original stock. Pious men sat in the editorial chairs. Pious reporters scoured the city for news fitting to be read at a Christian breakfast-table. Men undertook to do the business of the concern who can manage a prayer-meeting better than they can run a news office. The entire capital stock was soon swallowed up. With undaunted courage the original stockholders subscribed over again. On the basis proposed, the thing was a failure. After sinking over three hundred thousand dollars, the paper was passed over to the present owners. The ostensible proprietor of the World is Manton M. Marble, who is editor-in-chief. He writes much, and writes well, and gives a large portion of his time to the paper. He is a genial, accomplished gentleman, with

a fine address, and is very popular with his friends. D. G. Croly is the managing editor. William H. Hurlburt is a graceful, humorous writer, keen, sharp, and pointed. Most of the political leaders are written by Chamberlain, formerly of Philadelphia.

LXXIX.

NEW YORK INDEPENDENT.

ITS ORIGIN. — PRESBYTERIANS AND CONGREGATIONALISTS SEPARATE. — NEW ORGAN NEEDED. — BASIS OF THE PAPER. — THE INDEPENDENT AND ITS EDITORS. — POLITICAL AND ANTI-SLAVERY PLATFORMS. — THE HIGHER LAW. — TRACT SOCIETY CONTROVERSY. — MR. BEECHER AS EDITOR. — THEODORE TILTON. — CONNECTION WITH THE OBSERVER. — BECOMES CONNECTED WITH THE INDEPENDENT. — HIS REMARKABLE CAREER. — DR. LEAVITT. — HENRY C. BOWEN.

ITS ORIGIN.

TOWARDS the close of the last century the New England churches sent out their missionaries into the new states. Men were sent, not only into New York, but into the West and the South. The Presbyterians were in the field, and a plan of union was formed between the Congregationalists and Presbyterians, by which the ministers of each should occupy the same field and the same churches. The Presbyterians were very tenacious of their form of government, and this tenacity increased till it nearly swallowed up all there was of Congregationalism. About forty years ago the pressure made by the Presbyterians on the Congregationalists induced them to withdraw from the union and form small Congregational churches and associations of the same form of government. The Old School Presbyterians cut off

the New School and the Congregationalists from their Presbyteries. This led to the formation of Congregational churches throughout the West. A company of young men went into Iowa, and were known as the Andover Band, from the theological seminary which they had left. They were able men, and through their labors new congregations were founded and new associations reared in most of the Western States.

The Congregationalists had no organ out of New England. The "Evangelist," till 1837, was a Congregational paper. It then became Presbyterian. A new glory was dawning on the Congregational Church. Rev. Joseph P. Thompson and Dr. Cheever were in New York. Rev. R. S. Storrs and Henry Ward Beecher were in Brooklyn. They were men of talent and power. Their churches were large, wealthy, and influential. A newspaper through which these men could speak to the world seemed a necessity. Rev. Dr. Joshua Leavitt became the nucleus around which earnest and talented men gathered, who proposed to start a religious paper that should be second to none in the land.

BASIS OF THE PAPER.

There were in New York several young Christian merchants of wealth, who proposed to found a paper upon a financial basis that should secure its publication for five years, whether the paper was a success or not, whether it had a subscriber or not. It was to be a catholic, liberal, Christian sheet, which should not only discuss religious topics, and be the organ of Congregationalism, but also be the champion of freedom, and a

decided opponent of slavery. Three clerical gentlemen were selected as editors—Rev. Drs. Bacon of New Haven, Thompson of New York, and Storrs of Brooklyn. After much discussion, the name “Independent” was adopted, as every way fitting to indicate the position the paper was to assume on matters religious, political, and educational. An agreement in writing was drawn, defining the duties of all parties connected with the paper—editors, proprietors, and assistants.

THE INDEPENDENT AND ITS EDITORS.

On the 1st of December, 1848, the first number of the Independent was printed. It was in season to take part in the free-soil canvass of 1848. It was a part of the original compact that the Independent should speak out on the question of Liberty in no measured tones. The proprietors and the editors were anti-slavery men, but till the canvass of 1848 they were not abolitionists. The motto of the paper, suggested by Dr. Leavitt, was very significant: “But as we were allowed of God to be put in trust with the Gospel, even so we speak, not as pleasing men, but God, which trieth our hearts.” Up to this time there had been much in common between the New School Presbyterians and the Congregationalists. The starting of the Independent aroused the New School branch. Mr. Leavitt, the old war-horse of anti-slavery, had many political enemies. To damage the Independent, the story was circulated that “Joshua Leavitt was to be its editor.” The effect of this announcement was to bring at once from fifteen hundred to two thousand subscribers, who were anti-slavery in sentiment, to the

subscription list of the Independent. Seeing the mistake, it was then asserted that Mr. Leavitt was not to be engaged as editor, but only to gather scraps and clippings for the paper. To head off the new Congregational organ, a paper was started, called the Presbyterian, to be the organ of the New School. Theodore Dwight and L. Halsey, an Old School Presbyterian, were the editors. The latter was to receive a salary of five thousand dollars. The paper was weakly, and died at the close of the first year, and its subscription list was transferred to the Evangelist.

In the meanwhile the Independent went swinging along at the most successful rate. It secured a large list of subscribers, and correspondence came in from all parts of the country. The ability, tact, and executive power seen in the management of the paper, and, above all, its readable character, gave it marked success. Besides its religious and political principles, the paper has always been distinguished for the independence, fairness, and ability of its book notices. This department has been a speciality.

The greatest harmony of opinion prevailed among the editors. A weekly consultation was held, and all important matters submitted. When a consultation could not be had, and an important leader was published, the article was usually acknowledged to be the thing needed. The utmost sympathy existed among the editors.

THE HIGHER LAW.

On the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, in 1850, Dr. Thompson wrote a leader, in which he took ground that so infamous was the law, no Christian man was

bound to obey it. This is conceded to have been the first announcement of the principle afterwards known as the "Higher Law," which phrase is due to Mr. Seward. The announcement became the pivot on which the whole country finally wheeled. The position was in advance of public sentiment. The doom of the Independent was predicted. The stake was moved too far in advance, it was thought. Subscribers and patrons were startled. One of the original founders of the paper, who was largely in the Southern trade, withdrew from the concern. But the Independent took no backward steps.

TRACT SOCIETY CONTROVERSY.

The Independent accused the Tract Society of being an ally of slavery, assailed its position, and opened a controversy which was sustained with great vigor and ability on both sides. The whole country looked on with deep interest as the controversy progressed. An eminent clergyman met Dr. Leavitt in the street, and said to him, "Doctor, I pity you fellows. No one ever opposed that Society without getting the worst of it. I had a controversy with it myself, and it nearly killed me. You will be crushed. They will hunt you high and low, and there will be nothing left of you: they will grind you to powder." "Well," said Dr. Leavitt, "I know we are right in principle. Our paper has a financial basis that can't be shaken for five years. We can print the Independent every week during that time if every subscriber leaves us. We have three editors, among the ablest writers in the land, backed by wealthy churches, and they are all a unit in this

matter. The Congregational churches throughout the country sustain us. Our list is increasing; the great heart of the people has been touched, and we shall succeed." The war ended the controversy, and brought the Tract Society on to anti-slavery ground.

MR. BEECHER AS EDITOR.

The war produced a change in the management of the paper. The three editors resigned. Henry Ward Beecher took the editorial chair. He managed the Independent till he went to Europe, and, without any formal resignation, gradually withdrew from the control of its columns. He had previously been a regular contributor. His papers, which were designated by a star, were among the most popular and brilliant that ever came from his pen. His labors as an editor were able and satisfactory, though he wrote but little. Those savage attacks on Mr. Lincoln, in the Independent, which attracted so much attention throughout the country, not to say indignation, were from the pen of Mr. Beecher. The experiment of reporting his sermons from his lips by a phonographer proved a paying one, and was continued for several years. His celebrated Cleveland Letter closed his connection with the paper.

THEODORE TILTON.

The present editor-in-chief became connected with the Independent rather incidentally. He graduated from the Free Academy of New York, and connected himself with the Observer. He possessed a brilliant imagination, wrote acceptable poetry, was ready with his pen and tongue, and manifested a decided ambition

to make his mark. A disagreement on the matter of slavery led to his dismissal from the Observer. He was afloat in the world, with a young wife on his hands, and without means of support. He was about twenty-one years of age, a member of Plymouth Church, and in his welfare the pastor and people took a decided interest. Through Mr. Beecher's influence, Mr. Tilton was put on the Independent in 1856, to do anything that might be found for him to do.

Unknown at the start, he first attracted general attention by a controversy in Plymouth Church between himself and Mr. Beecher. Mr. Tilton took the ground that as a consistent anti-slavery man Mr. Beecher could not support the American Board. Mr. Beecher defended his position, and Tilton assailed it, before crowded audiences, who were attracted by the discussion. Mr. Beecher was tender and conciliatory. Mr. Tilton was fierce, vindictive, and denunciatory. One of Mr. Tilton's speeches was reported and printed in the Independent. It put him to the front rank as an anti-slavery speaker, and he became a favorite orator at public meetings. It brought him out as a lecturer, and he is probably now as popular and successful as any man who makes lecturing a business. When Mr. Beecher went to Europe, Mr. Tilton was left in charge of the Independent. On the withdrawal of Mr. Beecher, without any formal introduction he continued in the position which he now holds. He is sole editor of the paper. He is left perfectly free to conduct it as he will. While the drift is unchanged, he is untrammelled. The leaders, double-leaded, are from his pen.

DR. LEAVITT.

This gentleman is associate editor. He was one of the original founders of the paper, and has held an important place in its management from the start. Trained a lawyer, he is a preacher of marked ability, a writer of pith, sharpness, culture. With extensive knowledge, he was able to assume any place, and fill any vacancy. Forty years ago he came to the city, and was editor of the *Sailor's Magazine*. A decided Congregationalist, he edited the *Evangelist* when that paper was in the interest of that body. Under the control of Dr. Leavitt, the *Evangelist* took the side of reform, defended Congregationalism, assailing slavery, and vindicating revivals. In 1842 he became editor of the *Emancipator*, which was removed to Boston. He closed his connection with that paper in 1847, and was called into the original council, in 1848, by which the *Independent* was started. Many years before, Dr. Leavitt commenced the system of reporting sermons as they were delivered from the pulpit. The celebrated lectures of Mr. Finney, in Chatham Theatre, reported by Dr. Leavitt, attracted so much attention that professional reporters were brought from Washington to do the same thing for other papers.

HENRY C. BOWEN.

This gentleman, who, twenty years ago, united with other young merchants in establishing the *Independent*, is now the sole proprietor. His executive ability is very marked. He is liberal, generous, and considerate. The editors are untrammelled, their pay is

large, and they are allowed to call in any aid needful to give the paper a position among the best in the land. Large sums are paid to writers, — not any great sum to any individual, but a fair compensation to a large number. The proprietor intends to secure the best talent in the country, and pay that talent a handsome remuneration. Correspondence is not as much sought for, either foreign or at home, as formerly. Articles of merit, essays on important subjects and themes, take the place of gossiping letters. The new feature of the paper is the advocacy of female suffrage, to which it is as fully committed as to religion, anti-slavery, or temperance. Mr. Bowen is a genial, companionable, agreeable man, with great business talents. He has made the paper a paying success. It is, without doubt, the most profitable religious journal in the world.

FINALE.

In cutting itself loose from Congregationalism, as a partisan organ, the Independent has changed none of its principles. It is still an unflinching advocate of freedom in church and state. It advocates the reforms and humanities of the age with surpassing ability. Its editor-in-chief, scarcely thirty-five years of age, is a very marked man in appearance. He is tall, with a decided stoop, a face in which the energy of youth and the maturity of age seem to struggle for the mastery. His hair, lightish-brown, is long, flowing, and prematurely gray. He walks the streets with his head inclined, his eyes on the pavement, taking no notice of even his friends. He is genial, warm-hearted, and sociable, has strong, warm friends, to whom he attaches himself as with hooks of steel.

FINANCIAL SUCCESS.

For twelve years the Independent was conducted on a sectarian basis; but it never was a financial success. The original owners fell off, one by one, till Mr. Bowen became principally responsible for the publication of the paper. It never paid its expenses. The editors were allowed to draw on him for any funds necessary to make the paper what it ought to be. He never questioned their expenditures, and paid all the bills cheerfully. While he was making money, a few thousands one way or the other amounted to but little. At the opening of the war, the Independent was indebted to Mr. Bowen in the sum of forty thousand dollars. This, with the heavy losses resulting from the war, obliged the house of which he was a partner to suspend. During the long years of its existence the proprietors had received no income in any way from the paper. He entered the office, rolled up his sleeves, and resolved to try the experiment whether or not the Independent could be made a paying paper. Twenty thousand dollars in cash have been paid for advertising since Mr. Bowen became the publisher. The indebtedness of forty thousand dollars has been paid from the profits. Two hundred thousand dollars was paid to extinguish the interest of parties in the paper. One half million of dollars has been refused for the paper. The salaries are liberal. The editor went on to the paper at a salary of eight hundred dollars a year, and is now paid six hundred dollars a month, or, in round numbers, seven thousand five hundred dollars a year. Dr. Leavitt, who started with the paper, has his salary

increased with his infirmities, and will be supported when he is too enfeebled to labor. The ablest men of the different evangelical denominations are secured to swell the editorial force. A department for temperance, Sunday schools, and other important causes, is to have an editor who shall be second in ability to none in the land. The Independent is claimed to be the best paying paper in America, except the Herald. And this has been the fruit of cutting loose from party, local and sectarian issues, and launching out on the broad ocean of Christian union, and giving its energies to the whole church. A splendid marble building has been secured on Park Place, to be fitted up elegantly as a banking-house for the accommodation of the increasing business of this enterprising concern.

LXXX.

HON. HORACE GREELEY.

MR. GREELEY is the well-known editor-in-chief of the New York Tribune. He is one of the marked men of the city, and is one of the most influential. He began life on the lowest round of the ladder, and by his talent, invincible industry, and purity of character, has elevated himself to the highest position, and has probably more power to-day over the American people than any other living man. His style of dress and appearance in the street are very peculiar. His white coat has become as historical as Napoleon's gray one. His face is fair, and a youthful and healthful hue flushes it. His step in the street is hurried. His head is in advance of his body, while his feet trail heavily on the ground. The crowd that rush past him make no impression upon him, whether they rush by without noticing, or pause to follow him with their eyes. His head is massive, quite bald on the top, fringed with flaxen hair around the base of the brain, till it blends with a loose, thin beard of the same color, which crops out irregularly around the throat, and over a loosely-tied black silk neckerchief. In height he is a little below six feet. His eyes are of a grayish-blue. His eyebrows are so flaxen as to be almost unobservable.

His dress has long been the subject of caricaturists. He can be picked out anywhere, whether in a paper sketch, charcoal sketch, or rude drawing. He wears a loosely fitting black swallow-tailed coat, black pants, black velvet or silk vest. His cravat is the heavy silk one of other days. He wears no jewelry except a gold ring. His hat is of the soft, broad-brimmed style, pushed back from the forehead, as if the brain was too active or too hot to be covered. Physically he is powerful but awkward. He stoops, droops his shoulders, swings his arms, and walks with a lounging, irregular gait. There is nothing in his personal appearance to indicate a man of commanding power, and the editor-in-chief of one of the most influential journals of the age.

Mr. Greeley is not a partisan. He represents the general convictions and aspirations of the American people. In those biding places of New England's power, the factories, workshops, and the hearths of quiet homesteads, the Tribune is an oracle. In the fenced fields of the prairies, and in the log cabins of the far West, it is a power. Pioneers, stock raisers, and intelligent mechanics trust Mr. Greeley. All sects and fashions of religionists, dreamers, schemists, and idealists find fair play in the Tribune. Mr. Greeley is distinguished for the intensity and honesty of his convictions. He may be wrong, but is never base; he may be in advance of public opinion; he may be deserted by all but a few dozen followers on some new questions; he may oppose his own party; he may attempt to destroy an officer, or a policy, that he helped to create a few months before. While cursing his vagaries, the public have unbounded confidence in the purity of his

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motives and his questionless honesty. He is schooled for defeat as well as victory. Patronage cannot allure him from what he believes to be right. Nominations for office cannot corrupt him. His paper is a political power, of unexampled success. As an individual politician, Mr. Greeley's life so far is a failure. He has none of the elective affinities that mark a great leader; and though he generally comes out right with the public in the end, his intolerance of differences in public judgment mar his present success.

As a speaker, he is very forcible and impressive, but not attractive. Calls on him for charitable purposes, temperance, and humane gatherings are numerous. His response to these calls is cheerful, and without compensation. In private life, in company with a few friends, and in personal intercourse, he is a delightful companion. His table-talk is spirited, humorous, and full of anecdote. He is no ascetic, but receives heartily the good things of Providence, refusing wines, and all strong drinks, taking no beverage stronger than tea. His memory is stupendous, and the accuracy by which he can recall the political movements of the past, and the votes even of the states, is marvellous. Not much of an artist himself, he is fond of pictures, sculpture, and music. His charities are very large, and scarcely any one gets into his presence, who wants a contribution, without obtaining one. He is a Universalist in religious sentiment, and a regular attendant at Dr. Chapin's church. His daughter is in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, for education.

A small room in the Tribune office is set apart for his use. It is a mere den, and as unsightly as can well

be conceived. He works like a dray-horse. His correspondence is immense. Besides this, and writing his editorials, he has usually some heavy work on hand which occupies his whole time. Any one who has claims upon him can gain access to his room. He will usually be found sitting on a high stool with a table before him, which comes up almost to his chin, and is of pine, and uncovered, soiled with use, and stained with ink, pen in hand, driving away at his task, with a handwriting that few can decipher. His associate on the Tribune, and managing editor, is John R. Young, a young man, but one of the most promising and talented connected with the press. He controls everything and everybody, and is the real power of the paper.

To read the daily papers of New York, one would suppose that the editors of the leading journals were bitter foes, and were kept from personal violence only from fear of the police. A heavy blow struck at "old Bennett," the "little villain of the Times," the "bran-bread eater" and "white-coated philosopher of the Tribune," or some other editor, would give an idea of a most unfriendly relation between these parties. But the fact is, there is no class of men in this city, or any other, that are more social, friendly, and harmonious than the gentlemen connected with the leading press of New York. At the dinner given by the press of New York to Mr. Dickens, on the birthday of Shakespeare, Mr. Bennett received the unanimous appointment to preside. On his declining, with the same unanimity Mr. Greeley was selected. There is scarcely a day when the leading editors, representing the leading political and religious features of the country, do

not meet at Delmonico's, or some other place, for a social sit-down. Conservatives and Radicals, Democrats and Republicans, Catholics and Protestants, conductors of the press, strike hands over a plate of soup; and, after unbending for an hour, go back to their several dens to renew the paper warfare.

LXXXI.

GENERAL CHARLES G. HALPINE.

THIS gentleman, so well known by his *nom de plume*, Miles O'Reilly, was one of the most talented, versatile, and popular members of the press. He was a poet, orator, and writer. He was born in Ireland, in July, 1829. His father was an Episcopal clergyman, and his ancestors, on both sides, were either in the church or army. Before he was twenty-one, he imbibed the principles of the "Young Ireland" party, and became the only "green sprig" in an intensely Orange family. His father died about the time Halpine obtained his majority, and died in embarrassed circumstances. Halpine came to this country, and settled in Boston, in 1852. He soon made his mark as a writer on the Boston Post. In connection with B. P. Shillaber and others, he started the "Carpet Bag," a semi-comic weekly paper, which had a large circulation, but came to an untimely end for want of proper business management. On his removal to New York he became the correspondent of the Boston Post, and also of the London Morning Chronicle. He wrote the editorials in the News when it was National Democratic, and subsequently became associate editor of the New

York Times. In 1857 Halpine purchased one third interest in the *Leader*, the organ of Judge Douglas. In 1858 he became assistant district attorney, and was elected a member of Tammany Society. There was hardly a subordinate office in the city that he did not fill. He was secretary in the post office, clerk of indictments, secretary of the street department, clerk of chancery records, private secretary to Mayor Tiemann; besides rejecting the clerkship of the Supreme Court, and various other offices. During all this time his connection with the daily press was kept up. He wrote for the *Herald*, *Times*, *Tribune*, and corresponded with the press around the world. He contributed articles for *Harper's*, *Putnam's*, and the *Atlantic*. His volume of poems gave him much distinction. The lampoon on the American flag, "Hail, thou flaunting lie!" was published in the *Tribune*. It brought down severe animadversions on Mr. Greeley; and though Halpine was always ready to acknowledge the authorship, the editor of the *Tribune* would not allow him to do so.

In April, 1861, Halpine went out as second lieutenant in the famous Sixty-ninth of New York. He aided in throwing up Fort Corcoran, the first important earthwork of the war. He was gazetted as captain in June, and rose rapidly till he became assistant adjutant-general in the field, which position he maintained till the close of the war. He became chief-of-staff of the Tenth Army Corps, and participated in all the operations along the coast. In 1862 he was on the staff of General Halleck, then general-in-chief. He was appointed to several positions in the regular army, which

he declined. He tendered his resignation in consequence of the loss of sight, which was formally accepted by Secretary Stanton, in a manner more complimentary than the war secretary often gave.

On his return to the city he resumed his connection with the press, which he did not entirely suspend during the war. He started a weekly paper, which has been a marked success, and is known as the New York Citizen. The office of register is one of the most lucrative in New York. Tammany Hall, Mozart, and the Conservatives had each a candidate for register in the field. Halpine nominated himself for the office, and won the prize by a majority of twenty-two thousand.

When General Halpine was eighteen years of age, he married a young English lady, whose father was in the army. He left five children, two sons and three daughters. He died at thirty-nine years of age, but looked less than thirty. Under the average height, he was thick-set, and well built, with light hair, and an expressive eye. He was generous, high-minded, and hospitable. He made friends on all sides, and attached them to him with great tenacity. He was reliable as a friend, and courteous to those who differed from him. His industry was indomitable. He worked like a draught-horse; and besides his duties as register, which would be enough for an ordinary man, his literary labors were enough for an editorial staff.

General Halpine died suddenly, at New York, August 2, 1868, mourned by a vast number of friends. The streets through which the funeral *cortège* moved were densely crowded. The pall-bearers comprised fourteen of the most distinguished political, literary, and professional gentlemen of the city.

LXXXII.

R. L. AND A. STUART.

THIS house is one of the old firms of New York. It is as well known throughout the world as any name in America. Fortune and fame have resulted from the manufacture of pure and excellent candies. The old manufactory on Chambers Street, established over half a century ago, still abides. The candy of commerce, which is so largely manufactured in this city, is unwholesome and poisonous. The white earth of Ireland takes the place of sugar. Common paste blacking is a substitute for liquorice. Candies, almonds, cough-drops, and lozenges are manufactured out of clay; and the essence used is abstracted from fusil oils, which are of themselves rank poison. The slaughter-house furnishes a glutinous matter used in cheap confectionery, and manufacturers are notified when this material is on hand. The Stuarts have always manufactured candies from pure sugar, and all the materials used are of the first quality. They have found their profit in this honorable procedure. Fifty years of undeviating rectitude have placed this house among the millionnaires of New York.

The Stuarts sprang from the humblest origin. They were Scotch-Irish. The father was indolent and in-

temperate. The mother was intelligent, industrious, and pious. Her desire was to preserve her boys from want, and train them in the fear of the Lord. To support her children, the mother manufactured molasses candy, and sent out her boys to sell it. The candy was toothsome, and uniformly excellent, and found a ready market. From the profits of the trade the mother of the Stuarts was able to open a small candy store. From this humble beginning sprang the retail establishment so celebrated in the city, and the great sugar refinery of the house so famous in all the land. The brothers are devout Presbyterians, and are among the most princely donors to the religious enterprises of that important sect. Their benefactions are not confined to the members of their own faith. Their contributions to every good work are large as the sea.

For many years the Stuarts lived in Chambers Street, adjoining their refinery. One of the firm still keeps his residence on the old spot, though surrounded by trade and the clash of business. The other has moved into the aristocratic locality of Fifth Avenue, where he dwells in princely style. No turnouts in Central Park excel in style and beauty those driven by the Stuarts. Springing from the humblest origin, basing their business on integrity, they show in their success what New York can do for penniless boys who are willing to help themselves.

LXXXIII.

JAMES LENOX.

MR. LENOX began the up-town movement when Fifth Avenue was unpaved, unlighted, untenanted. He built himself a princely mansion of brown-stone, unusual in those days, with a front of seventy-five feet on the avenue. It was through his influence that the Wall Street Church was removed to its elegant location on Fifth Avenue. Of this church Mr. Lenox is a devout and liberal member. He is a man of very cultivated and refined tastes, but he lives retired and without show. His mansion is one of the most splendid in the city. It is furnished with rare magnificence. His gallery of pictures is the most costly and valuable of any in the United States. He has a library full of the choicest books and manuscripts in America. He has rare and expensive editions of the Bible. He has the original draught of Washington's Farewell Address. It cost Mr. Lenox two thousand dollars. He would not part with it for fifty thousand dollars. This residence and its costly adornings are not open to the public. To a limited circle of confidential friends the mansion is at times thrown open. Mr. Lenox has a country seat at Newport, but he

prefers his New York residence, because there he can shut out the world and be retired. His benefactions are very large. No man excels him in this except Daniel Drew. Mr. Lenox gives away annually from sixty to a hundred thousand dollars.

LXXXIV.

AUGUST BELMONT.

THE house of Belmont & Co., in New York, has few superiors. As the agent of the Rothschilds, this house is preëminent. In a dingy granite building on Wall Street, with low, dark chambers, plainly, and, in comparison with other banking-houses, meanly furnished, Belmont & Co. transact their immense business. There is nothing attractive about the person of the banker. He is a Jew, whose countenance and speech indicate his nationality. He is thick-set, but stunted in size. He is very lame, and his appearance impresses no one. He is a leading politician, and makes large contributions for political purposes, and receives in exchange the chairmanship of important committees. His wife was the daughter of Commodore Perry, on whom he settled an independent fortune before marriage. He lives on Fifth Avenue, in a very large but plainly built brick mansion, modelled after the London houses. His picture gallery is second only to that owned by Mr. Lenox. Unlike Mr. Lenox, he does not close his house against his friends. He is very hospitable, entertains very largely during the season, and in princely style. He is very fond of masquerades and private theatricals. He often takes the leading characters, and imports the

most sumptuous dresses from abroad for himself and friends. No banker in New York can spread a table covered with such costly plate. A quiet man in business, very decided, and using but few words, he is very genial, with a great flow of spirits when he acts the part of host, or joins in the entertainments of his friends.

LXXXV.

EDWARD D. MORGAN.

A NATIVE of Massachusetts, Mr. Morgan came to New York when quite young. He was penniless, and began trade in as small way as can be imagined. He bartered for a while in the products of his native state, and then set up the grocery business in as small way as can well be conceived. With a plain, common school education, he had a good deal of business tact. His habits were good, and by strict attention to business he slowly but surely improved his fortune. He became a wholesale trader, and from his grocery establishment on Front Street he removed to Exchange Place, and opened the house of E. D. Morgan & Co. He became a bold operator in goods, stocks, and real estate. His clear brain enabled him to walk safely where other men stumbled. He made money where other men lost it. He is now about sixty years of age, with a fortune estimated at one million of dollars. For twenty years he has been in political life. He was governor of the state during the war, and is now United States senator. He has a very fine mansion on Fifth Avenue, where he dispenses a liberal and elegant hospitality.

LXXXVI.

THEATRES IN NEW YORK.

NOTHING has changed more than the New York theatres. The opera has taken the place of drama, and the so-called moral plays have superseded Shakespeare and his friends. The pit has departed, and in its place has arisen the parquette, the most reputable portion of the house. The third gallery has been removed, never to return, at least during this generation. There are no actors in New York of any note, and the pieces put on the stage, except at Wallack's, are a burlesque. The retirement of Mrs. Hoey from the stage left no actress of any name to gratify New York. Wallack's Theatre is unexceptional in elegance, scenery, the manner in which pieces are put on the stage, and in the dress of the artists.

The Bowery is all that remains of the theatre of the olden time. The Bowery Boys, Plug Uglies, and low New York patronize this place, and the plays are of the Dick Turpin and blood-and-thunder school. Moral lessons are suggested by the sight of the upper part of this institution, and the crowded condition and character of the audience, that can be found nowhere else. An occasional visit of an artist of note stirs New York to its centre. But the performers in our theatres scarcely

rise to the dignity of second-rate actors. Billiards, cards, costly parties, clubs, and dissipation take the place of play-going. We have numerous sensational play-houses, where small actors perform small plays, written by small men. But the era of sterling drama and talented actors is in the past, perhaps never to return.

LXXXVII.

THE NEW YORK YOUNG MEN'S
CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

ORIGIN. — CONTROVERSY ON SLAVERY. — WHO ORIGINATED FULTON STREET DAY MEETING? — ASSOCIATION AND THE WAR. — LARGE WORK OF THE ASSOCIATION. — THE NEW HEADQUARTERS. — PURPOSE OF THE ASSOCIATION. — OUTSIDE WORK.

ORIGIN.

THIS benevolent society was organized 16th of July, 1852, having for its object the improvement of the spiritual, mental, and social condition of young men. It first occupied a part of Stuyvesant Institute, No. 659 Broadway, and after various removals is now fixed in neat and pleasant rooms at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-second Street, from which there will probably be no removal until the Association is permanently established in its new building at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, which will probably be completed as early as May, 1869. The Association has wrought a good work among the young men of the city in the past, and has done much for their elevation and improvement. By many it has heretofore been looked upon as an experiment, and has encountered much opposition from some quarters. At one time

quite a number of the leading clergymen of the city took strong ground against it.

CONTROVERSY ON SLAVERY.

An important and prolonged controversy, in the winter of 1856-57, originating in a dispute about the action of a committee, and finally involving in some degree the opinion of the members on the question of slavery, then agitating the whole community, resulted in the withdrawal of one hundred and fifty persons, and for a time retarded the progress of the Association. A persistent adherence on the part of the remaining members to the special work for which the society was established, and a growing conviction in the minds of philanthropic and Christian men of the peculiar temptations and dangers to which young men are exposed in this city, resulted shortly in its restoration to the place in the confidence of our citizens which it had formerly held. Since that time the Association has been steadily advancing in public favor, until now there are few who question its usefulness and value as an agency in opposing the inroads of evil and wickedness.

WHO ORIGINATED FULTON STREET DAY MEETING?

More than one year before the Fulton Street prayer-meeting was held under its present management, a committee of this society held in that now doubly sacred consistory a noonday prayer-meeting. These meetings were suspended in July, 1856, and in the autumn of that year they were resumed under the present direction, and have ever since so continued.

ASSOCIATION AND THE WAR.

At the breaking out of the war this Association took the lead in the work subsequently prosecuted by the Christian Commission, and for a long time were almost alone. On the 27th of May, 1861, their army committee began its work. It was prosecuted in various forms about this city, in the camps, and among the soldiers temporarily here, until the battle of Bull Run, when it was extended to the camps and hospitals about Washington. It assumed such gigantic proportions that this Association urged a combination of all kindred societies for its prosecution, and finally, in response to the urgent requests of the army committee, a convention of these associations met in the rooms of the New York society on the 15th of November, 1861, when the Christian Commission was formed. In the prosecution of this work an army hymn-book was published by the committee, of which one hundred and fifty thousand copies were circulated among the soldiers. During the summer of 1862, while large numbers of wounded soldiers from the Peninsula were in the hospitals about the city, a committee of night-watchers, composed of members and friends of the Association, of more than three hundred, was organized, which rendered an invaluable service through the whole of that sad season. Each person held himself ready to spend the night at any hospital which should be indicated two days in advance by the chairman of the committee. The Association is entitled to great credit for this work, which is akin to that in which like societies have engaged in other cities where pestilence has prevailed.

LARGE WORK OF THE ASSOCIATION.

It is not among the least of the good works of this Association that it has aroused the attention of thinking people to the peculiar condition and needs of the young men of this city. The special efforts put forth in this direction more recently deserve mention. An elaborate pamphlet, in form a skeleton of an argument upon this subject, was issued some two years since, which was circulated extensively among newspaper editors, clergymen, and our leading citizens of other callings; this was followed by the publication of a series of letters received by officers of the Association supporting the position taken in the pamphlet. These attracted much attention, were made the subject of many leading newspaper articles, and were adverted to and commented upon largely in sermons and public addresses.

THE NEW HEADQUARTERS.

The Association reaped an immediate advantage in their effort to collect a sum sufficient to erect a building commensurate with the work in hand. Already some two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars have been placed under the control of a board of trustees, specially created by an act of the legislature to hold the real estate of the Association. For the completion of the building as now contemplated, however, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars more will be required.

A fine plot of ground, of more than six full lots, has been purchased on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, where ground has already been

broken for the proposed building, which is to be one hundred and seventy-five feet on the street and eighty-three feet on the avenue, and five stories high. The material is red brick, with light stone trimmings; the style of architecture either Renaissance or Gothic, with Mansard roof. The first floor is appropriated to stores, and the fourth and fifth to studies. From these a rental is expected sufficient to carry on much of the work of the Association.

The second and third stories are set apart for the purposes of the Association. There is to be a fine reading-room; library with space for thirty thousand volumes; a lecture-room which will seat fifteen hundred persons; convenient class-rooms, parlors, a conversation-room, and a commodious gymnasium. Here it is proposed to carry on the work contemplated by the Association at its organization, upon a scale somewhat corresponding with the proportions of the field before it.

PURPOSE OF THE ASSOCIATION.

No pains will be spared to keep prominent, and to realize the great moral and religious objects of the society; nor is it designed to neglect any secondary means or objects consistent with the grand purpose, for it is held by the Association that genuine radical reforms, unquestioned elevation and improvement, are formed only in a real change of heart, and complete personal dedication to the service of Christ.

Already the foundation has been laid for a theological reference library, and the collection of books is even now extensive; but the expectation is to make it complete in all departments, so that no one need com-

plain of a lack of means to investigate any department of religious or theological truth or speculation, or any phase of religious belief, even the most peculiar. This collection will be free to all when completed, as it is now in its beginning.

It is aimed, in the new building with its commodious rooms, to make free lectures, and classes upon topics and studies most useful to young men, a leading feature; and plans are now under consideration touching these matters.

The gymnasium will be large, scientifically arranged, thoroughly furnished, and free to all members of the Association.

OUTSIDE WORK.

While laying plans for this central building, the board of directors have not forgotten the more remote sections of the city. They look to branches, as aids in reaching young men.

Already one is in full and successful operation in Varick Street, near Canal, conducted much upon the plan of the parent society; another in Wooster Street for the colored young men; one in Ludlow Street for the Germans. Another is now being organized in Harlem, and yet another in Grand Street, not far from the East River. It is not supposed that these will meet the wants of the young men of the city, but some three or four others are in contemplation.

Every effort is made by the officers of the Association to employ, and develop, and increase the working power of the members, now more than sixteen hundred in number. The various committees are made as large as possible, while retaining compactness and

efficiency, and the aim is to have each person render some real service. There is something for every one to do,—money to be raised; young men to be invited to the rooms; to be introduced to good boarding-houses, to suitable companions, and places of employment, and agreeable church connections; prayer-meetings to be sustained, the sick and destitute to be visited; and thus each young man, while made a missionary to others, is being trained among those of his own age for the best works of charity. And many of the leading men in middle life in our city, and in the land, began their philanthropic and Christian work in this Association. As greater experience is acquired, this scheme for training young men, while rendering them at present useful, will operate with greater efficiency. And the power of the Association for good will be more than correspondingly increased when the new building is ready for occupation. All through its history there have been many capable and talented young men in the board of directors, and active on the committees; and it is safe to say that at no former period has there been connected with it so large a number of men, well and favorably known to all our citizens, and so largely enjoying their confidence, as now. In this respect the Association will not suffer in comparison with any corporation in the city, secular or religious.

LXXXVIII.

ADMIRAL DAVID G. FARRAGUT.

EARLY LIFE. — HEROIC RESOLUTION. — HE BECOMES A STUDENT. — VALUE OF ONE BOOK. — THE GREAT LESSON TAUGHT. — PERSONAL.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, now a resident of New York, was born in Knox County, Tennessee, but his father made Louisiana his home when David was a child. It was understood that he was a native of New Orleans. Mr. Lincoln thought that the son of so brave a man as Commodore Farragut, to whom President Jefferson intrusted the defence of New Orleans, would be a suitable man to take care of that city, and open the navigation of the river to the Gulf. On his arrival, the rebels claimed him as a native born Louisianian, who would at once desert the old flag and follow his state. To all proposals he had but one answer. He was no Louisianian, he said; he was a simple citizen of the United States. He owed allegiance only to the flag of his country. His father, he said, was sent to New Orleans to suppress the treason of Burr, and he now came down to suppress the treason of secession.

EARLY LIFE.

David took to the sea naturally. His father was a sailor before him — a brave, bold, honest man. He

held an honorable place in our navy. Small as it was then, it did some valiant things. David early exhibited manly courage and heroism. It is not only on the battle-field that courage can be seen. A boy may be brave in resisting temptation, in refusing to do a wrong action, in refusing to join in deeds forbidden or immoral, in standing by the right when that is the unpopular side, in subduing his passions and appetites, in breaking off bad habits; Farragut was in all this as brave when a boy as he was when he lashed himself to the mast in Mobile Bay.

HEROIC RESOLUTION.

David found in the navy gay companions. They smoked, chewed, drank, and swore. It was not strange that young Farragut should fall into the same habits. He was a gay young man — jovial, merry, and knew how to have a good time. But he early saw that the gay young men did not rise in their profession, and knew little of promotion. With most of them drinking grew with their growth, and they became drunkards. With the same courage that gained him renown later in life, Farragut resolved to rise in his profession, and to cut loose from every habit that prevented his reaching the highest grade of the navy. He abandoned at once, in a day, the use of tobacco, profanity, strong drink, and so overcame himself; and when but sixteen years of age he flung aside those lusts and appetites, customs and pastimes, in which the young so generally indulge, as hinderances to his success. He mastered his profession; did all that he did well. From the start to the crowning honors of an admiral he could be trusted. No

questions of ease, safety, or personal comfort stood between him and his duty. He was unflinching in his integrity and fidelity as he was in pluck.

HE BECOMES A STUDENT.

He knew that he must be intelligent as well as brave and plucky. Industry and application would enable him to gain enough knowledge to make him an intelligent seaman. He had no college training ; but he knew that application would make amends for any deficiency of early education. He had all that pertained to the profession he had chosen. He was a close student, and to his books he owed all that distinguished him in later life.

VALUE OF ONE BOOK.

Admiral Farragut is indebted to one book for the most heroic feat connected with his name. He found an old history of the war between the English and French in Canada. In that war the English had been repeatedly defeated. A long line of disasters had marked their career. Commodore Boscawen was in command of the fleet. Wolfe was second in command. Commodore Boscawen had asked to have placed under him a Scotch commander. He selected him because he was a brave and accomplished man, of unflinching integrity. The commander decided to land troops in the sight of the intrenched French soldiers. It was regarded as foolhardy, and a council of war was called by the commander of the army to consult on the matter. To this council Commodore Boscawen was invited. He neither accepted nor declined. He prom-

ised to consider the matter, and give an answer when his mind was made up. He signalled the Scotch commander to come on board his ship. He laid the case before him of the peril of landing the troops. "Leave that to me," said the brave old sailor; "I can land them. Give me the authority, and I will place the French and English side by side, and let them fight it out." To the astonishment and dismay of the officers and men, the order ran along the ship that the troops were to be landed at once. Against this order Wolfe protested, but the Scotchman was immovable. His orders were to land the troops. He should do it. Finding all remonstrance vain, and that troops would be landed, and the French attacked, Wolfe then claimed the right to lead the expedition, and told him that the time had come when he could display his peculiar qualities by giving him good advice. He bade him utter his opinions freely, and with an honest heart. The Scotch commander spoke instantly: "Have nothing to do with this council of war. It is a coward's refuge. These officers do not want to fight, and the council is to save them. We have had a succession of defeats and disasters, and the country wants success. The country will have success. You must give it to them; land your troops, and let them fight it out."

Admiral Farragut informed the writer that when he made the resolution to pass the batteries at Port Hudson; when all the fleet went back except the vessel that was lashed to his ship, and that would have gone back if it could have got away; when he was lashed to the mast in Mobile Bay, he had the heroic conduct of the old Scotch commander before him. It was only

death if he did not succeed; and success would give new life to the nation. And in all his career in the late war he heard a voice sounding in his ear, "Your country wants success; your country will have success; you must give her success." We had been beaten on the land and on the sea. Our iron-clads and monitors were taken or sunk. Farragut was on the Mississippi. It was his task to open the river; and to do this, it was needful to pass Port Hudson. It would gain for our country an immense advantage. The attempt was dangerous. Men called it foolhardy. But the admiral had his father's pluck and his father's example before him, and the success of the brave old commander. He lashed a gun-boat to the side of the "dear old Hartford," as Mrs. Farragut called the ship, and ordered the fleet to follow. But all were driven back but the Hartford by the terrible fire from the fort. The admiral took his life in his hands. The occasion was worthy of the sacrifice, and the old ship came safely through. In the midst of the hottest fire he thought of the old history he read when a boy.

THE GREAT LESSON TAUGHT.

Admiral Farragut chose early and with care the profession he intended to adopt. By study and diligence he fitted himself for a high position in that calling. He put a full and final end to bad habits and practices at war with success. He was bold and brave in cutting away from private indulgences that have ruined many as talented and hopeful as he. He is trusty, honest, capable, and faithful in all places and times. To success talents are needful, with intelligence;

for brain rules muscle. But moral brain leads all. Without it no one can stand high or stand long.

PERSONAL.

Admiral Farragut is small of stature, and is quite stout, with an agreeable face, wreathed in smiles. He is unobtrusive in manners, and the last man in the fleet that would be taken for the most successful and the bravest man in the navy. The flash of his eye shows that he knows how to command. His career is worthy the study and imitation of the youth of America.

LXXXIX.

DORLAN'S, FULTON MARKET.

NEW YORK is the great place for business success, provided men begin right, and carry on their business on principle. There is no place in the world where integrity, honor, and industry are so good a capital. A man may begin anywhere, do anything, — dig gravel, black boots, peddle peanuts, keep an apple stand, open a small candy store, carry around letter paper to sell by the sheet. If he trades on honor, does his business well, has tact and brains, he will come to the surface.

Dorlan's oyster establishment, in Fulton Market, is one of the most noted places in the city. Go to any part of the country, and to any part of the world, and mention oysters, and Dorlan's name will come up. "Dorlan's," as it is called, is a small den of a place. It is as plainly furnished as can be conceived. The tables are without cloths. The floors are without carpets. White delf ware is used, but all is scrupulously clean. No opera, soirée, fashionable palace, can boast of a more fashionably dressed and distinguished company. Fastidious ladies, who at home dwell in splendid boudoirs and sit in perfumed chambers, take Dorlan's on their way from the opera, for a stew or a saddle-rock roast. Gentlemen who have rosewood tables on

Turkey carpets, eat off of porcelain and silver ware, whose dining-rooms are perfumed with the choicest flowers, thankfully accept a stool without a back to it at Dorlan's, and are jostled by the crowd. The belles and madams of the upper ten often stand in a row awaiting their turn.

Over thirty years ago Mr. Dorlan commenced business near the site where his present establishment stands. He is an original Knickerbocker, and was born not far from his present place of business. He had nothing to rely upon but his industry and his character. He formed a few simple rules, on which his whole business career has been based. These rules have led to permanent success. He is a very wealthy man, and has earned every dollar that he enjoys in his little crib, where he can be daily found during the hours of business.

Among other rules he has acted upon is this, — *personal attention to business*. During his whole career this trait has marked Mr. Dorlan. He can be found as earnestly engaged in business to-day as when he had a fortune to make. He is a tall, compact, well-made man, with sandy hair and complexion, and the look of a pilot, or one accustomed to the sea. His business is entirely a cash business. He buys and sells for himself; is his own cashier and book-keeper. The desk, at which he stands by the hour, commands every customer, every servant, and the many glowing furnaces on which the luscious oyster is cooked. No one passes in or out without passing before him. He makes no bad debts. His servants cannot cheat him, nor can they neglect their duty. With his coat off, sleeves rolled up, with-

out a hat, indoors and out, he receives all orders, sees that every guest is served and courteously attended to.

Never sell a bad article, was another rule adopted by Mr. Dorlan at the start. He keeps nothing but first-class oysters, and everybody in the country knows it. No one asks, "Will you give me a good stew to-day?" "Have you got good oysters?" His oils are a specialty, and are sent for from all parts of the state. Indeed, they are sent for from the South and the Pacific coast. His butter comes from special dairies, and is always first-class. No merchant is more jealous of his honor, or that his paper shall not be protested, and his credit stand fair, than Mr. Dorlan is that the reputation of his establishment shall be maintained. His care over these little things has brought him a fortune, and underlaid his success.

He trusts nothing to subordinates. He delegates nothing. He superintends all orders, and some roasts and stews that are a specialty in his establishment he cooks himself. He could have left business with a fortune long ago, but he is of an active, healthy temperament, and he must do something with himself, and he prefers business to idleness. He is not ashamed to attend to his business, nor afraid to let men see him at his work. He has seen great changes during the thirty years of his service. Millionnaires have been swept away by battalions. Leaders of the ton, who patronize Dorlan by eating his stews, but who cannot now get trusted for a roast, are thick as autumn leaves. The few merchants of New York who began life with Dorlan thirty years ago, and who have a fortune to show at the close of that long period, are men who,

like Dorlan, started business and continued it on the principles of personal attention, integrity, and industry. Any one desiring business success in New York will find no place more worthy of a visit than Dorlan's, at Fulton Market, and no character more worthy of being studied than that of the quiet, intelligent, courteous gentleman who can be found daily at his work, and whose name is known where ever civilization extends, and is never mentioned without honor.

XC.

ROMAN CATHOLICS IN NEW YORK.

INTRODUCTION OF CATHOLICISM INTO NEW YORK. — ITS PRESENT POSITION. —

ARCHBISHOP McCLOSKEY.

PRACTICALLY, in this city, Catholicism is the state religion. It carries the city at every election. It holds every position of emolument and trust within the bounds of the municipality. A few officers are appointed who are nominal Protestants. But these are as obsequious as members of the Romish communion. A distinguished member of the New York bar, who was in communion with the Reformed Dutch Church, told me that he was offered a judgeship in the city, coupled with conditions with which, as a Protestant and a Christian, he could not comply. Another, with an easier conscience, took the position on the supreme bench. Large annual sums are appropriated to carry on the work of the Catholics, and are paid out of the city funds. Valuable plots of land, under one pretence and another, have been donated and used for strictly sectarian purposes. To keep the poor Catholic children out of the Mission Schools at Five Points and elsewhere, and to keep them under Catholic instruction, a society was formed, founded by, and long

under the care of, the late Dr. Iris, at one time Protestant bishop of North Carolina. Hundreds of children were gathered into this society; and the city government appropriated thousands of dollars every year for their support. The society is wholly sectarian, designed to build up this particular sect.

Our large charitable institutions are almost wholly under the control of the Catholic priests; they have the run of the institutions; especial privileges are granted as to hours of service; especial conveniences are fitted up for Catholic worship; while Protestants have to take things as they find them. At the Tombs, the women and children are under the charge of the Sisters of Charity. To this class Protestant ministers and laymen can have no access at all. A fine chapel, in a retired portion of the prison, fitted up with all the paraphernalia of Catholic worship, at the expense of the city, is used for service. No one is allowed to enter it while worship is going on. A priest is employed, and music, with all the attractions of the Romish service, is introduced. Protestant worship on Sunday is held in the great hall, without convenience or decency, amid the jabber and talk of prisoners in their cells, not one of whom can be seen; with the crowd taken from the bummers' cell, gathered in an indiscriminate mass on the pavement, squatting, kneeling, lying down, and jabbering, amid the locking and unlocking of cell doors, the shouting of officers, the tramping of prisoners to and from the court, and general disturbance.

Recently the Common Council have forbidden laymen to visit prisons and almshouses for religious

instruction; thus almost completely banishing Protestant teaching from these institutions. For years a large corps of devoted religious men have given their Sundays to this work. There are few Protestant ministers that can leave their churches, and the new law has almost banished everything but Catholicism from our public institutions.

INTRODUCTION OF CATHOLICISM INTO NEW YORK.

Father Isaac Jaques, a Jesuit, in 1642 introduced Catholicism into this state. He was seized by a party of Indians in Huron County, and most cruelly treated. His captivity lasted fifteen months. He escaped to Fort Orange, now the city of Albany. The Indians demanded their prisoner, and threatened to take revenge with tomahawk and torch. The Dutch refused to give him up, and sent him to New York for safety. They pacified the Indians by paying his ransom. They gave him his passage on the first vessel sailing for Europe, together with a safe pass, that he might not be harmed on his journey; paid all his expenses, and ordered that he should be landed in France. In 1683, three Jesuits resided at New York for a time, and opened a college. The Catholic element was too weak to support it. The brief record of the time is,—“Mr. Graham, Judge Palmer, and John Tudar did contribute their sons for some time, but noboddy imitating them, the college vanished.” The British government tolerated the Catholic religion in Canada, but not in New York. In 1778 a French man-of-war was taken by the English and brought to New York. The chaplain, M. De La Motte, was put on parole, and visited

the city. He asked permission of the British commander to celebrate mass, at the request of the few Catholics in the city. He received a peremptory refusal. He celebrated the mysteries of his faith notwithstanding. He was arrested, and confined in prison till exchanged. The old Dutch Church, now used as a post office in this city, was occupied at that time by the English troops as a riding-school and a hospital. Here it is supposed M. De La Motte was confined. On the evacuation of New York by the British, public worship commenced, and St. Peter's Church, in Barclay Street, was erected. The State of New York granted the act of incorporation in 1785. The Spanish ambassador laid the corner-stone of St. Peter's in 1786; and Charles the Third presented a handsome sum for the erection of the building. New York was erected into a see, April 8, 1808, by Pope Pius VII. From that time to the present the course of this church has been onward, till it is the great power in this metropolis.

ITS PRESENT POSITION.

It has churches and a ministry suited to every class of its worshippers, from the highest to the lowest. It has an enormous property in real estate in the most valuable localities. Its churches, large and numerous as they are, bear no proportion to its worshippers. Each church holds a dozen congregations a day, and each service is crowded. The cathedral, in the process of erection on Fifth Avenue, has not only one of the most commanding positions, but will be one of the most costly and magnificent churches on this continent. The revenue of the church is immense. Every

member of its countless congregations has to contribute to its maintenance; and all do so, from the least unto the greatest. Every worshipper has to pay pew rent, and contribute to the work of the church. When a contribution is taken, collectors are appointed, who go from pew to pew during service, call up the worshipper from his knees, get his money, and then leave him to his devotions.

Among all the Protestant sects there are not as many discordant elements or as much disunion as among the Catholics. They are divided into clans and nationalities, and often give the archbishop great trouble, and defy his authority. The union is apparent, but not real. More than once in this city the trustees have shut the doors of the church in the face of the priest appointed by the archbishop, and have refused to see him. The Irish have their churches and priests. The Italians have theirs. So have the French and other nations. These different communities are hot partisans. The Jews and Samaritans did not maintain a fiercer enmity.

ARCHBISHOP McCLOSKEY.

Archbishop McCloskey succeeded Archbishop Hughes, on the death of that prelate. He is in every respect unlike his predecessor; is a man of medium size, a round, jovial, contented face, carrot-colored hair, mild expression, quiet and unostentatious in his manner, seldom appearing before the public by speech or pen except in connection with some occasion in which his church is represented. Bishop Hughes was always before the public. He was aggressive in his movements, always

in a controversy with some one; attacking Congress, the legislature, the courts, the common school system, or some other prominent matter. Archbishop McCloskey conducts the affairs of his diocese with the secrecy attributed to the Jesuits. But no one doubts that his administration of affairs is much more successful, and that the diocese was never in as prosperous a condition as now. That the Catholics do not manipulate a few things — the Croton Board, the Police Department, the Fire Department, the Central Park — is owing entirely to the interference of the state. Strenuous efforts are being made to restore these departments to the city government, that they may be tributary to Catholicism in the city and country.

XCI.

GIFT SWINDLES AND LOTTERY ENTERPRISES.

THEIR EXTENT. — PLAN OF OPERATION. — THE TICKET SWINDLE. — MODES OF OPERATING. — PRIZE TICKET. — CIRCULAR. — MEDICAL SWINDLE. — THE LETTERS. — WHY DON'T THE POLICE BREAK UP THIS SWINDLING? — THE PARTIES WHO CARRY ON THE SWINDLE. — DOLLAR STORES.

THEIR EXTENT.

THERE are over two thousand of these swindling establishments in New York. There are about thirty heavy concerns, which do the principal business. These change their location and their names often. By a flourishing concern, the number of letters received daily is from two hundred to five hundred. These letters come mainly from the country,—many from the West, more from the South. The swindles are based upon some pretended benevolent scheme, such as the “Asylum for Sick and Wounded Soldiers;” or, “Union Jewellers’ Society;” or, “Sailors’ and Soldiers’ Home;” or, “Orphans’ Institute.” Sometimes these concerns run a newspaper, and offer a gift to every subscriber. The “Dollar Stores,” with a prize to every purchaser, belong to the same class of swindles. Thou-

sands of letters are received at the headquarters of the police from victims asking redress ; sending for the prizes ; exposing imposition ; pointing out the locality where the swindlers do their business, and asking the police to break up the den of sharpers. Why the police do not do it, and put an end to this robbery, will be seen in another place. Three out of the five letters received at the police headquarters are from victims who have been swindled out of amounts varying from ten to two hundred dollars.

It is estimated that the season, and it is a short one usually, during which one of these gift enterprises runs, from one hundred thousand dollars to half a million of money is received. There is scarcely a city or town in the Union to which circulars are not sent, and from which victims are not secured.

PLAN OF OPERATION.

From some den in the city, or from some store fitted up for the occasion, a scheme is got up in aid of the "Orphans' Institute." By the aid of directories, post-office lists, and other means, the names of hundreds of thousands of persons are obtained from all parts of the country. Circulars are sent to each of these persons, containing a list of prizes to be drawn, the numbers, and all the paraphernalia of a lottery. Each party is made an agent. Each party is guaranteed a prize. Each is to sell tickets. Each is to keep quiet, as a knowledge of the promised prize to one party would create dissatisfaction among the rest. But in every case ten dollars must be mailed before the prize can be sent on. The party is enjoined to

state whether the prize shall be sent on in a draft or in "greenbacks." Ten or fifteen days, at the most, are allowed, to respond. As the prize is supposed to be worth from one hundred to five hundred dollars, the party catches at the bait, sends on the ten dollars, and of course that is the last of it. As a specimen of these circulars, the minute instructions in regard to the prizes, sending the money, &c., to prevent the party from coming or sending, the following circular, received by the authorities from a victim, will be interesting:—

* * * * *

Your present will be sent promptly in ten days after the reception of the percentage. Don't send for us to ship your present and you pay on delivery. We cannot do it, as we should have to employ more help than you would want to pay, and thus lessen the profits to the ticket holders. Also avoid sending to your friends to call and get your presents; it not only gives them trouble, but it is a great annoyance; they are always sure to call when we have the most business on hand, and they insist upon being waited on first, &c., &c. To accommodate them we have to run through the immense amount of names, and many times we have two of the same name; then we have to refer to our register containing the name, town, and state, to get the correct one. Then, again, if you send by them, or should come yourself, you incur expense, for you know what you have drawn by your notice, and you see by a vote of your committee you cannot collect at sight. No article is delivered under ten days' notice, so you or your friends would have to wait ten days before being able to obtain what is against your name. We have made this rule and must adhere to it, for those that send us their percentage we feel in duty bound to wait on FIRST; therefore we ask, as a great personal favor, that upon the receipt of your notification, if there is a percentage of a few dollars to be paid, send it by mail, then you will not only have done us a great favor and saved us much unnecessary trouble, but you will, at the same time, have kept the matter in a straight, business-like manner, so that it will avoid all mistakes by our employees, and you will be sure to get your present at the time specified.

Those that will be notified that they have drawn presents valued at \$10, upwards to \$25, and there are many, they have no percentage. We have passed a vote not to deliver any article from the office, but must in all cases be sent by mail or express at their expense, from the fact that we should be so overrun by those living near that we should have to neglect our friends at a distance, so remember to send us word how you want it sent. Write name and town plainly, so any one that reads can read and have no mistake.

Money can be sent at our risk by mail. The surest way is, put your money in a letter and pay twenty cents to have it registered, if a large amount; but where it is only a few dollars, put it in a letter so it will look small, and then three cents will answer. We seldom miss letters; and when a bill of a large denomination is placed in a letter it does not show that it contains anything, and if it looks so it is sure to arrive safe, and thus you would save seventeen cents; and as a penny saved is as good as two earned, you can take your choice.

When you receive your present be kind enough to inform us of the fact, so we can file away as delivered. In case you do not receive it at the expiration of ten days, be prompt in giving us word, so we can look it up. On any business enclose stamp for return answer.

The books will be closed after fifteen days from the date of your notification, as it must be closed as soon as possible in order to relieve the committee, and as it will give all ample time to remit or send their order how the present must be sent.

We think we have given you all the information required, thus saving you the trouble of writing for information.

All letters should be addressed, per order of the managers, to

READ & Co., *Bankers*, No. 6 Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

Successors to GEO. A. COOKE & Co.

New York City.

THE TICKET SWINDLE.

Not one in fifty who receive tickets ever buys them. Almost all the victims are partners to the fraud. They receive notice from the managers in New York that the ticket purchased by them has drawn the prize. Any number is put in that the managers please. The prize is a gold watch, worth two hundred dollars, or a diamond, or some other thing worth that amount. Perhaps from ten thousand to fifty thousand persons receive the same notice. The parties have bought no such ticket. They hold no such ticket. They think the letter directed to them is a mistake—intended for somebody else. They catch at the bait. For ten dollars they can get two hundred. The man has only ten days in which to make the return. He sends his money, gets swindled in common with ten thousand others, and

then lodges his complaint with the New York police. The managers understand this arrangement very well. They know the victim will not dare prosecute, for he is a party to the swindle. The establishment pockets two hundred thousand dollars for three months' experiment, removes to another part of the city, takes a new name, and commences the same swindle over again. Here is one of the tickets with which a St. Louis man was swindled out of his five per cent. He sent the card to the New York police.

MR. ————,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR SIR: You are hereby notified that ticket No. 137 has drawn gold watch valued at \$200. Five per cent. on the valuation is \$10. The percentage must be paid or forwarded within twelve days from the date of this notice.

Those receiving prizes in the preliminary drawing receive them with this understanding, that they will either buy tickets in our grand distribution that takes place in November, or use their influence in every way possible to sell tickets. Any parties receiving this notice, who are not willing to assist us in our grand enterprise, will please return the ticket and notice as soon as received. All communications and money must be sent to

HALLETT, MOORE & Co., *Bankers and Financial Managers*,
575 Broadway, New York.

By order of the

NEW YORK JEWELLERS' COÖPERATIVE UNION.

N. B. No prizes will be shipped until the percentage is received. We will be ready in fifteen days to fill orders for tickets in the grand distribution of five million dollars' worth of goods, the drawing of which is to take place in the building of the New York Jewellers' Coöperative Union, November 16, 1868.

By order of the BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

MODES OF OPERATING.

The great concerts promised, the public drawings and distribution of prizes, never come off. Names are used without the knowledge or consent of the important gentlemen who are made parties to the fraud.

Soldiers are enlisted in the work of selling tickets, and are guaranteed invariably a personal prize from fifteen to five hundred dollars. Soldiers who have been in the field are especially guaranteed.

PRIZE TICKET.

Ticket in the Preliminary Drawing of the New York Jewellers' Coöperative Union.

[No. 137.]

The person receiving the prize drawn by this ticket receives it with the understanding that he will use his influence and do all in his power to forward the sale of tickets in our grand drawing, to take place the 16th day of November next. All money and orders for tickets in the November drawing should be sent to

HALLETT, MOORE & Co., *Bankers*,
575 Broadway, New York.

The vanity of persons is appealed to. Out of the thousands addressed, each one supposes himself the privileged and favored party. Each one goes to work to sell tickets. Thousands of letters come in weekly to the New York house, each containing sums varying from ten to twenty, fifty, and one hundred dollars. The circular below was received by a soldier in aid of the "Sailors' and Soldiers' Refuge." He sent on one hundred dollars for tickets sold, and ten dollars to pay the percentage on his own prize—which of course he never received. Long before he could reach New York the concern had disappeared.

CIRCULAR.

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE UNITED STATES, }
NEW YORK. }

DEAR SIR: As we are determined to send a good prize in your neighborhood, and with this resolution we have been looking around for an opening in which, by presenting some discreet reliable person with a prize of a few

hundred dollars, it would have the desired effect to increase the number of our customers. We accidentally met with your address, and the idea occurred to us at once that you were just the person to aid us in our enterprise. We therefore make to you a proposition that must strike you as being no less novel than it is liberal, and that you may not suppose that there is any deception in it we inform you that the prize money does not come out of our pocket, but out of the pocket of the *lottery managers*, and we shall not lose by sending a few hundred dollars in *prize money*, but shall gain by it in the increased amount of business we shall expect from your neighborhood when you show the "greenbacks," and make it generally known that they are the proceeds of a prize drawn at our office. We make this offer to you in strict confidence — the proposal is plain. We are to send a certificate for a chance to draw a prize of a few hundred dollars. *You are to show the money.* The result will be that hundreds of dollars will be sent to us for tickets. You may be the gainer of a few hundred dollars. We shall be gainers by our sales, and the parties who send for tickets may be gainers by drawing prizes: Every one that sends will of course expect to draw a prize, not knowing the offer we made privately to you, which is as follows: Send us \$10 *to pay the managers*, and we will send to you, securely sealed, a *certificate* of a package of tickets in the enclosed scheme; and to set at rest any doubt you may have of our sincerity, we hereby bind ourselves to send you a *second* certificate in any of our brilliant extra lotteries, *for nothing*, if the first we send you does not draw you, *clear of all expenses*, twelve hundred dollars; and mark this fact, to send you twelve hundred dollars out of the managers' pocket will cost us nothing, but to send you an extra certificate will take money out of our pocket. We mention this merely to show you that it is *our interest* to send you a prize. We hand you an envelope with our address. Enclose to us \$10, and state in your letter whether we shall send you a draft on your nearest bank, or shall we send you the amount in "greenbacks" by mail, which last perhaps will suit you better. Please let us have your order by return mail, as we shall have to order the certificate from the managers for you, and believe us,

Yours, respectfully,

C. A. TAYLOR & Co.

P. S. In remitting, please send post office order or by express, or register the letter, to insure safe delivery to us.

MEDICAL SWINDLE.

Another favorite mode of swindling is carried on by men whose "sands of life have almost run out." The party represents himself as a retired clergyman; one who had suffered long from the asthma, or from a bron-

chial affection, or one nearly dead with the dyspepsia, or wasting away with consumption. Through a recipe from an old doctor, or an old nurse, or an Indian, the party obtained relief. Out of gratitude for the recovery, the healed clergyman or individual gives notice that he will send the recipe "without charge" to any sufferer who may desire it. Circulars by the thousand are sent to the address of persons in all parts of the country. Each person is required to put a postage stamp in his letter, for the transmission of the recipe. Thousands of letters come back in response. The recipe is sent, attached to which is the notice that great care must be taken in securing the right kind of medicine. Not one apothecary in a hundred in the country has the medicine named. The benevolent holder of the recipe adds to other things, that should the party not be able to get the medicine, if he will enclose three or five dollars, as the case may be, the New York party will make the purchase and send it on by express. Dreaming of no fraud, the money is sent as directed. If the medicine is sent on at all, it costs about fifty cents to the buyer, and a handsome business is done. If the swindle takes, the party will pocket from twenty thousand to fifty thousand dollars, break up the concern, and be out of the way before the victim can visit New York.

THE LETTERS.

The thirty large gift establishments receive about five hundred letters a day. Full three fifths of these letters contain money. Some of the letters detained by the authorities were found to contain sums as high

as three hundred dollars. Directed to different parties, they are taken out by the same persons. The medicine swindle, the dollar fraud, advertising for partners, dollar stores, and gift enterprises are run by the same parties. This advertising for partners is worthy of especial notice. A man with a capital of from one hundred to five hundred dollars is wanted. Great inducements are held out to him. He can make one hundred dollars a day and run no risk. The victim appears. He has a little money, or his wife has some, or he has a little place he can mortgage. The gift swindle is open to him. The basket of letters is opened in his presence. He is offered a share in the dazzling scheme. He pays his money, helps open the letters for a day or two, and then the scheme dissolves in the night. Almost all these large swindles have smaller ones that go along with them.

WHY DO NOT THE POLICE BREAK UP THIS SWINDLING?

The names of the parties who are carrying on these gigantic swindles are well known to our police. The managers have been arrested a dozen times. Broken up in one place, under a new name they open again. Thousands of letters are sent to the police headquarters from victims asking for redress. But not one of these letters is a complaint. Without a complaint the police are powerless. The victims belong to the country. Most of them have a respectable standing. They knew the thing was illegal when it was presented to them. It was a lottery, and nothing more. When they sent their ten dollars to secure the prize, they knew it was a cheat on their part, for they had bought

no ticket, and if there was a prize they were not entitled to it. They dare not commence a suit against these parties, and come to New York and prosecute it. The swindlers understand this perfectly well, and defy the authorities. If gentlemen from the rural districts love to be swindled, and will be parties to the cheat, refuse to make a complaint, or back up the complaint in the courts, they must take the consequences.

THE PARTIES WHO CARRY ON THE SWINDLE.

* In almost every case gift enterprises are carried on under an assumed name, and when arrested, the parties prove that they are not the men who carry on the business. When goods are seized, an owner appears not before named to replevin the stock. A. A. Kelly seems to have been the originator of this method of swindling. He began in Chicago with the Skating Rink. He then came to New York and began the gift enterprise and the dollar lottery scheme. He got up a Mock Turtle Oil Stock Company. He swindled a man in Erie county, who had him indicted. He was arrested by the police on a bench warrant, sent to Erie county to be tried, and is now serving the state in prison. Reade & Co., Clinton Hall, now doing the largest gift lottery business in the city, cannot be found, though the police have arrested the subordinates a dozen times.

One of the great firms in New York was run by Clarke, Webster, & Co. The police came down on the establishment and took away six truck-loads of books, circulars, and goods. They found directories for every town and city in the country. What were not printed were written. No such individuals as Clarke, Webster,

& Co. existed. A man known as William M. Elias appeared as the owner of the goods, and demanded them on a writ of replevin. The police refused to give them up, and gave bonds. The goods still remain at the headquarters.

Many victims who receive notice that their ticket, which they never bought, has drawn a prize, and who are requested to send on the ten dollars to pay expenses and percentage, try to do a sharp thing. They send the ten dollars on to General Kennedy, the Superintendent of the Police, with the request that he will pay it and take the present if it is all right. Such parties generally get a sharp answer from the official, informing them that gambling is unlawful; that the business they are engaged in is gambling; that the whole concern is a swindle, and that they had better put their money in their pockets and mind their business.

DOLLAR STORES.

These establishments are a part of the gift swindle, and are run by the same men under a different name. Their establishment is well calculated to attract and deceive. They offer you gold watches apparently worth three hundred dollars, which an unpractised eye could not detect from a valuable timepiece, for the sum of ten dollars. Gold brooches, diamond pins, silver pitchers, silver tea-sets, valued at from ten to one hundred dollars apparently, and all for the low sum of from one to ten dollars. These articles are all manufactured for the purpose, and on each of them the proprietor makes a profit. Hundreds of these establishments are broken.

up every year. But as long as parties are willing to pay their money for a swindle, — as long as they will submit to be duped, and enrich parties who cheat them, persons will be found willing to enrich themselves with gift swindles and gambling operations.

XCII.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

WHOEVER writes of New York truly, will do so in lines of light and gloom. Though this city is not so large as London, life is here more intense; crime is more vivid and daring; the votaries of fashion and pleasure are more passionate and open. The joy and good in New York abound over sorrow and evil. The religious people are decidedly religious. The liberal are decidedly liberal. Nor are donations confined to the city or state. The beneficence of New York touches both oceans, and makes glad the heart of men in all parts of the world. The calls on the wealthy are ceaseless. Yet the liberal never tire, and their gifts are in many instances graded by their own success. Immense donations are annually made, running up from ten thousand dollars to half a million. To agree to give ten thousand dollars a year for ten years is no uncommon arrangement. To found a college, endow a professorship, to donate a library, to build a church and complete it in all its appointments in localities far away, to build a church *in memoriam*, costing three hundred thousand dollars, to give half a million for an educational institution, is the pastime of our wealthy citizens.

In no other city is mission work, Sunday-school labor, the visiting of prisons, hospitals, penitentiaries, performed by the wealthy as it is in New York. Merchant princes, millionnaires, lawyers of national repute, doctors of continental fame, editors and conductors of our most celebrated papers, successful book men, and wealthy mechanics, who are religious, are found in our Sunday schools. There are more religious men of this class than can be found in any other city. The great merchant who rivals Stewart in the retail business, who stands second to him in the wholesale, and who employs nearly five hundred men in his massive business, can be seen on Sunday in the infant department of the Sunday school, with a child or two in his lap, singing about the

“ Sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men.”

A worse population than can be found in New York does not inhabit the globe. The base men of every nation, and the crimes, customs, and idolatries of every quarter of the world, are here. Portions of the city are abandoned to the lowest order of the Jews. The Italians herd together near Five Points, in a locality not safe to enter at night, unless guarded by the police. They are dangerous, turbulent, stealthy, and defiant. Their very tread is suggestive of the stiletto. There is no locality viler, more repulsive, or more wicked than that occupied by the low French. The Chinese herd together, without the decency of cattle. They smoke their opium, burn incense, and worship idols, as in the cities of the “Celestial Empire.”

The organ-grinders have their locality. The organs

are usually owned by persons who have capital. The man, woman, child, and monkey that attend the organ are hired by the day. They herd at night in a vile locality. Men and women, black and white, drunk and sober, sleep in a common room, in bunks or on the unwholesome floor. Men and women who gather ashes and garbage have a common rendezvous, where the howling of the dogs and the fighting of the women and men make night hideous. Horses, donkeys, cattle, goats, and pigs are kept in the cellar with geese and chickens, or quite frequently in a small back yard, the animals being driven through the front entry to their reeking stables. A portion of New York is Paradise: a large part is Pandemonium.

In New York, fortunes are suddenly made and suddenly lost. I can count over a dozen merchants who, at the time I began to write this book, a few months ago, were estimated to be worth not less than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, some of them half a million, who are now utterly penniless. At the opening of this year (1868) a merchant, well known in this city, had a surplus of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in cash. He died suddenly in July. He made his will three months before his death, and appointed his executors. By that will he divided two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. His executors contributed one thousand dollars to save a portion of the furniture to the widow, and that was all that was left her out of that great estate. He did what thousands have done before him, what thousands are doing now, and will do to-morrow. He had money enough, but he wanted a little more. He was induced to go into a nice little

speculation on Wall Street. He put in fifty thousand dollars. To save it he put in fifty thousand dollars more. The old story was repeated, with the same results.

Great cities must ever be centres of light and darkness; the repositories of piety and wickedness; the home of the best and the worst of our race; holding within themselves the highest talent for good and evil, with vast enginery for elevation and degradation; from which come untold sums for religion and beneficence, and for the ruin and destruction of the race. The philanthropist and reformer find in New York ample scope for all their powers. The abandoned and the dissolute are not always the most hardened. The sigh of penitence, the sob of despair, and the prayer for deliverance from a vicious life, are heard at night in the damp, gloomy cells of our prisons, but are often unheeded. There are to-day five hundred girls on the pave of New York who pray God nightly for deliverance, which does not come. Many of them are very young. They have left healthy country homes. Mock marriages and promises of marriage have led them to forsake the happy hearthstone where they knew neither shame, want, nor sorrow. The vicious arms of New York stretch themselves hundreds of miles away into the country. In picnics, large gatherings, private academies, and on commencement occasions, victims are secured. Once in New York, the horror and remorse, the sickness and suffering of the new life, break on the victim. Tears of blood are shed without avail. The motto over bad New York is the startling words, "Whoso entereth here leaves hope behind."

One of our leading music teachers, who has been long and successfully connected with the mission work at Five Points, had occasion, with some friends and an officer, not long since, to visit a house filled with young women. He was asked to play. He commenced with some operatic music. Then he played some national songs. He is a magnificent singer as well as player, and the unusual sound of such music in that place crowded the parlors. He gradually introduced more plaintive music. He then sang a hymn or two. Growing bold, and yet fearing the result, he began, in a voice full of feeling, Toplady's magnificent hymn, —

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me.”

Nearly every eye was full of tears. Sobs accompanied the music. At the conclusion quite a number of girls, who wept as if their hearts would break, clung to the singer, and begged of him to take them from that place. They would work, they would do any menial thing, if they had but a shelter and a refuge. That shelter and refuge Christian New York does not provide, and he had to leave these suffering, penitent, beseeching girls where he found them.

A young woman was arrested for keeping a disorderly house, and was placed in prison. One day the sheriff called on a well-known clergyman, celebrated for his philanthropic labors, and said to him, “There is a young woman in prison; her mother is dead, and, as she has no home, her funeral is to be attended from the prison. I don't know of anybody who will attend the funeral unless you will do it.” The minister readily complied, and was at the jail at the appointed hour.

The young woman was with the dead. She was the only mourner; and the sheriff's family were present at the services. At the conclusion of the religious exercises the daughter rose, went up to the minister, and said, "Would you not like to go and look at my mother?" While standing at the head of the coffin the minister felt impressed to say something. He turned to her, and said, "Do you not feel that this is a fit time to make new resolutions, and in the presence of the dead to change your course of life?" She paused a moment, deliberately took off her gloves, placed one hand on the brow of her mother, gave the other to the minister, and said, "With God's help I swear." She was removed to her cell. Several Christian women visited her. About three weeks after the funeral, on going into his prayer-meeting one Friday night, the minister saw the young woman, deeply veiled, sitting on the front seat. While a hymn was being sung he went and spoke to her. She told him that she still held to her vow; that she had been released from jail that afternoon, and that the prayer-meeting was the first place she had entered. He asked her if she was willing to make a statement of her feelings to the church. She replied, "If you think it is fit for such as I am to speak in this place, I am willing." In a modest manner, but in words that thrilled, she told the story of her sad life. "When your pastor," she said, "uttered those words at the coffin of my mother, 'God bless you, and give you strength to keep your vow,' they thrilled my deepest soul. In astonishment I cried out, 'What, you bless me! They are the first kind words I have heard for years.' They

decided my fate." She was removed to the country, away from her acquaintances and the temptations of the city. She soon after united with the church, and is an earnest, humble, and devoted worker in the paths of religion and philanthropy. So it must ever be while New York maintains her position as the Metropolis of the Nation: that within her borders will be found
SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

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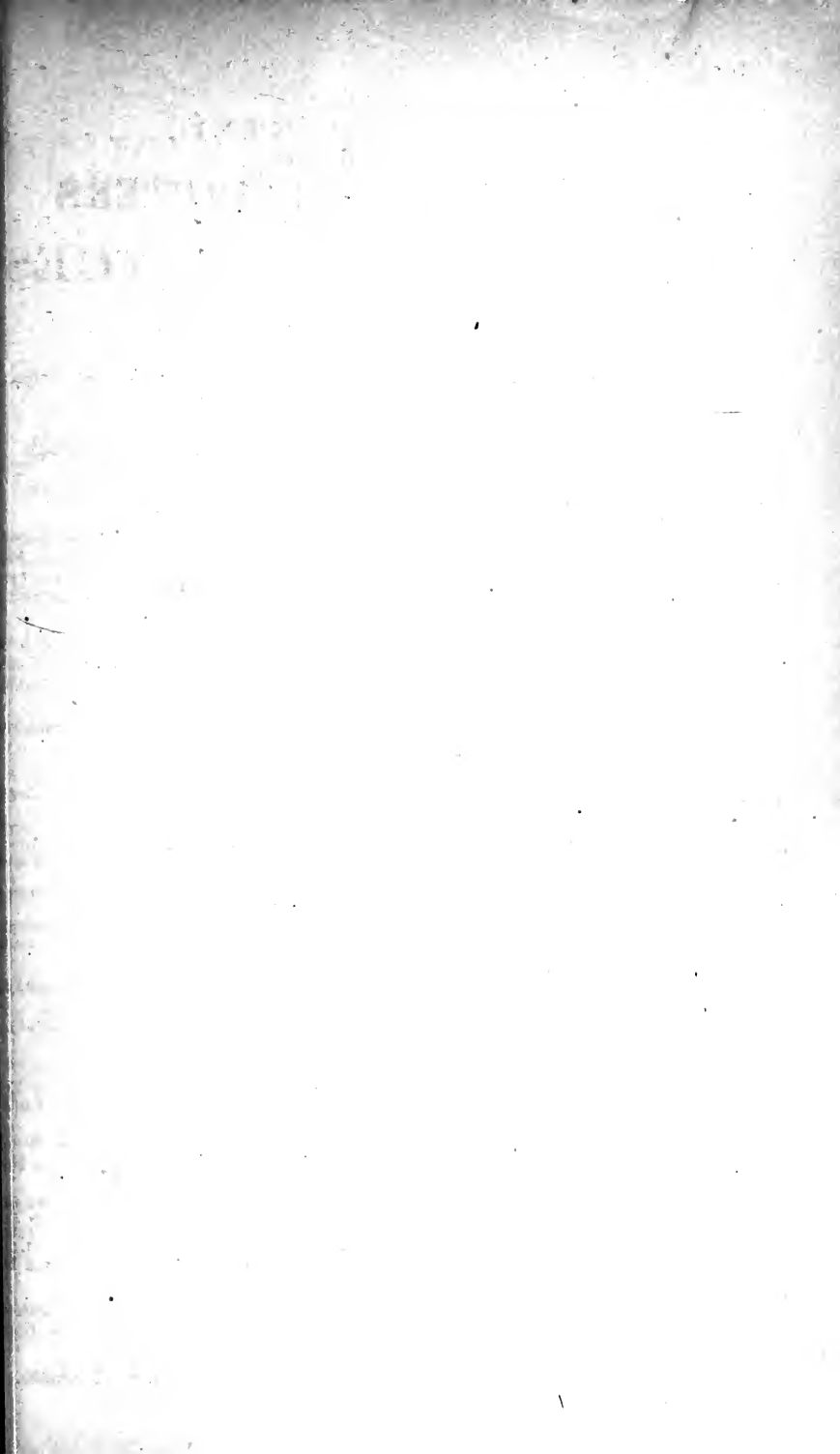
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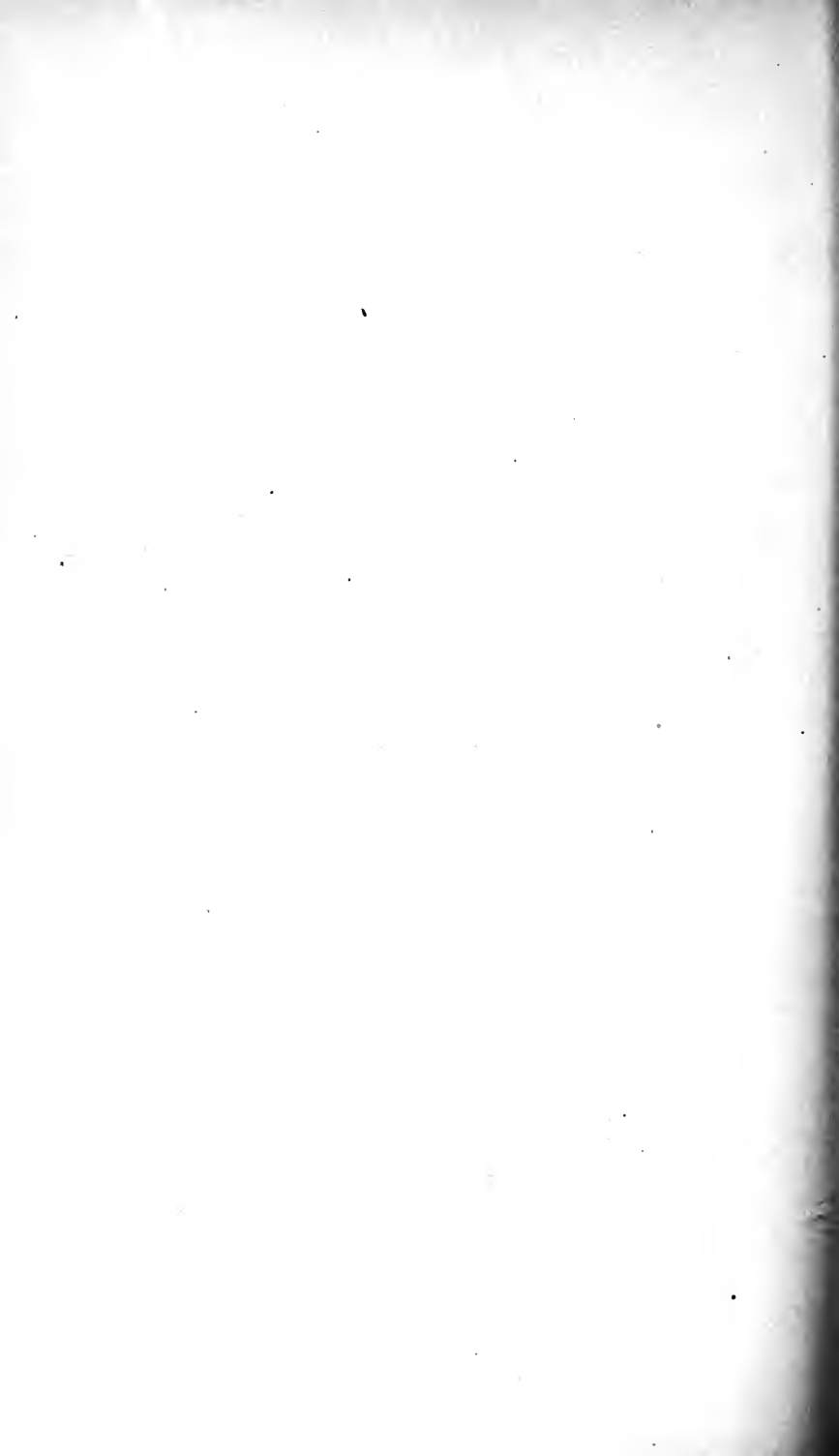
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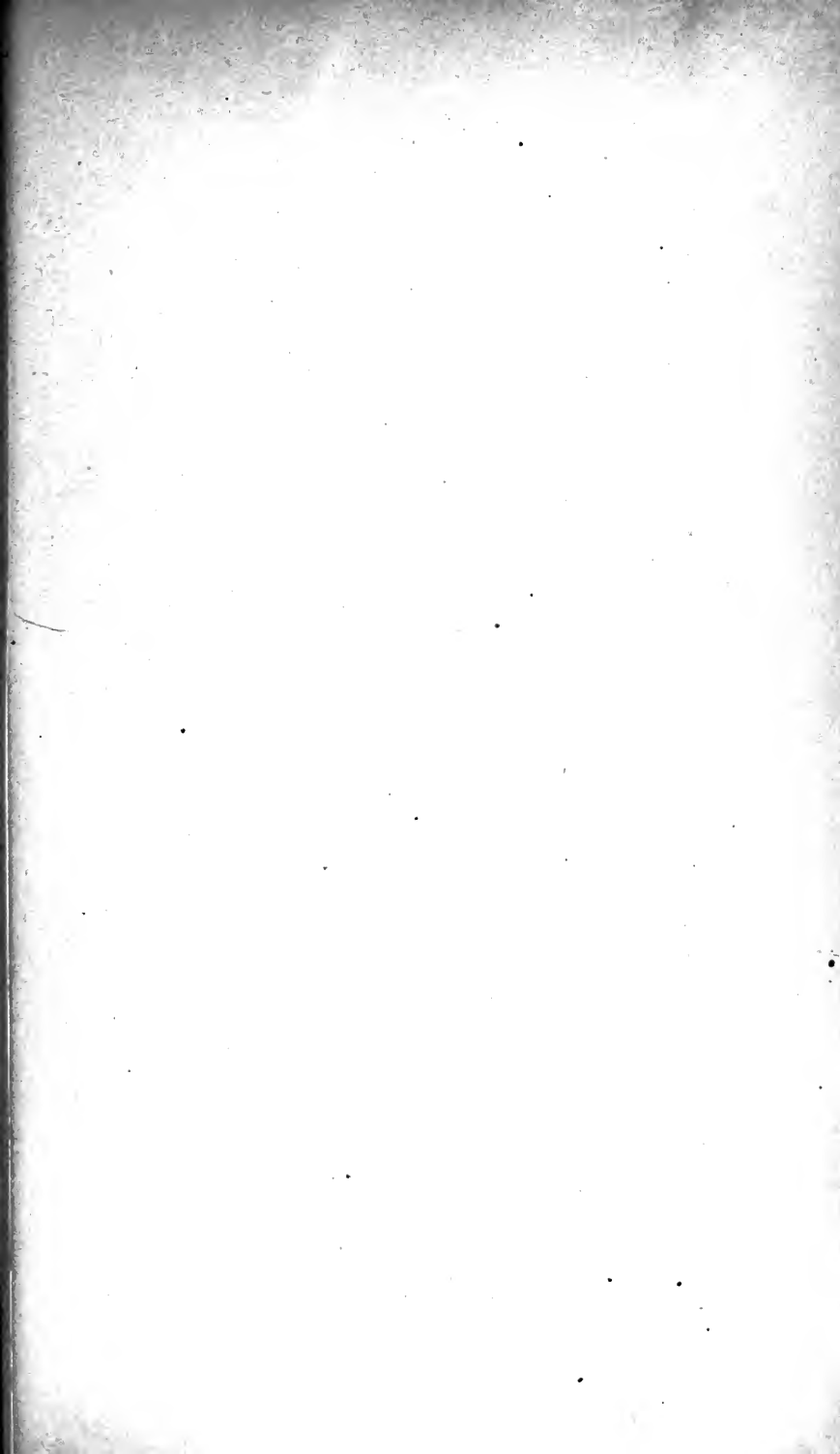
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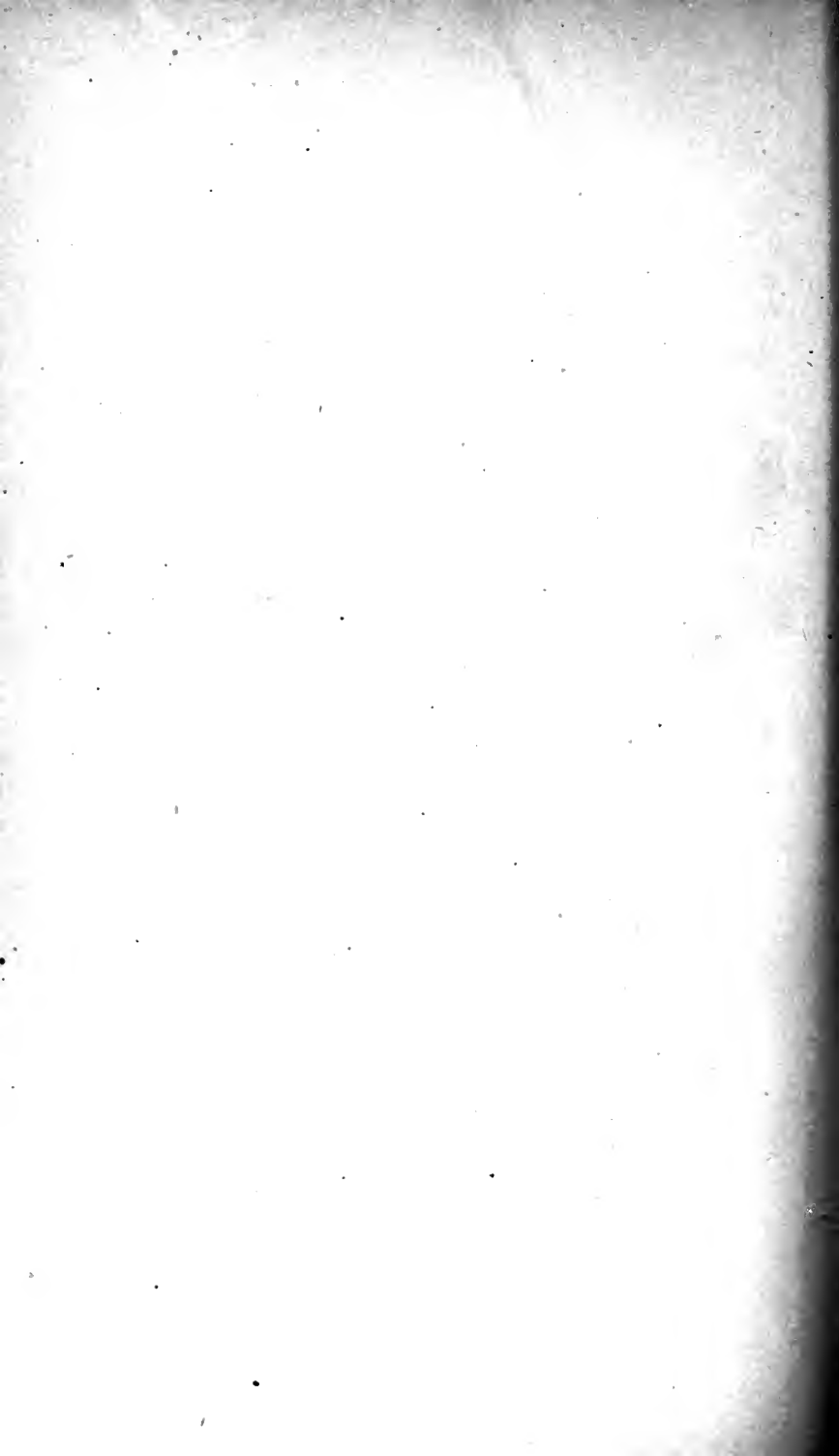
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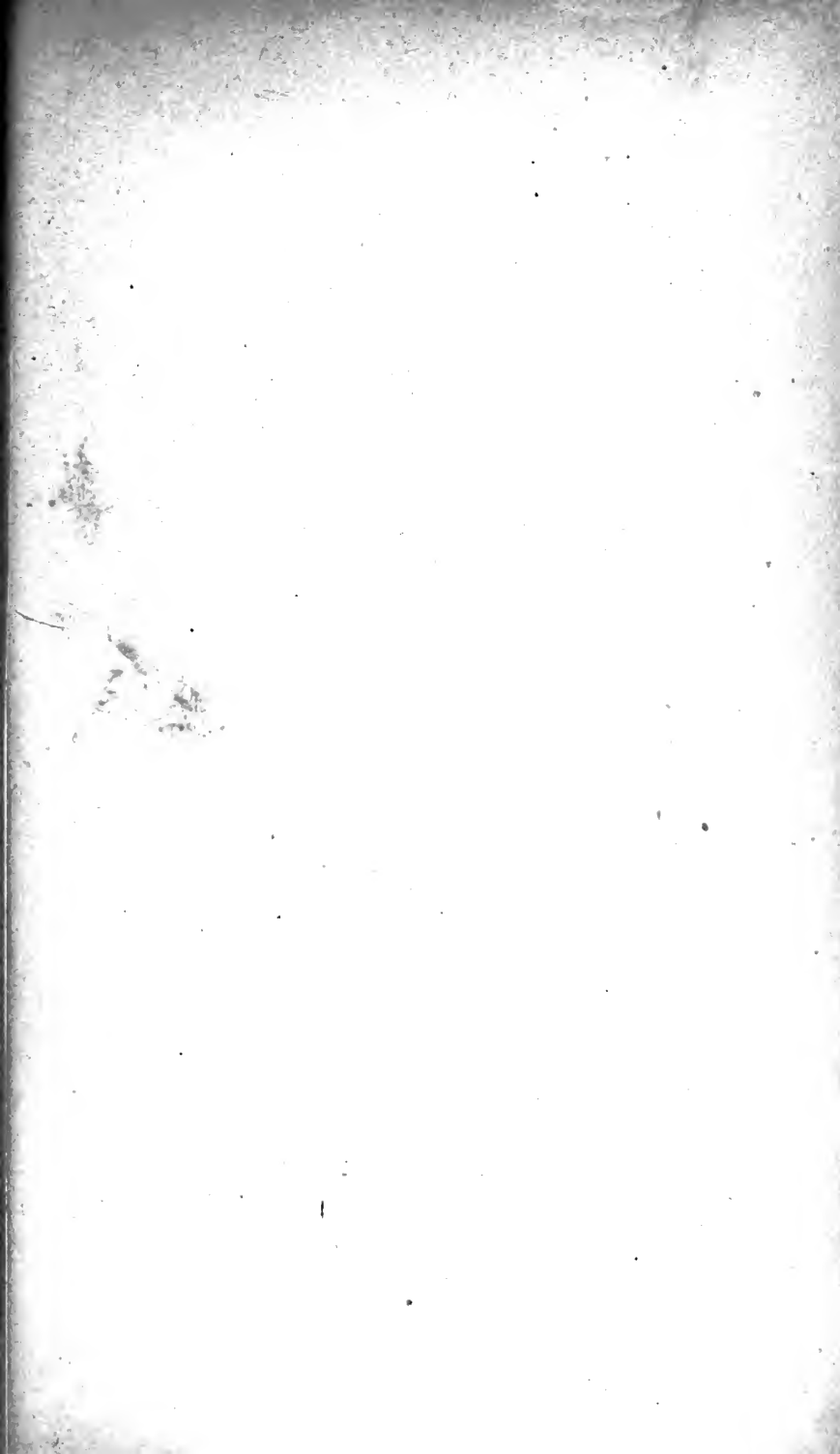
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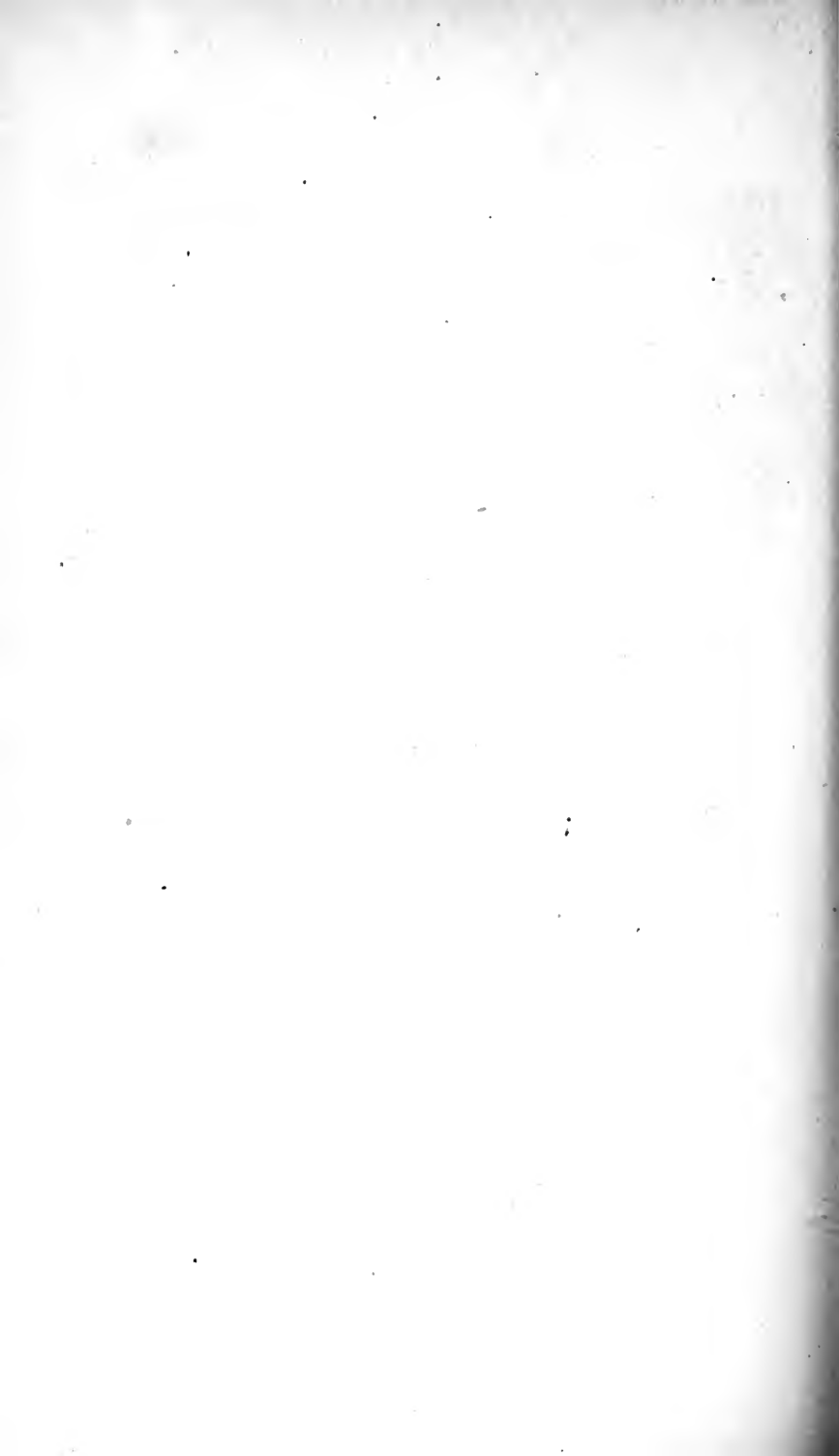


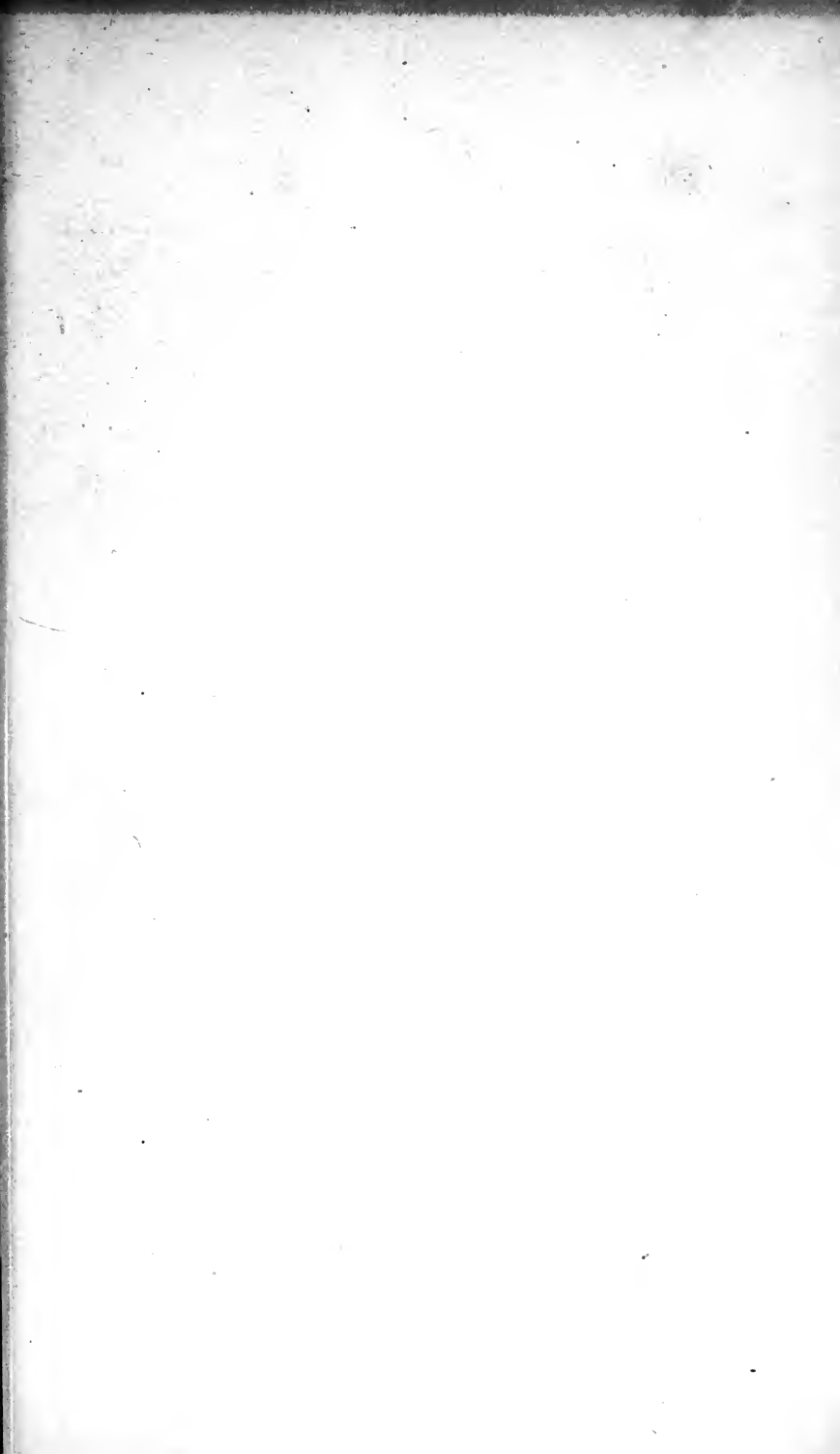


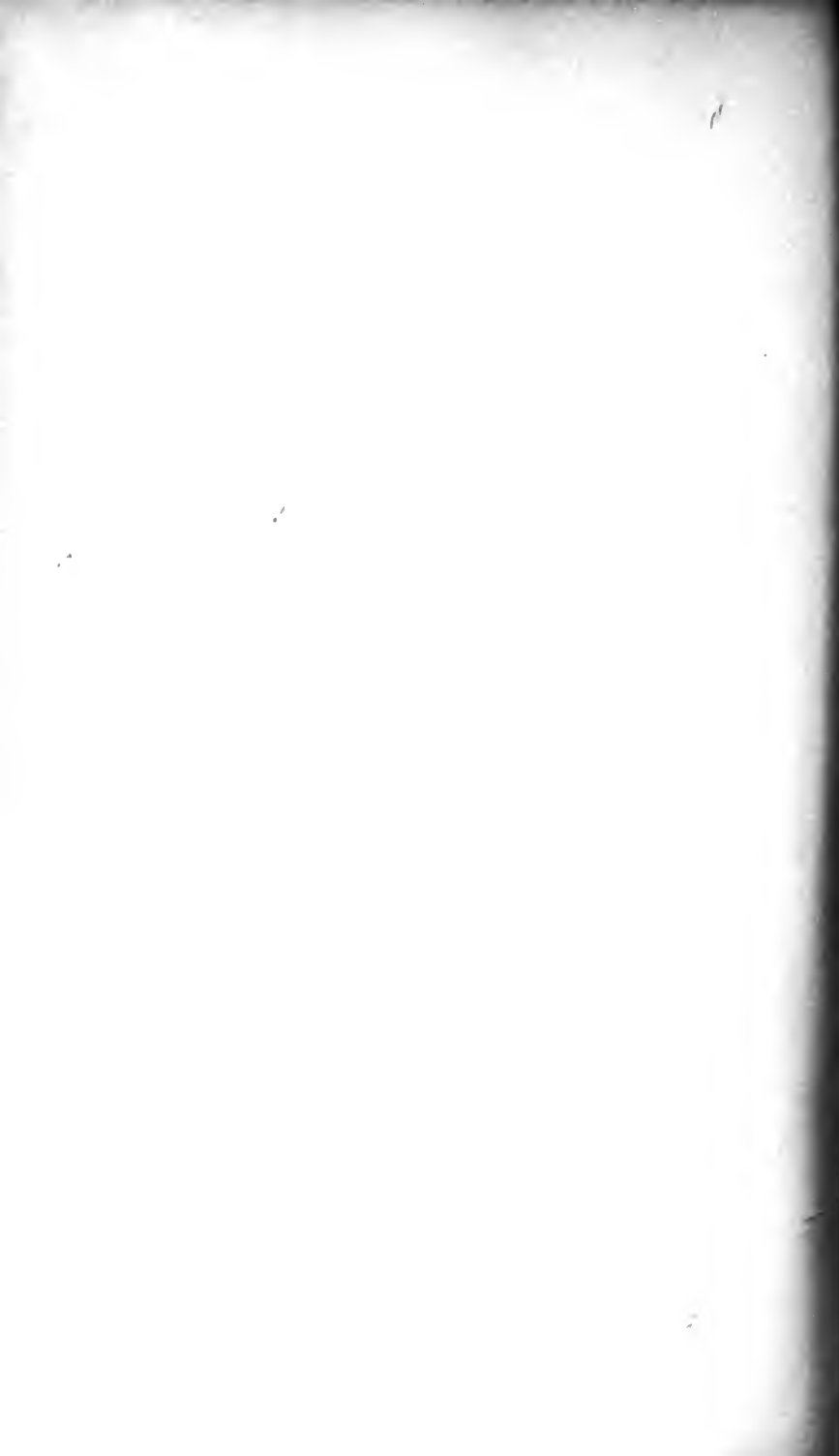




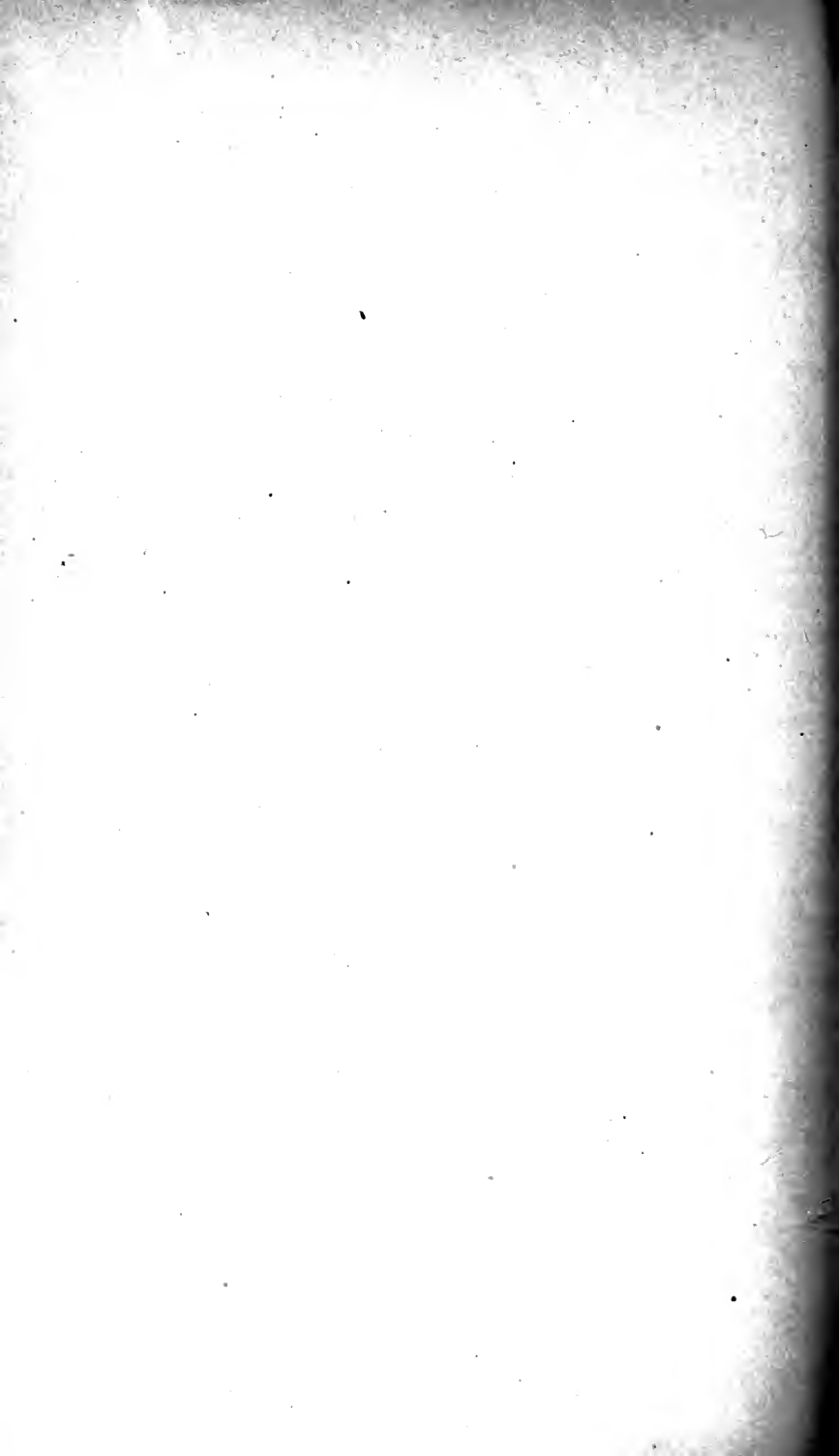


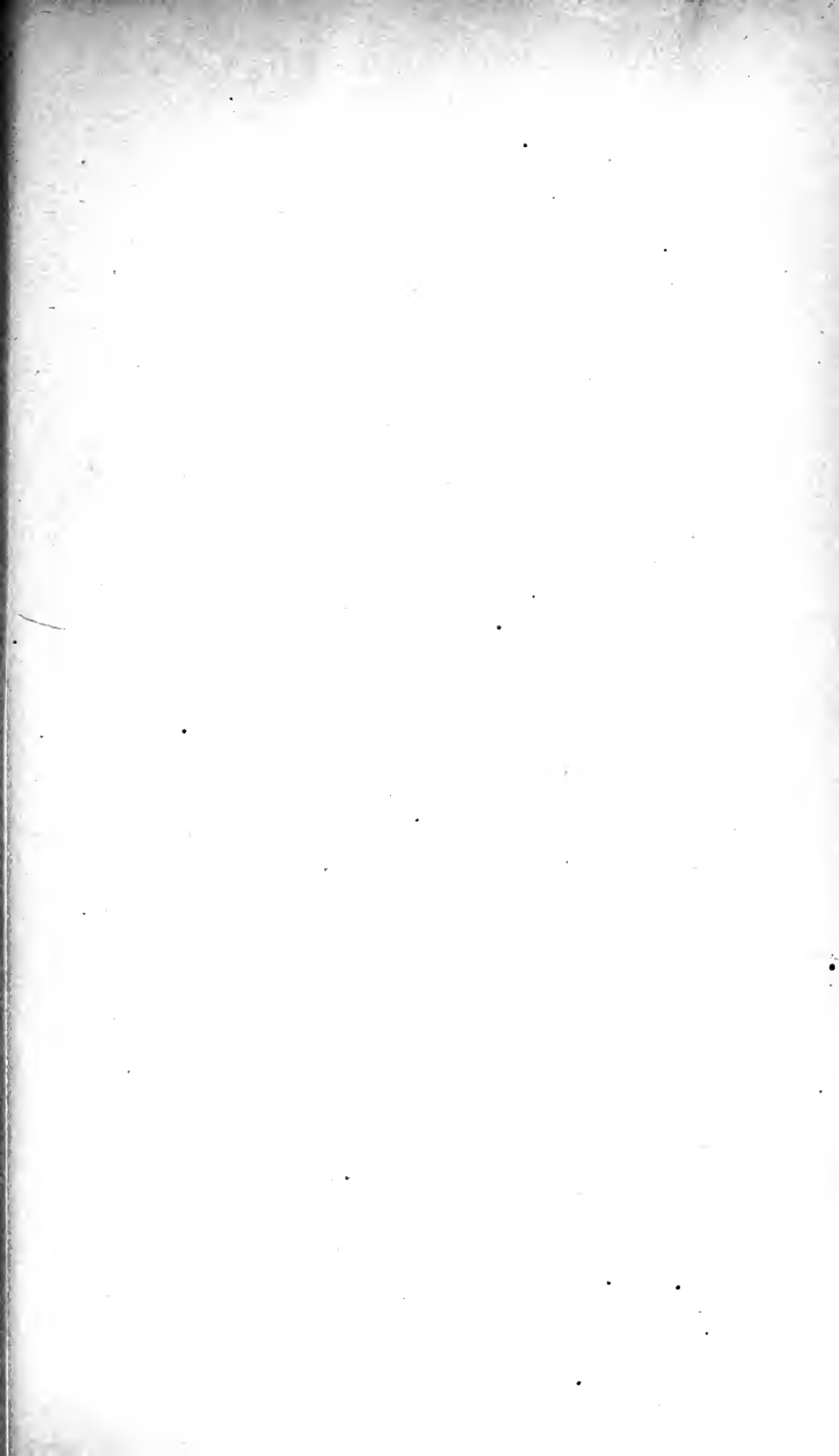


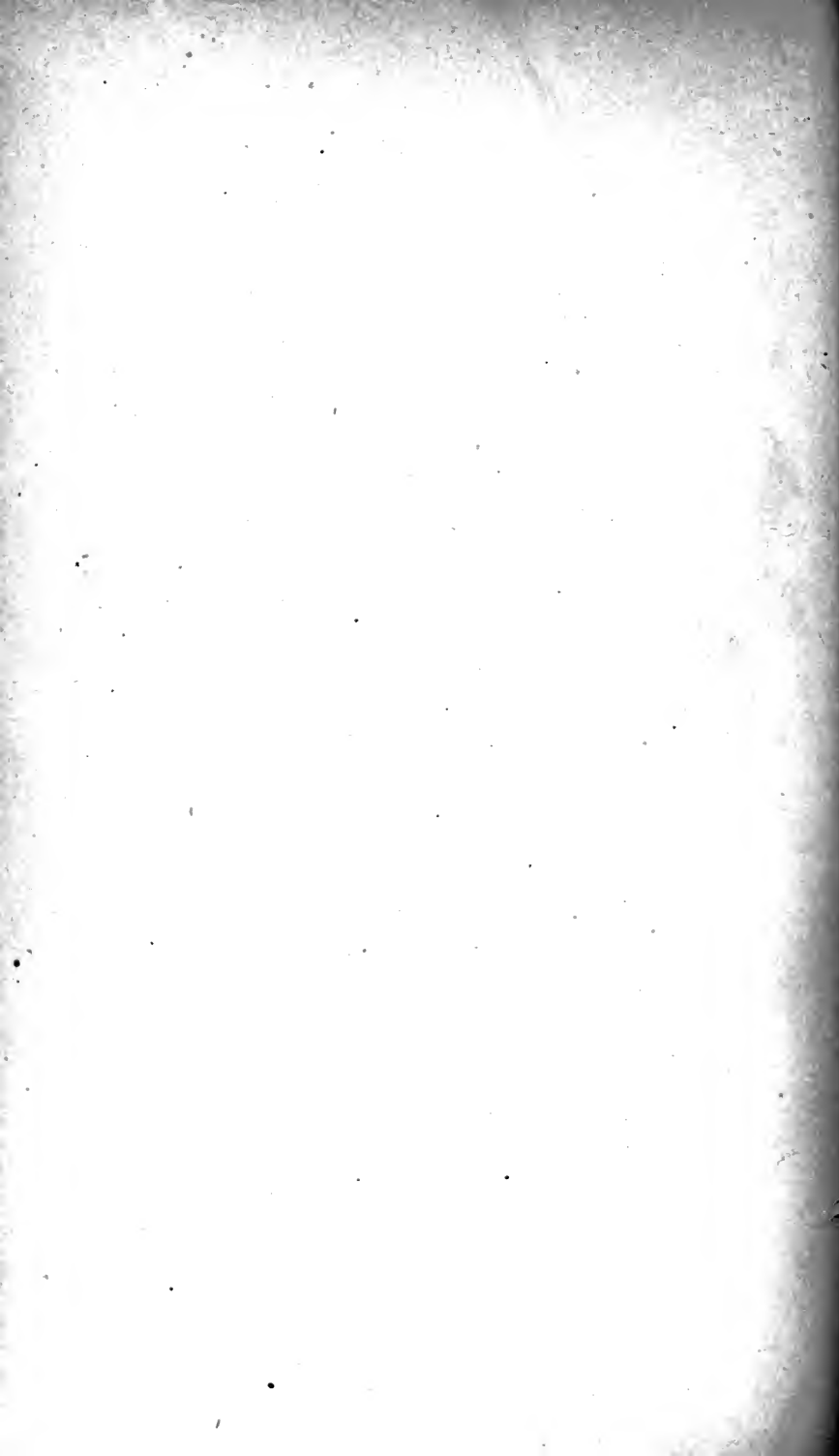


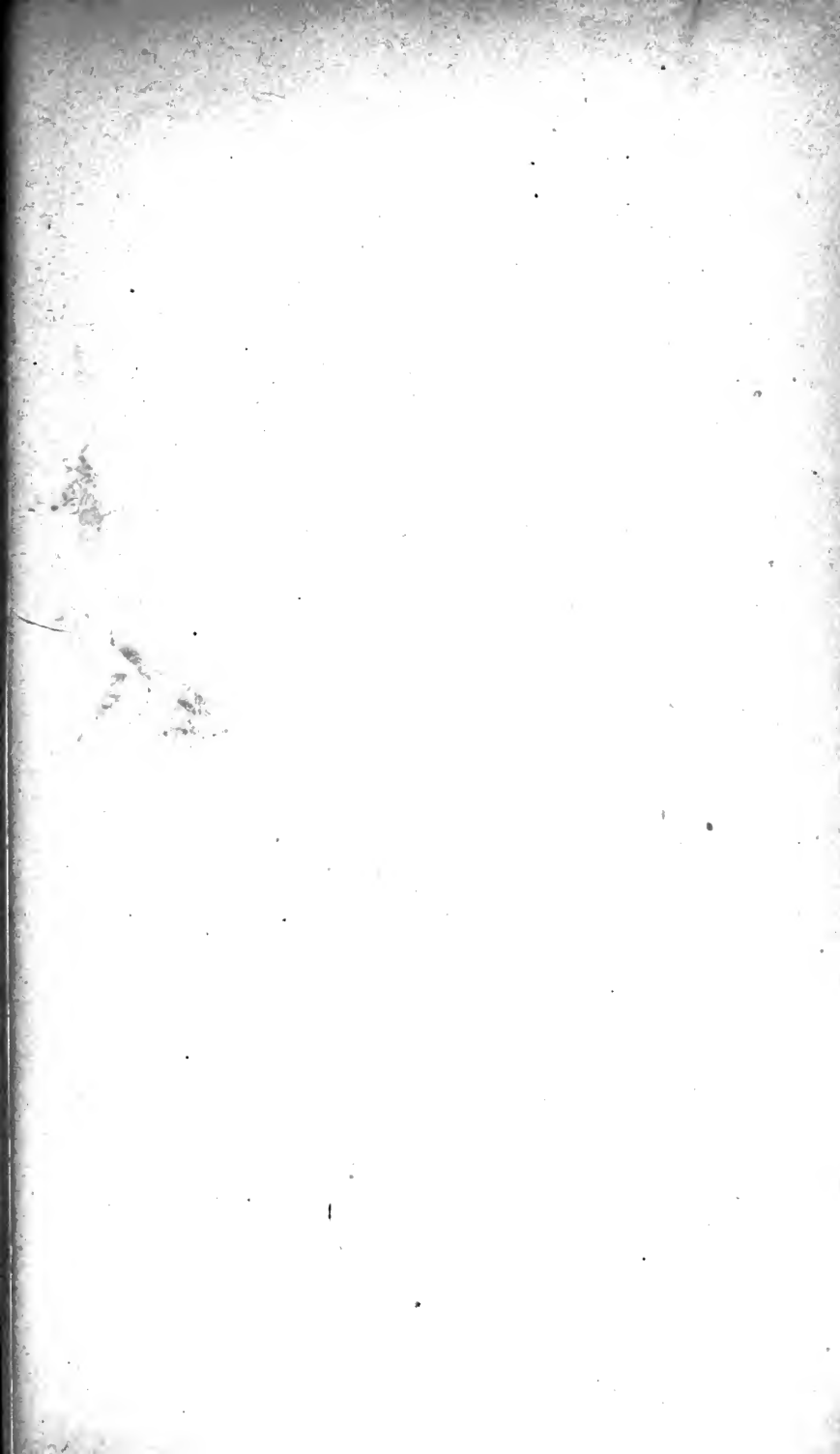


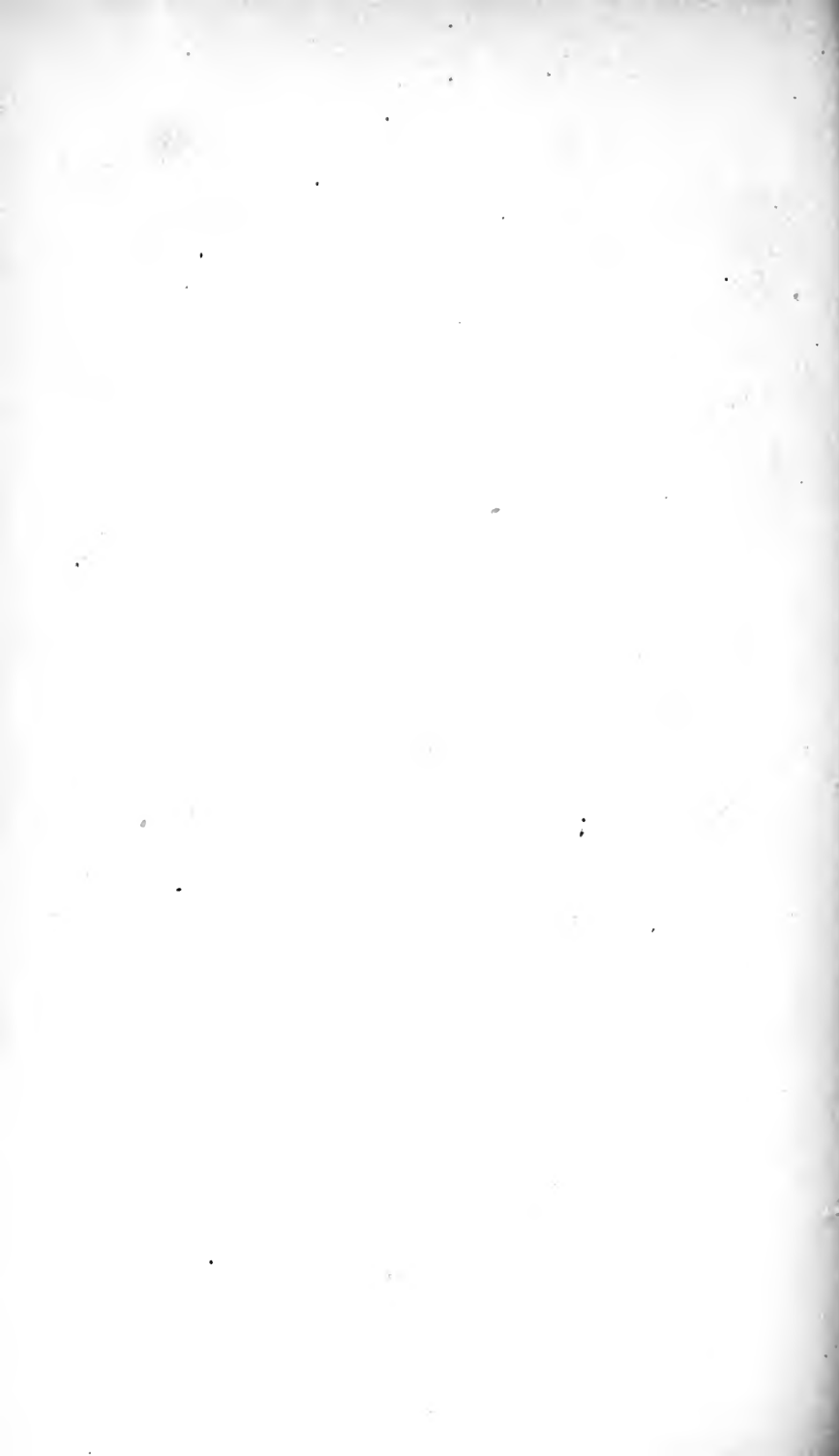


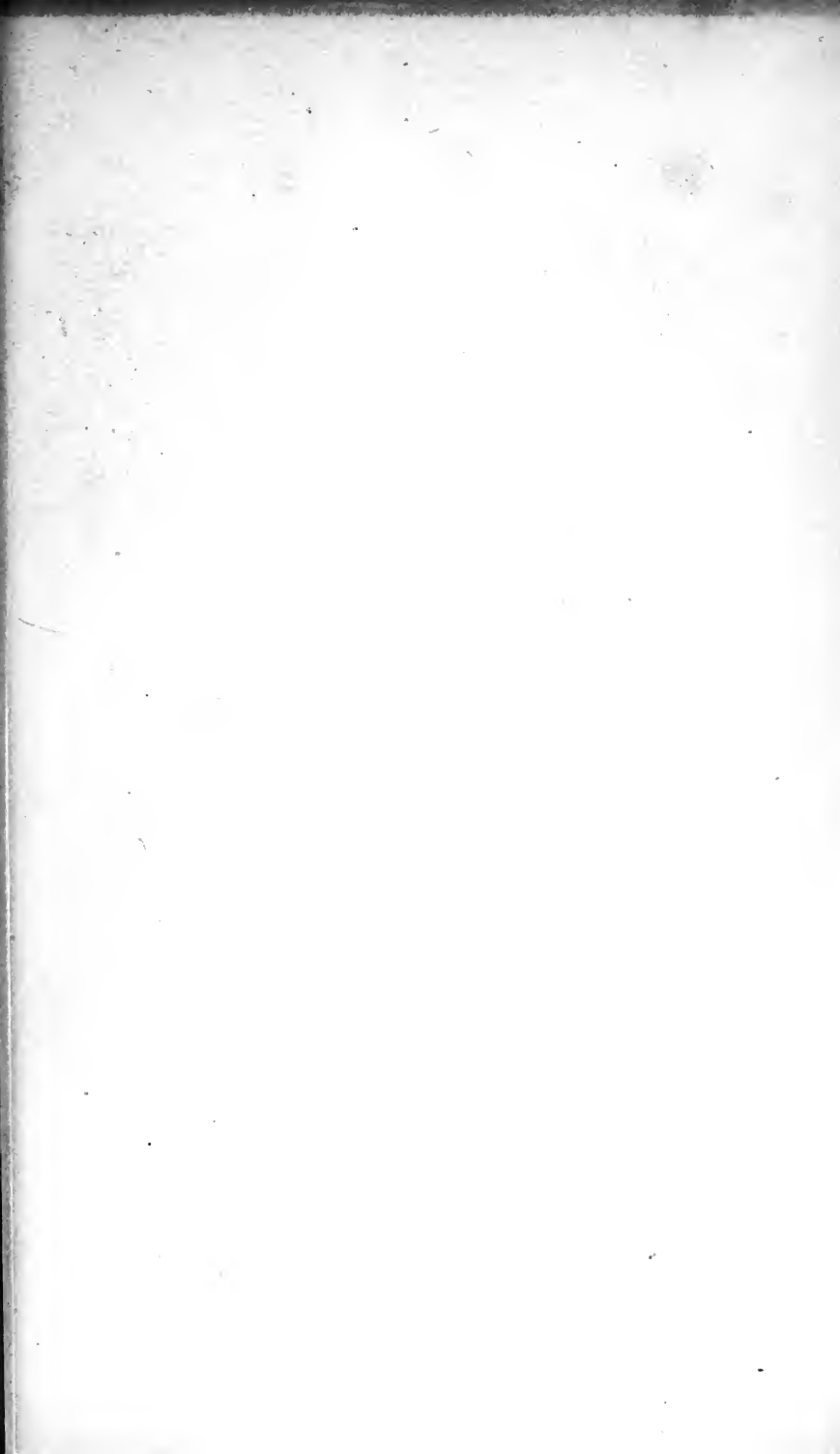


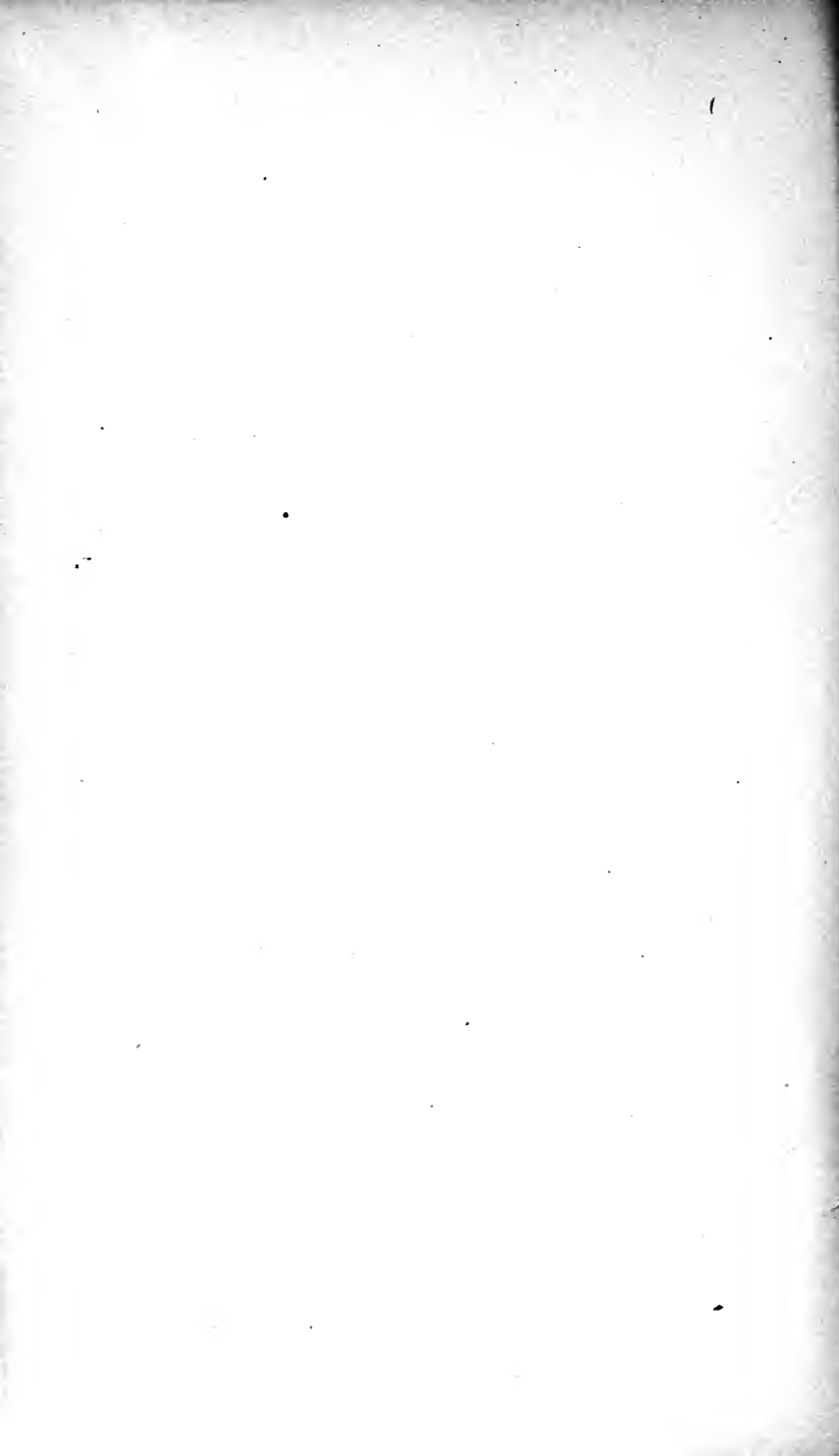




















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