





ANCIENT VIEW OF THE PRESENT JUNCTION OF PEARL AND CHATHAM STREETS.
 A. Catimuts Hill. B. The Fresh Water. C. The Fresh Water Bridge. D. The Jews' Burying Ground. E. Rutgers' Farmhouse.
 F. The Bowery Road. G. The Road to the Ferry (present Pearl Street). H. Road to the City. I. Road to Rolck Pond.
 J. The City Commons. K. Walpherts Meadow.

THE
AMERICAN METROPOLIS

From Knickerbocker Days
to the Present Time

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

IN ALL ITS VARIOUS PHASES

BY

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

REV. CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D.

AN HISTORIGRAPH OF NEW YORK

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

In Three Volumes—Volume Two

NEW YORK
PETER FENELON COLLIER, PUBLISHER

1897

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HEROIC HISTORY: THE OLD CITY HALL — WALL STREET AND BROAD STREET

THE old *Fort*, the *Old City Hall*, and the *Common* were pivotal points on which turned the destinies of the colony and perhaps of the nation. The *Fort* was the center of European ideas and monarchial control, the *Common* was the center of popular agitation and power, the *Old City Hall* was the center where the conflicting forces met, and where the rights of the people were first put into definite and organized operation. At so important a place as the site of the *Old City Hall*, we must stop to gather up the recollections of important events that preceded Washington's inauguration.

Let us consider, first: *The Trial of Governor Jacob Leisler, and his Conviction and Condemnation for Vindicating the Rights of the People and Accepting Authority from them in a Troublous Time.*

The history of old New York is remarkable for the numerous and important occasions when the com-

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mon people, as distinguished from the landed and aristocratic parties, moved with a common impulse, with directness, and with more or less wisdom, to undertake the defense of popular rights, and to protect the City and its citizens from the invasion of enemies. Although the merchants frequently demonstrated their patriotism and their willingness to sacrifice their peculiar interests for the general good, they were (and still are) a conservative class; the landed class also was afraid of the governing powers, which could do much to injure them in their possessions; but the Common People, led by the Sons of Liberty—few of whom were men of large means, or of large mercantile or landed interests—held our City in the front rank of the communities that stood for freedom, and led the way to independent government. The Leislerian movement was the forerunner of people's movements, designed to protect the City and its interests, when the regularly constituted authorities failed to serve the people. All hope for good in the future of New York is based upon the disposition of the common people to rally together, not only for the support, but for the enforcement of the principles of popular government. "The popular movement in New York in 1688 had no connection with the Pilgrim spirit of the East, nor with what Burke called the arrogant love of liberty of the Cavaliers at the South. The people of New York were concerned with the interests of their own City, and realized that their condition as individuals depended largely upon the condition and the government of

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the City. It was a popular uprising to defend the City, which was then essentially Protestant, against the usurpations and the dreaded proscriptions of a Catholic invasion which necessarily would be hostile to a Protestant community. It was an uprising to sustain the cause of William of Orange, as against the dubious and uncertain policy of the officials and the aristocratic classes!" The common people had been provoked by the bad conduct of the contemptible governors who had been imposed upon them, and they believed that there would be a better order of things under William of Orange. The air was full of rumors that soldiers were being gathered in neighboring colonies to seize the fortifications of New York, and to hold this important colony, no matter what should take place in England. The officials of the City were strangely indifferent to these rumors, and it was believed by many that prominent members of the government and of the aristocracy were ready to deliver New York to the friends of James, even though William of Orange should become king. Leisler was deeply interested in commerce, owning many ships. He was entirely out of politics. He remained one of the People, and they realized that he understood their needs and was close to them. He was captain of one of the militia companies. Nicholas Bayard, the commander of the regiment, was an adherent of James. A movement of forces on Long Island, friendly to James, produced a spontaneous rising of the common people, who acted with perfect unanimity, and

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called upon Leisler to lead them to the Fort, which they determined to seize. They found him at his house, disinclined to join in such serious procedure; but as the movement grew and the people flocked to him, and finally the militia appeared, only awaiting his leadership, the enthusiasm of the moment seized upon him, and his hesitation yielded to his convictions of the duty of the hour. From that time until Governor Sloughter appeared with the commission of William, Governor Leisler occupied his difficult post, restraining his antagonists, who made no secret of their loyalty to James, and keeping the City in a condition of defense against outside attacks. There is little doubt that the zeal and watchfulness of Governor Leisler prevented the occupation of the City by a force of armed partisans of James and by his friends in the government of New York, who would have forcibly repressed the people. This was the first government of the people, for the people, and by the people, that ever arose on the shores of the New World; for Governor Leisler received his commission from the people and acted for them, and with the consent of their representatives, through the entire course of his administration. If it was a revolution, it was different from any other revolution, because King James, under whom the governor and his council were acting, was far from maintaining his own position in England, and it was most uncertain to whom, as king, the people of New York City should give their allegiance. Governor Leisler had no intention

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of doing more than to hold the government safe from the attacks of the foes of the people until it should be known who was the lawful sovereign of England and who was the duly appointed governor. The news of Governor Sloughter's appointment was brought by Richard Ingoldsby, a captain in the English army, who was promptly seized and converted by Leisler's opponents. He demanded the surrender of the Fort to him; but Leisler, true to his purpose of delivering the Fort only to the properly accredited representative of the king, and no doubt fearing for his personal safety should he do otherwise, refused to comply with the demand, because no authority for it from the new governor was shown. Governor Leisler issued a proclamation, notifying the people of the appointment of Governor Sloughter, and saying that the Fort and the government would be surrendered to him upon his arrival, and requiring the people to receive his representative, Captain Ingoldsby, and his soldiers, with respect and attention. Captain Ingoldsby insisted upon his demand, and as Governor Sloughter's ship did not arrive, he began to think that it might have gone down in the tempest which had separated them, and that he might himself take hold of the government of the City, with the assistance of the powerful faction that was opposed to Leisler. Leisler found it necessary to warn the people against Ingoldsby's intrigues, and he accused him of calling out and superintending the militia, though he bore no commission except that of captain-of-foot, with

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orders to obey the governor for the time being. Ingoldsby called Leisler a rebel, and Leisler issued another proclamation, in which he said that he and his associates would "not be turned from their duty to God and the king by fear of the term 'rebel,' hurled against them for fairly offering that all things should remain until the arrival of the governor or further orders from England." He went on to denounce the violent and arbitrary acts of Ingoldsby and his soldiers, and concluded with these words: "Wherefore, we not being willing to deliver ourselves and our posterity to such slavery, do hereby resolve, to the utmost of our power, to oppose the same by joining and assisting the governor and one another to the hazard of our lives." This proclamation was joined in by the council and by Pieter De la Noye, the first mayor that was ever elected by the freeholders and freemen of New York. Ingoldsby made an attack on the Fort, and Governor Leisler defended it, killing and wounding several of the attacking party. In the midst of all this confusion Governor Sloughter arrived. He proved to be a vicious, broken-down spendthrift, who cared nothing for liberty and the People, but who had high hopes of replenishing his exhausted means in his new station. Leisler's enemies got the start of him, by waiting on the new governor before he landed, and they plied him so effectively with denunciations of Leisler, and with the prospects of gain by being allied to the rich men of the colony, that he came to the settlement of this question, that

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boded so much of good or evil to Leisler, with prejudice of Leisler and contempt for his friends. As soon as the new governor's council was sworn in, and Leisler was certain that all was ready, he addressed a communication to the governor, explaining his conduct and desiring him to take possession of the Fort. In this letter was this significant language:

“The joy I had by a full assurance from Ensign Stoll of your Excellency's arrival has been somewhat troubled by the detention of two of my messengers. I see now well the stroke of my enemies, who are wishing to cause me some mistakes at the end of the loyalty I owe to my gracious King and Queen, and by such ways to blot out all my faithful service till now. But I hope to have cause not to commit such error, having, by my duty and faithfulness, been rigorous to them.

“Please only to signify and order the Major, in relieving me from his majesty's fort, that, when delivering up to him his majesty's arms, and all his stores, he may act as he ought with a person who shall give your Excellency an exact account of all his actions and conduct; who is, with all respect, your Excellency's most humble servant.”

He received no answer; but was arrested and thrown into the guard-house, and kept there as a common prisoner for several days before the governor would make any examination of the case. Then Slaughter named a special court of eight men,

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composed of his own friends and Leisler's enemies, to sit in judgment upon Leisler and his associates, who were arraigned on the charge of treason. Leisler and his son-in-law Milbourne were quickly convicted and condemned to die, and their property was confiscated. Leisler's enemies had now triumphed, and they thirsted for his blood. Only one step more was needed to gain that end—the securing of the governor's signature to the death warrant. Sloughter hesitated; he feared the resentment of Leisler's friends, and he feared the censure of King William. He expressed his contempt of Leisler, but said that he did not know that it was necessary to hang him. The satanic act that followed was worthy of old England in the days of the Tower. The noble aristocrats provided a feast for the governor and overcame his reason and his fears with wine and spirits. They caroused all the night long, while a dreary storm beat against the windows. It was a revel of Death and the Devil. The governor signed the fatal warrant; and while the orgy proceeded, the sheriff and a strong detachment of Ingoldsby's soldiers took Leisler from his cell in the City Hall, and hanged him on the Common (Printing House Square), within sight of his home. Though it was very early in the morning, the place of execution was thronged with sobbing people, for the dreadful news had spread with wonderful speed; but the soldiers restrained them and they could do nothing for their old leader. The storm beat upon him, his enemies gloated over him, and he

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was roughly and quickly prepared for the gallows—but he met his fate calmly and heroically. Milbourne, full of anger and defiance, turned to Livingston and uttered these awful words: “Robert Livingston, I will implead thee at the bar of Heaven for this deed.” The remains of Livingston, against whom this frightful invective was so tragically delivered, still lie in the Trinity churchyard. Leisler, earnest and active when there was opportunity for work, had, at this crisis, no thoughts of vengeance. His grand soul in that trying moment towered above his pitiless enemies. Turning to Milbourne, he said: “Why must you die? You have been but as a servant doing my will, and as a dying man, I declare, before God, that what I have done was for King William and Queen Mary, the defense of the Protestant religion, and the good of the country.” He then submitted and prostrated himself before his Redeemer with hope. He doubted not that he had committed errors, some through ignorance, some through jealous fear that disaffected persons would act against the government, some through misinformation and misconstruction of people’s intentions, and some through rashness or passion. He asked pardon for each offense, first of God and next of all persons offended. He prayed that all malice might be buried in his grave, and forgave his enemies. He repeated, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do”; and again declared that his purpose had been for the good of his fellow-creatures, according to the best

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of his ability and understanding. He concluded by praying for the good of the province and for his family, and then turned to the sheriff, saying, "I am ready." Milbourne, made gentle by Leisler's spirit, said: "We are thoroughly wet with rain, but in a little while we shall be rained through with the Holy Spirit." Then the crime was quickly performed, and two noble lives went out, a sacrifice to the great principle of popular government. As the bodies swung in the air, the screams of women were heard in every direction. Some of the people were carried away senseless, and "some rushing forward, almost ere the life of their beloved ruler was extinct, cut off pieces of his garments as precious relics, and his hair was divided, out of great veneration, as for a martyr. His enemies, in the bitterest spirit of vituperation, surnamed him 'THE MASANELLO OF NEW YORK'" (Hoffman).

[See references to Leisler in Chapter I. and Act of Parliament, hereinafter quoted.]

Is there not heroic history in New York?

Has not popular government been paid for with martyr's blood?

May the people learn to treasure the rights for which men have valiantly contended with tyrants, and for which have been sacrificed the comfort, property, peace, liberty and life of the good and brave of other days!

May they have the spirit of sacrifice, without which liberty cannot be maintained.

(This sentiment may be all out of place at

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Albany, perhaps may be a mirth-provoking platitude; but if it gets a fair revival in Greater New York, we may enjoy a renaissance of the days of miracles.)

TRIAL OF JOHN PETER ZENGER, 1735.

The agitations for free speech and popular government in New York City, and the important steps taken here to demonstrate the truth and justice of the People's Cause, occurred no later than similar circumstances in Boston, and there were some very significant occurrences here, before definite positions were taken there. There were many Tories and many very conservative Patriots in New York, as there were bound to be, and yet the people never lacked for brave men and enthusiastic exponents of Liberty. It is time that the people of our great City should take such a pride in the exploits of those who fought the first battles of freedom in her own halls and her own streets, that the world shall not be permitted to believe longer that there was no Common save that of Boston, no Tea-party excepting that in Boston Harbor, no Cradle of Liberty besides Faneuil Hall. New York's Charter of Liberties, dated October 30, 1683, is eight years older than the Bill of Rights of Massachusetts, and five years ahead of England's. The violation of that charter was among the assigned grounds for revolution. New York's Petition to the King, her Memorial to the House of Lords, and her Representation and Remonstrance to the House of Commons, antedated the Declaration of Independence almost a year.

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The first hard battle for free speech occurred here in the old City Hall, in the trial of John Peter Zenger, editor of the "Weekly Journal." Reasonable liberty for the press involved the right of free speech and fair criticism of the public authorities, and our editor Zenger was a man who dared to put the colonial governor, William Cosby, into a public pillory more galling than the rough wooden gallery on Broad Street, that he could see from the council chamber. What would become of the editors of newspapers in our days if they were not free to criticise public officers? Indeed, the freedom of criticism which is allowed in deference to the general love of free speech is unduly and unfairly strained in wild reaches after humor and sensationalism, and greatly debased by spleen and conscienceless party service. Zenger and his associates were keen observers and sharp writers. They found vulnerable places to attack, and they expressed their opinions in such a clear and pungent manner as to make the governor wince, and the people applaud. The "Journal" fired a steady fusillade of paragraphs and sarcastic squibs and verses. It is a pity that the skêch-imp had not then arrived with his devilish art. Zenger was rightly deemed to be dangerous to the existing order of things, and the governor resolving to crush him, a criminal complaint was made, and he was arrested for libel. Chief-justice Delancey first called the attention of the Grand Jury to the objectionable articles in the "Journal," saying: "Sometimes heavy, half-witted

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men get a knack of rhyming, but it is time to break them when they grow insolent and mischievous with it." Then the governor's council denounced certain copies of the "Journal" as seditious, and ordered that they should be burned by the hangman, and ordered various city officers to attend to the burning. These officers refused to obey the order, and even prevented the hangman from doing so, and that portion of the order was performed by a servant in front of the City Hall.

The first proclamation was published in this form:

"A PROCLAMATION.

"Whereas by the Contrivance of some evil Disposed and Disaffected Persons, divers Journals or Printed News-Papers (entitled *The New York Weekly Journal, containing the freshest Advices, foreign and Domestick*) have been caused to be Printed and Published by *John Peter Zenger*, in many of which Journals or Printed News-Papers (but more particularly those Numbered 7, 47, 48, 49) are contained divers Scandalous, Virulent, False and Seditious Reflections, not only upon the whole Legislature, in general, and upon the most considerable Persons in the most distinguish'd Stations in the Province, but also upon his Majesty's lawful and rightful Government, and just Prerogative. Which said Reflections seem contrived by the Wicked Authors of them, not only to create Jealousies, Discontents and Animosities in the Minds of his Majesty's Liege People of this Province, to the Sub-

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version of the Peace and Tranquility thereof, but to alienate their Affection from the best of Kings, and raise *Factions, Tumults* and *Sedition* among them. Wherefore I have thought fit, by and with the Advice of his Majesty's Council, to issue this Proclamation, hereby Promising a Reward of *Fifty Pounds* to such Person or Persons who shall discover the Author or Authors of the said *Scandalous, Virulent* and *Seditious* Reflections contained in the said Journals or Printed News-Papers, to be paid to the said Person or Persons discovering the same, as soon as such Author shall be convicted of having been the Author or Authors thereof.

“Given under my Hand and Seal at Fort George, in New York, the sixth day of November, in the 8th year of his Majesty's Reign, Annoq. Domini, 1734.

“W. COSBY.”

The New York “Gazette” of November 25, 1734, told of the second proclamation and of Zenger's arrest in these words:

“The other proclamation was issued by his said Excellency, by advice of his Majesty's Council, and pursuant to an Address to his Excellency by the late Grand Jury, Promising the sum of 20*l.* to such Person as should discover the Author of two late scandalous Songs or Ballads, Printed & dispersed in this City, &c., highly defaming the Administration of his Majesty's Government in this Province, tending greatly to inflame the Minds of his

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Majesty's good Subjects, and to disturb the Public Peace.

“On the 17th Instant *John Peter Zenger* was taken up and committed to Gaol by virtue of an Order of Council, for Printing and Publishing the above mentioned Journals, or News-Papers, &c., and on the 20th instant he was brought by a Writ of *Habeas Corpus* before the Honourable *James DeLancey*, Esq., Chief Justice, at his Chamber where the Writ was Returnable, who ordered the Argument of that Matter to be at the City Hall on the 23d in the afternoon. At which Place, after a long Debate (the City Hall being crowded with People) the Chief Justice was pleased to order that the said *John Peter Zenger* shou'd be admitted to Bail, himself to be bound by Recognizance in the Sum of 400*l.* & two Sureties, in 200*l.* each, for his Appearance the next Term; and Remanded him to Prison for want of such Recognizance; which we don't hear is as yet enter'd into.”

In order to prevent further issues of the journal its editor was not allowed to have writing materials. During this time his royalist opponent Bradford, who was managing the “Gazette” in his toilsome way, made various sorry attempts at witticism over Zenger's hard fall; but the patriot editor was not prevented from making tart responses, for he managed to communicate his ideas to friends who visited him, and who saw that they were printed. These specimens are submitted:

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“To all my Subscribers and Benefactors who take
my weekly Journall; Gentlemen, Ladies and
Others :

“As you last week were Disappointed of my Journall, I think it incumbent upon me, to publish my Apology, which is this. On the Lord’s Day, the Seventeenth of this Instant, I was Arrested, taken and Imprisoned in the Common Gaol of this City, by Virtue of a Warrant from the Governour, and the Honourable *Francis Harrison*, Esq., and others in Council, of which (God willing) you’ll have a Coppy, whereupon I was put under such Restraint that I had not the liberty of Pen, Ink, or Paper, or to see, or speak with People, till upon my Complaint to the Honourable the Chief Justice, at my appearing before him upon my *Habeas Corpus* on the *Wednesday* following. Who discountenanced that Proceeding, and therefore I have had, since that Time, the Liberty of Speaking through the Hole of the Door, to my Wife and Servants, by which I doubt not you’ll think me sufficiently Excused for not sending my last week’s *Journall*, and I hope for the future by the Liberty of Speaking to my Servants thro’ the Hole of the Door of the Prison, to entertain you with my weekly Journall as formerly.

“And am your obliged,

“Humble Servant,

“J. PETER ZENGER.”

—New York “Weekly Journal,” Nov. 25, 1734.

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“*From my Prison, December 20th, 1734.*

“Oh, cruelty unknown before
To any barbarous savage shore,
Much more when Men so much profess
Humanity and Godliness.

“It is no new Thing for even a Man of Vertue to fall under Distress; but to mock him when distress'd or under Misfortunes, is what has been accounted a Vice among the more civilized Heathens; however it is my case at present, and my Adversaries are not content with my Imprisonment, but I am made their laughing Stock.

“There is a great Noise made in that ridiculous Letter in Mr. *Bradford's* last *Gazette* about setting *the Province in Flames, raising of Sedition and Tumults, &c.* I know of none, either past or intended; if my Adversaries know of any, they'l do well to discover them and prevent ill Consequences. I have printed some Complaints to the Public, those complain'd of had a Remedy to answer without coming to me; and had they come to me, they would have found the same Fidelity some of them experienc'd before; They may tax me with Weaknesses accident to human Nature; but it is out of their Power (and I hope ever will be) truly to prove me guilty of any premeditated Wickedness.

“That Author begins the Confession he would have me make with a very puny Witticism on my Address to my Readers; by saying *It sounds like the Language of the Prizefighter or Poppet Show Man.* I can assure him that many *Gentlemen*

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and Ladies read my Journals; there is also some others, and among them some S-----s, witness that Author. I might tell him that the Whole of his Performance sounds too much like the Language of a bankrupt Vinter or -----, &c.

“That I was brought over at the charitable Ex-
pence of the Crown is the only Truth that groap-
ing Fumbler found when he studied that clumsy
Performance. I acknowledge it; Thanks to Queen
Anne, whose Name I Mention with Reverence, her
Bounty to me and my distress'd County Folks is
to be gratefully remembered. If that Author has
contributed any Thing towards it, I begg to be in-
formed. I assure him that my Acknowledgement
shall not be wanting, notwithstanding his ill Treat-
ment: If he has not, I begg leave to tell him, that
it is mean for him to twit me with Benefits that
I am no ways beholden to him for.

“That my Friends are pretendedly so, will (I
hope) prove as false as my Enemies are malicious;
whatever some of my Adversaries may be, I believe
my Friends to be Men of Honour and Probity.
And if they even should forsake me, I would say
of them as *Cicero* said in Answer to the Notion
the *Epicureans* had of a God, *fi tales sint Amici,*
ut nulla gratia, nulla hominum, charitate tene-
antur valeant, I'll trust to the Laws of the Realm
and my country, and still retain my Integrity: FOR
HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

“My Sword was never intended to protect me
against a sworn Officer in the Discharge of his

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Duty: But since this Scribler must needs make himself merry with it, I think it may not be amiss to tell my Readers a serious but true Story. About 8 Weeks agoe the Honourable *Francis Harrison*, came to my House, and swore by the God that made him he would lay his Cane over me the first Time he met me in the Street, with some other scurrilous Expressions more fit to be uttered by a Dray Man than a Gentleman. Against such Assaults my Sword not only could but would have protected me, and shall while I have it, against any Man that has Impudence enough to attempt any thing of that Nature—*Veni vi repellere licet*.

“What private Orders the Sheriff had concerning me are best known to himself. This I know that from the time of my being apprehended till the Return of the Precept by virtue of which I was taken, I was deny'd the Use of Pen, Ink, and Paper; Alterations were purposely Made on my Account, to put me into a Place by myself, where I was strictly confin'd above 50 Hours that my Wife might not speak to me but in presence of the Sub Sheriff; to say this was done without Orders is Lybelling the Sheriff, and I hope he will resent it.

“To conclude, I begg of this indifferent Gentleman (indifferent indeed, but how impartial!). That if he needs will continue Author, to write Ballads for Children if he has the Knack of Versiefying; if he has not, then let him write some Thing in Imitation of *Tom Thum*, *Jack the Giant Killer*, or any Thing, the more nonsensical it is the better it

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will suit his Genius; let him bring his Lucubrations to me, and on the Word of an honest Man, I'll earn his Money as faithfully as any Printer in *America*: But let him leave Lampooning of me, a Task equally mean as wicked, for I think no honest Man can be guilty of deriding his Fellow mortal when he sees him struggling in the Waves of Adversities. Laughing is catching, what has happened to me may befall him, & perhaps with double Weight.

I am,

“J. PETER ZENGER.”

—New York “Weekly Journal,” Dec. 23, 1734.

The Grand Jury would not indict the editor, so Attorney-general Bradley filed a complaint, alleging that the “Journal” contained false, scandalous, malicious and seditious libels upon the government. The two leading lawyers of the City, James Alexander and William Smith, appeared for the defendant, and catching the inspiration from their client, they boldly attacked the constitution of the Court, claiming that the judges were not qualified to sit. The point was well taken legally, but it brought dire vengeance upon the heads of the eminent counsel; for the Court in a burst of fury debarred them, throwing them not only out of the case, but out of the practice of their profession. They refused to recede from their position, heroically losing their means of livelihood for the principle's sake. The Court assigned John Chambers to the defense, and he privately conferred with the debarred lawyers, who threw them-

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selves body and soul into their client's cause and worked for him out of court, going into the clubs and to the prominent men of the City and urging support of Zenger. ✓

Perhaps no trial ever stirred our City so thoroughly as did this of Zenger. Governor Cosby had deprived himself of all popular support and was left with few real friends. The people knew that the alleged libels were true. They adopted them as expressions of the common mind. It was perfectly clear that if the truth of the governor's misconduct could not be shown without subjecting its publisher to accusations of sedition and bringing upon him all the weight of the criminal machinery, then there was really no such thing as English liberty and Rights of the People in New York. No one thought that the seeds of revolution were being planted; the rights that were demanded in this case were claimed to be only the rights of Englishmen. The people were surprised and delighted at the unexpected appearance, for their champion, of Andrew Hamilton, the ruddy, white-haired, and eloquent old advocate of Philadelphia, who brought into the case not only the wisdom of years but the generous ardor of a noble character, which age had not chilled but rather had warmed and ripened. The defendant cleared the case of all technicalities by admitting that he had published the article. The district-attorney then claimed that nothing was left to do but to find him guilty, because the words were clearly libelous. Mr. Hamilton said they were libelous if

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not true; but he proposed to show that Zenger's words were true, and, therefore, not false, seditious and libelous, as charged. The judge laid down the rule that the truth of a libel could not be proved, and would not allow the defendant to make good his offer of proving the truth. Finally, it was left for the jury to decide, whether the words were libelous or not, irrespective of the question of their truthfulness. Then the great lawyer launched out upon his celebrated speech to the jury, in which, shrewdly evading the legal pitfalls about him, he appealed to their own knowledge of the truth of Zenger's charges, and under an ingenious veil of words and figures, urged them to take the question which had been submitted to them as a matter of form, and to do justice to Zenger by finding him not guilty—even though it might involve them in the criticism of not understanding the English language sufficiently to see the libelous character of his language. The chief-justice endeavored to nullify Hamilton's effort, but his charge did not accomplish its purpose, for after a very short consultation a verdict of "Not guilty" was rendered, and the whole crowded audience responded to it with cheer upon cheer. The Court, chagrined at its defeat and flushed with indignation, denounced the tumult, and declared that if any one could be singled out as responsible for it he would be imprisoned. Promptly Admiral Norris's son stepped to the front, and, in the full view of the Court, called for three more cheers, and instantly the audience

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responded to the invitation. The people surrounded Zenger and his counsel, and the grand old lawyer was lifted to the shoulders of strong men and carried down the stairs. The spirit of the people and their determination to support free speech, and to insist on Englishmen's rights in America, was ominous of the Revolution which was then nearly fifty years distant. Mr. Hamilton was not left to the embraces of the populace alone, but the Common Council went through the ancient form of presenting him with the freedom of the City, with this significant expression, "Under a careful sense of the remarkable service done by him to the City and by his learned and generous defense of the rights of mankind and the members of the press." The news of this trial traveled through the colonies. The boldness of Zenger and his counsel was a stimulus to independent thought, and the whole circumstance has been justly regarded as the dawn of American Freedom.

About this time the Sons of Liberty were organized.

The prison, the court, the governor's chamber, were all in the City Hall, *at Broad and Wall Streets.*

Many will enjoy the opportunity of reading the most important papers and proceedings in this *causé célébré*. They are intensely interesting. Let us read them while our attention is fastened on this historic Wall Street corner.

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“Extracts from the Proceedings in Zenger’s Trial.

“1. THE LIBEL.—(To the Governor) Your appearance in print, at last, gives a pleasure to many, though most wish you had come fairly into the open field, and not appeared behind retrenchments made of the supposed laws against libeling: these retrenchments, gentlemen, may soon be shown to you and all men to be very weak, and to have neither law nor reason for their foundation, so cannot long stand you in stead; therefore, you had much better as yet leave them, and come to what the people of this city and province think are the points in question. They think, as matters now stand, that their liberties and properties are precarious, and that slavery is like to be entailed on them and their posterity if some past things be not amended, and this they collect from many past proceedings. One of our neighbors of New Jersey being in company, observing the strangers of New York full of complaints, endeavored to persuade them to remove into Jersey; to which it was replied, that would be leaping out of the frying-pan into the fire; for, says he, we both are under the same governor, and your assembly have shown with a witness, what is to be expected from them; one that was then moving from New York to Pennsylvania, to which place it is reported several considerable men are moving, expressed, in terms very moving, much concern for the circumstances of New York, and seemed to think them very much

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owing to the influence that some men had in the administration; said he was now going from them, and was not to be hurt by any measures they should take; but could not help having some concern for the welfare of his countrymen, and should be glad to hear that the assembly would exert themselves as become them, by showing that they have the interest of their country more at heart than the gratification of any private view of any of their members; or being at all affected by the smiles or frowns of a governor; both which ought equally to be despised, when the interest of their country is at stake. You, says he, complain of the lawyers, but I think the law itself is at an end. We see men's deeds destroyed, judges arbitrarily displaced, new courts erected without consent of the legislature, by which it seems to me trials by juries are taken away when a governor pleases; men of known estates denied their votes, contrary to the received practice of the best expositor of any law. Who is there in that province that can call anything his own? or enjoy any liberty longer than those in the administration will condescend to let them do it? For which reason I left it, as I believe more will."

2. DEBARMENT OF ZENGER'S ATTORNEYS.—James Alexander and William Smith having filed exceptions to the commissions of the judges; first, to the tenure, which should have been during good behavior, rather than at the will and pleasure of the appointing power; second, to their investiture; third, to the form of their appointment; fourth, to the

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want of evidence that the council concurred with the governor in their appointment—the attorneys presenting these exceptions and asking them that they be filed, the Court warned them that serious consequences to themselves would follow such action. One of the lawyers said: “I am so well satisfied of the right of the subject to take exception to the commission of a judge if he thinks such commission illegal, that I will stake my life on the point. The validity of the exceptions in the present case is another matter. I am ready to argue the point when the Court will hear me.” Chief-justice Delancey responded: “We will neither hear you nor allow the exceptions to be filed. You think to gain popularity and the applause of the people by opposing this Court. The matter has come to the point that we must leave the bench or you the bar.” The Court then struck their names from the roll of attorneys.

The Trial and the Speeches.

THE TRIAL having begun on August 4, 1735, before Chief-justice Delancey and second Justice Frederick Felipe, and the defendant having pleaded not guilty, Mr. Hamilton said: “I cannot think it proper for me, without doing violence to my own principles, to deny the publication of a complaint, which I think it is the right of every free-born subject to make, when the matters so published can be supported with truth; I do for my client confess that he both printed and published the two news-

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papers, and I hope in so doing he has committed no crime." Attorney-general Bradley then said: "I think then the jury must find a verdict for the king; for supposing they were true, the law says that they are not the less libelous for that. Indeed, their being true is an aggravation of the crime." Mr. Hamilton then insisted that the words themselves must be libelous; that is, false, scandalous, and seditious, as alleged in the complaint. The attorney-general then made a long argument upon the law of libel, saying in substance that libeling was an offense against the law of God as well as the law of man, and quoting St. Paul in Acts xxiii. 5, "I wist not, brethren, that he was the high priest, for it is written, Thou shalt not speak evil of the rulers of thy people"; and again, at 2 Peter ii. 10, "Presumptuous are they, self-willed, they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities." The application of these texts were made by showing that the governor was the magistrate of the province. Mr. Hamilton then showed that, conceding the rule claimed out of St. Paul's writing, the governor was only a subject of the king of a little higher grade than the common people, and that he had attempted to usurp the functions of the king in an illegal and oppressive way to the detriment of the king's subjects, and that it was no dishonor to the king to complain of the bad conduct of his deputy, illustrating his claim by the proposition that the Lord Mayor of London had not ever put in a claim to the sacred rights of majesty. He claimed that

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Mr. Zenger and those associated with him showed their loyalty all the more by pointing out the illegal acts of the king's false representative. At the close of the argument on this point Chief-justice Delancey said: "You cannot be admitted, Mr. Hamilton, to give the truth of a libel in evidence. A libel is not to be justified. It is nevertheless a libel, if it be true." Then ensued a long debate between Mr. Hamilton and the Court, the Court quoting certain authorities. Mr. Hamilton said: "These are Star Chamber cases, and I was in hopes that practice had been dead with the Court." This evidently provoked the Chief-justice, who said: "Mr. Hamilton, the Court have delivered their opinion, and we expect you will use us with good manners; you are not to be permitted to argue against the opinion of the Court." Mr. Hamilton said: "With submission, I have seen the practice in very great courts, and have never heard it deemed unmannerly to—" when the Court interrupted him, saying: "After the Court have declared their opinion, it is not good manners to insist upon a point in which you are overruled," to which Hamilton responded: "I will say no more at this time; the Court, I see, is against us on this point; and that, I hope, I may be allowed to say." The condescending answer was: "Use the Court with good manners and you shall be allowed all the liberty you can reasonably desire." It will be noted how wisely Mr. Hamilton led the Court to declare its unyielding opposition to Mr. Zenger and its subservience to the tyrannous governor. In the presence

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of the jury, and in the great crowd of Zenger's friends, Mr. Hamilton was an expert in creating an "atmosphere"—an art which is still practiced in the criminal courts of New York City by both prosecutors and defenders. Mr. Hamilton, having compelled the Court to declare itself, and to arouse against it the same feeling that had arisen against the governor, turned to the jury and skillfully called their attention to the fact that they were his last hope, that he was not allowed to present evidence, and that the suppressing of evidence ought always to be taken for the strongest evidence. Mr. Hamilton then asked the attorney-general to define libel, which was done; the staid official taking the opportunity to air his pedantic abilities to such an extent as to leave many weak points through which Hamilton's flashing sword pierced. The chief-justice, finding that the State's attorney was overmatched, rushed to his rescue, just as certain criminal judges in our own times have favored district-attorneys, bringing to them a luster and a reputation which they did not sustain when away from their judicial preceptors. This all gave Mr. Hamilton the opportunities which he desired, and we are bound to believe that vigorous expressions of the rights of the people made at this time, when all the City was watching, and everything was at red heat, shaped the public mind to a knowledge of popular rights and the way to obtain them. Mr. Hamilton said: "I own it to be base and unworthy to scandalize any man, yet I think it is even villainous to scandalize

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a person of public character, and I will go so far into Mr. Attorney's doctrine as to agree that if the faults, mistakes, nay, even the vices, of such a person be private and personal, and do not affect the peace of the public, or the liberty or property of our neighbor, it is unmanly and unmannerly to expose them either by word or writing. But when a ruler of a people brings his personal failings, but much more his vices, into his administration, and the people find themselves affected by them, either in their liberties or properties, that will alter the case mightily; and all the high things that are said in favor of rulers, and of dignities, and upon the side of power, will not be able to stop people's mouths when they feel themselves oppressed—I mean in a free government. It is true in times past it was a crime to speak truth, and in that terrible Court of Star Chamber many worthy and brave men suffered for so doing; and yet even in that Court, and in those bad times, a great and good man durst say, what I hope will not be taken amiss of me to say in this place, that the practice of informations for libels is a sword in the hands of a wicked king, and an arrant coward, to cut down and destroy the innocent; the one cannot, because of his high station, and the other dares not, because of his want of courage, revenge himself in another manner." This magnificent statement of truth angered the attorney-general, who pointed the sword of prosecution directly at Mr. Hamilton's heart, saying: "Pray, Mr. Hamilton, have a care

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what you say; do not go too far either; I do not like those liberties." The great crowd of people in the court-room could hardly contain themselves in this dialogue, and the flashes of their eyes and the muttered imprecations created an influence that no jury of the people could possibly withstand. Hamilton went on to say: "I cannot see the meaning of Mr. Attorney's caution; my well-known principles, and the sense I have of the blessings we enjoy under his present majesty, make it impossible for me to err, and I hope, even to be suspected, in that point of duty to my king. May it please your honor, I was saying, that, notwithstanding all the duty and reverence claimed by Mr. Attorney to men in authority, they are not exempt from observing the rules of common justice, either in their private or public capacities; the laws of our mother country know no exemption. It is true, men in power are harder to be come at for wrongs they do, either to a private person or to the public; especially a governor in the plantations, where they insist upon an exemption from answering complaints of any kind in their own government. We are indeed told, and it is true, they are obliged to answer a suit in the King's Courts at Westminster for a wrong done to any person here; but do we not know how impracticable this is to most men among us, to leave their families, who depend upon their labor and care for their livelihood, and carry evidences to Britain, and at a great, nay, a far greater, expense than almost any of us are able to bear, only to prosecute a gov-

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error for an injury done here. But when the oppression is general, there is no remedy even that way; no, our Constitution has (blessed be God!) given us an opportunity, if not to have such wrongs redressed, yet by our prudence and resolution to prevent in a great measure the committing of such wrongs, by making a governor sensible that it is his interest to be just to those under his care; for such is the sense that men in general (I mean freemen) have of common justice, that when they come to know that a chief magistrate abuses the power with which he is trusted for the good of the people, and is attempting to turn that very power against the innocent, whether of high or low degree, I say mankind in general seldom fail to interpose, and, as far they can, prevent the destruction of their fellow subjects. But I pray it may be considered of what use is this mighty privilege if every man that suffers must be silent, and if a man must be taken up as a libeler too? And (speaking of the New York Assembly) what redress is to be expected for an honest man who makes his complaint against a governor to an assembly who may properly enough be said to be made by the same governor against whom the complaint is made? It is a right which all freemen claim, and are entitled to complain when they are hurt. They have a right publicly to remonstrate against abuses of power in the strongest terms, to put their neighbors upon their guard against the craft or open violence of men in authority, and to assert with courage the

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sense they have of the blessing of liberty, the value they put upon it, and their resolution at all hazards to preserve it as one of the greatest blessings Heaven can bestow. Will any one say that all or any of these good ends are to be effected by a governor's setting his people together by the ears, and by the assistance of one part of the people (the Assembly) plaguing and plundering the other? The commission which governors bear while they execute the powers given them, according to the intent of the royal grantor, expressed in their commissions, requires and deserves very great reverence and submission; but when a governor departs from the duty enjoined on him by his sovereign, and acts as if he was less accountable than the royal hand that gave him all that power and honor which he is possessed of, this sets people upon examining and inquiring into the power, authority, and duty of such a magistrate, and to compare those with his conduct; and just as far as they find he exceeds the bounds of his authority, or falls short in doing impartial justice to the people under his administration, so far they very often, in return, come short in their duty to such a governor. For power alone will not make a man beloved, and I have heard it observed that the man who was neither good nor wise before his being made a governor, never mended upon his preferment, but has been generally observed to be worse; for men who are not endued with wisdom and virtue can only be kept in bounds by the law; and by how much the further they think them-

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selves out of the reach of the law, by so much the more wicked and cruel men are. I wish there were no instances of the kind at this day. And wherever this happens to be the case of a governor, unhappy are the people under his administration, and in the end he will find himself so too; for the people will neither love him nor support him." Mr. Hamilton made a deep and skillful thrust at the judges themselves, when he said: "I make no doubt but there are those here who are zealously concerned for the success of this prosecution, and yet I hope there are not many. There are some who are under strong obligations, and those are such as are in some sort engaged in support of a governor's cause by their dependence on his favor for some post or preferment. But I can with very just ground hope from those men, whom I will suppose to be men of honor and consciences too, that when they see the liberty of their country is in danger, either by their *concurrence*, or even by their silence, they will, like Englishmen, freely make a sacrifice of any preferment or favor, rather than be accessory to destroying the liberties of their country, and entailing slavery upon their posterity." Mr. Hamilton's discussion of the law, which followed these words, has been criticised; but his enunciation of the rights of the people has never lost its force. The humorous element, but one that strengthened his contention nevertheless, was introduced in these words: "This is the second information for libeling of a governor that I have known in America; and the first,

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though it may look like a romance, yet, as it is true, I will beg leave to mention it. Governor Nicholson, who happened to be offended with one of his clergy, met him one day upon the road, and, as was usual with him, under the protection of his commission, used the parson with the worst of language, threatened to cut off his ears, slit his nose, and at last to shoot him through the head. The parson, being a reverend man, continued all this time uncovered in the heat of the sun, until he found an opportunity to fly for it; and coming to a neighbor's house, felt himself very ill of a fever, and immediately writes for a doctor; and, that his physician might be the better judge of his distemper, he acquainted him with the usage he had received; concluding that the governor was certainly mad, for that no man in his senses would have behaved in that manner. The doctor unhappily shows the parson's letter; the governor comes to hear of it; and so an information was preferred against the poor man for saying he believed the governor was mad; and it was laid in the information to be false, scandalous and wicked, and wrote with intent to move sedition among the people and bring his excellency into contempt. But by an order from the late Queen Anne, there was a stop put to that prosecution, with sundry others, set on foot by the same governor against gentlemen of the greatest worth and honor in that government." Coming more closely to the duty of the jury, Mr. Hamilton said: "Gentlemen, the danger is great in pro-

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portion to the mischief that may happen through our too great credulity. A proper confidence in a court is commendable; but as the verdict (whatever it is) will be yours, you ought to refer no part of your duty to the discretion of other persons. *If you should be of opinion that there is no falsehood in Mr. Zenger's papers, you will, nay (pardon me for the expression), you ought to say so; because you do not know whether others (I mean the Court) may be of that opinion. It is your right to do so, and there is much depending upon your resolution, as well as upon your integrity.*

“The loss of liberty to a generous mind is worse than death; and yet we know there have been those in all ages, who, for the sake of preferment, or some imaginary honor, have freely lent a helping hand to oppress, nay, to destroy, their country. This brings to my mind that saying of the immortal Brutus, when he looked upon the creatures of Cæsar, who were very great men, but by no means good men. ‘You Romans,’ said Brutus, ‘if yet I may call you so, consider what you are doing; remember that you are assisting Cæsar to forge those very chains which one day he will make yourselves wear.’ This is what every man that values freedom ought to consider; he should act by judgment, and not by affection or self-interest; for where these prevail no ties of either country or kindred are regarded; as, upon the other hand, the man who loves his country prefers its liberty to all other considerations, well knowing that without liberty life is a misery.

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“I am truly very unequal to such an undertaking on many accounts. And you see I labor under the weight of many years, and am borne down with great infirmities of body; yet, old and weak as I am, I should think it my duty, if required, to go to the utmost part of the land, where my service could be of any use in assisting to quench the flame of prosecutions upon informations set on foot by the government to deprive a people of the right of remonstrating (and complaining too) of the arbitrary attempts of men in power. Men who injure and oppress the people under their administration provoke them to cry out and complain; and then make that very complaint the foundation for new oppressions and prosecutions. I wish I could say there were no instances of this kind. *But to conclude; the question before the Court and you, gentlemen of the jury, is not of small nor private concern, it is not the cause of a poor printer, nor of New York alone, which you are now trying: no! it may, in its consequences, affect every freeman that lives under a British government on the main of America. It is the best cause; it is the cause of liberty; and I make no doubt but your upright conduct, this day, will not only entitle you to the love and esteem of your fellow citizens, but every man who prefers freedom to a life of slavery will bless and honor you, as men who have baffled the attempts of tyranny, and, by an impartial and uncorrupt verdict, have laid a noble foundation for securing to ourselves, our*

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posterity and our neighbors, that to which nature and the laws of our country have given us a right, the liberty both of exposing and opposing arbitrary power in these parts of the world at least, by speaking and writing truth."

The attorney-general replied briefly to Mr. Hamilton's address, and the chief justice made a short charge to the effect that, as the defendant had confessed the publication of the words complained of, the question for the jury was whether the words were libelous, and this being a question of law, they might leave it to the Court. The intention, obviously, was to secure a special verdict; but Hamilton had been careful to impress the jury with the necessity of bringing a verdict of "not guilty," and that was what the jury did.

This stirring event occurred on the very spot where George Washington became the first President of a free people, whose government was based on the very ideas that were put forth by the eloquent champion of the people in a hazardous conflict with tyranny and oppression.



RIP VAN DAM.

A Typical Knickerbocker.

Dam, against the same Governor Cosby. The

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governor proceeded against Van Dam, who fought back, and their controversies came before Chief-justice Lewis Morris, who delivered an opinion in favor of Van Dam in the same old courtroom. It greatly irritated Cosby, and all the more so because Morris caused his opinion to be printed in the New York "Gazette." The opinion was accompanied with this open letter, signed by the brave judge.

Copy of Morris' Letter.

"This, sir, is a copy of the paper I read in court. I have no reason to expect that this or anything else I can say will be at all grateful, or have any weight with your Excellency, after the answer I received to a message I did myself the honor to send to you concerning an ordinance you were about to make for establishing a court of equity in the Supreme Court, as being, in my opinion, contrary to law, and which I desired might be delayed till I could be heard on that head. I thought myself within the duty of my office in sending this message, and hope I do not flatter myself in thinking I shall be justified in it by your superiors, as well as mine. The answer your Excellency was pleased to send me was *that I need not give myself any trouble about that affair; that you would neither receive a visit nor any message from me; that you could neither rely upon my integrity nor depend upon my judgment; that you thought me a person not at all fit to be trusted with any concerns relating to the*

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king; that ever since your coming to the government I had treated you, both as to your own person and as the king's representative, with slight, rudeness, and impertinence; that you did not desire to see or hear any further of or from me. I am heartily sorry, sir, for your own sake, as well as that of the public, that the king's representative should be moved to so great a degree of warmth as appears by your answer, which I think would proceed from no other reason but by giving my opinion, in a court of which I was a judge, upon a point of law that came before me, and in which I might be innocently enough mistaken (though I think I am not), for judges are no more infallible than their superiors are impeccable. But if judges are to be intimidated so as not to dare to give any opinion but what is pleasing to a governor, and agreeable to his private views, the people of this province, who are very much concerned both with respect to their lives and fortunes in the freedom and independency of those who are to judge of them, may possibly not think themselves so secure in either of them as the laws of his Majesty intend they should be.

“I never had the honor to be above six times in your company in my life: one of those times was when I delivered the public seals of the province of New Jersey to you on your coming to that government; another, on one of the public days, to drink the king's health; a third, at your desire, to wait on my Lord Augustus Fitz Roy, with the

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lawyers, to tell him we were glad to see him in New York; and, except the first time, I never was a quarter of an hour together in your company at any one time; and all the words I ever spoke to you, except at the first time, may be contained on a quarto side of paper. I might possibly have been impertinent, for old men are too often so; but as to treating you with rudeness and disrespect, either in your public or private capacity, it is what I cannot accuse myself of doing or intending to do at any of the times I was with you. If a bow, awkwardly made, or anything of that kind, or some defect in the ceremonial of addressing you, has occasioned that remark, I beg it may be attributed to the want of a courtly and polite education, or to anything else, rather than the want of respect to his Majesty's representative. As to my integrity, I have given you no occasion to call it in question. I have been in this office almost twenty years. My hands were never soiled with a bribe; nor am I conscious to myself that power or poverty hath been able to induce me to be partial in the favor of either of them; and as I have no reason to expect any favor from you, so I am neither afraid nor ashamed to stand the test of the strictest inquiry you can make concerning my conduct. I have served the public faithfully and honestly according to the best of my knowledge, and I dare, and do, appeal to it for my justification.

“I am, sir, your Excellency's most humble servant,
LEWIS MORRIS.”

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Chief-justice Horsmanden also felt the governor's heavy hand. Although he sided with England's cause when war began, he was a sturdy opponent of the tyrannous policies of the governor, and there were serious conflicts between him and Governors Clinton and Colden, which at one time led Clinton to suspend him from his functions as a judge, and led Colden to consider a similar course. This doughty old judge, who, though he could face down a tyrannical governor, would not desert his king, slumbers in the graveyard of Trinity Church within sight of the place of his labors.

Justice Morris was removed from his office in 1733, immediately after the publication of his letter, and Delancey was appointed in his stead. The trial of Zenger before Delancey, in 1735, followed the removal of Morris, very naturally.

These newspaper accounts of Governor Cosby's death are interesting:

“*New York, March 15.*—Although in our last Week's Paper we gave an account that since the Impostume in his Excellency's breast had been lanced, his Cough was ceased & there was a great Prospect of his Recovery, which account was according to the opinion of his Physicians and Friends about him. Yet since that it appears that it was only an enlivening before Death; for on *Wednesday* the tenth of this Instant his Excellency Coll. *William Cosby*, Governor of the Province, departed this Life, after a severe Illness of almost sixteen; and on

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Saturday following he was decently interred in his Majesty's Chappel in the Fort, his Corps being attended by the Gentlemen of the Council, the Clergy of the City, the Physicians that attended him in his Illness, and most of the principal Gentlemen and Merchants who from an affectionate concern for his Death, voluntarily assisted in paying their last Duty to his Remains. The Grief and Affliction of his family, the Concern and Regret of all that Knew him, is a testimony that he was, in relation of Life, a valuable man."—New York "Gazette," March 15, 1736.

"MR. ZENGER—Mr. Bradford in Observance of his constant Respect to Falsehood and Dislike of Truth, was pleased in his *Gazette* of last *Tuesday* to inform his Readers *That His Excellency* (our then Governor) *was in a fair Way of Recovery*. Upon which I shall only take Leave to add, that on *Wednesday last*, between the Hours of One and two in the Afternoon, *William Cosby, Esq.*, resigned with His last Breath His Ensigns of Power and Op.....n; what will be his Fate in that Place where (we are told) there is no Respect of Persons, belongs not to me to determine: But as a true Lover of this Province, I can't help wishing that the Measures of his Administration may rather serve as Beacons of Danger and to be avoided, than as Examples to a future Tyrant; in this very much depends the Quieting of the Minds of a People long distressed with arbitrary Power. Therefore, as

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Providence has already interposed in their Favour, we are to hope she will not leave the Work unperfected, but will in due Time deliver us out of the Hands of all those who have either in the first or more remote Instances contributed to these Distresses.

“Characters are in general, but more particularly of Great Men, not easily to be drawn, for the same Reason that an absolute Impartiality and clear Judgment falls to the Share of a few. The indulgence of the World has sometimes admitted of them from the nearest Friends, and in this there seems to be the greatest Candour and Generosity.

“A worthy Gentleman (of what great Man he best knows) has formerly said:

“*Notre Chef est un Drole, sans Amitie ou Sincerte, qui ne regard ce qui fait on dit.*

“Which for the Benefit of your *English* and *Dutch* Readers I beg Leave to translate.

“Our Chief is a Comical Fellow, without Friendship or Sincerity, who has no Regard to any Thing he says or does.

“*Ons Opper-Hoofd is cen aardige Quant, souder Eer of Dengds wie niet en acht wat by segd of doet.*

“And as that worthy Gentleman is supposed to have been under very great Obligations to, and even at that Time depending on _____, we are bound to suppose, if he has erred, it has been through Friendship, Interest and Partiality. Yours, &c., PHILLO PATRIA.”—New York “Weekly Journal,” March 15, 1736.

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Jacob Leisler had been tried for treason and convicted in 1691 at the Old City Hall on Pearl Street, and several years after his execution, which is elsewhere mentioned, the finding of the Court was practically reversed by an act of Parliament which contained these words:

“Whereas, in the late happy revolution, the inhabitants of the province of New York did, in their General Assembly, constitute and appoint Captain Jacob Leisler to be Commander-in-chief of the said province, until their majesties’ pleasure should be known therein; and the said Jacob Leisler was afterwards confirmed in the said command by his majesty’s letter dated, &c., and, the said Jacob Leisler having the administration of the said government of New York, by virtue of the said power and authority so given and confirmed to him as aforesaid, and being in the exercise thereof, Captain Ingoldsby, arriving in the province in the month of January, A. D. 1690, did, without producing any legal authority, demand of the said Jacob Leisler the possession of the fort at New York; but the said Jacob Leisler, pursuant to the trust in him reposed, refused to surrender the said fort into the hands of the said Richard Ingoldsby, and kept the possession thereof until the month of March following; at which time Colonel Henry Sloughter, being constituted Captain-general and Governor-in-chief of the said province, arrived there in the evening; the said Jacob Leisler, having notice thereof the same night (though very late), took care to deliver the

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said fort to his order, which was done very early the next morning.—*Anno sexto et septimo Gulielmi III. regis.*”

This finding exonerated Leisler from every charge that was made against him, and branded his conviction and execution as murder.

BAYARD'S TRIAL.

While speaking of celebrated trials that occurred on this interesting corner, we may mention [the trial of Colonel Bayard for high treason in 1702.

Colonel Bayard was the commander of the regiment of five companies of militia, which, with its captains, had unanimously deserted him because he was a leader among those who were supposed to favor King James. Immediately after the execution of Leisler his son Jacob devoted himself to the filial duty of obtaining a reversal of the judgment of treason which had stained his father's memory. He labored constantly and incessantly in America and in England, and finally secured the action which has just been mentioned. Among those whose sympathy and assistance he secured was Lord Bellomont, who became Governor in 1698.

Bellomont found that Bayard and Livingston, and their friends who had been concerned in the killing of Leisler, were suspected of complicity in the scourge of piracy which he undertook to suppress, and he turned indignantly from them and made his associations with the popular party, who loved the murdered governor and revered his mem-

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ory. A rumor became current that Lord Cornbury would probably succeed Bellomont, and the aristocrats began to hope for an opportunity to regain the ascendancy. Bayard signed addresses to the King, to the Parliament and to Cornbury, making serious charges against Bellomont, Lieutenant-governor Nanfan, and other officials. Bellomont died, and Nanfan became acting-governor. In 1691, when Bayard and Livingston were conspiring to secure Leisler's death, they caused a law to be enacted which provided that, "Whenever any person by any manner of ways, or upon any pretense whatsoever, shall endeavor by force of arms, or otherwise, to disturb the peace of government, he shall be deemed a traitor." This polished guillotine, which Bayard had designed and operated for the decapitation of Leisler, was turned against his own devoted person by Lieutenant-governor Nanfan. The authorities extended no more mercy to him than he had shown to Leisler. They convened a special court, forced the trial out of its order, intimidated the grand jury, choked off the pleas of the defendant's counsel, and forced a conviction. Chief-justice Atwood pronounced sentence in the following words: "I am sorry to find you so impenitent of your crime, which is so heinous and abominable in the sight of God and man. You have lately made reflections upon the proceedings of this court against you, as if it had been a design to do the job; comparing your case to that of Naboth's vineyard. But I hope God will open your eyes, that you may be con-

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vinced, and repent of the crime. It is considered by the court here, that you be carried to the place from whence you came; that from thence you be drawn upon a hurdle to the place of execution; that there you be hanged by the neck, and being alive you be cut down upon the earth, and that your bowels be taken out of your belly, and your privy members be cut off, and, you being alive, they be burned before your face; and that your head be cut off, and that your body be divided into four quarters; and that your head and quarters be placed where our lord the King shall assign. And the Lord have mercy upon your soul.”

“I desire to know,” demanded the prisoner, “whether I have leave to answer your Honor’s speech, made before sentence?” “No.” “Then,” he exclaimed, “God’s will be done!” and was immediately removed to prison. Lord Cornbury had not yet arrived, and the execution of this horrid sentence being deferred until his arrival, Colonel Bayard was saved, for Cornbury openly avowed himself the friend of the aristocrats, and Chief-justice Atwood and Solicitor-general Weaver were forced to flee to England. Bayard was reinstated in all his honor and estate. Lord Cornbury, like the ancient kings of Israel, was worse than those who had gone before him, and served a useful end in continuing the demonstration to the people of the impossibility of securing good government under the king, and in compelling the factions that had been tearing at each other’s throats to forget their animosities, and

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to come together in one common cause. These important movements had much to do with the growth of the general desire for the establishment of an independent nation.

In November, 1702, it was ordered that the "arms of Earl Bellomont and Captain Nanfan be pulled out of the City Hall and the space filled up."

THE NEGRO TRIALS.

The *trials* of the *negroes* who were accused of the arson plots in 1712 and 1741 occurred in the Old City Hall at Wall Street. In February, 1741, the house of a merchant named Hogg was robbed and burned. John Hughson, a tavern-keeper on Greenwich Street, who catered to the negro population, was suspected, and his servant, Mary Burton, made a confession that implicated him. At about this time various buildings caught fire under such circumstances as to indicate incendiarism. The negro population, composed mostly of slaves, was intensely excited, because a number of negro seamen, on a Spanish prize vessel that had been brought into New York harbor, had been condemned and sold as slaves. Great inducements were made in shape of rewards and offers of immunities for testimony. Mary Burton's confession implicated various negroes, including Cæsar, Prince and Cuffee, together with Hughson, his wife, and Peggy Carey, a disreputable woman, in a plot to burn the City and to take control of it. She enlarged her confession, and others joined with her, and thus a large number of

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negroes were implicated in the charges. The Court summoned all the lawyers of the City for consultation. Messrs. Alexander and Smith had been restored to practice, for they were among the lawyers who responded to the summons. The first trial was that of Cuffee and Quack, who were convicted and condemned to be burned, and were persuaded to make a confession after they had been chained at the stake (in the present City Hall Place, near Duane Street). The clamors of the people who had gathered to see the execution were so great that, notwithstanding the confession, they were burned. In June, 1741, Hughson, his wife and daughter, and Peggy Carey were tried. Hughson's daughter confessed and her life was spared. Peggy Carey confessed, but retracted her confession, saying that she had falsely accused her associates, and she was accordingly executed. This was an example of heroism hardly to be expected in a woman of her character and associations. The three were condemned and executed. On June 8th, six negroes were convicted and condemned to be burned. On June 10th, four more negroes received the same sentence. On June 13th, five more were convicted, and on June 17th another five. On June 19th a pardon was offered to all who would confess before July 1st. The terrified negroes eagerly rushed into this door of hope, and many others were implicated in their statements. Before the 15th of July, forty-six negroes had pleaded guilty. Others were arrested, until the prison was overcrowded. Mary Burton and

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William Kane, a soldier, testified that John Ury, a Catholic clergyman, who was not preaching, but simply teaching school, was concerned in the plot, and he was directly charged with having incited the negro Quack to set fire to the king's house in the Fort. He too was found guilty, it being testified that he went so far as to swear the negroes Bastian, Cæsar, Prince and Quack on the sign of the Cross. Ury was executed on the gallows on August 29, 1741, at Magazine Island (Pearl Street, east of Broadway). He made this pathetic address to the crowd just before his death:

“Fellow Christians, I am now about to suffer a death, attended with ignominy and pain; but it is the cup that my Heavenly Father has put into my hand, and I drink it with pleasure; it is the cross of my dear Redeemer, I bear it with alacrity, knowing that all that live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution; and we must be made in some degree partakers of His sufferings, before we can share in the glories of His resurrection; for He went not up to glory before He ascended Mount Calvary; He did not wear the crown of glory before the crown of thorns. I am to appear before an awful and tremendous God, a being of infinite purity and unerring justice; a God who by no means will clear the guilty that cannot be reconciled either to sin or sinners; in the presence of that God, the possessor of heaven and earth, I lift up my hands, and solemnly protest I am innocent of what is laid to my charge. I appeal to the great God for my

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non-knowledge of Hughson, his wife, or that creature that was hanged with them. I never saw them living, dying, or dead; nor ever had I any knowledge or confederacy with white or black, as to any plot; and, upon the memorials of the body and blood of my dearest Lord, in the creatures of bread and wine, in which I have commemorated the love of my dying Lord, I protest that the witnesses are perjured; I never knew them but at my trial. But for a removal of all scruples that may arise after my death, I shall give my thoughts on some points.

“First, I firmly believe and attest that it is not in the power of man to forgive sin; that it is the prerogative only of the great God to dispense pardon for sin; and that those who dare pretend to such a power, do in some degree commit that great and unpardonable sin, the sin against the Holy Spirit; because they pretend to that power which their own conscience proclaim to be a lie.

“Again, I solemnly attest and believe that a person having committed crimes that have or might have proved hurtful or destructive to the peace of society, and does not discover the whole scheme, and all the persons concerned with him, cannot obtain pardon from God. And it is not the taking any oath or oaths that ought to hinder him from confessing his guilt, and all that he knows about it; for such obligations are not only sinful, but unpardonable, if not broken. Now a person firmly believing this, and knowing that an eternal state of happiness or misery depends upon the performance

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or non-performance of the above-mentioned things, can not, will not, trifle with such important affairs.

“I have no more to say by way of clearing my innocency, knowing that to a true, Christian, unprejudiced mind I must appear guiltless; but, however, I am not very solicitous about it. I rejoice, and it is now my comfort (and that will support me and protect me from the crowd of evil spirits that I must meet with in my flight to the region of bliss assigned me), that my conscience speaks peace to me. Indeed, it may be shocking to some serious Christians that the holy God should suffer innocency to be slain by the hands of cruel and bloody persons (I mean the witnesses who swore against me at my trial); indeed, there may be reasons assigned for it, but as they may be liable to objections, I decline them; and shall only say that this is one of the dark providences of the great God, in His wise, just, and good government of this lower world.

“In fine, I depart this waste, this howling wilderness, with a mind serene, free from all malice, with a forgiving spirit, so far as the Gospel of my dear and only Redeemer obliges and enjoins me to, hoping and praying that Jesus, who alone is the giver of repentance, will convince, conquer and enlighten my murderers’ souls, that they may publicly confess their horrid wickedness before God and the world, so that their souls may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus.”

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We are not in position at this late day to fairly judge this terrible occurrence. We do not feel the terror and apprehension that moved the whole populace, even the judges and the lawyers, so that it was impossible to find counsel for defense. We cannot appreciate the many indications of guilt of the accused, and the danger of the City that so mightily convinced and moved the entire population, so that not one was left to speak a good word for the defendants. The records of the trials are meager, and give us only a faint indication of the circumstances that created the general conviction of danger, guilt, and the necessity of extreme measures. So far as the records illuminate the situation, it seems that the danger was greatly exaggerated, that the people were so excited that they accepted every accusation as true, and that very many of those who suffered the extreme penalty of the law, inflicted in its severest manner, were guiltless of actual crime; especially does it seem that an awful mistake was made in the case of the clergyman Ury, and we cannot overcome the feeling that his religious professions, which were of a kind that were hated by the great mass of people, deprived him of sympathy and fair play. This dismal affair made an indelible stain upon the fair name of our City, less black and inexcusable only than those which marked the persecution of Quakers and alleged witches in other parts of the New World.

A circumstance that sheds light upon the early history of our City, and that helps to reveal the

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great and blessed improvement that has taken place, is this: In the very City and in the very court-house where the rights of the people had been so magnificently demonstrated, there was no one to ask, much less to demand, fair play and just treatment for these poor terror-stricken, ignorant, unadvised negroes, unable to defend themselves, and prosecuted by the entire bar of the City and by the Court itself. Even Smith and Alexander, who had bravely suffered the penalty of debarment from practice for defending the right of Mr. Zenger, were in the ranks of those who willfully prevented the negro defendants from having the rights accorded to the meanest criminals. The difference was this: The defendants were slaves, they belonged to a despised race, they were hardly deemed to have souls, many denied that they were human creatures. They were looked upon as fierce animals from whom the community must protect itself, regardless of means and measures. If they were fierce and vindictive, if there was a negro plot, if houses were burned and lives were destroyed, we can hardly blame the ignorant, outcast, neglected blacks; some of whom had come into port as free men, though prisoners of war, and had been sold into slavery. The story of their wrongs and sufferings in old New York would make as black a picture as has been shown in the slavery of any part of the civilized world in modern times. We cannot claim for our City an absence of the dark story of slavery; but this we can claim: that New York was among

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the first communities that discontinued slavery; that in New York heroic work was done to end the slave traffic; that the people of New York have responded to all the efforts to improve the conditions of the negro, and that no city in the Union is freer from prejudice against the black men, and no city affords better facilities for their improvement. That the negroes of New York City are more prosperous and more highly developed than in any other city of the nation is a statement that will not be contradicted. The contrast between the trial of Zenger and the trials of the negroes is very great; and the improvement in judicial spirit, and in popular feeling, is manifest in the difference in position between the negroes of 1741 and the negroes of to-day. The tolerant spirit of New York was extended to the negro long before the war of the Rebellion, notwithstanding the peculiar race hatred of a section of our foreign-born population that was illustrated in all hideousness in the draft riots of 1863.

Poor Debtors.

These old advertisements show a side to the life about the Old City Hall that is not without its humor, as well as its pathos.

“City Hall, March 10, 1751.—To all Charitable Gentlemen and Ladies: We poor unfortunate Prisoners in the City Hall of New York humbly beg leave to acquaint you that we, besides our misfortune of confinement, are under great necessity for want of firing, not having at this Time one Stick

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to burn, nor have not for several Days, and the greatest part of us Intire strangers in the Country so that we are destitute of Friends, as well as of all necessaries of life, and unless we are relieved by some charitably disposed persons, we must unavoidably perish in this place. Such persons as will relieve us in this one great necessity of firing, we shall not only return our grateful thanks, but shall as in duty bound ever pray that our misfortunes may be doubled in blessings on you and yours. I am for self and rest of my fellow prisoners, Gentlemen and Ladies, your most obedient and humble servant, EDWARD DAILEY.”

“*March 18.*—We poor and unfortunate prisoners of the City Hall of New York now humbly beg leave to return you our most grateful Thanks for your benevolence which we have received to our great comfort of this necessity.

“Received we have Firing, Meat and Pence,
May others follow your Benevolence,
When we in Prison were you came to see
What was our want and sad extremity.
We cold and hungry, sick and naked were,
But you us comfort gave, while we were there;
Take your reward, which is eternal Bliss,
For you relieved us when in great distress.
For this our thanks to you we freely give,
Pray God may on you double Blessings flow.
He that unto the Poor doth freely give
He double-fold shall of the Lord receive.
I hope Prosperity may never fail you.
I am your humble servant.

“EDWARD DAILEY.”

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THE STAMP ACT CONGRESS, 1765.

Massachusetts and Virginia have contended for the honor of having inaugurated Intercolonial Correspondence, but in this, as in some other matters, it appears that New York has the honor, even though her people have not seemed to prize it. The first act of this kind was the appointing of a committee by the New York Legislature, of which Robert R. Livingston was chairman, in 1764. The Assembly itself adopted a protest to the House of Commons against the Stamp Act, which had then been introduced in that body, and this committee was expected to correspond with Robert Charles, New York's agent in England, and "with the several Assemblies or committees of Assemblies on this continent." This committee was in the field six years before Massachusetts, and nine years before Virginia, made any similar movement. Promptly upon the passage of the Stamp Act, New York's committee called for a convention of the representatives of the different colonies. Governor Colden endeavored to prevent a proper representation from New York by proroguing the Assembly, but while his action prevented the appointment of instructed delegates, it did not prevent the representation of New York in the Congress; for the Committee of Correspondence claimed the right to represent New York and was admitted. Massachusetts was the first province to respond to the invitation, and she did so in the heartiest and most unequivocal manner.

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The delegates assembled on October 7, 1765, less than a month before the time fixed for the Stamp Act to go into operation. Our Old City Hall on Wall Street was the place of meeting. Twenty-seven delegates from nine States attended. New Hampshire, Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia were in sympathy with the convention, but for various reasons were unable to send representatives. This is the roll of the gathering which became historic, and has been called the Stamp Act Convention:

- Massachusetts . James Otis, Oliver Partridge, Timothy Ruggles.
- Rhode Island . . Metcalfe Bowler, Henry Ward.
- Connecticut . . . Eliphalet Dyer, David Rowland, William Samuel Johnson.
- New York . . . Robert R. Livingston, John Cruger (Mayor), Philip Livingston, William Bayard, Leonard Lispenard.
- New Jersey . . . Robert Ogden, Hendrick Fisher, Joseph Borden.
- Pennsylvania . . John Dickenson, John Morton, George Bryan.
- Delaware Caesar Rodney, Thomas McKean.
- Maryland William Murdock, Edward Tilghman, Thomas Ringgold.
- South Carolina . Thomas Lynch, Christopher Gadsden, John Rutledge.

The question of England's arbitrary right of taxation had been thoroughly discussed in the colonies, and the minds of the people were settled. Governor Cosby, whose tyrannous acts were the occasion for some of the historic scenes on this very

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spot, had proposed a stamp act as early as 1734, and various other governors had advised the English government to raise revenue in that way. The great mass of the people were incensed at the deprivation of their rights as Englishmen, and although the convention was in session for three weeks, there was no doubt at any time that some sort of protest would go out from it. One of its first acts was the adoption of a Declaration of Rights, which was written by *John Cruger, Mayor of the City of New York*. An Address to the King was prepared by a committee composed of *Robert R. Livingston*, William S. Johnson and William Murdock; an Address to the House of Lords by a committee consisting of John Rutledge, Edward Tilghman (Tilghman of Exchange Place is his descendant), and *Philip Livingston*, and an Address to the House of Commons by a committee composed of Thomas Lynch, James Otis and Thomas McKean. These Declarations and Addresses were written in a lofty and temperate tone, and contained the statements of the rights of the colonies, and of the principles upon which those rights were claimed, that became the foundation of the Revolution. The Address to the King contained this sentence, which may serve to indicate the tenor of all the documents: "The invaluable rights of taxing ourselves and trial by our peers, of which we implore your Majesty's protection, are not, we humbly conceive, unconstitutional, but conferred by the great charter of English liberty." Two members of

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the Assembly dissented from its action: Ruggles, who became a Tory, and was commissioned as a general in the English army during the Revolutionary War, and Ogden of New Jersey, who was known as a half-hearted Tory during the struggle for Independence. These men were rejected by their constituents, and Ogden was removed from his position as speaker of the New Jersey Assembly.

The acts and declarations of this body, so long before that immortal convention which adopted the Declaration of Independence, were of great significance, and of great value in fixing the principles upon which the different colonies could and would stand together as a unit. In this gathering *The Union* began. That inspired idea, in which trembled the germ of the greatest modern nation, found voice in such exalted sentences as those expressed by Christopher Gadsden, of *South Carolina*, who said: "A confirmation of our essential and common rights as Englishmen may be pleaded from charters safely enough, but any further dependence upon them may be fatal. We should stand upon the broad common ground of those natural rights that we all feel and know as men, and as descendants of Englishmen. I wish the charters may not ensnare us at last, by drawing different colonies to act differently in this great cause. Whenever that is the case all will be over with the whole. *There ought to be no New Englandman, no New Yorker, known on the continent, but all of us as Americans. Union is most certainly all in all.*"

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How the nation was stirred, how the City of New York was thrilled, by the reiteration of that very sentiment, on this very spot, in the great war meetings held during the Rebellion! And when the orators of the North shook their sympathetic audiences, and moved their hearers to throw their lives into the scale of battle, by noble appeals for the preservation of *the Union*; when they quoted the immortal words of the Massachusetts Lion—"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"—they said no more than did Gadsden of South Carolina, who preceded them, in 1765.

This deliberative body was surrounded by influences that tended to bring out all the points of the controversies, and to lift it to the highest expressions of the rights of the people. Governor Colden, the stanchest, most uncompromising representative of the British government, protected by the great power of England and surrounded by soldiers who craved the chance to force the stamps down the people's throats with their swords (as Major James put it), *was in the Fort, only a few blocks away*. On the other hand the State representatives and the Mayor and the other City officials were substantially a unit in their opposition to the measure, and the great mass of the people, led by the Sons of Liberty, clamored about the building on Wall and Broad and Nassau (then Kip) Streets, alternating shouts of approval of the convention with imprecations upon the government and the governor. The City was in a ferment while the convention was in

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session. The ship carrying the stamps arrived in the harbor and was put under the protection of the English cannon. The Stamp Act, printed under the title of "The Folly of England and the Ruin of America," was circulated among the crowds of people, who had no thought for anything else. John Morin Scott's essay was scattered abroad in the same way, and the bold stand of the writer was applauded in every direction. Among other things he said:

"If the interests of the mother country and her colonies cannot be made to coincide, if the same constitution may not take place in both, if the welfare of England necessarily requires the sacrifice of the most natural rights of the colonies—their right of making their own laws, and disposing of their own property by representatives of their own choosing—if such is really the case between Great Britain and her colonies, *then the connection between them ought to cease; and sooner or later it must inevitably cease.* The English government cannot long act toward a part of its dominions upon principles diametrically opposed to its own, without losing itself in the slavery it would impose upon the colonies, or leaving them to throw it off and assert their own freedom. There never can be a disposition in the colonies to break off their connection with the mother country, so long as they are permitted to have the full enjoyment of those rights to which the English Constitution entitles them. . . . They desire no more; nor can they be satisfied with less."

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A paper called "The Constitutional Courant" was issued with Dr. Franklin's "Unite or Die" device at its head.

Placards appeared in the public places in this language:

"Pro Patria.

"The first man that either distributes or makes use of stamped paper, let him take care of his House, Person and Effects.

"(Signed)

VOX POPULI,

"We dare."

(Scott's tomb is in Trinity churchyard, close to Broadway, north of the entrance.)

Even the poet got in his fine work, and gave the people this song to sing:

"A strange Scheme of late has been formed in the State
By a knot of Political Knaves,
Who in secret rejoice that the Parliament's voice
Has condemned us by law to be Slaves: Brave Boys!
Has condemned us by law to be Slaves.

"With the Beasts of the Wood we will ramble for Food,
And lodge in wild Deserts and caves,
And live poor as Job on the skirts of the Globe
Before we'll submit to be Slaves: Brave Boys!
Before we'll submit to be Slaves."

The excitement culminated in angry and warlike demonstrations of the people, who assembled in the Fields (the City Hall Park), at the call of the Liberty Boys, and hanged the governor in effigy, and marched down to attack the Fort and seize the

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stamps; and in the surrender of the governor, who delivered the stamps to the mayor at the City Hall. The deliberations of the Stamp Act Congress, and the addresses issued by it, together with the firm stand of the people in New York City and elsewhere, forced the British Government to repeal the act; but that repeal only delayed a little the inevitable Union and Independence that spoke out so strongly in the deliberations and resolutions of the convention.

Is there a place in America more nobly connected than this with the cause of American Independence?

Declaration of Rights and Grievances,

ADOPTED BY THE STAMP ACT CONVENTION AT THE CITY HALL ON WALL STREET.

“I. That his Majesty’s subjects in these colonies owe the same allegiance to the Crown of Great Britain that is owing from his subjects born within the realm, and all due subordination to that august body, the Parliament of Great Britain.

“II. That his Majesty’s liege subjects in these colonies are entitled to all the inherent rights and liberties of his natural-born subjects within the kingdom of Great Britain.

“III. That it is inseparably essential to the freedom of a people, and the undoubted right of Englishmen, that *no taxes be imposed on them but with their own consent, given personally, or by their representatives.*

“IV. That the people of these colonies are not,

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and, from their local circumstances, cannot be, represented in the House of Commons in Great Britain.

“V. That the only representatives of the people of these colonies are the persons chosen therein by themselves, and that *no taxes ever have been, or can be, constitutionally imposed on them but by their respective Legislatures.*

“VI. That all supplies to the Crown being free gifts of the people, it is unreasonable and inconsistent with the principles and spirit of the British Constitution for the people of Great Britain to grant to his Majesty the property of the colonists.

“VII. That trial by jury is the inherent and invaluable right of every British subject in these colonies.

“VIII. That the late act of Parliament, entitled *An act for granting and applying certain stamp duties, and other duties, in the British Colonies and Plantations in America*, by imposing taxes on the inhabitants of these colonies, and the said act, and several other acts, by extending the jurisdiction of the Court of Admiralty beyond its ancient limits, have a manifest tendency to subvert the rights and liberties of the colonists.

“IX. That the duties imposed by several late acts of Parliament, from the peculiar circumstances of these colonies, will be extremely burdensome and grievous; and from the scarcity of specie, the payment of them absolutely impracticable.

“X. That as the profits of the trade of these colonies ultimately center in Great Britain, to pay

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for the manufactures which they are obliged to take from thence, they eventually contribute very largely for all supplies granted them to the Crown.

“XI. That the restrictions imposed by several late acts of Parliament on the trade of these colonies will render them unable to purchase the manufactures of Great Britain.

“XII. That the increase, prosperity, and happiness of these colonies depend on the full and free enjoyment of their rights and liberties, and an intercourse with Great Britain mutually affectionate and advantageous.

“XIII. That it is the right of the British subjects in these colonies to petition the King or either House of Parliament.

“Lastly, That it is the indispensable duty of these colonies, to the best of sovereigns, to the mother country, and to themselves, to endeavor, by a loyal and dutiful Address to his Majesty, and humble application to both Houses of Parliament, to procure the repeal of the Act for granting and applying certain stamp duties, of all clauses of any other acts of Parliament whereby the jurisdiction of the Admiralty is extended as aforesaid, and of the other late acts for the restriction of American commerce.”

TRIAL OF LEVI WEEKES, 1800.

The time came when New York had a Hamilton of her own, whose voice was heard in this time-honored court room at Wall Street. It was consid-

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ered one of the sights of New York to see him on his way to Court with his papers and books. Many were the famous cases in which he was engaged. In one of these cases, the trial of Levi Weekes for the murder of Gulielma Sands, in March, 1800, he was associated with Aaron Burr. Hamilton, Burr and Brockholst Livingston worked together for the defense with no suspicion in their minds of the tragic relations which Hamilton and Burr were to sustain in a few years. This cause created such interest in its day that it still retains its hold on popular interest. Miss Sands lived with Elias and Catherine Ring, her uncle and aunt, in Greenwich Street near Franklin, when the population of the City did not exceed sixty thousand. Weekes was a boarder in the family. He was a brother of Ezra Weekes, owner of the famous City Hotel, on the site of the Boreel Building, 111 Broadway. Weekes and Miss Sands kept company, and it was believed that they were engaged. On a Sunday in December, 1799, Miss Sands left her home with Weekes and was never seen alive afterward. In the next month her body was found in the Manhattan Well, which was used for the water supply of the Manhattan Company which Burr organized. This well, long since filled up, was then in the open meadow, and was situated about one hundred feet north of Spring Street and one hundred feet east of Green Street. It was eighty feet deep. The people were greatly excited over the murder, for the appearance of the body left no room for doubt, and there was

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a general opinion that Weekes was the murderer. Spectral lights were seen hovering over the well by impressionable people whose vision was prepared by looking through the bottoms of tumblers. Weekes was arrested and indicted, and his trial began on the thirty-first day of March, 1800. Chief-justice Lansing, Mayor Richard Varick and Recorder Richard Harrison formed the Court, and a rare jury was made up of Garrit Storm, Robert Lylburn, Simon Schermerhorn, George Scriba, Richard Ellis, James Hunt, John Rathbone, William Wilson, William G. Miller, Samuel Ward, William Walton and Jasper Ward. The prosecutor was Attorney-general Cadwallader D. Colden. The trial was a continuous display of the abilities of the extraordinary array of lawyers on both sides of the case. Hamilton took the notes of the testimony with his own hand, filling in the names of the witnesses as they were sworn, in old-English letters. Burr used these notes in common with his associates and made some interlineations of his own.

There is a tradition connected with the case which is borne out by a statement found in Parton's "Life of Aaron Burr," "He used to say that he once saved a man from being hanged by a certain arrangement of candles in a court-room. As the trial proceeded, suspicions arose against the principal witness, and Colonel Burr became convinced that the guilt lay between the prisoner and the witness. Hamilton had addressed the jury with his usual fluent eloquence, confining his remarks to the

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vindication of the prisoner, without alluding to the probable guilt of the witness. Colonel Burr in turn rose. He set forth the facts which bore against the man, and then seizing two candelabra from the table he held them up toward the witness and exclaimed: 'Behold the murderer, gentlemen!' Every eye was turned upon the wretch's ghastly countenance, which seemed to wear the very expression of a convicted murderer. The man reeled, shrunk away, and rushed from the room. The effect of this incident was decisive. Colonel Burr concluded his speech, the judge charged, the jury gave a verdict of acquittal, and the prisoner was free." There is another tradition that when the verdict was rendered Mrs. Ring denounced Hamilton, saying: "If thee dies a natural death I shall think there is no justice in Heaven!" Four years later Burr killed Hamilton, and twenty-nine years after Judge Lansing disappeared and was never again seen. The acquittal of Weekes left the murder a mystery, and it remains so to this day.

The removal of the seat of government from Wall Street to the Common marked a distinct period in the development of the City out of its colonial condition and into its cosmopolitan character. There were many simple old people who were part of the life of New York in its narrower sphere. While they moved along with the rapid advance of the City, they did not lose their individualities, and as the rapid strides of progress changed customs and

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general characteristics—so that the young people looked and acted unlike their progenitors—these old figures, surviving in antique quaintness, became not only picturesque but interesting and lovable. With the rising generations, who in a short time looked on pre-Revolutionary manners and customs as antiquated, the memories of some of these worthy people long survived. Among them was Peter Borgia the biscuit-maker, at Broadway and Cortlandt Street. Notwithstanding the progressive art of the haberdashers, the cordwainers and the clothiers, he persisted in his small clothes, his long stockings, and his big hat, his knee-buckles and shoe-buckles and sleeve buttons, his powdered hair, long cue and stock. He was a gentle sight, as he sat each evening on the porch in front of his house, dreamily nodding to the people as they passed by, while his inner eye watched the revolutions of the honest old windmill that many years before had made flour at that very spot for his predecessors. He had a counterpart in Mr. Skaats, the custodian of the City Hall, and Mrs. Skaats presented a most entrancing picture of the sober, sensible, and very respectable Dutch housewife. This excellent pair of simple Dutch people remained in charge of the old building as long as it was devoted to public uses, often entertaining the judges, the lawyers and the councilmen at their table, on which survived all the Hollandish delicacies which now remain to us only in printed descriptions. When the new City Hall on the Common was finished, these dear old Dutch people be-

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came its keepers and remained such until Mr. Martling, the provider for the appetites of the braves of Tammany in its infancy, succeeded them in the care of the City Hall. Mr. Martling, as keeper of the City Hall and feeder of Tammany Hall, founded an illustrious line of feeders and keepers; nor did he realize how they would wax great in riches and power, and would feed such hordes of desperadoes as would leave without a memory the Hessians of Revolutionary days, with their ferocious mustaches, polished with shoe-blackening, and their awe inspiring cues stiffened with flour paste.

Our route from Wall Street to the *Fort* will be through Broad Street. Fires have swept the street clear of every relic of the days when it was the *Heere Gracht* of the Dutch city, and its old time picturesqueness has departed. Now there are splendid buildings on each side of the street, and its width and its gradual sweep and rise to the north give a magnificent view of the Treasury building and the structures which surround it. But our thoughts go back with pleasure to the time when it was unpaved, and the creek ran through it, receiving its little tributary, the *Beaver Gracht*, and when the sheep grazed upon the slopes. Where the Stock Exchange stands, the sheep used to congregate, and at appropriate times they were sheared, just about where the outside public now is allowed to peep from the gallery at the mysteries. Another favorite place for the sheep to meet was on the

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east side of the street, about where Henry Clews permits the amiable populace to stimulate its curiosity by watching the quotations on his blackboards. From that point it is said that the sheep were often driven to slaughter; for even in those days the flesh of rams, ewes and lambs was held



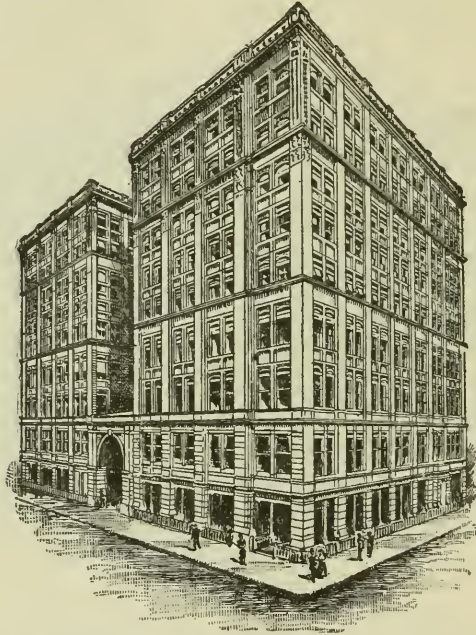
Dutch Cottages at Broad and Garden Streets, 1800.

in high favor. The bleating of lambs, and the odor of broiling chops, has never departed from Broad Street.

The original owner of the sheep pasture was Dominie Drisius, whose land bounded on Jan Jansen Dam's farm, which ran northward from it. The first improvements on the sheep pasture were the cottages which were built in 1690 at the northeast corner of Exchange Place and Broad Street,

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now occupied by the Mills building. The sheep pasture was included within Wall, Beaver, New and William Streets. Cornelius Groesens occupied the land west of New Street fronting on Broadway. He was killed by the Indians in 1655, and with-



Mills Building, on the site of the Dutch Cottages.

•out doubt was buried in the graveyard at Morris Street and Broadway. When the town was surrendered to the English in 1664 these were the improvements on Wall Street:

1. The shanty of Dirck the wool-spinner.
2. The house of Jan Jansen.
3. The tap-room of Van Langendyck.
4. The shanty of Abram Kermer.

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5. The shanty of Grietze the chimney-sweeper.
6. The tap-room of Jan Tunison.
7. A small house of Jan Videt.
8. A small house of Dirck Van Clyff.
9. A shanty of Pieter Jansen.
10. A general store kept by the great man of the street, Jacob Jansen Moesman.

Thirty-six years afterward the southeast corner of Broad and Wall Streets (now Drexel, Morgan & Company's corner) was sold for one hundred and sixty-three pounds, which was considered to indicate a phenomenal rise in real estate values. One hundred and fifty years ago, this region of palaces was filled with shanties and squat cottages. Hogs roamed the streets, and the "necessary houses," as they were called, had "underneath entrances" from the roads for the use of the swine (as the arrangement still is in some parts of the country). The hogs were important members of the community then as now, and they had their friends. Manifest destiny, operating through various city-father boards, closed up the underground passages, restricted the liberties of our grunting relatives, pushed them beyond the City lines, and finally transported them to Hunter's Point (Long Island City), where they



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are all insanely clamoring for admission to Greater New York, and Death:—Death to the Hogs and Death to their Illustrious Representative, who has shown to the wondering world what an enterprising Hog can do under the uplifting and broadening influences of our free institutions.

That the Pig Reform in Wall Street did not succeed without a mighty struggle may be seen from this plaintive wail, extracted from one of the newspapers of the transition period:

“August 27, 1744.

“*To the Publisher of the ‘Weekly Post Boy.’*”

“I am a poor widow, and have often set forth the deplorable state of my case to the Alderman of the ward; but he turns a deaf ear to all I can say; I must, therefore, beg you will give this a place in your paper, as an appeal to the publick for the justness of my cause. My husband died about three years ago, left me with three small children, a large score to pay off at tippling houses, for beer, punch, and cordials, occasioned by his too great attention to politicks and neglect of his cordwainer’s occupation. After his death, I followed washing, making soap, candles, and some other small matters, which brought me in, now and then, a ready penny, enabling me to pay my husband’s debts, and save enough to maintain my family, which I did in a frugal manner, having for some years past raised my own *pork* in my yard; but I am debarred from doing that by a law of the Corporation, lately passed, for banishing all hogs

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out of the City, to the great damage of the poor widow and orphan; which law, I have been informed, was obtained at the earnest request and by the indefatigable industry of a certain city M----, famous for his consummate ---- in carrying points in publick communities. Had that gentleman considered the benefit accruing to the publick by the hogs, the injustice of depriving the inhabitants of their company, I am apt to think he would not have been so precipitate in an affair of that consequence. In the first place, the refuse in a family would raise a hog or two, which must now be thrown in the streets, and, of consequence, become a nuisance, much greater than after concoction. The using of hog's dung in medicine the poor will now be debarred of, and obliged to use foreign druggs for native distempers; for my doctor informs me (who, by the bye, is a famous one, having all his knowledge by inheritance) that it is good for stopping of blood, excellent in a scald head, very good for the scurvy, extraordinary good for a cholick, steeped in rum with mullen and summer savory; for reducing a cancer, nothing like hog's fat, sugar cookies and strong beer, made into a poultice, applyed warm to the part affected; but he assures me it will be of no service to the *Jews*, because they are not allowed to have anything to do with them, by the *Law of Moses*.

“I must further observe that if they are to banish all nuisances, why don't they banish the dogs, the cats, drunken husbands and wives, the tubs of

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their necessary houses, introduce in the room of them vaults? These things, I am of opinion, would contribute more to the health and welfare of the community than sending into exile that profitable creature, the hog. Consider him in all his parts: his bristles serve the shoemaker and brushmaker, his blood and guts make black puddings and sausages, his fat fries fish, boils olicooks, bakes pancakes, greases wooll, makes soap, excellent to eat with sappan, and good for pomatum. Gammon and cheek of bacon with spinage, a leg of pork with turnips, is a fine dish, none of the community can deny, except some that think it not consistent with the laws of God.

“If this will not prevail upon the magistrates to repeal the law, nothing, I fear, will. But I would propose one exception to be added to the law, and that is, that every person that will fat hogs in their bedrooms, parlours or garrets shall not be seemed or esteemed to be within the meaning of this law, which only prohibits raising them in yards, anything to the contrary notwithstanding; and I don't doubt many that are not more nice than wise will readily comply with so reasonable a clause, rather than suffer the hogs to remain in perpetual exile. And for so noble an addition, I, as in duty bound, for the enlargement of their capacities, will ever pray. DEBOBAH SE - - - - E.”

As late as 1817 there were at least twenty thousand hogs running at large in New York.

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The shearing of the various grades of mutton is not done at intervals in Broad and Wall Streets as it is by the rustic shepherds of the bright green hills and the brook-laved dells, but the bleating of the meek animals, when the shears snip their sensitive hides, has its counterpart in groans of anguish, none the less real because the Wall Street sheep of these days habitually walk on their hind feet. Then, too, the modern Wall Street lambs are like their prototypes in this, that, starting as mutton, they ever remain mutton. Even in death they persist in a certain rankness of flavor. The lambs who have been joined to the sweet flocks which frisk over the fields of the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, the Sages and their neighbors, under the shadow of Trinity's spire, never get away from the old "bell-wethers," who, though less lamb-like than the rest, are still not above tinkling for their masters, and giving the lambs something to do, with an occasional mouthful of grass, while the wool grows for the shearing.

Thousands of clerks, tradesmen, small heirs, and faithless trustees, of whom many do not know the difference between guaranteed bonds and preferred stocks, snap up the sure pointers that are left out of doors at night by the cappers of big operators, and when the wheel turns round, in a day, a week — a month, maybe — pass their margins into the pockets of the big "shepherds." There is more pathos than humor in this spectacle. Out of it come bad business habits, wreck and ruin, death

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and dishonor. It is no small matter that a vast number of our people, who are ordinarily honest and well-principled, are trying to make something out of nothing, much out of little, by the turning up of chances that they can no more understand or figure upon than they can the chances that are offered at the gambling table. It was not so when the foundations of our commercial State were laid, close to this very neighborhood. The immense business of the exchanges, done on "margins" and "puts and calls," is a menace to the integrity and the honor of the nation, and more than anything else robs the poor to bloat the rich. It increases constantly the disproportions of wealth, for it is an axiom that the ordinary Wall Street speculator is bound to "go broke." The men who run the market in Wall Street cannot be outdone in the whole world for greed and rapacity, and their stony hearts would make a granite mountain. Some of the grandest of them have promptly and notoriously sacrificed their friends, their promises and their reputations, to increase their vast hoards of wealth. For them, black monuments of ruined homes, wrecked men and lost souls are rising. The devilish ingenuity of these money worshipers has perfected "corners" and "panics," which are made to order, and which frequently involve great communities in financial disasters, that reach far beyond the pastures and the flocks of Wall and Broad Streets. If we investigate and study the cyclones which sometimes start out from this neigh-

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borhood, we will surely find that the center of the storm is in some rich man's office, and that it is serene and peaceful at the center. The lowering of ordinary standards of morals has progressed so far that, in the full light of day, men, who are esteemed as being in the front ranks of society, deliberately plan to put the government into a hole for lack of specie, to supply the specie at a good profit, and then speedily to re-extract it, and so to renew the distress, regardless of the suffering that comes to the poor and the middle classes by the uncertainties in the money market which result. Or reputable and religious founders of great trusts play with national legislatures and produce misleading popular impressions that affect the quotations of their stock and their commodities, and then defy the half-hearted investigation of Congressmen, who dare not investigate, putting the *process* of the government in contempt before the whole people. Yes, there is a past and a present in this neighborhood that inspires us and that causes us to realize greatness and grandeur; but there is here, too, a living and growing gambling devil, which involves and threatens both individual and national honor.

Don't let any one suppose that we have forgotten the "bulls" and the "bears." They are not forgotten; but as they are unreal—mere bogies—they are not worth talking about. The "taural" and "ursal" properties are simply hides, put on "to make medicine," as the Indians would say.

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Every big operator's office has a choice assortment of skins of both sorts. The only realities are the shepherds and the sheep—and *the shears*.

Close attention to the business of "shepherding" the flocks, as well may be imagined, does not tend to the development of a high grade of character. There was Jim Fisk, for instance, who, when he laid his heavy hand down, was not accustomed to



JIM FISK.

lift it up because it hurt anybody. He differed from most of his compeers, in being round and well fed, and open to such blandishments as appealed to his animal instincts and his love of show and parade. So we find him posing as a brave soldier in showy uniform striped with gold lace and topped off with a brilliant pompon; but when he is called upon to lead his regiment in the face of

a howling mob, and to defend property and the honor of the City, his raw young soldiers are left to fight or run, as they please, while the round and brilliant colonel makes quick time for a place of safety through back yards and over fences.

Mr. Clews' chapter headings indicate to us the judgment of an acknowledged expert upon the acts and the characters of many of Mr. Fisk's friends and rivals, the kings of Wall Street. There was one whose piety was undoubted and whose conduct met all the tests of morality, except where he struggled in the maelstrom of finance. There he "did" others, and in turn was "done." One little incident will reveal a phase of the "Battle of the Street." He had been pounded by a set of speculators with whom he decided to get even. Waiting his chance, he met a number of them, and taking out his handkerchief, dropped therefrom a scrap of paper. One of the precious lot picked it up. On it was carelessly written, "Buy me all the Oshkosh stock you can, at any price you can get it below par." After consultation between these honorable financiers, they resolved to make a pool to buy "Oshkosh," and they loaded up with 30,000 shares; but it speedily fell, and kept tumbling. They found too late that they had bought the stock from their intended victim, and they paid a heavy forfeit for their misplaced confidence.

This odd and imposing figure fell down before the onrush of another gladiator, of whom it has been said, "His touch was death;" for in the savage warfare that specially distinguished those days, none measured swords with him and lived, excepting perhaps that Cræsus, who,

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after victories and sham battles and some defeats, withdrew from Wall Street with a great fortune, which he devoted to the development of his railroad properties and to the consequent enriching of the State and the nation.

Another went down to fame as the most successful water purveyor of modern times. He was deeply interested in an Oregon railroad which was menaced by the Northern Pacific. He captured that railroad by inducing his friends to see a fortune in it, to join a blind pool and purchase it, and to elect him president. After a period of apparent prosperity it was discovered that \$20,000,000 of the subscriptions had disappeared—there was nothing to show for them. This shortage was covered by issuing stock of the Oregon company. That company's real assets amounted to \$3,500,000; but by the watering process its stock and bonded liabilities mounted up to \$21,000,000, of which not less than \$9,000,000 was "water"—that is, stock issued for nothing. This "king" started with nothing, by the methods of the street obtained \$3,500,000 of railroad assets, and in five years controlled \$1,000,000,000 of property; but, failing, he missed sainthood. There was another man who just escaped deification—his plans miscarried—but he got so far as to be styled a "Napoleon of finance." We have not time or space to illuminate further this galaxy of brilliant, daring and relentless operators, the most of whom have passed away.

One more may be mentioned who is with us still. He is most befittingly lean and bloodless. Being confronted suddenly with the prospect of swift ending by dynamite, he drew in front of him, with

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the unusual cordiality of a handshake, a young man who had been sent to him on business, and who was entirely ignorant of the threat of the crack-brained man who stood beside him. The bomb was dropped, and the dreadful explosion blew the poor Wall Street fool to pieces. It tore its way through the body of Mr. Sage's living shield, not killing



RUSSELL SAGE.

him, but making him a wreck and a living pain. Without doubt, Mr. Sage's life and person were saved by the sacrifice of this young man. Did that incline his feeble heart to the man who was doomed to bear his sufferings through life? Oh, no! In bar of the legal and moral claim he answered that he did not draw the young man between him

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and the explosion, and that he was not responsible for the act of Norcross or its results. Trial after trial was had, and the great millionaire seemed to be entirely careless of the lamentable spectacle he presented while refusing to make life more tolerable for the man who was carrying his wounds and bearing his pains. After several trials and appeals the legal obstacles were beaten down and a verdict for forty thousand dollars, rendered by a jury, was sustained by the appellate court.

A good example of the "bell-wethers" we have referred to is a greasy Greek familiarly known "on the Street" as "Tin-pan-onions," who has the unhappy faculty of impressing callow and unsuspecting young storekeepers and business men with the certainty of making fortunes in Wall Street providing the margins are placed in his hands and he is given *carte blanche* to manage them. He settles all doubts of his standing by exhibiting communications which he receives or pretends to receive from great operators. He doesn't let go of his dupes until they have invested all their spare money in margins, a large part of which fall into the pockets of the "shepherds," and the balance of which he manages to secure on plausible pretexts. He has been charged in court and sued more than once, but has always turned the tables on his accusers.

It is well-known that some of these men (and one of them in recent years stood high in certain social and so-called religious circles) purchase stocks

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and produce freely on the margins of their customers, and charge the purchases against their customers when there are losses, and appropriate them when there are gains. The only men that come out ahead in Wall Street are the "great shepherds," the "bell-wethers," and the brokers who do strictly a commission business. The others fail sooner or later, unless a kind calamity takes them from earth in the midst of a lucky streak.

Here are a few advertisements clipped from the daily newspapers and reprinted gratuitously.

WHY stay poor when great fortunes are made every day in Wall Street and Chicago Board of Trade? The great wealth of Vanderbilt, Armour, Gould, Rockefeller and other millionaires came from small beginnings; \$1 is enough to start with; no bucket shop nor fraud; legitimate speculation; particulars free; send postal, with name and address.—American Investment and Security Co., 96 Broadway, New York.

SPECULATION.—My position gives me full view of manipulations of one of the most active stocks on Stock Exchange; discreet party can make favorable terms for profitable speculation.—X., 112 "Herald."

EITHER McKinley or Bryan, you will make money. Party holding confidential relations to one of the leading Wall Street stock manipulators would like to meet person with few thousand dollars to use this information; large profits to liberal person, regardless of course of coming election.—Confidential, 149 "Herald" downtown.

IF you trade in stocks I can furnish you (if quick) a point worth knowing regarding movement of a certain stock; profits divided.—Address Lazard, 162 "Herald" downtown.

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PARTY informed on course of sugar stock from inside source wishes to meet solid operator.—Address Confidential, 39 “Herald” downtown.

A CLERK employed in confidential capacity in prominent Stock Exchange House will furnish inside information on certain stocks to discreet party with \$1,000 for share of profits.—Wall Street, 228 “Herald” downtown.

Do you speculate? “Guide to Successful Speculation” mailed free. Wheat, Provisions, Cotton and Stock speculation, on limited margins, thoroughly explained. Correspondence solicited.—Warren, Ford & Co., 11 Wall Street, New York.

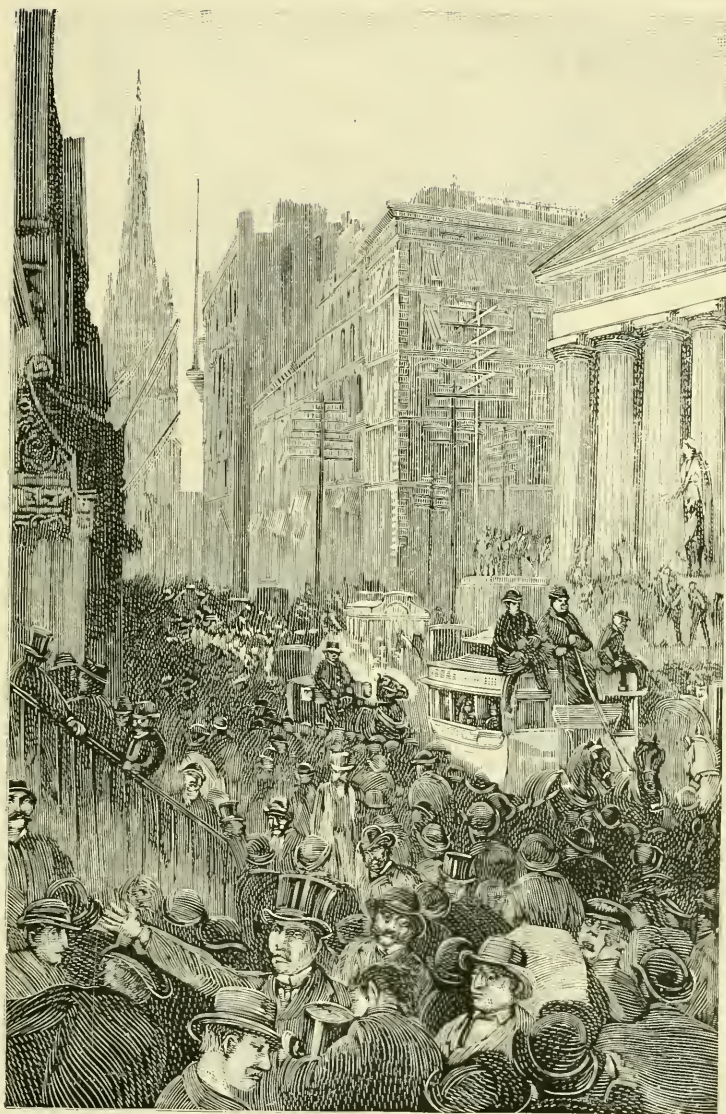
TO LADIES!—A well-informed stock broker’s clerk will explain to you how to be successful with small capital in speculating on the Stock Exchange; strictly confidential.—E. B., 231 “Herald” downtown.

A DISCREET party with \$1,000, who will share profits with advertiser, can get the inside track on stock deal, now pending, whereby handsome profits will be realized.—Wall Street, 109 “Herald.”

ABSOLUTELY positive inside information furnished on certain stocks by Wall Street trader to party who will trade immediately; divide profits.—Hartshorne, “Herald” downtown.—(He calls it *trading!*)

There is no end of such transparent devices in the newspapers. We cannot forbear a look at two concerns which are destined to rival Gould in his success, and to turn out Vanderbilts from their clientage. That these two confident prophets do not quite agree is of no particular consequence. They will get along all right.

A MAN speculating in any form of property, whether real estate, merchandise, stocks or bonds, should take a



WALL STREET DURING THE PANIC.

New York, Vol. Two, p. 103.

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decided position and act on it. At the present time there can be no question where a man of money should place himself as to the outcome of the situation. We have passed beyond the time when one should be advised to buy this or buy that for 5 or 10 points' advance, to that broader field where investments may be made to run through a period of three or four years, and where accumulations of stocks should be made on the profits resulting from small original investments. All of the accumulation of wealth in this country and all the interests of foreign investors that are centered here in our securities and properties are arrayed on one side of the market.

It has been frequently stated during this period of stagnation which we are just emerging from that among the active stocks dealt in there would be another LAKE SHORE, another JERSEY CENTRAL; in other words, that there would be a stock which would go from bankruptcy to extreme prosperity, and that some security that during the depression sold at from \$5 to \$10 per share would ultimately reach par and become an investment dividend paying stock.

We have given this subject considerable attention and have studied the situation thoroughly, seeking, if possible, to discover which particular stock it would be, and we think we have found it.

We are preparing a letter on this subject, giving full details, and will mail it upon application.—E. D. THORNBURGH & Co, Bankers and Brokers, 30 Broad Street, New York.—Branch Office, N. W. corner Broadway and 31st Street.—Telephones, 1,401 Broad; 1,153 38th Street.—Commission 1-16 per cent.

THE feeling seems to be well settled among those interested in speculation that a Sound Money Victory awaits the country in November, and there prevailed last week a strong tendency to discount this Victory by booming the Market. This movement was aided by the ease of

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the money market and the better feeling that prevailed in commercial and manufacturing circles. London has not been detected as taking any especial interest in our market, owing to European complications, consequently the *advance in prices which is almost sure to come* may be interrupted by profit taking and short selling.

On the 13th of this month, we published in this paper, "WHEAT has just commenced showing a strength that will soon result in much higher prices and within the next 30 days make persons wonder why they did not buy at the low prices now prevailing."

December WHEAT closed on the 12th at 59 $\frac{7}{8}$. On last Sunday we said, "So long as the stream of gold flows from Europe in the direction of this country, WHEAT will advance in price, and as the engagements for import are among the largest in recent years, we may continue to expect very much higher prices for this Cereal."

December WHEAT closed the night before at 61 $\frac{3}{8}$; since then December Wheat has sold at 67 $\frac{3}{8}$. Those who followed our advice have reason to congratulate themselves; those that did not can always obtain our views regarding the market by writing for them.

We have issued a little booklet entitled, "The History of Money and Banking," which will be found of especial interest during the present political campaign. We will be glad to send a copy of this to any one on application. We execute orders for securities, for investments or on margin. Write for our "Vest Pocket Stock and Grain Statistics" and our daily 4 page market letter.

Stocks, Bonds, Cotton, Grain, Provisions. Commodious customers' room, careful attention to orders. Courteous treatment. Bank References.—JAS. E. TAYLOR & Co., 55 Broadway, New York.

But this man, evidently, does not agree with them.

ALL Country Investors should fully inform themselves of the Advantages of the Bear Side, if tired of

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buying, remargining and losing, Daily Opportunities now in Wheat stocks.—Geo. M. Wood, 6 Wall Street.

We have quoted the published advice of Thornburgh & Co. and Taylor & Co. to buy stocks for a sure rise. A week later J. R. Willard & Co. advertised: "*A Week of Losses; losses for nearly everything*"; and the news columns of the press announced: "*Further Drop in Stock Prices. More Gloomy Talk Depresses Securities.*"

This gave prominence to the advertisement of another genius, who makes money for his clients no matter how the market goes.

READ.—Whether prices go up or down, we make money on the "Fluctuation System." 153½ per cent net profits have accrued to those who have left their dividends to be compounded since July 1. 92½ per cent net profits paid. "Slow but sure and safe as a Savings Bank." Send for pamphlet free.—W. E. Forest, 50 Broadway, N. Y.

Meanwhile the papers teemed with advertising bait. The columns of one number of the "Herald" showed these precious inducements:

INSIDE INFORMATION ON STOCKS.—A party, holding important confidential position in prominent brokerage house, which has charge of the manipulation of certain active stocks, would like to meet solid, discreet speculator who can handle from 300 to 1,000 shares, and will divide profits; no bucket-shoppers need apply.—Sugar, 146 "Herald" downtown.

WILL furnish information for half profits to person furnishing money; sure fortune.—Wall Street, Post-office box 2,110.

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WALL STREET.—I have inside information of a movement of 10 per cent in a certain stock; will impart knowledge to reliable party who will divide profits.—L. Z., 108 "Herald" downtown.

ADVERTISER, Wall Street operator, possessing valuable information, requires capitalist with \$10,000; lifetime opportunity. — Schermerhorn, "Herald" downtown.

MONEY QUICK, QUICK MONEY.—We have inside information on certain stock; large profits assured.—Address Quick, 110 "Herald."

WILL a shrewd business man give me a personal interview? One self-reliant, trustworthy, quick judgment and decision, who can command a few thousand dollars for immediate use, not for investment; no risks; I am on inside of lawful operation, yielding thousands weekly; unfair discrimination justifies my action; a capable man under my direction can make a fortune by January 1. Only a gentleman who can be thoroughly trusted to hand me half the proceeds.—Address Bank References, 208 "Herald."

The public poured out its "margins" under the skillful manipulation, as doth the guileless aphid under the shrewd operations of the thrifty ant.

If we have done injustice to the workers of Wall Street, let Bergen & Mills, of 44 Broadway, correct us. They say:

GENTLEMEN—It is an old adage, as trite to-day as when first put forth, that "all things come to those who wait," and patience in Wall Street means success.

Surely, they know.

What a demoralizing farce the whole business is!

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From the "World"—(editorial).

Wall Street yesterday bought and sold 116,835 shares of stock, of the par value of \$11,683,500, but when it came to buying any such real security as the \$400,000 of bonds of the City of New York, that is when it came to buying something that had to be paid for in real money and opened no door to speculative manipulation for gambling profits, Wall Street did not have a cent to put up. Only \$121,000 of the bonds were bid for—all by outsiders.—*September, 1896.*

We cannot forbear quoting two of E. C. Stedman's excellent pictures of Wall Street life. The first, "THE HOUSE THAT VANDER BUILT," describes conditions; the second, "ISRAEL FREYER'S BID FOR GOLD," describes the critical point in the panic of *Black Friday*, which brought disaster into all parts of our nation. This story has a tragic interest. Speyer did not bid on his own account entirely, but the manipulator of the panic had set his price. He did as he was told, but the architect of destruction betrayed his tool and left him stranded, a gibbering idiot in a babel of voices the meaning of which was lost to him.

(From the "Independent.")

The House that Vander Built.

A BROAD STREET NURSERY TALE.

BY EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

This is the House that Vander built!
A wonderful work it was to build it!
The walls of paper, the ceilings gilt,
And Harlem stock was the Malt that filled it.

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This is the gray old Erie Rat,
That ate the Malt that lay in the vat.
And this is the Dog that worried the Cat
That "cornered" the Rat and killed it.
Great is the power that riches bring!
Long on the ocean Vander was king;
At last, to govern one kingdom more,
He left the sea and bestrode the shore,
And vowed to build him a house so high
Its pinnacle point should reach the sky,
Like Nimrod's Tower of Babel—
So spacious that all the bulls of mark,
Like the Happy Family in the Ark,
To dwell in it should be able.
Ten times more quickly than Cheops did
He would rear this modern Pyramid
On its base four-square and ample;
The lucky fellows within should hold
More wealth in greenbacks a hundred-fold
Than all the ivory, silver and gold
Of the priests in Solomon's Temple,
And their grand Consolidated Shares
Outnumber the pillars and flights of stairs
In the corridors of Saint Peter's.
Nor yet of stone would he shape its walls
As our Councilmen build the City Halls
(Those mighty robbers and eaters);
Nor pattern it after the Coliseum;
Nor—what would try his skill more—
Copy the Boston Tweedledeum
And borrow a hint from Gilmore.
Its walls should be of paper alone,
Painted to look like iron and stone,
As ribs of plaster resemble bone
When Professor Hawkins sets on his throne
A monster Plesiosaurus;

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And over its entrance-door should stand,
With a brazen ewer in either hand,
A brazen image, erect and grand—
King Vander, the great High Taurus!

King Vander brought together a court
To do his "bidding," and make him sport:
None of your grave and learned sort,
The wise, the good and the humble.
Why waste one's favors on folk so queer,
While faro-dealers can financier,
While roughs and jockeys are always near,
And the Long Room lobbies rumble?
To enter the speculator's heaven,
Drive on "the road" from five to seven,
Play "double-dummy" from eight to eleven,
To you shall the inside "points" be given
When the shares go up and tumble.

This is the House that Vander built!
A wonderful work it was to build!
A thousand fortunes were made and split;
'Twould sink a ship to carry the scrip
Which plastered the wall and filled it.
Soon, as it towered above the ground,
A furious warfare raged around;
Morn and noon to the conflict came
The builders, shouting their master's name.
There was Frank, to do the contract work;
Morrissey, bearded like the turk;
Horace and Peter, to ring the bell;
And Dick and Gus, with their shot and shell.

Before the battle was over,
There were scores of Maidens all forlorn,
Whose lovers were Men all tattered and torn,
With losses that somehow vanish, when born,
— One's thoughts of kissing and clover. —

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Huge from the earth the fabric grew,
In spite of Fisk, or Woodward, or Drew;
And at last a cataract of water
Brought the oldest, boldest bears to slaughter.
(You'd have thought such a flood would drain
forever

The current even of Hudson River!)
King Vander's palace stands complete,
While they sprawl and drown about his feet.
Two hundred and seven cubits high,
Its Central flagstaff greets the sky;
A little lower on either side,
The Hudson banners are flaunting wide;
From far and near his people wait
To worship the image above its gate.
Why shouldn't Vander, like Alexander—
That ancient monarch and commander—
Build him a monument of brass
For all to marvel at who pass:
A sign, perennius Erie,
To answer Posterity's query?
This is the Statue Vander built!

A wonderful work it was to build it!
Copper and spelter, glare and gilt;
And (since to pay for this kind of sport
Would empty the purse of King Vander's court
Faster than Central profits filled it)
'Tis said that he counted the money down
From the private Treasury of the Crown.
Be this as it may, our tale shall close
With the noontide when the curtain rose
In the sight of a goodly companie—
Burghers of high and low degree,
Courtiers and dames, the guard, the band,
The money-changers that held the land
And the toiling hands that tilled it.

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A Poet, fed on golden Corn,
Was the musical Cock that crowed in the morn,
And waked the Priest all shaven and shorn;
For the Priest all shaven and shorn was there,
To christen the image and make the prayer
Ere proclamation was read by the Mayor.
But where was the Farmer that sowed the corn
That fed the Cock that crowed in the morn—
The Farmer whose wheat must pay the freight
To keep King Vander and court in state?
Smoking his pipe at home, they said,
Counting the cost and scratching his head
As if he were stupidly puzzling—
Puzzling his rustic wits to know,
With taxes so high and grain so low,
What use in shouting and guzzling.

Now, what shall King Vander's statue teach,
With its silent, metalliferous speech,
To thousands the Mayor's will scarcely reach—
The people of future ages?
The workman's triumph, the sculptor's fame?
The gracious philanthropical name
That earned a blessing wherever it came?
The victor's meed or the sage's?

Rather, methinks, that the way to grow rich
Is to seize the golden liquor which
Has been brewed from others' honey,
Mix it with water, oft and well,
Portion by portion the compound sell
For the true original hydromel,
And double or treble your money.

But those who sing "Long live the King,"
And trust to his strong protection—
Who tenant his Castle in the Air,

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Two hundred cubits from earth—beware,
Lest a final deluge to pieces dash
Houses, tenants and all, in one huge crash,
With no hope of a resurrection.

(From the New York "Tribune.")

Israel Freyer's Bid for Gold.

Friday, September 24.

Zounds! how the price went flashing through
Wall Street, William, Broad Street, New!
All the specie in all the land
Held in one Ring by a giant hand—
For millions more it was ready to pay,
And throttle the Street on hangman's-day.
Up from the Gold Pit's nether hell,
While the innocent fountain rose and fell,
Loud and higher the bidding rose,
And the bulls, triumphant, faced their foes.
It seemed as if Satan himself were in it,
Lifting it—one per cent a minute—
Through the bellowing broker, there amid,
Who made the terrible, final bid!

High over all, and ever higher,
Was heard the voice of Israel Freyer—
A doleful knell in the storm-swept mart—
"Five millions more! and for any part
I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"

Israel Freyer—the Government Jew—
Good as the best—soaked through and through
With credit gained in the year he sold
Our Treasury's precious hoard of gold;
Now through his thankless mouth rings out
The leaguers' last and cruelest shout!
Pity the shorts? Not they, indeed,
While a single rival's left to bleed!

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Down come dealers in silks and hides,
Crowding the Gold Room's rounded sides,
Jostling, trampling each other's feet,
Uttering groans in the outer street—
Watching, with upturned faces pale,
The scurrying index mark its tale—
 Hearing the bid of Israel Freyer—
 That ominous voice, would it never tire?
Five millions more!—for any part
(If it breaks your firm, if it cracks your heart)
 I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"

One Hundred and Sixty! Can't be true!
What will the bears-at-forty do?
How will the merchants pay their dues?
How will the country stand the news?
What'll the banks—but listen! hold!
In screwing upward the price of gold
To that dangerous, last, particular peg,
They have killed their Goose with the Golden Egg!
Just there the metal came pouring out,
All ways at once, like a water-spout,
Or a rushing, gushing, yellow flood,
That drenched the bulls wherever they stood!
Small need to open the Washington main,
Their coffer-dams were burst with the strain!
 It came by runners, it came by wire,
 To answer the bid of Israel Freyer,
It poured in millions from every side,
And almost strangled him as he cried—
 "I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"

Like Vulcan after Jupiter's kick,
Or the aphoristical Rocket's stick,
Down, down, down, the premium fell,
Faster than this rude rhyme can tell!
Thirty per cent the index slid,

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Yet Freyer still kept making his bid—
“One Hundred and Sixty for any part!”—
The sudden ruin had crazed his heart,
Shattered his senses, cracked his brain,
And left him crying again and again—
Still making his bid at the market’s top
(Like the Dutchman’s leg that could never stop)—
“One Hundred and Sixty—Five Millions more!”
Till they dragged him, howling, off the floor.
 The very last words that seller and buyer
 Heard from the mouth of Israel Freyer—
A cry to remember long as they live—
Were, “I’ll take Five Millions more! I’ll give—
I’ll give One Hundred and Sixty!”

This gold story should be recalled. During 1869 Jay Gould, of the firm of Smith, Gould, Martin & Co., in close association with James Fisk, Jr., bought seven or eight million dollars’ worth of gold and loaned it out on demand notes. Outside of the United States Treasury, there was not over twenty million dollars’ worth of gold. A wild speculation had been going on, and the apparent transactions were greatly in excess of the supply. Gould and Fisk wanted to create a financial disaster and to gather up the wreckage. It was important to prevent the Treasury from selling gold. Fisk owned the Grand Opera House at Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue. President Grant was entertained there and elsewhere by Gould and Fisk, and they worked their points to get the President to promise not to issue gold. The President was followed to Newport and to Washington. He seemed to yield

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to their views. The great speculators then bought more and more, and the price steadily rose. Gould feared the releasing of the nation's gold, for the business men were begging the Secretary of the Treasury to sell gold. He turned bear without advising Fisk, and, while urging him to buy, he began to sell. In this condition the dramatic incident of Speyer's bidding occurred in the gold room. Fisk was so deluded that he offered to bet fifty thousand dollars that gold would rise to two hundred, and no one would take the bet. Fisk and Gould were supposed to be jointly represented by Speyer, and the boldness and the arrogance of the ring frightened the brokers. A number of moneyed men combined on the other side to sell gold as it was demanded. The schemers forced the prices upward, nobody selling. The corner began to squeeze. The merchants sold half a million at one hundred and fifty, then half a million at one hundred and fifty-five, then a million more at one hundred and sixty. Then a stranger sold a million at one hundred and sixty-two, and then smashed the market by meeting the offer of one hundred and sixty-three and one-half for five millions. It was Gould. Selling became fast and furious, and the rout of the bulls was completed by the letting out of the Treasury of four millions worth of gold. Rapidly the price fell to one hundred and thirty-three. Fisk was too valuable to Gould to be left to ruin. Gould showed him how to repudiate his contracts; and when the two were in imminent danger of being killed by

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ruined operators, they retreated to the Opera House, barricaded it, surrounded it with an armed force of ruffians, and defied all comers. Their deliverance was completed by the action of judges, who were their creatures and serfs. May New York never again know such days of financial chaos and corruption as those were.

Henry Clews has done more than any other operator to advertise Wall Street to the public, and to lead young men into the maelstrom. He has published a history of his life in Wall Street, with the evident design of meeting criticisms and of convincing his readers that they need not be ashamed or afraid to deal in Wall Street—if they take his advice. He says:

“Many good and pious clergymen are under the impression that Wall Street is a name for the sum total of all kinds of infamy, and solemnly exhort their flocks not to touch the unclean thing . . . The business activity of the country, and the spirit of intercourse being so rapidly infused throughout all ranks of the community, have demonstrated that this antipathy to Wall Street has been simply an unworthy prejudice, in spite of the high moral authority from which it has emanated . . . The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage has perhaps done more than any other clergyman to make our speculators, investors and business men ridiculous in the eyes of the rest of the community and in the estimation of John Bull, in whose dominion his so-called sermons are extensively read. Talmage has employed his flash-

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ing wit and mountebank eloquence to bring financial disgrace on the business methods of the whole country by the manner in which he has ignorantly vilified Wall Street.”

There is much more in the same strain. Then follow some practical points for *evading* the designing “advice” that is pushed out by *ordinary operators*, illustrated with this touching incident:

“One day, for instance, a man gave me an order to buy a thousand shares of Erie, without limit. The order was executed at 94. I had no sooner bought it than the stock went down. My customer returned in a short time and ordered the stock to be sold. It was then 92½. In half an hour he returned again and ordered it bought back again, without any limit as before. It was bought back at 95. After consulting with some friends for some time he ordered it sold again. The market by that time was 90. He then came back the fifth time and said: ‘I first saw one man who told me to buy, and then another who told me to sell. I understand one is called a “bull” and the other a “bear.” About these names I don’t know much, but I do know I am a — jackass.’ *This affords a good illustration of the way the average speculator is managed and perplexed in Wall Street.*”

He cites Generals Grant, Winslow, Porter, Wilson and Gordon as examples of bright men who were hoodwinked and proved to be mere babes in dealing with Wall Street men, and a little further on tells of the queer impressions that came upon

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him in times of danger, yielding to which he was saved from being wrecked, yet he urges bright young men to boldly enter "the Street." The book is very interesting reading, as may be seen from these chapter headings, which will serve further to condemn Wall Street by its defender's pen.

"THE COMMODORE'S CORNERS:

The Great Hudson Corner—Commodore Vanderbilt the Boss of the Situation—The Corner forced upon him—How he Managed the Trick of Getting the Bears to turn the Stock and then caught them—His able Device of Unloading while forcing the Bears to Cover at high Figures—The Harlem Corner—The Common Council Betrayed the Commodore, but were caught in their own Trap and lost Millions—The Legislature attempt the same Game and meet with a similar Fate."

"DANIEL DREW:

Drew, like Vanderbilt, an Example of great Success without Education—Controlled more Ready Cash than any man in America—Drew goes Down as Gould Rises—His touch is Death—Prediction of Drew's Fall—His Thirteen Millions Vanish—How he caught the Operators in 'Oshkosh' by the Handkerchief Trick [*A Petty Swindle*]
—The Beginning of Uncle Daniel's Troubles—The Convertible Bond Trick—The Corner of 1866—Millions Lost and Won in a Day—Interesting Anecdote of the Youth who Speculated outside the Pool and was fed by Drew's Brokers." [*A Dastardly Breach of Confidence.*]

"DREW AND VANDERBILT:

Vanderbilt Essays to Swallow Erie and has a Narrow Escape from Choking—He tries to make Drew Commit Financial Suicide—Manipulating the Stock Mar-

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— ket and the Law Courts at the same Time—Attempts to Tie up the Hands of Drew—Manufacturing Bonds with the Erie Paper Mill and Printing Press—Fisk Steals the Books and Evades the Injunction—Drew throws Fifty Thousand Shares on the Market and Defeats the Commodore—The Corner is Broken and Becomes a Boomerang—Vanderbilt's Fury knows no Bounds—In his Rage he Applies to the Courts—The Clique's Inglorious Flight to Jersey City—Drew Crosses the Ferry with Seven Millions of Vanderbilt's Money—The Commodore's Attempt to Reach the Refugees—A Detective Bribes a Waiter at Taylor's Hotel, who Delivers the Commodore's Letter which brings Gould to Terms—Senator Mattoon gets Boodle from both Sides.”

“DREW AND THE ERIE CORNERS:

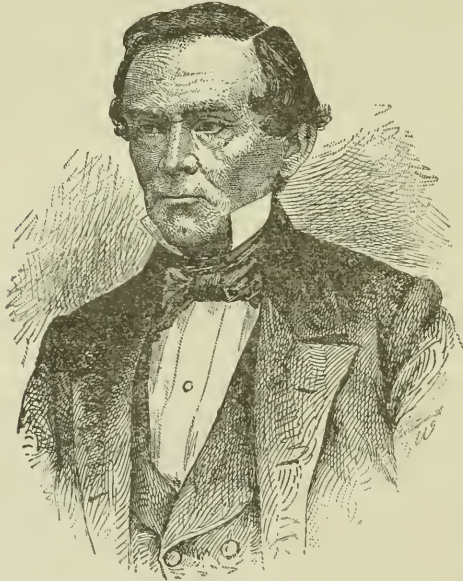
A Harmonious Understanding with the Commodore—How the Compromise was Effected—An Interesting Interview with Fisk and Gould in the Commodore's Bedroom—How Richard Schell Raised the Wind for the Commodore—Drew's Share of the Spoils—He Tries to Retire from Wall Street, but Can't—The Settlements Cost Erie Nine Millions—Gould and Fisk Water Erie again to the Extent of Twenty-three Millions, but leave Drew out—Uncle Daniel Returns to the Street—He is Inveigled into a Blind Pool by Gould and Fisk—Loses a Million and Retreats from the Pool—He then Operates alone on the Short Side, and throws away Millions—He tries Prayer, but it 'Availeth not'—It's no use, Brother, the Market still goes up—Praying and Watching the Ticker—Hopelessly Cornered and Ruined by his former Pupils and Partners.”

“THE TRUE STORY OF BLACK FRIDAY:

Advising Boutwell and [*President*] Grant to sell Gold—The Part Jim Fisk Played in the Speculative

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Drama—Gone where the Woodbine Twineth—A general State of Chaos in Wall Street—How the Israelite Fainted—‘What ish the Prish now?’—Gould the Headcenter of the Plot to Corner Gold—How he Managed to Draw Ample Means from Erie—Gould and Fisk Attempt to Manipulate President Grant and to Compromise him and his Family in the Plot—Scenes and Incidents of the great Speculative Drama—Grant Repudiates the Fisk-Gould Gang.’”



DANIEL DREW.

The startling headlines are more than verified in the details of the chapters, and other chapters on the Tweed Ring in Wall Street, George I. Seney, John C. Eno, Ferdinand Ward, Addison Cammack, and others are added.

What have we here in the shadow of Trinity's

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spire and within sight of the graves of Hamilton and Gallatin! These kings of "the Street" have employed all the methods of the confidence man, the bunco steerer and the card sharp. Lying, swindling, stealing, corrupting councilmen and legislators, debasing the courts, wrecking railroads; grinding out fraudulent securities and evading court injunctions; playing the highwayman on each other and on thousands of luckless individuals that got in their way; wrecking and ruining each other where they could, and "absorbing each others' piles"; and even conspiring to use and ruin the President of the Nation so as to further their schemes! When we realize the strength of these men and their successors, their importance in the social and business world, and their national influence—and that their methods and their successes are emulated by those who are drawn into the business of Wall Street—we cannot help feeling that the whole institution is a curse.

The Stock Exchange, the medium through which Wall Street operates, is apparently a simple, innocent institution conducted on the plainest and honestest principles. It is not incorporated. It refused the charter that Tweed's Legislature tried to force upon it (and thereby saved itself from legislative investigation). Its origin was in a simple agreement made in 1792 under a buttonwood tree (at 60 Wall Street), by twenty-seven brokers, that thenceforward they would charge a uniform rate of one-quarter of one per cent on transactions in public

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stocks, and would give each other a preference in negotiating. Daily meetings and the regular call of stocks did not begin until 1820, and the transactions were conducted in a very conservative way until after the panic of 1857, when many young men forced themselves into the business and inaugurated what they called modern methods;—the perfect fruit of which is represented by the notable men whose names we profanely have dared to touch in these pages.

As we pass down Broad Street on our way back to the Fort—considering, as we go, the primitive character of the first settlement (in which it was the principal thoroughfare), and trying to picture the simple structures that sufficed for homes and stores—the mass of towering buildings and the terrific rush of life that have succeeded the plain wholesome living of the past overpower our calculation and our imagination. Between Exchange Place and Beaver Street we turn around and look up the Broad Street hill, as did several thousand happy people on the day of Washington's inauguration. They saw Federal Hall, a few small houses, trees and grass, unpaved lanes, and a great expanse of sky. We see no trees, no grass, no ground, a little sky, and a confused plexus of lines, curves and angles—of stone, glass, iron, wood and brick—intersecting, bisecting and vivisectioning each other. They are set in a maddening color scheme. The heterogeneous mixture of builders' materials and archi-

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tects' vagaries is full of windows—square, arched, flat, bowed, recessed, bayed, scrambled and fricasseed. As we gaze, our eyes ache, our brain grows dizzy, and our esthetic sense reels as with a vertigo. The Treasury is sedate, solid and majestic, and some of the other piles that have risen about it are individually noble; but Union—oh, where is it? Confusion reigns supreme! While we try to comprehend this mass of Ionic, Doric, Corinthian, Romanesque, Byzantine, Renaissance, Composite, Utilitarian, and Crazy architecture, a sudden gust of wind presses us sidewise, and involuntarily we cry out; for having changed our point of vision, we have disturbed the whole architectural situation, and as we move, the pillared top of the mushroom on the Nassau Street corner seems to yield to the gale and to begin to slide off its uncongenial base toward the Treasury. Standing still, we see that we are mistaken; and as we remember that the masters who planned these puzzles are infinitely superior to the creator of the abused but substantial post-office, we begin to be reassured. But our strained nerves are completely shattered when a three-horse fire-truck dashes down the hill; with bell clanging, firemen struggling into coats, and the axles almost snapping as it crashes over the breaks in the asphalt pavement. We dodge the flying wheels, and speed down the street away from the Architectural Insane Asylum.

In the simple old days the whole fraternity of architects and builders could not imagine or dream

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such an atrocious conglomeration as is manifest here at the centering of four blocks.

A number of the Colonial mayors lived in the neighborhood, among whom may be mentioned Ebenezer Wilson, Thomas Delavall, corner of Broad Street and Exchange Place; Nicholas De Meyer, Stone Street east of Broad; and William Peartree, Beaver Street near New.

The closing of the creek ended the trade which was supplied by the boats that came up nearly to Wall Street, but large numbers of retail dealers opened stores to meet the daily needs of the population. This may be noticed in the advertisements, such as—

Thomas Brown, Cutler, is now removed from Hanover Square into the House of Mr. Brandt Schuyler in Broad Street, the Corner of Stone Street near the Long Bridge, where any Persons may be supplied as usual with all Sorts of Ironmongery and Cutlery Ware by Wholesale or Retail, also Razors and Surgeon's Instruments ground in the best manner at reasonable Rates.

John Chapman Makes and sells a Smelling-Mixture that intirely cures the Itch or any Breaking Out of what kind soever, even if they have had it from their Birth: It is to be had at his Lodgings, at the Widow Bayley's near the Jews Alley in Broad Street with Directions.

Simon Franks, Peruke Maker, from London, now living next Door to the Sign of the Leopard at the Northwest corner of the Great Dock, Makes and Sells all sorts of Perukes after the best and newest Fashion, cuts and dresses Lady's Wigs and Towers, after a manner performed much better than is pretended to be done by some others.

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The "towers," worn by extremely fashionable women of that day, were most elaborate in their makeup, and were made to last for several weeks. Their fair owners could not lie on ordinary pillows, but had to use small round wooden pillows under their necks. The towers were sometimes invaded by the gray horse cavalry, who had to be expelled by "smelling ointments" and the like.

That there were great burglaries before our new police administration is evident from this advertisement.

Whereas a short fat, Mean-looking woman in an Ordinary Dress came into a shop last Thursday noon and asked for fine Thread, and stole about four Yards and a half of Lawn, with a ticket hanging to it marked Gs. and another Letter and 15 s. as the price: If offer'd to be pawn'd or sold please stop it, and give Notice to the Printer that it may be had again and you shall receive Ten shillings Reward.

The next shows how dull care was driven away.

A concert of Musick, Vocal and Instrumental will be performed in the Court Room of the City Hall on Thursday the 12th October Instant, to begin precisely at 6 o'Clock. [This was early candle light.] Tickets to be had at the Merchants' Coffee House and at Mr. Quin's Lodgings opposite Mr. Hogg's on Broad Street: Price Five Shillings each.

Again:

This is to acquaint the Curious, That the effigies of the Royal Family of England and the Empress Queen of Hungaria and Bohemia, and others to the Number of Fourteen Figures in Wax (the Particulars of which are too numerous to be inserted here), are to be seen from 7

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in the Morning to 6 in the Evening. Price One Shilling and Six Pence each Person: None to be admitted without paying. Our Time in this Town will be but short. And likewise: By Punch's Company of Commedians will be acted this Week, the Play of Whittington and his Cat, showing how he came to London a poor Country Boy and was taken into a rich Merchant's House as a Scullion under the Cook Maid, with the hard Usage he received from her, for which he was going to leave his Master; but hearing Bow Bells ring, he thought they told him to return; and by sending a Cat for a Venture, he came to be three Times Lord Mayor of London; to Conclude with a Musical Clock: Front Seats Two Shillings, Middle seats One shilling and six pence, back seats one shilling.

These advertisements are from the "Post Boy."

This is to give notice that Elizabeth Boyd is going to remove next door to the widow Hog's, in Broad Street near the Long Bridge and will continue as usual to graft Pieces in Knit Jackets and Breeches, not to be discerned, also to graft and foot stockings and Gentlemen's gloves, mittens or muffatees made out of old stockings or runs them in the Heels. She likewise makes Children's stockings out of old ones at a very reasonable Rate.—"Weekly Post Boy," April 1, 1750.

There is lately come to town a man who keeps at Scotch Johnny's up the Dock who would teach a Latin School and desires not above fifteen or twenty scholars at most: If any Gentlemen incline to encourage such a school they are desired to consult the affairs with the man himself, who is to be spoken with at the place above mentioned.—"Weekly Post Boy," Jan. 21, 1751.

This is to acquaint the Public that there is lately arrived from London the Wonder of the World, an hon-

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est Barber and Perule-Maker, who might have worked for the King if his Majesty would have employed him. It was not for the want of money that he came here, for he had enough of that at home: nor for the want of Business that he advertises himself, but to acquaint the ladies and gentlemen that such a person is in town living near Rosemary Lane, where gentlemen and ladies may be supplied with goods as follows: Tyes, Fullbottoms, Majors, Spencers, Fox-tails, Ramalies, Tucks, cut and bob Perukes: Also Ladies Tatematongues and Towers after the manner that is now worn at Court. By this humble and obedient Servant,

JOHN STILL.

—New York "Gazette," May 21, 1750.

In time Dirck Wiggerse and Jan Coeley Smit gave way to Mr. Hogg and Mr. Quin; the open air gathering of merchants to dispose of the produce brought in by boats gave way to retail stores and to the Chamber of Commerce gatherings at Fraunces' Tavern; and now all of these are gone, except the modernized taverns. In their place are the Mills building, the Drexel building, the Wilkes building, the Edison building, the Morris building, the great building at Exchange Place, the Stock Exchange, and other hives, that defy counting and understanding and describing.

There are some odd places near this busy neighborhood. At Number 27 Front Street, which is east of Broad Street, there is a mouldy old store and building. It is unpretentious indeed, but its proprietor could promptly fit out an army of ten thousand soldiers and several respectable vessels. Where the demand for his goods comes from is a

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mystery. Perhaps the agents of some of our turbulent South American neighbors could give us information. The weapons of every country and of every period can be found here, and many of the articles possess historic interest. A little further up Front Street, at Number 61, is a quaint old store of a similar character, known as "Westminster Abbey." It is a real "Old Curiosity Shop," established about seventy years ago by one Westminster Abbey of Albany. Here can be purchased relics of bygone years, old tapestries, ancient armor, guns, flintlocks, muskets used in the Revolution, and almost every weapon used in ancient and modern warfare. Ascending a rickety pair of stairs, the second floor is reached, and through a narrow, dusty, paint-be-daubed door, the visitor is introduced to a picture gallery which is often visited by connoisseurs in search of art gems. The collection is of great value, aggregating many thousands of dollars. A ladder-like staircase leads to the third floor. Here is stored old-fashioned furniture, and a painting representing the Falls of Niagara, four hundred feet long and forty-five feet wide, by Paul Phillipoteaux, which cost twenty thousand dollars. One of the most interesting curios is a section of the monster chain that was stretched across the Hudson River from West Point to Constitution Island in 1778. Each of the seventy links weighs three hundred pounds and is three feet long. Several thousand pounds of the chain have been purchased by historical societies. It was sold by the government

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as old iron at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, its historical value not being known at the time. The ore from which the chain was made was taken from the Sterling mines, now owned by ex-Mayor Hewitt. This chain was not passed by the English fleet, as was the one stretched across the Hudson River in 1776 from Fort Montgomery to Anthony's Nose. That was swept away twice by the strong currents, and a third one was destroyed by the British in 1777, who then went up the river as far as Kingston. The West Point chain was much heavier than the one used at Fort Montgomery. Among the curiosities are live animals of the tropics, such as leopards and mountain lions.

On Front Street, just east of Broad, is a large new building which belongs to one of the surface railroads. When the excavation was made for its foundation about two years ago, the timbers of an old ship were found, fairly well preserved in the wet ground. Various kitchen utensils were discovered within the frame work, where the galley was located. The vessel was of an ancient type, and there was much speculation about its origin. The answer to the questions of the curious was very simple. As we have already seen, the council of the early Dutch city caused a basin to be constructed at the foot of old Broad Street, into which the *Heere Gracht* discharged, and which formed a harbor for the Dutch craft, which were there protected from the eddying currents of the "Capsey." The outer bulkhead was semicircular in form, with

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a comparatively narrow entrance, and a long dock ran out into the basin from the shore. This is the "long dock" referred to in one of the advertisements which we have quoted. The vessels which used the basin paid wharfage to the City. In time the basin was all filled in with earth. Several of the blocks at the southerly end of Broad Street consist of made ground included within the ancient bulkhead which was covered by the filling. The ship that was dug up was some Dutchman's craft, which, becoming worn out, was abandoned or allowed to sink in the basin, and was covered up with the filling. In 1863 workmen excavating for a sewer at Whitehall Street opposite Water Street unearthed the foundations of the old dock.

A few steps more bring us to the new water front on South Street, where are wharfs and slips and transportation companies, and ferries and vessels of all descriptions, and where are accumulations of merchandise such as no Dutchman of the old days would have dreamed of after his heaviest feasting and his deepest drinking.

Turning toward the point from which we started out so long ago, we pass the ferry that will take us close to the scene of the battle of Long Island, and just beyond that the old Staten Island Ferry. Two blocks more, along Whitehall Street, bring us to the old Fort, from which we have been absent so long.

CHAPTER FIVE

MARVELS: BROADWAY FROM THE FORT TO THE COMMON

The Breede Weg or Broad Way from Bowling Green to Wall Street—First Sidewalk in 1790—Paving in 1707—Origin of Bowling Green—Washington's Wooden Statue—The Fort a Center of Activities—The first Graveyard—Indian Massacre—Standard Oil Company—First Dwellings—Vlettenberg—Arcade Building—Trinity Church and Graveyard—The Great who lie in its Tombs—Hamilton—Gallatin—Liberty Boys—Royalists—Soldiers—Eminent Citizens—Victims of British Prisons—Three Widows—Trinity's Work and Influence—Great Men—Financial Powers close to Hamilton's Grave—Banks—Trust Companies—Subtreasury—Insurance Companies—Wonderful Buildings—Banks half a Century ago—Burns' Coffee-House—Bryant—A Ridiculous Block on Broadway—St. Paul's Church and Graveyard—Occupants of its Tombs—Montgomery—Montagne's Tavern—Astor and the Astor House—St. Peter's the first Catholic Church—Washington Hall—A. T. Stewart—Hetty Green—Colt Murder—Stokes and Fisk—End of old Broadway—American Retreat of 1776—General Grant

BROADWAY below Wall Street is one of the oldest Dutch streets. It had its origin in the broad way, or, as the Dutch called it, the *breede weg*, that led from the entrance to the *Fort* up to the gate at the northern limit of the City, at Wall Street. The governor's farm and gardens were on the west side of Broadway, the homes of the people were on the east side. The southern end of the street was broad, so that the soldiers stationed in the *Fort* might have room to drill. When the Dutch named it *Breede weg*, they called it just

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what it was, and without any idea that it would be narrowed and extended many miles. This explains the apparent contradiction between the name and the appearance of Broadway.

For so old a City, one in which there was such important colonial and revolutionary history, there is a remarkable absence of venerable buildings. Some of the surroundings of Trinity and St. Paul's churches have an ancient appearance, but the churches themselves are surprisingly smart and bright. Between the old buildings soon to be demolished, just north of the Standard Oil Company's great structure, and the row of weather-beaten houses at Duane Street, there is no building which appears to antedate the fifties, and few seem to be as old as that. When we speak to Europeans of ancient buildings in New York City, we make them smile; for with them a house that is less than five hundred (or a thousand) years old is hardly ripe; but the difference between such old residences as 19 Pearl Street and 122 William Street and the palaces in which our modern gentry live is so great that five hundred years of European growth would not account for the advance. There is a distance of many centuries between the comfortable and aristocratic Dutch cottages which, with their simple adjuncts, occupied the corner of Exchange Place and Broad Street two hundred years ago and the present Mills building on the same site, with the enormous and complicated business and social systems which surround it. We may go to the City of

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Quebec, on our own continent, and find many houses more ancient than any in New York, but there is no startling difference between them and the newer buildings, and they are easily adapted to the requirements of the city's present condition.

Bowling Green Park was originally a part of Broadway.

In 1732 the council conceived the extravagant idea of making a park (at Bowling Green), so as to improve the appearance of the City. At that time there were no sidewalks. The first sidewalks were built on Broadway, between Vesey and Murray Streets, in 1790. They were made of brick, and were just broad enough to allow two moderately wide persons to pass each other, and if two very ample people met one had to step off. They were considered to be evidences of great public spirit. The middle of Broadway had been rudely paved with rough cobble stones as far as Trinity Church in 1707, and it had been leveled as far as Maiden Lane in 1709. In 1732 this resolution was adopted: "Resolved, That this Corporation will leave a piece of land lying at the lower end of Broadway fronting the Fort to make a Bowling Green there, with walks therein for the beauty and ornament of said street, as well as for the delight of the inhabitants of this City." The privilege of operating the game of bowling was let by the corporation to John Chambers, Peter Bayard and Peter Jay for eleven years at the annual rent of one pepper-corn. That this great piece of enterprise met with favor and

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encouraged the good old game is evident from the advertisement published in 1745, as follows: "The Bowling Green near the Fort being to be new laid with Turff and rendered fit for Bowling this Summer, whoever inclines to do that service may leave their proposals with the printer hereof."

The statue of King George, which, as every one knows, was pulled down by the patriots in 1776 and melted into bullets, was set up in 1770. The iron balls on the circular fence that incloses the Green were broken off and sent to King George like the lead bullets, but in a louder and more emphatic way. The fractures are still apparent.

Shortly after General Washington was inaugurated as President, a heroic representation of the great patriot was made in wood, shaped and colored to imitate the rosiest glow of life. It was the best that New York could do a hundred years ago. The marvelous production remained in the Bowling Green Park for many years. In 1843 the City's art critics had advanced so far as to allege that the brilliant statue was not really a work of art, and in deference to their views it was removed and sold to a collector of antiquities, who kept it for forty years, and quietly died. His effects were sold, and the statue was auctioned to the highest bidder at the price of three hundred dollars. It was forgotten until a few years ago, when it was placed on top of the wooden arch at Washington Square that preceded the present marble structure, where it remained until the celebration of 1889. It is now in

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a cigar store on 125th Street. One of its owners discovered that it was hollow, and he found in it certain valuable memoranda, which he mysteriously refuses to disclose to public gaze until some one will buy "the General" from him. So it happens that this old statue of General Washington, dedicated in a formal manner as a memorial of his inauguration, has been knocked around, and has slipped down from the high pedestal that it once occupied, until now it fills the position usually accorded to the wooden Indian in a cigar store. Its owner wants five thousand dollars for it.

It is our purpose to start again from the old Fort, making our excursion this time up Broadway, the most famous street in the New World, as far as the Common (the City Hall Park), from which place we will return again to our starting point by some other interesting route.

We have become so familiar with the appearance of the neighborhood of Bowling Green, and with the smallness and humbleness of its beginning, that, as we pursue this interesting journey of observation, we may perhaps be able to make an estimate of the progress and the spirit of progress which have given to the City its wealth, magnificence and business power. We will recognize the fact, too, that what we have here now is not the result of any revolution or of the overturning of the little commercial state that was founded at this starting-point in the early days, but that

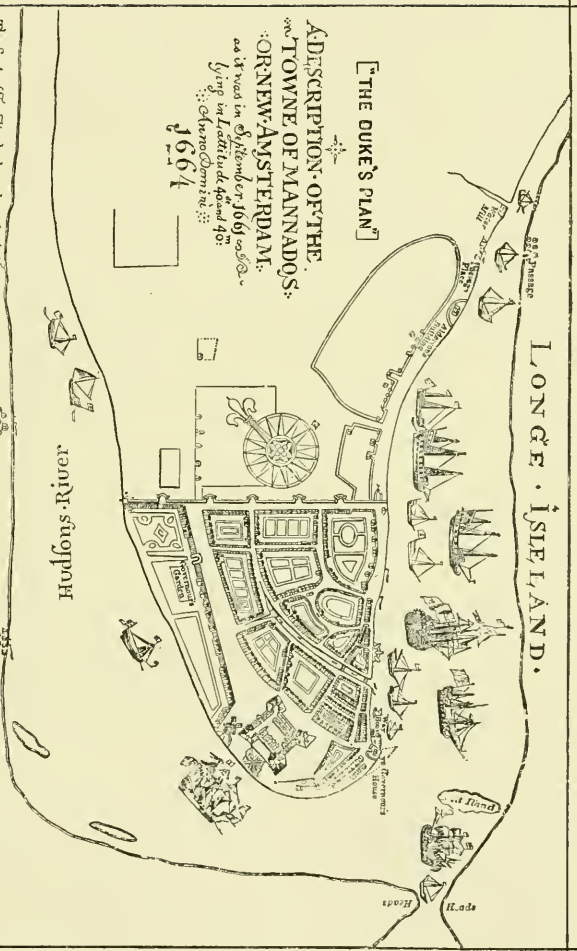
LONGE · ISLE · LAND.

["THE DUKE'S PLAN"]

DESCRIPTION OF THE
TOWNE OF MANNADOS
OR NEW AMSTERDAM.

as it was in September 1664
being in Latitude about 40°
30' North

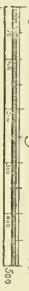
1664



Hudsons River

THE MAINE LAND

The Scale of Five Hundred yarden is for the Joorn:



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all we have and all that we are likely to have in the future are the natural growth of the vigorous and sturdy old plant. Devotion to business, the recognition of business and social morals, political liberty, religious freedom, and a wise tolerance of all things and all persons, so long as they do not directly interfere with absolute rights, have produced these results; and the possibilities of growth and expansion are far from being realized. Our journey up this great artery of the City's life will necessarily be slow; for as we go we must recall the people, the buildings and the occurrences of colonial days and of the revolutionary period, and must try to observe their relation to what we shall see.

Pearl Street, Broad Street, and even Wall Street, important as they were in other days, have shrunk into insignificance as compared with modern Broadway. Along this street we can find nearly everything that tends to the honor and glory of the City, and examples of most of the tendencies to shame and dishonor. Let us start, then, keeping our eyes open to the sights and our ears attuned to the sounds of the present, and refreshing and quickening our philosophical spirits by historical recollections.

We begin at once with the imposing structure at Number 1 Broadway, the Washington building, which is at once a monument to the great general whose first plans and operations in the war for independence had their inception on this very spot, and a temple of commerce and business, giving ac-

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commodation to the directors of numerous and vast enterprises. First on this corner was the little Dutch tavern of Peter Kocks; then the substantial residence which became the headquarters of General Washington and his officers; and then the headquarters of Lord Howe and the English commanders; then, years after the war, as the City developed and choicer residence sites were developed uptown, it was the famous Washington Hotel, which in its turn became antiquated and was distanced by newer and better hotels; and then came this splendid Washington building, which seems well calculated to meet the requirements of the neighborhood for many years to come. We have already familiarized ourselves with the houses and associations of this notable block. Morris Street, at the northern end of this first block, was originally a lane leading to the brewery of Balthasar Bayard, a relative of Governor Stuyvesant, who purchased the residence of *Dominie Megapolensis* at the present southwest corner. The windows of this house had a sedate outlook over the first Dutch cemetery, which extended northward about one hundred and fifty feet above Morris Street. In this cemetery were buried hundreds of the early settlers of Manhattan Island. Those who carved this imperial trading site out of a wilderness untrodden by civilized man, and who held it under all the discouragements and obstacles of poverty, sickness, isolation and opposition; those who fell in the inevitable struggles between the settlers and the savages that hung on the out-

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skirts of the little town, and at times descended upon it, were buried here. Many a strong man who succumbed to the perils that beset the colonists was followed to his grave in this once sacred spot by his bereaved family and by his fellow colonists, whose hearts grew heavy as they looked over their thinning ranks and thought of the warlike prospects before them. The *Fort* was a center of activities, which radiated from it and subdued the land and its resources to the uses of the growing population; the graveyard was the place where hopes were buried, where families ended, where men and women who had lived out their time, and used themselves up in establishing the life which is present and noticeable all about us now, were laid to rest. There were other graveyards, where the early colonists were buried, but this was the first, and this ground received the bodies of those who performed the first labors and made the first sacrifices for the establishment of this great City. They could not foresee what was to come, they had no view of Broadway and of New York; but, surely, they planted the City and established its growth. The ground at this point was low, and when Broadway was graded it was necessary to level it up. Earth brought from the surrounding hills was deposited on top of this graveyard, and the graves and the bodies, so far as they have not been disturbed in building, are still there; but they *have* been disturbed, and the disjointed, decayed bones have been scattered and tossed about, as building after build-

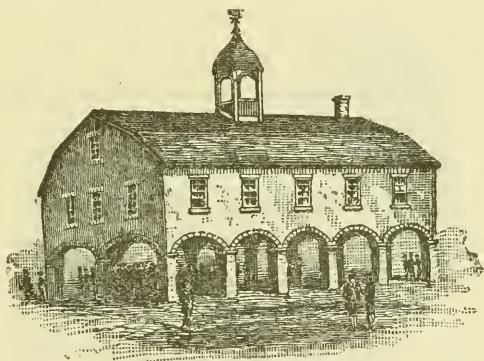
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ing has been constructed, and occasionally such relics have been carelessly gathered together and deposited somewhere else—that is all that can be said. Just above this graveyard, on the west side of Broadway and below Trinity Church, were the homes of Sheriff Van Dyke and his neighbor, Burgomaster Vandiegrist. It was in 1655 that Van Dyke shot the Indian woman who was stealing peaches in his orchard, and that two thousand Indians, in revenge, descended upon the little settlement and tomahawked Van Dyke and Vandiegrist (who went to his assistance), and were driven off by the people who hastily gathered for defense. No doubt the woman, the sheriff, the burgomaster and the Dutchmen and Indians who were killed in the battle were buried in this graveyard. The burgomaster's ground extended about one hundred and fifty feet north of the graveyard, and his house was afterward occupied by Major Francis Rombouts (1679) and Mayor Dr. John Johnston (1715). [Among the mayors who lived in this part of Broadway were William Dyer (1680), near Pine Street; Gabrielle Minville (1684), below Morris Street; and Philip French (1714), below Wall Street. The Colonial Governor Clarke lived just south of Exchange Place.]

We pay so little attention to the history of our own City that it is not likely that one of the tenants who occupy the beautiful Columbia building on the northwest corner of Morris Street and Broadway has the faintest idea that the building stands in the middle of a graveyard, and that to give it

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accommodation the pioneers of civilization on Manhattan Island were turned out of their graves. The transformation was begun way back in 1677, when the hogs were rooting up the old graves, and it was resolved that, "Ye old graveyard or late burying place in ye Broadway be layed out in foure lots twenty-five feet front and sold to the highest bidder." In 1850 the memory of this graveyard had passed away; for when skulls were found by workmen engaged in excavating for building, the



Royal Exchange.

people generally were horrified, supposing that the relics were evidences of murders committed by the English garrison during the Revolutionary War. On the opposite side of Broadway were once the simple residences of the old settlers, and then later the homes of men prominent in the early life of the City; but now there is the Produce Exchange, the center of a vast traffic in the grain and other products of our Western States. There is a great contrast between the solid, towered, red building

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now used by our produce merchants, which cost them over three million dollars, and the little shed under which the merchants first met at the bridge crossing on the Broad Street Canal. The elevators of this great building carry an average of 28,000 passengers a day; and the business of the exchange averages over \$15,000,000 a day.

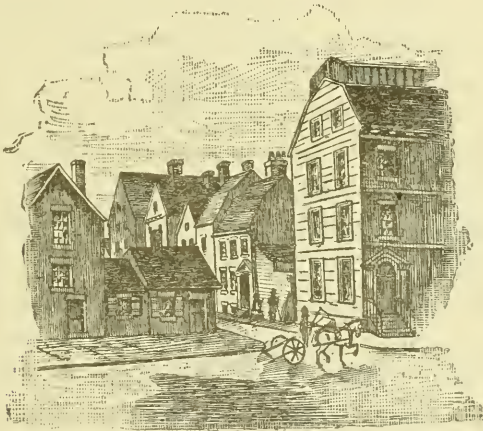
Next to the beautiful Wells building on the next block is the home of the Standard Oil Company (26 Broadway). This building is remarkable for wonderful engineering achievement. It was desired to add several stories to it, but the Building Department did not consider the walls strong enough; so a narrow adjoining lot was purchased, and the massive addition erected thereon is made to bear the weight of the superstructure on the whole frontage by an adaptation of the cantilever plan.

In these great buildings are the offices of men who could buy the old Dutch city over and over again. While a few of the rich men of this locality find an opportunity to shine in social life through their ability to trace their ancestry back to the Dutch period, they know next to nothing about what occurred in their own busy neighborhood, and have never concerned themselves about the sacred spot where their ancestors, or the men who ate and drank with them, were buried and then ruthlessly hauled up to the light.

The Standard Oil Company is called the "*Octopus*," because it seizes everything (oily) within the reach of its great tentacles and converts it into

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“Standard Oil.” The money value of the interests that have been welded, combined, co-ordinated, amalgamated, appropriated (or whatever may be the proper term), is not less than one hundred million dollars, and includes everything, from oil wells to railroad cars and ships for the transportation of their product. Refineries are maintained at Baltimore, Bergen Point, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Chicago, Lima and Philadelphia; at Oswego it runs the larg-



No. 2 Broadway, Corner of Marketfield Street.

est lumber mill in the world; its coo- perage department uses a hundred million feet of oak every year. Its wells are mostly in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, and there are some in New York and West Virginia. Its crude product is pumped through pipe lines many miles long direct to the refineries. It controls vast markets in Europe, having shut out the Russian producers in many places. While it has compelled nearly all other oil industries to come

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within its folds, it has attended strictly to business. Its owners and directors have resisted the temptation to speculate with its stock after the manner of the Wall Street "shepherds," and it has benefited the public by giving good oil for a reasonable price; indeed, it has contributed largely to civilization by bringing cheap and good light into the homes of the poor in many parts of the world. Rockefeller is the great name here.

In this region of beginnings we naturally expect to find the spot where the first dwellings were erected on Manhattan Island. In 1612 traders on two vessels, the "Fortune" and the "Tiger," were sent by Dutch merchants to buy furs from the Indians of the Hudson River region. The ships were commanded by Captains Christiaensen and Block. They succeeded well, and Block made another trip with the "Tiger." While the ship was lying at anchor in the Hudson River she took fire and burned to the water's edge. That compelled Block to "pull for the shore," and to go into winter quarters. He erected four little huts in the neighborhood of 39 and 41 Broadway, where the beautiful Aldrich building now stands, and those were the first habitations built by white men on our Island. The Indians were kind to the unfortunate mariners, who during the winter accumulated a store of furs. In the spring, Captain Block built a yacht, which he named the "Restless," and taking the furs that he had bought, he sailed up the East River, through Hell Gate into Long Island Sound, and made his

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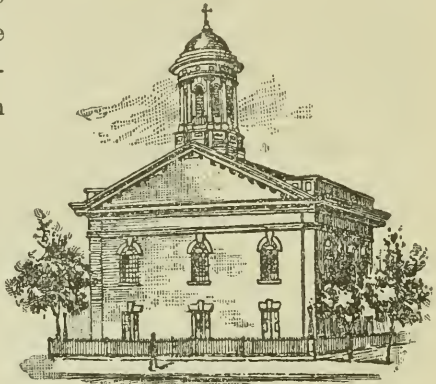
way to Connecticut, discovered Block Island, met a Dutch trading vessel, and returned to Holland. The observations and the experiences of Block led to the fitting out of other trading expeditions, and ultimately to the establishment of the trading post which grew into the City of New Amsterdam. General Washington's second residence in New York was close to this spot, in General Macomb's mansion, Number 39 Broadway.

Exchange Alley on the west side of Broadway, just above Morris Street, small and insignificant as it is, has borne a number of curious names. First it was a little path leading to a battery on the water's edge, just east of Greenwich Street. The eminence on which this battery stood was called by the Dutch "*Flattenberg*," which may be freely translated as a "flat hill." It could not be expected that the English would appreciate this Dutch name any more than they did other names which they corrupted. They called the hill "*Flatten-Barrack*," which was as near as they could get to the Dutch of it. They had no doubt that "*barrack*" was right, for the soldiers lived in the little battery house; so "*Flatten-Barrack*" it was, of course; and then the pathway became "*Flatten-Barrack Alley*." Later it was plain *Barrack Street*, then it was called *Oyster Pastey Alley*, and after that *Tin Pot Alley*. It is such a ridiculous little street that the people have had fun with it, and now, under the commonplace name of Exchange Alley, with the two old cannons removed from the

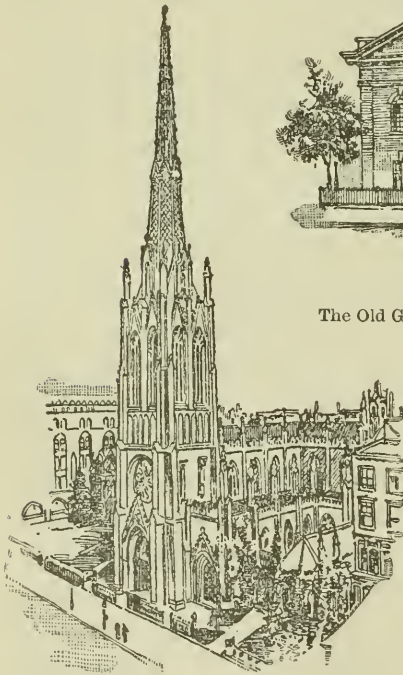
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Broadway corners, we have almost forgotten it. In 1737 a lot on the southeast corner of Exchange Place and Broadway, 34x75 feet, brought ninety-five pounds.

Rector Street, so named because the residence of the rector of Trinity Church



The Old Grace Church at Rector Street.



The Present Grace Church at Tenth Street.

was established upon it, has had many interesting associations. On the Broadway corner was the first Lutheran Church, which was destroyed in the fire of 1776, that swept over Trinity Church at the same time.

That was succeeded in 1808 by the first building of Grace Church. The present beautiful church building at 10th Street and Broadway was erected in 1844, and was thought to be very far uptown.

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The successor of the interesting old churches at Rector Street is the Arcade building, which has not an ancient history, and has no imposing front, but will long be remembered by New Yorkers of this generation, even though a greater building is now rapidly rising. The plans for the new building show that it will be twenty stories in height, and that it will cost one million dollars. It is estimated that seventy thousand elevated railroad passengers passed through the hall of the Arcade building every day. It was originally known as the Empire building, and was first occupied by the founders of the great wholesale dry goods trade of the City, such as Phelps, Chittenden & Bliss. When the dry goods center moved further up Broadway it was occupied principally by oil and mining companies, who did an immense business in the great excitement that followed the opening of oil wells and silver mines. It was bought by the Charter Oak Life Insurance Company in 1882. The building was offered to Orlando B. Potter, whose estate now still owns it, at seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars; but Mr. Potter refused to pay more than seven hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. A real estate operator named Siegmund Myer, learning of the condition of the negotiation, slipped in and bought the property at the Charter Company's price. When Mr. Potter bought the building from Myer he had to pay one million dollars. It became worth two million dollars. It has always had famous tenants. They have included the

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Manhattan Railway, Jay Gould, Morrosini, Connor, Navarro, and Sage, who have all conducted their immense operations in the plain offices of this unadorned old building. Through its hallway every morning and night, in the jostling crowds, the greatest financiers and business operators have passed to and from the Rector Street station of the elevated railroad.

The Union Trust Company, now occupying the notable building at Number 80 Broadway, for many years had its office and counting-room in the Arcade building overlooking Trinity churchyard, and there it grew until it became a leading financial institution. Just above the rooms which were occupied by the Trust Company was Russell Sage's office, where Norcross exploded the dynamite bomb when Sage refused to give him a million dollars, blowing himself to pieces, and shattering the body of young Mr. Laidlaw, who acted as buffer for Mr. Sage, and whose suit against Mr. Sage has been referred to. The old building was so solidly constructed that, while the explosion smashed windows in every direction, tore the furniture to pieces, and wrecked the walls and ceiling of the office, no damage to the main structure could be found.

The neighborhoods of Broad Street and Pearl Street are especially rich in historical associations of the Dutch, the colonial and the early revolutionary period, and that through which we are now passing is full of such memories, but it speaks to us more thrillingly of the momentous events connected



PRODUCE EXCHANGE.

New York, Vol. Two, p. 137.

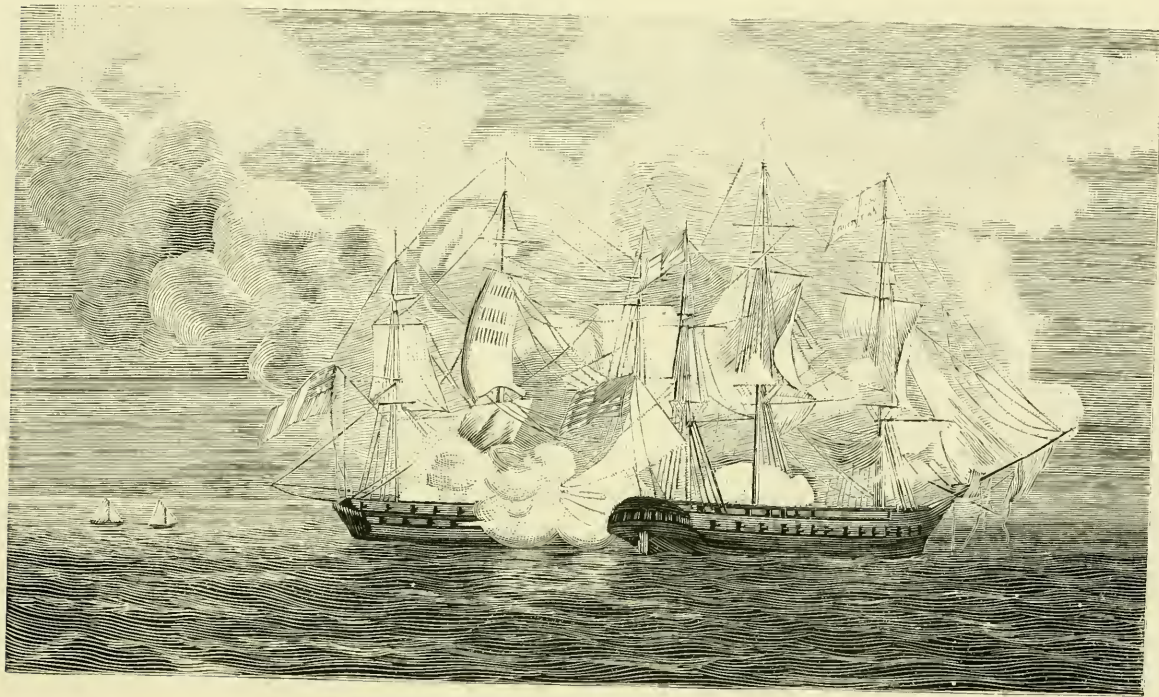
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with the later colonial and the revolutionary periods. It differs from other historic neighborhoods in this, that it has not been neglected, has not fallen into decay, and has not been turned over to commonplace uses; but, on the contrary, in it the wealth, the magnificence, the enterprise and the spirit of boundless development, for which the City is pre-eminent, are all exemplified.

In the midst of the bustle and rush of Broadway and Wall Street, there rests quietly the cemetery, filled to overflowing with bodies of those who participated in the struggle for national independence. Amid all the eloquent indications of prosperity and thrift lie the tombstones of those who made these things possible. Among the graves and out of the graves rises the grand old Gothic building of the church, which, more than any other religious institution, worked itself into the life of the early English city, and contributed an uplifting and ennobling influence to it. In this inclosure, so peaceful and quiet, where one may quickly withdraw himself from the care and noise of business, and, walking among the tombstones, insensibly be carried back into the heroic days; in this cemetery, standing at the head of Wall Street—which embodies and exemplifies the sordid and materialistic tendencies of our day—there rest the bodies of not less than one hundred and fifty thousand of the people of old New York! The first settlers are not here; they are at Morris Street, and their graves are unmarked, unknown, forgotten and lost; but

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the sleepers here in Trinity's ground include the highest and the lowest, the richest and the poorest, the royalists and the patriots—the actors in the most heroic period of the City. While we may recognize the sepulchers of many of these sleepers, the great majority of them cannot be distinguished from the earth into which they have been resolved. Standing on the sidewalk in front of the church entrance we look down Wall Street. It is filled with an army of busy people, and each one of the army acts as though he was carrying the burdens of the universe — burdens which preclude reminiscences. Our eyes note the interesting spots through which our earlier journey ran. The Presbyterian Church near Broadway, the City Hall at Broad Street, and the Federal Hall of the nation, with its flood of recollections, Colonel De Peyster's beautiful gardens, the stocks, the cage, the pillory, the slave market, later the meal market, near the foot of the street, the sugar-house and patriot prison, the old Merchants' Exchange, the Tontine Coffee-house:—these places, long gone, come before our minds so that we almost see them and the men of other days who frequented them. We fancy too that we can see and hear the fierce roaring flames of the conflagrations that swept over this district. While we cannot conjure these reminiscences into actual life, our senses are deeply impressed by stupendous buildings, and throngs of people, and interesting and thrilling life-scenes. The time was, and very recently too, when the beautiful steeple behind us,



THE "CHESAPEAKE" AND "SHANNON."

New York, Vol. Two, p. 167.

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reaching two hundred and eighty-three feet above the pavement, was the highest object in New York, and the one that above all others caught the attention of those who approached the City by water; but now to the right, and to the left, and close upon us, are surpassingly beautiful structures that tower above the old steeple of Trinity. No one can risk conjecture upon the appearance of this part of Broadway fifteen years from now. Vast buildings to cost fortunes are being planned for many places. The building of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company at the southeast corner of Wall Street is a good example of a fine financial house of 1840.

In 1880 the United Bank building was erected on the northeast corner of Wall Street and Broadway. The cost of the land and the building was \$1,300,000. Its value now is not less than \$2,300,000. That building when erected was considered a marvel in size, strength and dignity. It was familiarly called Fort Sherman. There was nothing to divide the honors with it excepting the Equitable building, which, at that time, did not occupy the whole Broadway front. Now it is commonplace, and nobody looks at it twice.

Past us dash the cable cars, which have succeeded the lumbering old stages that until 1886 were the only vehicles of travel on Broadway. Our eyes glance from scene to scene, and we lose control of our thoughts as they leap from period to period, forward and backward, defying our efforts to compel them into methodical lines. Perhaps it

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is the chiming of the bells in the steeple that calls our excited thoughts from the scene in front of us; perhaps it is the sonorous tone of the old organ, making its way through the ringing stone arches, that causes us to turn. We see the noble building that cannot be made insignificant by all the palaces that may be erected about it, standing on this sepulcher of one hundred and fifty thousand, who used to walk these streets as we do now; and its impressive finger points quietly, fixedly, persistently to the skies. Every day the multitudes surge about its base, every day the thousand noises of vast business beat against its walls, every day the sighs and groans of those that are weary and hard-pressed in the battle of life are carried on the winds and eddied around its portals; within the sound of its bells, plans for good and plans for evil, without number, are laid and hatched, and the springs of finance which reach to every corner of the nation are touched by master hands; sometimes terrible panics rage about it, and men grow frantic and lose their reason; great pageants and celebrations pass beneath its shadow. In winter and summer, in storm and sunshine, when the people respond to the calls of duty, and when they forsake the call of truth; unerringly, unfailingly, that monument calls us to remember the past and those who failed and those who succeeded; it reminds us of the virtues that made men noble and the State great; and its finger points upward. In this inclosure, which has been

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steadfastly kept sacred to the precious dust that it incloses against all the demands of a utilitarian age, we find ourselves among names that are familiar to every student of New York history, and some of them are known throughout the nation and the world. In the church and all around it, so that we must perforce walk upon them, are the stone mementos of the good old New York families. As we walk about the church and through the burying-ground, we cannot but condemn the ruthless spirit that has sacrificed all the graveyards of old New York, except Trinity's and St. Paul's. To the south of the church are the sepulchers proper. That which is first sought out is the one that contains the remains of Alexander Hamilton, who reposes in sight of the fields of his labor and the places of his conquests. It seems fitting that this man, whose powers of construction and development were so transcendent, and who contributed so much more than any of his associates to the strength and the power of growth of the nation, should rest in this center of enduring and vital structures, both tangible and intangible. Close to Hamilton is Albert Gallatin, whose services to the young nation, when its finances were great problems, were only a little less than those of Hamilton's. In thinking of Hamilton, who lies here close to the place of his greatest labors and his greatest services to the country, we may recall the fine eulogy of Mr. Webster at the dinner given in his honor in New York City in 1831. He said:

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“He struck the flinty rock, and copious streams of revenue flowed from it. He touched the lifeless corpse of public credit, and it sprang upon its feet, a living body; the fabled birth of Minerva was not more sudden than that of the system of finance which his head produced.” Mr. Gallatin was Hamilton’s political rival, but he said: “All secretaries of the Treasury after Hamilton enjoyed a sinecure, the genius and labors of Hamilton having created and arranged everything that was requisite and necessary for the successful operation of the department.” In the church entrance, and near Hamilton’s remains, is the grave of Davis, the friend and admirer of Aaron Burr, who accompanied him to the duel, and who, remaining true to him, supported him when other friends left him, and buried him when his fitful life had run its course.

When Hamilton graduated from college, he intended to return to the West Indies, where he was born, but the Sons of Liberty, who had been thrilled by his masterly refutations of Dr. Cooper’s tracts, and whose hearts had been warmed by his burning speech on the Common, begged him to remain in New York, and to take his place with them in fighting for the cause which he had espoused. He had for some time drilled with a volunteer corps called the “Hearts of Oak,” in St. George’s churchyard in Beekman Street, so that in a simple way he had learned some of the rudiments of war. He said to his friends: “If you are determined that I shall remain among you, and take part in your

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just and holy cause, you must raise for me a full company of artillery." The company was supplied him, and he used his slender means to assist in their equipment. It was this company which General Greene saw him drilling on the Common when he became impressed with the genius of its commanding officer. Hamilton was drilling his company when the British warship "Asia" began to fire upon the City to overawe the Sons of Liberty. He had a horse and cart engaged in removing his baggage, when he learned that the committee of One Hundred had sent Captain John Lamb, with a small force of soldiers and some of the Sons of Liberty, led by Isaac Sears, to seize the cannon in the shore battery near the old Fort. He quickly abandoned his baggage, joined the force, and hitched his horse to the cannon. Notwithstanding the hurtling missiles of the "Asia," the cannon were removed. Hamilton and a number of the college students buried two of them in the college green, in spite of old Dr. Cooper. These cannon were in the gateway of the college when it was torn down in 1856. From the outset Hamilton's heart and brain were devoted to the American cause, and he moved in perfect accord and sympathy with the Sons of Liberty. How he became acquainted with General Washington, and how he stood by his side and aided with his counsel in all the eventful days of the war, has been fully told in the histories. His bravery was shown in the attack on the English lines at Yorktown, which he led in person. When

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Hamilton was permitted to resign from the office of Secretary of the Treasury, on coming out of the Presidential mansion he met several members of the official family, to whom he said: "Congratulate me, my good friends, for I am no longer a public man; the President has at last consented to accept my resignation, and I am once more a private citizen. I am not worth exceeding five hundred dollars in the world. My slender fortune and the best years of my life have been devoted to the services of my adopted country. A rising family hath its claims." Noticing a copy of the Constitution on the table, he said: "Ah, this is the Constitution! Now, mark my words: So long as we are a young and virtuous people, this instrument will bind us together in mutual interests, mutual welfare and mutual happiness; but when we become old and corrupt it will bind us no longer."

A brief outline of Hamilton's work as Secretary of the Treasury may be interesting. Immediately upon his entry into the office, he urged that the war debts of the nation and the States be funded and paid dollar for dollar, and that the outstanding Continental money be included, the national credit to be pledged for their payment. These debts then amounted to seventy-five million dollars, and it seemed to the timid statesmen about him that he must be mad to attempt to saddle such a load upon the struggling little nation; but he foresaw the greatness of the country and its commerce, and he realized the importance of giving it an honorable

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financial standing among the nations. He triumphed over the violent opposition which his suggestion created, and established the principle of rigid honesty in the nation's finances which the great majority of Americans have ever since loved to sustain, deeming it to be the very foundation of prosperity. The nation was threatened with bankruptcy, and many feared that the results of the great struggle would be lost by failure to recover from the depression caused by the war. Every night, during the pendency of his important proposition, at his home in Wall Street he discussed the matter with those legislators whom he had convinced, and supplied them with facts and arguments. The removal of the seat of government from New York to Philadelphia was a part of the arrangement by which the necessary votes were secured to authorize the funding of the debt. He drew a detailed and perfect act for the collection of the revenue, and laws for the levying of duties on foreign imports, and on certain luxuries of domestic production, which were calculated to protect and foster our own industries, and which won the hearty approval of the people. His ready mind was then applied to the problem of commerce, and he proposed an act providing for duties which discriminated in favor of American shipping, and which, being enacted, operated strongly to extend the commerce of the nation. He formulated the bill for the establishment of the United States Bank, and for the transmission of the moneys of the government to the

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various parts of the country. There was, first, the act providing the method for collecting customs; then the acts for collecting revenue; then the scheme of shipping duties and the establishment of marine commerce; then the bank for receiving the national funds and distributing them; and finally he brought about the establishment of a mint to coin the nation's money at Philadelphia, which has ever since remained there. He labored incessantly, was subjected to misrepresentations and malicious criticisms, and was embarrassed by the lack of a sufficient personal income to maintain his family; but he proceeded steadily, over all obstacles, until he had firmly established the nation in a financial system that was marvelously adapted to its needs, and that has proved capable of indefinite expansion as the nation has grown. He did not give up this conscientious and patriotic work until he felt that the system had been perfected, and then he turned to supply his own pressing wants. Hamilton was one of the first of our great men who felt the weight of the opposition of Tammany Hall. His relentless enemy, Aaron Burr, manipulated its machinery through his friend William Mooney, the founder of the society; and the secret of the wonderful devotion of Matthew L. Davis to Aaron Burr was the close relation into which they entered through Davis' important official position in Tammany Hall. The opposition of that organization to Mr. Hamilton was virulent and vindictive, so much so that when the news of his murder was received

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at the headquarters in Martling's Tavern there was a unanimous rejoicing, and toasts were drunk to Aaron Burr, who had removed the antagonist they feared and hated. It was only a fear of popular resentment that caused the leaders of Tammany Hall to join formally in the funeral ceremony. The leaders of Tammany thought they had good cause for hating Hamilton from the beginning, for he announced that the portion of Washington's Farewell Address which denounced certain "political combinations and associations" was directed primarily against Tammany, and the reproof was felt more keenly when it became known that Hamilton had drafted the heads of that document and had afterward retouched it.

When Gallatin became Secretary of the Treasury under President Jefferson, the latter said to him:

"Your most important duty will be to examine the accounts and records of your department in order to discover the blunders and frauds of Hamilton, and to ascertain what changes will be needed in the system. This is a most important duty, and will require all your industry and acuteness. To do it thoroughly you may employ whatever extra service you may require." Gallatin reported to the President: "I have, as you directed, made a thorough examination of the books, accounts and correspondence of my department from its commencement. I have found the most perfect system ever formed. Any change would injure it. Hamilton made no blunders, committed no fraud, did nothing wrong."

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It is not generally remembered that the very pair of pistols used in the duel between Hamilton and Burr had been previously used in a duel between Robert Swartout, a partisan of Burr's, and De Witt Clinton, who, though an original member of Tammany Hall, left it when Burr gained ascendancy in its councils. According to an account of the duel, the first two fires were ineffectual. Clinton then inquired if the challenger was satisfied, but Swartout insisted on another exchange of shots, and succeeded in piercing Clinton's clothes. Clinton then said: "Colonel Swartout has spoiled my coat; is he now content?" but he was not content, and on the fourth fire Clinton wounded Swartout's left arm. Still Swartout was unsatisfied. On the fifth fire Clinton again wounded him, and then asked: "Now has he got enough of it?" Swartout still insisted on another fire. Clinton then said: "Let him go to — for satisfaction, for I shall give him no more of it," and turned and walked away. Two of Tammany's sachems, Davis and Van Ness, accompanied Burr to the ground of the duel with Hamilton, and John Swartout, brother of Robert above mentioned, and other members of the society, were stationed at various points to learn the result of the duel, and to bring the news to Tammany Hall. While speaking of De Witt Clinton, we may be reminded of the great and continuous battle waged between him and Tammany Hall, and of the formidable opposition which Tammany made to his Erie Canal project. This battle con-

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tinued for many years, each side alternating in victories and defeats, and only ended when Clinton died. One of Tammany's newspaper organs sang this song concerning the canal:

“Oh a ditch he would dig from the lakes to the sea,
The Eighth of the World's Matchless wonders to be,
Good Land! how absurd! But why should you grin?
It will do to bury its mad author in.”

When Clinton triumphed, one of his newspapers responded:

“Witt Clinton is dead, St. Tammany said,
And all the paposes with laughter were weeping;
But Clinton arose and confounded his foes—
The cunning old fox had only been sleeping.”

Laight, Walton, Bleecker, Ogden, Alexander, Apthorpe, Hamersley, Mesier, Desbrosses, Stuyvesant, Rutherford, Jay, De Peyster, Lispenard, Van Zandt, Hoffman: these famous names we see all about us in the cemetery. Here are buried the wives of Governors Clarke and Cornbury (Baroness Clifton), Mayors John Cruger and Marinus Willett, Generals Matthew Clarkson and Morgan Lewis, the Royalist judges Delancey, Horsmanden and Jamieson, and Captain Tollemache, killed in a duel at the City Hotel. The Earl of Stirling, who sacrificed a coronet to draw the sword of freedom, lies in a tomb in the southwest corner, marked “James Alexander, 1783.” John Morin Scott, the famous leader of the Liberty Boys, and delegate to the Continental Congress, lies close to Dr. Charles Mc-

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Knight, chief surgeon of the American army, and Captain Richard McKnight, his son, just north of the church entrance. Captain William Stone Montgomery of the Ninth Royal Infantry, son of a baronet, lies close to Colonel John Ward of South Carolina. With the bodies of the Livingstons rests Robert Fulton. Here is Robert Livingston, whom Jacob Mil-



COLONEL NOAH L. FARNHAM.

bourne impleaded for his murder at Heaven's bar. In the tomb of the Watts family lies the body of the gallant General Philip Kearney, hero of wars in Mexico, in Africa, in Egypt, and a dashing cavalry leader in the War of the Rebellion. Colonel Farnham and General Kearney remind us of the great struggle of 1861. The ground north of the

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church contains thousands of unmarked graves. Many tombstones were marred or destroyed by the fire of 1776, and even now the marks of that fire may be seen on some of the older stones. When the English took possession of New York in 1776 they devoted the ground north of the church to the uses of a public burying ground, and people of all conditions and occupations were promiscuously interred there. British soldiers and sailors, the wives and children of the garrison who died through the exposures and hardships of the severe winters; and last, but not least, hundreds of patriot prisoners who died in the old jail (now the Register's Office), in the hospital that was conducted in the old French Church in Pine Street, in the Sugar-house and in other places, were buried in trenches. In 1852 Jacob Boorman, an owner of real estate on Greenwich Street, led a movement to have the public authorities extend Albany Street across the burying-ground. Trinity Church and over three thousand persons actively opposed the effort. It was claimed by the church that the ground that would have to be taken contains the bodies of many martyrs of the Revolution, but the assertion was denied by Mr. Boorman. A meeting of prominent citizens was held at the City Hall on June 8, 1852, and it adopted this memorial:

“At a meeting of the Citizens held at the City Hall of the City of New York, June 8, 1852, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

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“*Whereas*, The remains of a large number of those heroic men who sacrificed their lives in achieving the independence of the United States, many of whom died while in captivity in the old Sugar-house, are interred in Trinity Churchyard in this City, and from the uniform attention and respect to the dead which Trinity Church has observed, it is believed on suggestion it will cheerfully erect a suitable monument to their memory. Therefore:

“*Resolved*, That the erection of a becoming monument with appropriate inscriptions to the memory of those great and good men by the church will be an act gratifying not only to the attendants at this meeting, but to every American citizen.

“*Resolved*, That the proceedings of this meeting be communicated to the Vestry of Trinity Church.

“A. C. KINGSLAND, *President*.

“CHAS. W. SANFORD, *Vice-President*.”

Among the citizens who concurred in this Memorial were John McKeon, W. H. Havemeyer, Daniel F. Tieman and William M. Tweed. There were seven Mayors, five Recorders, and all the members of the Common Council.

The Recorder made this statement, based upon tradition and family knowledge:

“I believe it is established that large numbers of those who are interred in the North section of Trinity Churchyard died in the Sugar-house on Liberty Street. The remains of many others of the brave men who were in that great struggle lie there

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also. It is said that a portion of the yard where most of those brave men lie was below the present surface some sixteen feet, about opposite Pine Street, and by successive fillings, as the ground became full of human remains, it reached its present height; that in fact in that part of the yard for more than sixteen feet deep the ground is composed of human remains quite decomposed and reduced to dust. So peculiarly consecrated ground, thus formed, of all that is of past generations, including not only those who in the ordinary paths of life had their votaries for their virtues, but those also distinguished for their devotion to their country and their sacrifices even unto death to secure its present blessings, surely is emphatically holy, and the many memories associated with it truly sacred."

Much testimony concerning the history of that part of the graveyard was given by those who had actual or traditionary knowledge. It appeared that in the northwestern section the original graves were as much as thirty feet below the surface of the graveyard, and that in order to make the street there would have to be removed hundreds of thousands of cubic feet of earth, which was so thoroughly mixed with human remains that the whole mass would have to be given proper and respectful burial in some other cemetery. The names of many of the soldier dead were discovered. It was said that from eight to fifteen bodies were buried daily from the Liberty Street Sugar-house; being thrown

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into trenches in their ordinary clothing. Salmon Moulton, who had been a prisoner, gave the names of Captain McCarter, Sergeants Peter Haack and John Hincks, Privates Henry Hoff, Hugh Dubbins and David Parker. When excavations were made for the monument, a row of bodies was easily located. This interesting letter appeared in the "Courier and Enquirer":

"PHILADELPHIA, *March 26, 1854.*

"*To the Editor*—It is with considerable interest I wait daily for the carrier to bring your paper, in which I may know all that is said and done relative to the desecration of Trinity Churchyard. In Chester County of this State, a few miles from where the Pavoli monument stands, during the Revolution resided a farmer too far advanced in life to take part in the struggle for independence then going on; his son, however, at his expense, raised a company of eighty men, who fought at the battle of Brandywine, and being attached to General Wayne's brigade, went with him to reconnoiter the enemy. A few nights after the battle of Brandywine was fought the old farmer was waked up by several men at his door who were wounded and claimed his well-known hospitality. The massacre of the Pavoli had taken place and these few had escaped the terrible butchery. Shortly after, their commander came home, and after seeing the remnant of his company fed and secreted, retired for the night. While they were sleeping a girl of tender years kept watch through the night. The next

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day they started for the camp. At the battle of Germantown the captain of this little band was wounded, taken prisoner, carried to New York, died of his wounds, and was buried or pitched in the North side of Trinity Churchyard. That man was my great-grandfather, the little girl my grandmother. In June, 1853, in this City there was an old lady then in her 85th year; by her side stood a youth who said, 'Grandma, I am going to New York to-morrow, what shall I bring you?' Putting her hand on his head, she said: 'Bring me a twig from one of the trees which overshadow Trinity Churchyard. The dust of my father, who died in defense of the blessings you now enjoy, lies in that spot. Your father tells me that the church guards with a jealous care that sacred spot, and may Heaven reward them for the act. I will never see the spot again, for I will soon be called home to my Heavenly Father; but when you visit the City always go and see the place where more than one of your ancestors lie buried, and never forget what the heroes of the Revolution did for you and your Country.' This old lady was the little girl of the Revolution, the boy your Humble servant. I cannot help feeling a deep indignation for the men who would desecrate a holy spot, and hope you will never tire in your efforts to show the Vandals in their true light, who would scatter to the winds the dust of those who gave up their lives for the benefits we enjoy.

Yours truly,

"J. WAYNE."

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The tombstones, planted thickly as they are now, give but slight indication of the great army of the dead who were buried in this place. Occasionally the vaults on the south side of the church are opened; then the neighbors in the Arcade building are deeply interested; and they tell some weird stories of the crowded shelves of those old vaults. It would not do for persons of tender sensibilities or of marked veneration for graves to dig in the grounds north of the church. Those who were buried in unmarked graves before 1776, when the records were destroyed by the fire, are lost to all recollection. Those who were buried in large numbers during the terrible days of the British occupation cannot be named. The victims of cholera and yellow fever, which came often in the days when there were no quarantine and sanitary devices, are also in the great army of the unknown. But about them, above them, and mingling with them, are many whose names still remain on the tablets of stone, often with quaint devices and curious epitaphs; and some of these are famous and worthy of note. There is William Bradford, the first printer, whose press was on Pearl Street, where we passed some time since. Sidney Breese, ancestor of S. F. Breese Morse, inventor of the telegraph, rests here under his own curious tombstone. Michael Cresap, whose war with the Indian chief Logan made him famous, lies under another rude stone. We will find the name of Faneuil, the father of Boston's Faneuil, and of a number of others who

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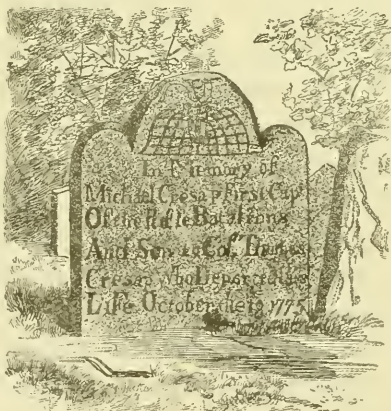
were conspicuous among the French Huguenots that formed an important element in the early life of

the City. Governors Sir Henry Moore, Osborne, and Delancey, lie here. Among the heroes of the Revolution are Marinus Willett (there is a tablet commemorating one of his achievements on the Morris building on Broad Street), and brave General John Lamb, organizer of

the Liberty Boys, commander of West Point when Arnold turned traitor, and general-in-chief of artillery

at Yorktown. The honorable Francis Tillou, in speaking of John Lamb and recounting his services to the country, said:

“On the arrival of news of the passage of the Stamp Act, Lamb was most prominent in opposing it and in forming public opinion against it, and he was persistent in his attacks upon it. He was prominent on the committee to pro-



Grave of Michael Cresap.

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pose articles of confederation to the other colonies; he was active in forming the non-importation league; he was a prominent leader of the Sons of Liberty; he was zealous in the struggles to maintain the Liberty-pole, in his resistance to the Mutiny Act and the Bills of Credit Acts, and the tea and tariff laws; he was efficient in reproving the derelict citizens' committee of 51, when they failed to come promptly to the support of Boston in the crisis of the Boston Port Act; he was prominent in the Congress of 1775; he was prompt in closing the royal Custom House on the breaking out of hostilities, and in organizing the committee of 100 for the defense of New York City; he led the expeditions that resulted in the capture of the ammunition of war at Turtle Bay near 47th Street, and in the removal of the guns from the battery in the fire of the English ship 'Asia'; he was a captain of artillery in 1775, was present at the siege and capture of St. John's and Montreal, at the battle of Quebec, where he was badly wounded; he was in the battle of Compo, Connecticut; he was commander of artillery at West Point at the time of Arnold's treason; he took a large share in the battle of Yorktown, commanding the American artillery in trenches; and at the close of the war he was Vice-President of the Order of the Cincinnati Society and Collector of Customs of New York City." During the agitation over the attempt by the English governor to force the landing of the cargoes of tea a British officer told Lamb that the governor had resolved on

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landing the tea, even if it were necessary to sprinkle the blood of the inhabitants on each successive chest as it was discharged from the vessel, and he replied: "Tell the governor from me that the tea shall not be landed, and if any attempt be made by him to secure its disembarkation by force the governor's blood shall be the first to flow on the occasion." General Lamb died in 1800 greatly honored, but all of his property went to satisfy a bond which he had given for a Custom House clerk who defaulted.

Philip Livingston and Francis Lewis, who signed the Declaration of Independence, are buried here. The oldest tombstone is that of Richard Churcher, who died April 5, 1681, aged five years, five months. The sister of this child was buried near him on May 16, 1691; and, as Felix Oldboy remarks: "*This was the very day on which Governor Leisler was hung.*" Near Bradford's tomb is that of the wife of Governor Cornbury, who was of royal birth. The sainted Bishop Moore is buried on the south side of the yard. The quaint carvings and inscriptions of the old stones have long been subjects for humorous comment. One of the most conspicuous monuments about the church is that of Captain James Lawrence, the commander of the "Chesapeake," who spoke the famous words, "Don't give up the ship." Captain Lawrence and Lieutenant Ludlow, buried near Lawrence, were given a remarkable funeral. There was a procession of six thousand persons, who marched four

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abreast from the Battery through Greenwich Street to Chambers Street, then to Chatham Street, then to Broadway, and thence to Trinity Church, taking three hours to pass a point. There were thirty thousand spectators. The gallant officers were buried in the flags that draped their coffins, and a volley was fired over the grave. The present monument is the second that was erected over Lawrence's grave. There is an interesting connection and coincidence between Trinity and St. Paul's graveyards. Alexander Hamilton died July 12, 1804; his wife (General Schuyler's daughter) survived him until November 9, 1854 (fifty years), and then her body was interred by his side. She was then ninety-nine years old. Captain Lawrence died on June 1, 1813; his wife survived him more than fifty years, and it was not until September 15, 1865, that she was laid to rest beside her husband's remains. General Montgomery, who is buried beneath St. Paul's Church, died in the assault on Quebec in 1775; and his wife, the daughter of Chancellor Livingston, survived him fifty years. It is a curious coincidence and full of touching suggestions that these three men, so conspicuously heroic and useful to their country, buried so close together, should have left their widows to mourn so many years. These women were affectionate wives, and they treasured the memories of their husbands and their heroic deeds, and, though many years elapsed, they died in the freshness of their early love.

We may enter this old cemetery of Trinity



MONUMENT TO THE COMMANDER OF THE FRIGATE "CHESAPEAKE,"
TRINITY CHURCHYARD.

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Church in the busy hours of the day, or pass around it after night has fallen, or we may wander through its paths in the early hours of Sunday, when the crowds have deserted the streets, and we will always find gentle associations, sweet thoughts and helpful lessons. Here we can truly see the connection between the present and the past. From the crude carving and lettering on the monuments, even of those who were rated as wealthy and refined, to the exquisite carvings on the white buildings across the street, there is a wonderful development of taste and ability, though the lapse of time is substantially but a few years; but it cannot be said that men are truer and nobler than they were in those days, or that the essentials of character have changed, or that the laws of development have altered. We reap, where these sowed; and if we are true and noble as they were, we shall not only reap but we shall also sow; and it may be that in years to come there will be noble developments of life in our City, and perhaps refinement in other than materialistic lines, which will be the result of true planting, begun by those who have preceded us, continued by ourselves, and passed on to our successors.

AN OLD ADVERTISEMENT.

“Taken out of Trinity Church between Wednesday the 25th August and Sunday the 30th Instant, 1730, a new Common Prayer book, cornered and clasped with Silver marked L. R., and in the book

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written Wm. Ricketts. Whoever has taken the aforesaid book, are desired to return it again and no Questions shall be asked; and whoever shall discover the said Silver or Book and give notice thereof to said William Ricketts or the Printer hereof they shall be well rewarded for their pains."—From the New York "Gazette."

We have said that Trinity Church early made itself an essential part of the life of New York. It established other churches, some of which have become strong independent bodies. It founded St. George's in 1753, St. Paul's in 1776, St. John's in 1807, Trinity Chapel in 1856, St. Chrysostom's in 1869, St. Augustine's in 1877, and St. Agnes' and St. Luke's in 1892. It is the wealthiest church in the United States, and enjoys an income of half a million dollars from lands obtained under royal grant. It expends its entire income, using its means generously in supporting its chapels and various schools and other charities. It employs seventeen clergymen, and at the present time assists these churches: St. Luke's, All Saints', St. Clement's, Holy Martyrs', Epiphany, St. Peter's, Holy Apostles', St. John Evangelist's, St. Ann's (for the deaf and dumb), St. Ambrose's, St. Philip's, All Angels', Nativity's.

In 1692 one of the bastions of the Wall was here at the northeast corner of Broadway, where "Fort Sherman" stands; it was called "Zealandia"; an-

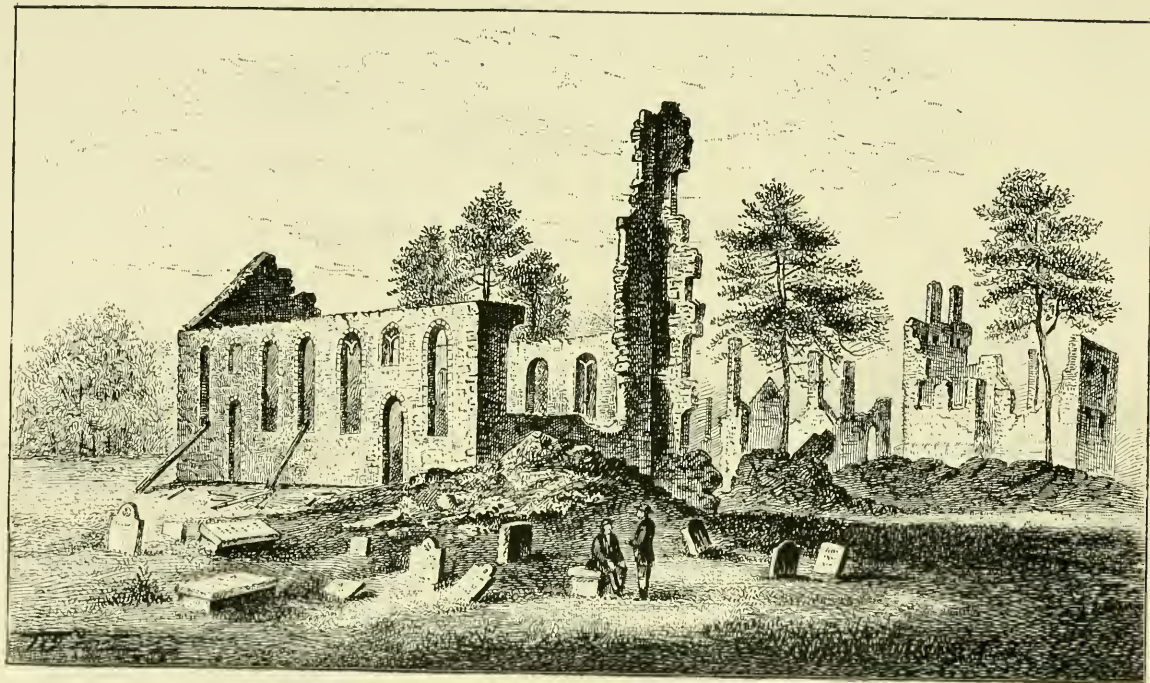


OLD TOMBSTONES IN TRINITY CHURCHYARD.



THE OLDEST TOMBSTONES IN TRINITY CHURCHYARD,
DATING FROM 1691-1696.

New York, Vol. Two, p. 171.



RUINS OF TRINITY CHURCH AFTER THE GREAT FIRE IN 1776.

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other called Hollandia was at the northwest corner of William Street. At the same time there was a block house at Fulton Street and Broadway.

Another indication of the influence of Trinity Church in the period subsequent to the Revolution is the large number of streets which were named after ministers and prominent officers of the church. Among these streets are Vesey, Barclay, Murray, Warren, Chambers, Reade, Jay, Harrison, North Moore, Beach, Laight, Desbrosses, Vestry, Vandam, Watts, Charlton, King, Hamersley, Clarkson, Leroy, Morton, Barrow, Rector and Church.

On the spires of Trinity Church, the greatest men of our City and State and Nation have gazed, and past its graveyard they have walked. No spot on this continent has been the focus of so much admiring attention.

From the beginning, the men who have impressed their great characters upon the life of the City, and those few New Yorkers who have attained commanding national reputation and influence, and the greatest men of the land, drawn here by their interest or by the magnetism of New York's supremacy, have rested their thoughts on Trinity; have looked over her acre, and have been impressed with her solemn and uplifting influences.

The earliest settlers, the Dutch and English governors, the great men of the young colony, all lived and moved about this place. Here were Governors Stuyvesant, Nicolls, Dongan, Leisler, Bellomont, Montgomerie and Clinton, as well as tyrannical

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Cosby, and Tryon the last shadow of monarchy. Bogardus, Van Dam, Vander Donck, Steenwyck, Bayard, Van Cortlandt, De Peyster, Beekman and their associates; Bradford, Livingston, Schuyler, Morris, De Lancey, and those of their times, knew this spot well. Here the Revolutionary heroes met. Generals like Washington, Schuyler, Putnam, Knox, Montgomery, Lafayette; and patriots like Willett, Sears, Scott, Lamb, were here associated.

Among the national characters that have often passed by and through Trinity's precincts are: Peter Zenger and William Bradford, pioneers of free speech; Alexander Hamilton and Albert Gallatin, creators of finance; Aaron Burr, De Witt Clinton, Thurlow Weed, John Jay, and Rufus King; Morgan Lewis and Gouverneur Morris; Robert Fulton, John Ericsson, Samuel F. B. Morse, and Cyrus W. Field; James Monroe and Martin Van Buren; Generals Worth, Scott, Wool and Kearney, of Mexican War fame; Irving, Audubon and Cooper; Edgar A. Poe, Bayard Taylor and William Cullen Bryant; George William Curtis and Carl Schurz; Horace Greeley and Henry J. Raymond; William M. Evarts, David Dudley Field and Charles O'Connor; Horatio Seymour, Samuel J. Tilden, Hamilton Fish, William H. Seward and Roscoe Conkling; David G. Farragut, Ulysses S. Grant and William T. Sherman; Henry Ward Beecher and Matthew Simpson; Fremont, Kosciusko and Garibaldi; Chester A. Arthur, Chauncey M. Depew, Grover Cleveland and Levi P. Morton; the great merchants and



TOMB OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON,
TRINITY CHURCHYARD.

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financiers like Astor, Stewart and Vanderbilt: we may name them over in what order or lack of order we please, and add to them or subtract from them as we please and on whatever plan of relative eminence, and we may add to them the giants of other States, who drew much of their inspiration from New York's marvelous life and opportunities, like Webster and Sumner; they were all here or are here, and here they have all resorted or do resort.

Hamilton's tomb is close to the scenes of his busy and brilliant life, and is surrounded by the institutions which he founded or which grew on foundations that he constructed. Let us look for a moment at some of the financial features of the neighborhood. Where Hamilton stood with Washington at the first inauguration of a President, there is the Sub-treasury building, where two-thirds of the direct public business of the government is conducted. The amount of money handled there in the course of a year is in the neighborhood of \$2,500,000,000. The amount of coin deposited in the vaults varies from \$125,000,000 to \$225,000,000.

Hamilton's bank, the Bank of New York, has many other associates and competitors besides Burr's bank. The banks have increased so in number, and have found their interests to be so intertwined, that they have had to form what he never saw, a clearing-house association. The clearing-house has a membership of sixty-three banks. Those banks and the others outside of the clear-

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ing-house have a capital of nearly \$90,000,000, which, as every one knows, bears no proportion to the actual assets and financial strength of those institutions, the capital stock of which in many cases commands fabulous prices. The surplus of the clearing-house banks is about twenty per cent greater than the capital. The surplus of the banks and trust companies amounts to over \$110,000,000. A conservative estimate of the amount of money directly invested in banking is \$250,000,000, no calculation being made for private banks. The average deposits in the National and State banks in New York City amount to \$550,000,000, which, added to the amounts held by the trust companies, give a total of nearly 800,000,000. These deposits, added to the money invested in the institutions, amount to over \$1,000,000,000; but they do not include the resources and deposits of the savings banks, which come close to \$400,000,000. According to a recent computation, "The total amount of money deposited in National, State and Savings Banks and Trust Companies of New York City is \$1,141,414,592," which was 24½ per cent of all the money on deposit in the United States. The clearing-house in Cedar Street near Broadway, built at a cost of \$1,100,000, is a place where the great majority of the banks daily adjust their transactions; and when it is realized how many checks are deposited in the various banks daily, and on how many banks they are drawn, the plan and the machinery that have been devised to allow of the daily adjustment of these involved transactions

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is more than a wonder. The New York Clearing-House Association was first suggested by Albert Gallatin, whose grave is close to Hamilton's. A computation made in 1893 showed that its transactions at that date had aggregated \$1,041,209,050,209. A total of \$200,000,000 of transactions in one day is not unusual. By the report made in October, 1896, it appeared that the association contained sixty-three banks, and that its transactions during the year amounted to \$31,194,184,122.53, and its balances to \$1,843,289,238.66. Its average daily transactions amounted to \$102,276,013.51. This is a tremendous business to have grown from the beginning that was made when Alexander Hamilton, with his own hand, drafted the Constitution of the Bank of New York, organized, as we have said, in 1784 at the Walton House on Pearl Street, moved in 1788 to Number 135 Pearl Street (or 11 Hanover Square); and in 1798 to the corner of Wall and William Streets, where it still stands. The net deposits of the old bank exceed \$15,000,000. Close by Hamilton's bank is Aaron Burr's bank, the Manhattan Company, chartered in 1799, and still holding a prominent place among the great institutions. The third was the Merchants' National Bank, founded in 1803, and still on the same site where it was established, Number 42 Wall Street. The Mechanics' National Bank, which was the fourth New York bank, was organized in 1810, and still occupies its old site, upon which once stood Hamilton's dwelling house. The Bank of America has

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occupied its present site, on the northwest corner of Wall and William Streets more than eighty years. The National City Bank at 52 Wall Street, incorporated in 1812, is another of the banks which never removed from the site of its first office. The Gallatin National Bank at 36 Wall Street was founded by John Jacob Astor in 1829, who, in consideration of completing the capital stock, was allowed to name its president—Albert Gallatin. This bank too is on its original site. It is interesting to notice how these banks that have grown so great in resources and business power have remained on the spots where they were planted, and have continued true to the principles established by the founder of banking in New York; and it seems to be more than a coincidence that their immense development should occur so close to the simple little memorial that covers Hamilton's dust.

The Stock Exchange and similar bodies were not founded by Hamilton, and their manner of doing business would startle such conservative old fogies as he and Gallatin. Its transactions have amounted to nearly one and a half million shares of stock in a single day (mostly on paper). The privilege of membership, when it can be had, costs not less than \$20,000. There is considerable difference between the Stock Exchange and the Produce Exchange, even though some of the methods of the Stock Exchange have been followed in the Produce Exchange.

We will mention a few of the great financial



UNION TRUST COMPANY.

New York, Vol. Two, p. 176.



UNITED STATES TRUST COMPANY, WALL STREET.

New York, Vol. Two, p. 177.

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institutions of the locality which are closely allied to the banks. The Union Trust Company is located at Number 80 Broadway. The building cost \$1,000,000. Its resources are over \$35,000,000; its capital is \$1,000,000; its surplus is over \$4,000,000; and its stock is worth not less than \$800 a share. The United States Trust Company is located at Number 45 Wall Street. It is the greatest trust company in America. Its assets are over \$50,000,000. While its capital is but \$2,000,000, its surplus is more than \$8,000,000. It does no banking business, but receives trust deposits and acts in fiduciary capacities.

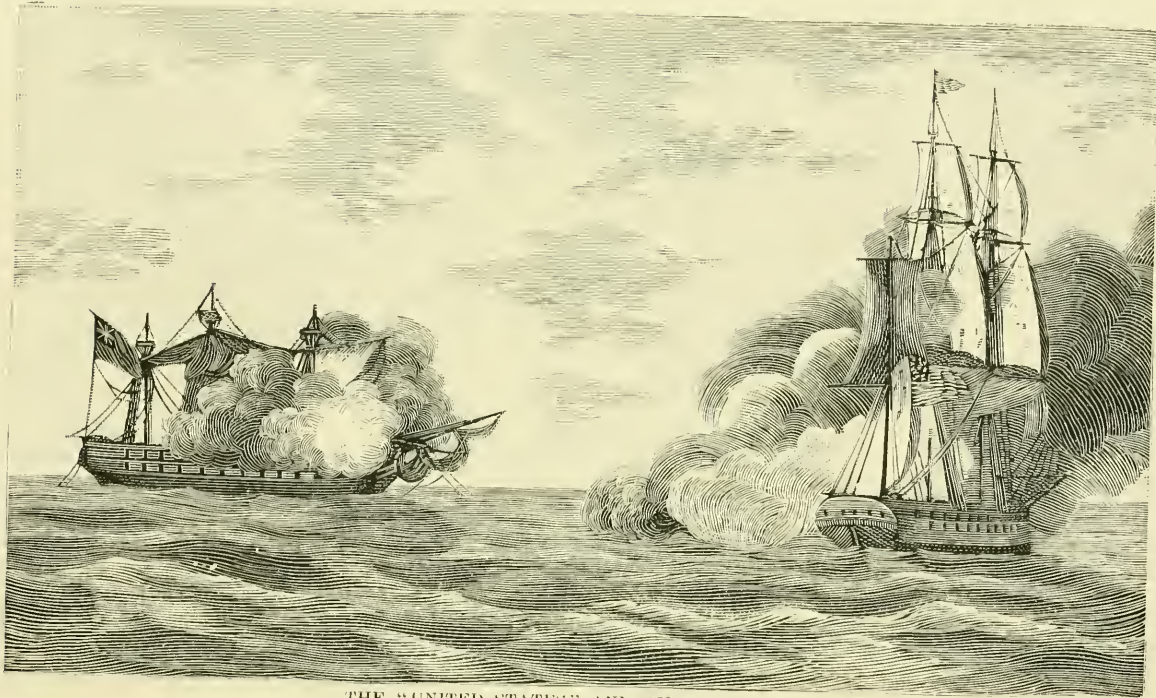
It is likely that New York will grow in grandeur and in resources no less rapidly in the future than it has in the past; and it is probable that the buildings of the future will excel the magnificent structures of the present, at least in richness and elegance; but it will be very many years before the building of the *Mutual Life Insurance Company*, standing on the site of the Middle Dutch Church on Nassau Street, will be eclipsed. It is solid, rich, durable and elegant. The company which it houses is one of the largest and most prosperous life insurance companies in the world. Through all the temptations to wild speculation which have wrecked so many insurance companies, and the yielding to which has lessened the faith of the people in life insurance, it has steadily grown, continuously prospered, and never has lost the confidence of the people. Its present assets are over \$175,000,000. It

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has over 250,000 policies in force, insuring over \$750,000,000. In fifty years it received more than \$450,000,000 for premiums, and paid out for death claims, endowments and surrendered policies nearly \$350,000,000.

The Manhattan Life Insurance Company at 64 and 66 Broadway occupies one of the most interesting buildings of the City. Its height from the sidewalk to the foot of the flagstaff is 350 feet, although the base of the building is only 67x125 feet. It is supported on piers sunk through the soft and wet earth down to the solid rock, 55 feet below the surface of the street.

The building of the American Surety Company, at Pine Street and Broadway, divides with the Manhattan building the honors of looking down on Trinity. The rapid growth of this company is well expressed in this great building so recently finished and occupied. It is 306 feet tall and accommodates an office population of 2,000. The rental value of the offices, excluding the company's rooms, is \$220,000 a year. The Surety Company is a great invention, making it possible for any person of integrity and business capacity to occupy positions of trust which require the giving of security. Before these companies were organized, people who were named as receivers, trustees, administrators, etc., had to persuade friends to mortgage themselves by giving bonds for their faithfulness, and these friends were put in embarrassing positions by their desires to be obliging, and their very natural fears of the conse-



THE "UNITED STATES" AND "MACEDONIAN."

New York, Vol. Two, p. 189.

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quences of kindness. These companies have proved to be great boons to the business community, in furnishing bonds as a matter of business, and so relieving friends, in making it possible for worthy people to perform fiduciary duties and in providing for absolute security in the event of the betrayal of trust. Their extension and growth, and the infrequency and insignificance of their losses through the misconduct of those for whom they become responsible, is a pleasing indication of honesty among the people. There are many such evidences of business integrity. A very large proportion of the immense business of our City is founded absolutely on faith.

The Equitable building, which occupies almost the entire block between Pine and Cedar Streets, Broadway and Nassau Street, is as graphic an illustration of modern New York as Trinity's cemetery is of the older periods. Let us take a hasty glance over this building, and we may note some of the evidences of growth in our City. First, the Equitable Life Assurance Society. It was organized in 1859; in 1872 it dared to erect a portion of its present great building; its business grew steadily; it survived all the financial shocks and panics; its assets to-day are over \$200,000,000, and its outstanding insurance is over \$912,000,000. Life insurance is a kind of business that our ancestors did not conceive. Intangible as it seems to be, it is founded upon business values, and is made possible by the business activities of the people. It is a great scheme for getting the value of a man's life out

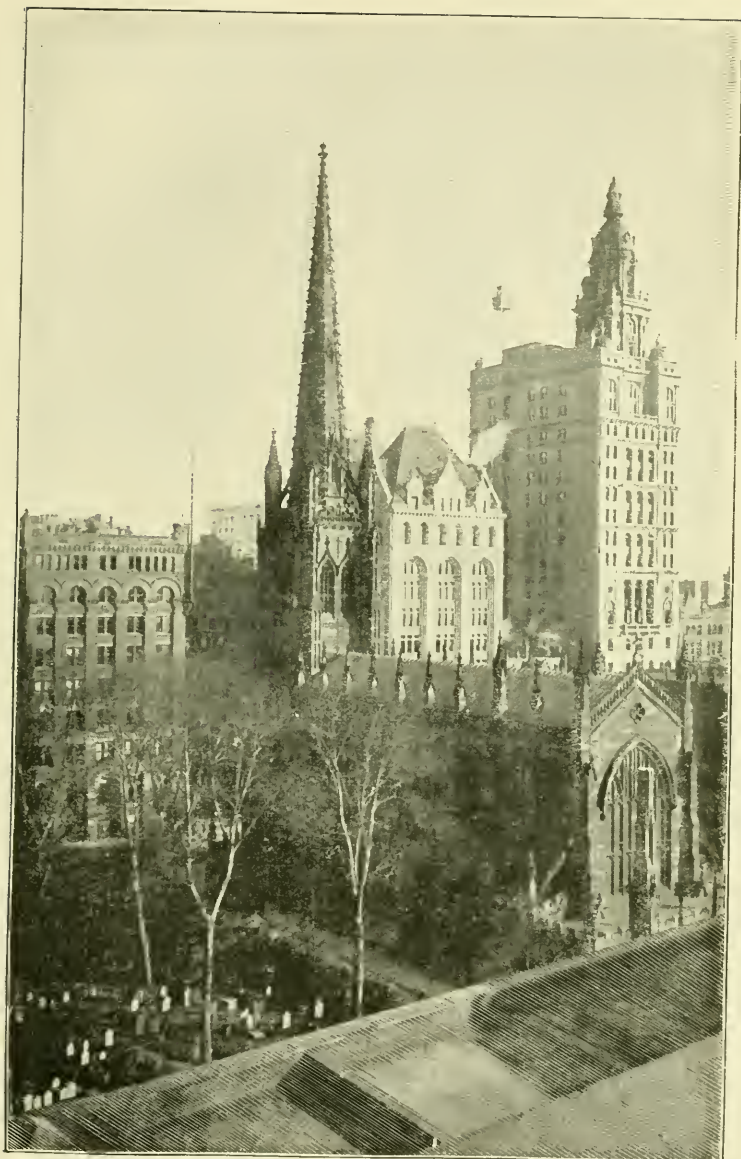
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of his descendants. By it the future is made to minister to the present. This truth is even more apparent in the co-operative insurance that is carried on by such companies as the "Mutual Reserve" and the various benevolent social orders; for in those it is reasonably certain when a young man takes out a policy that his life benefit ultimately will be paid by those who have not then been insured. The rapid growth of this company and the constant increase of its vast business and resources is a wonder of the century, and it is no less a wonder that so many other institutions have developed and grown in like ratio. There is no office building in the City which excels this great building. The immigrants passing up Broadway used to assume that Trinity Church was the cathedral, and the Equitable building the palace. The community of people who inhabit and daily resort to this building in their financial and social standing, their business importance, the variety of their occupations, and the extent of their influence, cannot be exceeded by the tenantry of any other of the great buildings. Once in their offices in the morning they are practically independent of all other places, and have such facilities at their command that no matter what they may have to do they hardly need go out of the doors until they leave for home. Aladdin's lamp and his ring and all of his genii have been captured and impressed into the service of the favored people of the Equitable building. It has banks, safe deposit vaults, telegraph and telephone



MUTUAL LIFE BUILDING.

New York, Vol. Two, p. 178.



MANHATTAN LIFE BUILDING.

New York, Vol. Two, p. 179.

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offices, law library, parlors and consultation rooms, cafes, stores, barber shop, messengers—every thing and every device for the transaction of business. Its tenants comprise lawyers, doctors, bankers, builders, architects, surveyors, engineers, and men in many other occupations.

The New York Life Insurance Company, at Broadway and Leonard Street, must be mentioned among the greatest of these companies. Its surplus is over \$24,000,000. Its income for 1895 was nearly \$38,000,000, while its disbursements were about \$25,000,000; so that the excess of income during the year was over \$13,000,000. Its policies in force amount to \$800,000,000. When its new building is complete it will have cost \$3,000,000.

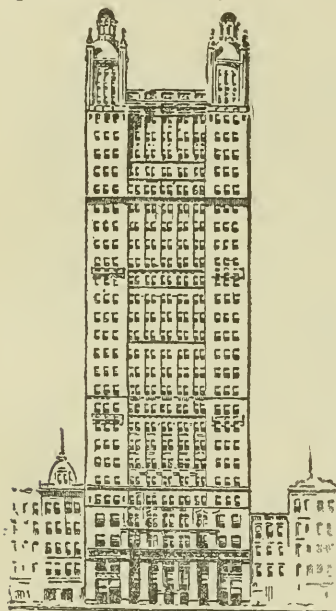
The life insurance companies now transacting business in New York are thirty-three in number, with assets of over \$1,000,000,000, of which amount nearly three-quarters is represented in New York companies. These companies, by reason of their vast accumulations of funds, and their relation to the business of the City in their investment and management of these funds, are in the very front ranks of the great factors of commercial life that must be considered with the banks and the railroads.

Great express companies, too, have grown up in Trinity's shadow. It is not very long ago that there was no express business, and when letters were carried by primitive means.

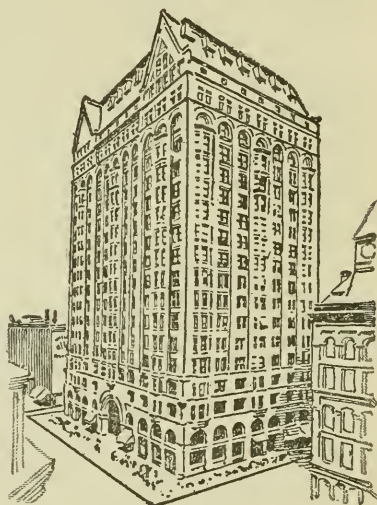
Three years ago a gentleman riding down Broadway on the front platform of a cable car, listened

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to the remarks of two draughty citizens of Chicago. They admitted that New York was a great city, but they loudly declared that it could not equal Chicago, and triumphantly compared our important buildings with the towering structures of



Ivens Syndicate Building, 386 feet high, 29 Stories.



Masonic Temple, 300 feet to apex of roof, 20 Stories.

Tallest buildings in New York and Chicago compared.

their own city. Recently a table has been compiled, which makes a comparison between the tall buildings of the two cities:

NEW YORK BUILDINGS.

	Stories.	Feet.
Ivens Syndicate	29	386
Manhattan Life, including tower		348
St. Paul	26	313

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American Surety	21	312
Pulitzer, including dome	16	309
American Tract Society	21	306
Commercial Cable	20	304
Gillender	19	300
Standard Oil (remodeled)	19	280
Bank of Commerce	19	264
Home Life Insurance, including tower	16	257
Washington, including tower	13	250
New York Life, including tower	12	244
S. L. Mitchell estate	15	230
Mutual Life	14	230
Manhattan Hotel	16	225
Produce Exchange, including tower	9	225
Bowling Green	16	224
New Netherland Hotel	16	220
Central Syndicate	15	219
Hudson	16	218
Lord's Court	15	214
Johnston	15	212
Syndicate	15	207
Continental Insurance	14	215
Postal Telegraph	13	192
Havemeyer	14	192
Mutual Reserve	13	184
Silk Exchange	13	180

CHICAGO'S REPRESENTATIVE HIGH BUILDINGS OVER 180 FEET.

	Stories.	Feet.
Masonic Temple, to apex of roof	20	300
Auditorium, including tower	17	265
Fisher, including attic	18	235
Old Colony	17	213
Katahdin and Wachusetts	17	206
Unity	17	210
Marquette	16	207

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Monadnock	16	215
Ashland Block	16	200
New Great Northern	16	200
Manhattan	16	197
Reliance	14	200
Security	14	200
Title and Trust	16	198
Woman's Temple	15	197
Champlain	15	189

The railroads and other institutions that employ immense capital and keep the great currents of money in circulation are represented in the vicinity.

Commanders of foreign navies will think many times and will wait for positive instructions before they drop shells here.

Going back just fifty years for a contrast, we find that there were twenty-five banks with an aggregate capital of \$27,908,980, and twenty-five insurance companies with an aggregate capital of \$8,995,000. The principal banks were:

The Bank of Commerce	\$3,447,389
The D. & H. Canal Co.	3,844,000
The Manhattan Co.	2,050,000
The Bank of America	2,001,220
The Bank of the State of New York	2,000,000
The Phoenix Bank	1,500,000
The Mechanics' Bank	1,500,000
The American Exchange Bank	1,154,400
The Merchants' Bank	1,190,000
The Bank of New York	1,000,000

The principal insurance companies were:

The Farmers' Loan and Trust Co.	\$2,000,000
The New York Life Insurance Co.	1,000,000

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At that time the annual tax-budget was \$6,321,451.40, and the City debt was \$12,881,750.42, which was nearly all incurred for the building of the Croton Aqueduct.

We must continue our journey.

The Boreel building, on the block next to Trinity Church, a very interesting structure in itself, stands on historic ground. The magnificent residence of James Delancey stood here, and Thames Street was his carriage road. The mansion became the Burns Coffee House, where the merchants and the public men assembled and discussed the conditions and the prospects of the province. In that old tavern, as may be seen by the tablet upon the Boreel building, the merchants met and signed the Non-importation Agreement, which was the first measure of retaliation against the tyranny of England. This act of the New York merchants had a peculiar significance in the fact that New York was essentially a commercial city. Her commercial character had caused the patriots of Massachusetts to distrust her, and had caused the politicians of England to hope that she could be separated from the other colonies and maintained as a royal stronghold. The action of the New York merchants was a surprise and a disappointment to England and an inspiration to the other patriots of America. The Burns Coffee House was succeeded by the City Hotel, which for many years was the chief hotel of the City, the resort of the leading people, both

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

residents and visitors, and the place where nearly all public receptions and celebrations were held. It was connected with nearly all that was important in public life for many years after the Revolution.

At the old building, when it was called the "*Province Arms*," the directors of the New York Library Society met on their organization, as did the officers of the King's College (Columbia's predecessor), the Masons, and the St. Andrew's Society. The first host of the "*Province Arms*" was Edward Willet, whose announcement is now copied:

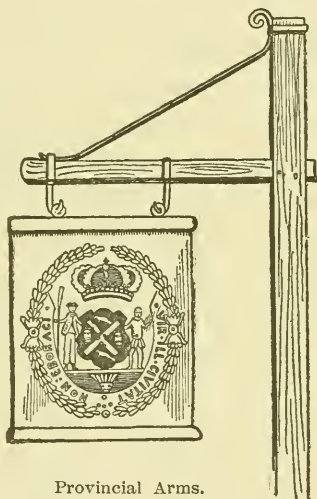
"Advertisement, April 15, 1754.

"Edward Willet who lately kept the Horse and Cart Inn in this City, is remov'd into the house of the Honourable James Delancey, Esqr, Lieutenant Governor, at the sign of the Province Arms in the Broadway near Oswego Market. This house is not only the best accommodated with stables and all things necessary for the entertainment of travellers, but is the best situated of any house in that business in this city, being nearest the centre and in a direct line with the eastern road, and very handy for the North River, Staten Island, and Long Island ferries; where all gentlemen travellers may depend on due attendance for themselves and horses by said Edward Willet."

George Burns succeeded to the management in 1763, and the Non-importation Agreement was signed in his long-room by more than two hundred merchants. John Adams and the New England dele-

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gates to the Colonial Congress stopped there. It escaped the fire of 1776, and became the center of the social and military life of the British occupancy. It was there, and during that period, that the duel occurred between Captain Tollemache, commander of the ship "Zebra," and Captain Pennington of the Coldstream Guards. Pistols were first used, then swords. Captain Pennington received seven wounds and survived, but Captain Tollemache was killed, and was buried in Trinity churchyard. John Cape, a patriotic landlord, finally became the proprietor, and had the honor of replacing the "Province Arms" with the "State Arms of New York," and of entertaining Washington and his generals at the peace celebration on December 2, 1783. It was at this tavern that the military and the



Provincial Arms.

civic parades halted on Evacuation Day. In 1792, the tavern passed into the hands of the Tontine Association, which built the City Hotel in its place. In 1819 the 14th Regiment gave a grand ball to General Andrew Jackson; in 1825 the Lafayette reception was held; and there, in 1832, the reception to Washington Irving was given. On these occasions the most eminent people of the City were present. The visit of General Lafayette was the occasion for

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some of the pleasantest interchanges of fraternal feelings that have ever been known in New York City. He had been absent for thirty-nine years, and in that time had taken part in stirring scenes in his own country. It was he who sent to General Washington the key to the Bastile, which may be seen among the relics at the Mount Vernon mansion. He was sixty-seven years old, and most of the great men with whom he had associated in the struggles for American independence had passed out of existence. He was unprepared for the royal welcome which he received, and as he proceeded up Broadway from the Battery under military escort, and saw the indications of coming greatness in the nation which he had helped to found, we can imagine a little of the emotion that filled him. The hearts of the people went out to him, and as he looked out on either side, he could see the tears flowing down many cheeks. Among his old companions in arms whom he first met were Colonel Marinus Willett, Colonel Varick and General Anthony. When he left for Albany there was a great festival at Castle Garden, which was decorated with flags and streamers and illuminated with candles. Among the party which proceeded with him up the river were Mrs. Hamilton, the widow of Alexander Hamilton and the daughter of General Philip Schuyler, who survived her husband so many years. At the famous Manor House of Chancellor Livingston near Clermont, which was one of the places where the party landed, a ball was given, and General

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Lafayette opened it, leading out the blind and aged widow of General Montgomery. Lafayette visited other cities in the Union, and received the same cheering demonstrations of affection; and when he returned to France in 1825 he took with him pictures of the success of the new nation and memories of the gratitude of her people that cheered him to the end of his days.

One of the happiest gatherings ever held at the old hotel was the banquet in honor of Bainbridge, Hull, Decatur and Paul Jones, in 1813, when they gloriously maintained the honor of the nation on the seas. Five hundred guests were present, and Mayor De Witt Clinton presided. Shortly after that Decatur brought his victorious ship, the "United States," and his prize, the "Macedonian," into our harbor, and his crew were feted and dined at the hotel. The "Macedonian's" guns are at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Sometimes the business of the City Hotel was rudely interrupted by pestilence, and cholera and yellow fever drove the guests away; then with the banks and stores it closed its doors, while business people hurried away to Greenwich Village in the Ninth Ward and to other distant settlements.

On the south side of Maiden Lane, running down to about Number 20, was the Oswego Market of 1772, which was originally called the "Old Swago Market." The original Broadway Market obstructed the thoroughfare, and became such a nuisance that it was denounced by the grand jury and was torn

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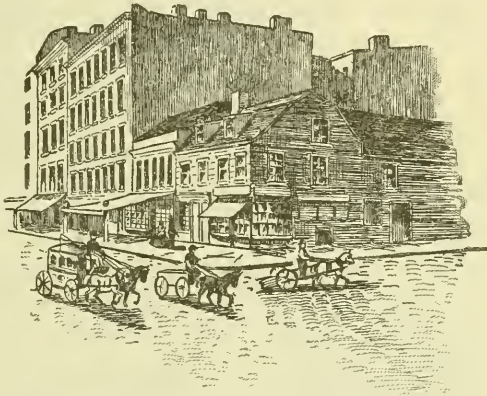
down by the authorities. The Oswego Market succeeded it. This market was notable for its vegetables and fruit, which were raised on Manhattan farms by the progenitors of some of our greatest estate holders. A good specimen of the stand-keepers was Mrs. Frances Banta, a daughter of Philip Minthorne, and a sister of Mangle Minthorne. This name is well-known to conveyancers. "Aunt Franky," as she was called, grew her market truck on her portion of the Minthorne farm at Third Street and Bowery, and she drove her own market cart from that point at night, having her produce ready for customers at the market before daylight. Another interesting woman was Mrs. Jeroloman, a genuine Dutch woman from Bergen, who sold hot coffee at threepence a cup and doughnuts at a penny apiece, and was herself called "The Large Doughnut." Many of the Dutch farmers from Bergen met at this market, and they persisted in using the Dutch language, much to the discomfiture of the modernized people of Manhattan.

On the east side near Liberty Street, was the first "out of town tavern." It was called the "Blue Boar."

In the early days, Jan Jansen Damen, whose house was about where the Equitable building stands, and who killed bears there in 1646, owned the land on the west side of Broadway from about Pine Street to Fulton Street, and on the east side from about Pine Street to Maiden Lane. After his death in 1651 the land was divided among his heirs,

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one of whom, Tunis Dey, is remembered in the name of Dey Street; and another, Oloff S. Van Cortlandt, in the name of Cortlandt Street. Van Cortlandt lived on the site of the Trinity building, and had a sugar-house in the rear. Van Cortlandt was one of the "Nine Men" who so resolutely opposed Governor Stuyvesant and insisted upon the people being represented in the government. His closest associates were Vander Donck and Van Dinck-



S.W. Corner of Broadway and Cortlandt Street, 1846.

lagen. The Vans made things hot for Stuyvesant and succeeded in their spirited contest. We bless their memories, and continue to honor them. South of Cortlandt Street were the stores of two great merchants—John Bowie Dash, ironmonger, and John Jacob Astor, furrier. A picture of those old times may be seen by any one who will take the trouble to go to the corner of Old Slip and Front Street, the office of the *Holland Coffee Company*. On the door is Bowie Dash's sign, and standing in the doorway

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may be seen one of New York's old merchants come to life. Tall and spare he is, with furry beaver hat—broad at the crown, choker about his neck, genteel black suit, smooth-shaven face, and keen twinkling eyes. Don't stare at him, but just walk by and admire him. Van Tienhoven owned the next plantation on the east side of Broadway, extending to the point where Broadway turned into the Bowery road. It was a portion of this plantation that the shoemakers acquired. John Harberding, the head of the shoemakers' fraternity, owned a large section of this land and lived on the Broadway front of it. It was he who, though wild in his youth, became a pillar of the Dutch church and gave his fortune to it. John Street and Fulton Street (then called Fair Street) were opened across his land. Mr. Harberding's house at Broadway and Maiden Lane was sold in 1732 for 120 pounds.

The corner of Fulton Street, occupied by the "Evening Post," calls up tender memories of William Cullen Bryant, who only a few years ago, it seems, could be seen daily walking down Broadway and into his office on the Fulton Street side of the old building. No paper in New York has so consistently maintained an upright position in public matters as this paper has done. Its various managers have all been sustained by the same high view of public duty. It was established in 1801, as an organ of the Federal party. Jay and Hamilton were among its founders. By a curious coincidence its first editor was William Coleman, once



PLAN FOR THE RELIEF OF BROADWAY PRESENTED TO THE COMMON COUNCIL, OCTOBER 4, 1852.

the partner of Aaron Burr, who held his position for twenty years, and was succeeded by Bryant. Bryant's successor was Carl Schurz; and, since his withdrawal, Horace White and Edwin L. Godkin have been managers. While it claims to be independent in politics, it runs strongly to free trade, which tendency has caused it to be allied with the "Mugwumps." No doubt this tendency, which is not at all popular in New York, has prevented it from receiving the general support to which it is entitled for its clean and fearless attitude in the public affairs of our City. The opposite block on Broadway is the most ridiculous block in the City. Two elaborate and pretentious structures are on it, and between and around them are little nondescript houses which, no less ugly than their great neighbors, bring out the humor of the situation by their disparity in size. The top of the Western Union building once had as much ginger-bread work upon it as its neighbor, the "Mail and Express" building, now has. The tempting display provoked the fire fiend, who one day licked it all off. His ravages were repaired and the top of the structure was rebuilt; but how was it done? A new house of a different style of architecture and of a different shade of color was set down upon the lower half of the old building. Now the windows below are square, those above are arched; the lower windows are divided by pillars, those above are clear and open; the lines below are broken with white stone, those above are unrelieved. Between the hy-

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brid Western Union, and the aspiring "Mail and Express," with its frivolous front and its sedate rear looking like an antiquated belle, is an old brownstone relic which is almost hid under the stirring announcement, "SHIRTS." Four heavily burdened females carry the immense "Mail and Express" front upon their necks. They impress the sympathetic beholder with their very evident disdain of the stock-in-trade of the brownstone building, and with the tantalus-torture which condemns them to rigidity, while Hudnut's sparkling streams of soda-water flow so close to them. Just above the entrance are two tired stone eagles, evidently put there to guard the ethnological exhibit below them, and to report any inattention to business. They turn disdainfully from a deluge of stone fruit and flowers that is falling out of the middle window, and one of them invites the other to fly off his perch and try a glass of the VIN TOKA KOLA, which, according to a conspicuous announcement, is good for the nerves. Way up in the air is a pair of lions, whose tails wave in graceful scrolls (they don't need any hind legs with those tails). Further up still are the grimmest lion heads you ever saw; but the builder kindly put them up so high that they do not scare any one. Is it the lions' heads up in the air that the ladies are so steadfastly holding? Oh, no; not so. Look closely and you will see shields, and scrolls, and tablets and panels, on which some day there will be graven the names of the good young men of the "Mail and Express."

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When those are filled, then the great design will stand out. Till then we must wait with patient expectation. The brazen little upstart on the corner is clearly a modern "mansard-roof," and it is very evident that its owner was so much in love with it that he compelled the newspaper to sacrifice the opportunity for putting a really elegant building upon that corner. When we compare the Broadway front with the face of the Fulton Street wing we see what we have missed in architectural grandeur by somebody's dog-in-the-manger policy. With a uniform of the brownstone shirts, after the fashion of the New Woman, and with feet showing and properly dressed with Hanan's shoes from the store on the corner, the four classical figures might be brought down from their absurd dignity. But we must not let the architectural absurdity of this block cause us to overlook the great institutions which they shelter. What more wonderful system of communication is there in the world than that which is operated from this Western Union building? Twenty-one thousand offices all over the country are centered upon this Broadway corner, with seven hundred and fifty thousand miles of wire! These and connections with other lines bring us into contact with the whole civilized world, and a small stipend puts this enormous machinery at our service. The "Mail and Express" very justly calls itself the "Leading Evening Newspaper of New York." Its managers have the courage to give daily a clean sheet, free from the indecencies

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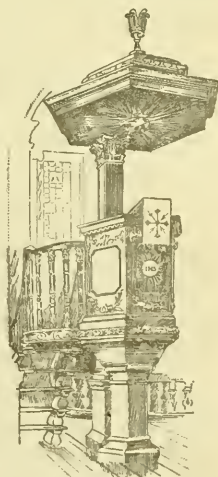
and the disgusting details which disfigure some of its rivals. It is a clean and upright paper, which no one need fear to send into his home. The paper is a fitting monument to Elliott F. Shepard, who impressed upon it those very characteristics.

In 1831 William Cullen Bryant, editor of the "Evening Post," attacked William L. Stone, editor of the "Commercial Advertiser," with a cowhide on Broadway near Park Place, and after a sharp struggle they were separated by friends. The editors don't fight that way nowadays.

Now we have arrived at a point which became somewhat familiar to us on a previous journey. We have reached the site of Spring Garden and Hampden Hall, where the Liberty Boys met and made their plans; the spot which Barnum made famous; and where the New York "Herald" rose to pre-eminence among our City newspapers. It must have been pure patriotism that fired the Liberty Boys of Hampden Hall; for, according to the proprietor's announcement, the refreshment was limited to tea, rolls, cakes and mead. This point was the end of old Broadway, and the spot where it turned into the old Bowery Road, which in the earlier days was the thoroughfare of travel out of the City. On the other side of Broadway is St. Paul's Chapel, to which our thoughts and our feelings have been turned ere this. There is the old building just as it stood in Colonial days, with all of its memories of the past, and surrounded by the dead who once were such important factors in

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the building of the City. (Also with its statue of St. Paul, which used to get down and walk on the saint's birthday, if tradition may be believed.) When we go into the building we will see the pew which Washington occupied while President, and the pew which was reserved for the State governors, and in which Governor George Clinton publicly worshiped. It is not hard for us when inside of these venerable walls to picture the men of old who worshiped here. Before 1776 the English governors attended service here. When the fire of 1776 destroyed old Trinity, and the conquering redcoats seized the City, it became the Church of State for Lord Howe and all of his retinue of officers and advisers. The mid-shipman who became William the Fourth, King of England, was a regular attendant. While the fire and desolation about Trinity churchyard made it for years an uninviting place of burial, many of the officers and prominent persons identified with the British cause were buried in St. Paul's churchyard. It escaped the crowding that occurred in Trinity's acre. When the English left New York the old temple received General Washington and his associates. On the canopy over the pulpit is the last relic of the British occupancy—the gilded arms of the Prince of Wales—which escaped the destruction that visited all other royal emblems, when the



Pulpit in Saint Paul's Church.

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patriots repossessed the City in 1789. We have read how the President and Congress came here after Washington took the oath of office, and how they joined in simple but impressive religious ceremonies. These are the very walls and this the very roof which received the great men of other days, and which echoed their voices as they presented themselves and the objects of their care and solicitude to the God of Nations. Lord Bellomont, who succeeded the corrupt Governor Fletcher, and who wore his life out in trying to defeat the corruptionists and to restore honest dealings in public life, was buried here. When the old Fort was demolished, his body was found in a vault under the church. The silver plate of the coffin was given to Mr. Van Zandt, and his successors converted it into spoons. Among the British officers who were buried here are Colonel Campbell and Captains Wolfe, Gibbs, Walker, Bond, Talbot, Logan, Norman, Horton and Wilcox. A number of Hessian officers lie with them. Of American officers there are Major Lucas and Major Sumner, father of Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, who lie under one monument, which bears this inscription:

“This Tomb is erected to the Memory of Major John Lucas of the Georgia Line of the Army of the Revolution, who died in this City, August 18, 1789, aged 38.

“And this Tomb contains the remains of Major Job Sumner of the Massachusetts Line of the same Army, who died in this City, September 16, 1789, aged 33.

“Alike in arms they ranged the glorious field,
Alike in turn to death the conquerors yield.”

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One of our French allies, the *Sieur de Rochefontaine*, lies under a monument with this inscription:

“This monument, which *Madame Catharine Gentil* has erected to the memory of a worthy and virtuous Father, is by no means the proud labor of an earthly vanity. It is a monument of Filial Piety. O that the vows of a pious daughter could be elevated to the throne of the Almighty and draw down the divine pity upon the respectable object of these sad regrets.”

Among the important families of older New York represented in this graveyard are the *Somerindykes*, *Ogdens*, *Nesbitts*, *Rhinelanders*, *Thornes*, *Cornells*, *Van Amridges*, *Gunnings*, *Bogarts*, *Onderdonks*, *Treadwells*, *Cutlers* and *Waldoes*. Colonel *Beverly Robinson*, who is buried here, is the same at whose house *Benedict Arnold* met *Major Andre*.

Here is an inscription that attracts attention:

“In memory of *Elizabeth*, wife of *Nicholas Kortright*, who departed this life the 20th December, 1789, aged 46.

“The remains that lie beneath this tomb
Had *Rachel's* face and *Leah's* fruitful womb,
Abigail's prudence and *Sarah's* faithful heart,
Martha's care and *Mary's* better part.”

John Price, a midshipman in the English vessel “*Eagle*,” captured by the “*Yankee*” off *Sandy Hook*, died of his wounds and was buried here with the honors of war, on July 8, 1813. The tombs of three eminent Irishmen—*Montgomery*, *Emmett* and *McNevin*—are here. The one whose memory the most stirs up feelings of affection and pa-

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triotism is General Richard Montgomery. He was born on December 2, 1736. He married the sister of Chancellor Livingston. He was chosen one of the Council of Fifty to raise troops in defense of American rights, and then was appointed brigadier-general. Before accepting his appointment he asked his wife to make the cockade which he was to wear



GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

in his hat, saying to her: "Our country is in danger. Unsolicited, in two instances I have been distinguished by two honorable appointments. As a politician I could not serve them. As a soldier I can. Shall I, then, accept the one and shrink from the other in dread of danger? My honor is engaged." Mrs. Montgomery for answer took up the ribbon and began to shape it. He continued: "I

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am satisfied. Trust me. You shall never blush for your Montgomery." From that time, the short sweet experience of this devoted couple was broken by the exigencies of war and service in the field. On December 31, 1775, at four o'clock in the morning, the General undertook his brilliant attack on Quebec. The soldiers were few in numbers and reduced by hardship and exposure, and they made the assault in a furious snowstorm. Among the brave officers who participated in this action was Benedict Arnold, then unstained by treason, and with Arnold was Aaron Burr, who, like Arnold, was destined to sacrifice his good name. Burr, a mere lad, was Arnold's messenger to Montgomery. Montgomery and Arnold led the attack. Arnold fell, wounded, and was carried from the field. Lamb, who is buried in Trinity, then a colonel of artillery, was wounded and taken prisoner. Montgomery pushed on with Burr close to his side. He said: "Men of New York, you will not fear to follow where your general leads; Quebec is ours," he shouted, then fell, shot through the head. Burr seized his body, and, at the risk of his life, bore it out of the line of fire. The body was interred in Quebec, and remained there for forty-three years, when, by arrangements between the Canadian government and our own State government, his body was brought to New York City to be interred under St. Paul's Church. Mrs. Montgomery was still living, and as the steamer "Richmond" bore his body down the Hudson River, she stood on the piazza of her house

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near Tarrytown, alone, and watched the vessel. Afterward she wrote to her niece these words: "At length they came by with all that remained of a beloved husband who left me in the bloom of manhood a perfect being. Alas! how did he return! However gratifying to my heart, yet to my feelings every pang I felt was renewed. The pomp with which it was conducted added to my woe; when the steamboat passed with slow and solemn movement, stopping before my house, the troops under arms, the Dead March from the muffled drum, the mournful music, the splendid coffin canopied with crape and crowned by plumes, you may conceive my anguish: I cannot describe it." The interment was on July 8, 1818. The monument was ordered by Benjamin Franklin. Mrs. Montgomery lived for seven years after the burial in New York. The remarkable coincidence of these circumstances with those of Captain Lawrence and Alexander Hamilton, buried in Trinity churchyard, links these two old cemeteries together. Burr, who so distinguished himself at the death of Hamilton, lived on the opposite corner, where the Astor House stands, while he was Vice-President in 1802. Across Broadway resided Colonel Duer and his daughter Kitty, who were important figures in Revolutionary days, and were the intimate associates of Montgomery.

Even now, when the steeple of St. Paul's is shaded by the great buildings about it, and the old graveyard is surrounded by arteries of traffic, through which a noisy and busy host continually rushes, it

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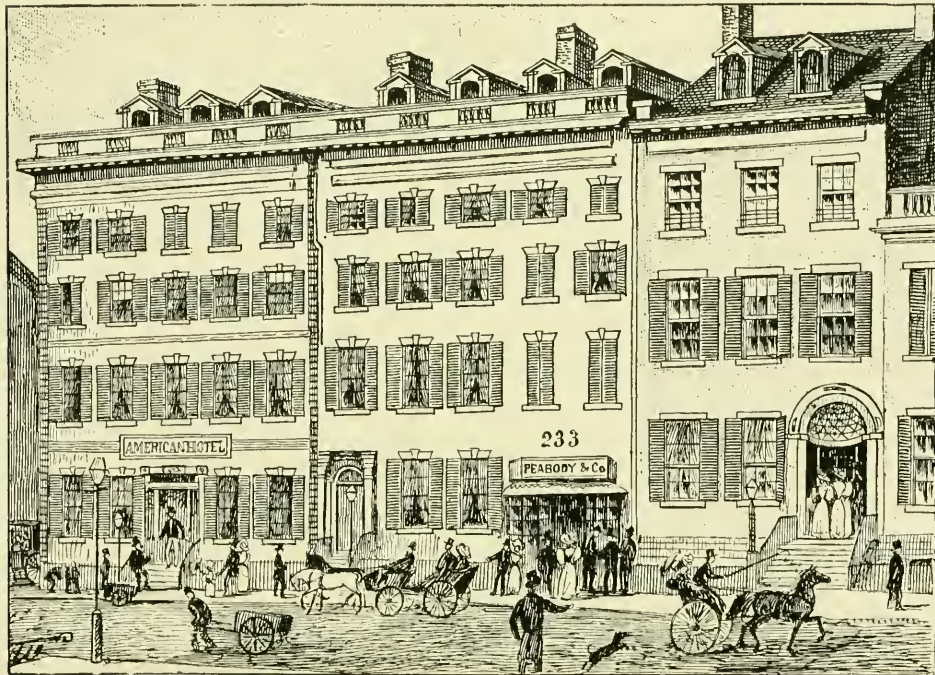
is a restful luxury to slip into the churchyard through the iron gate on Vesey Street and to sit on one of the settees conveniently placed on the porch of the old building facing away from busy Broadway. As the leaves rustle above us, we may easily slip back in retrospective view to the time when the trees were young, and when the water rippled on the clean sandy beach (at Greenwich Street), where the Dutch soldiers landed on the day that they captured the Fort from the English. This is the entrance which Washington used. Vesey Street, now devoted almost entirely to the traffic of Washington Market, but once a peaceful street filled with comfortable residences, reminds us of the first pastor of Trinity Church, for whom it was named. His first sermon was preached February 6, 1697, and his pastorate continued about fifty years. The first rendering of an oratorio in our City occurred in St. Paul's in 1825, when Mr. Samuel Taylor conducted *The Messiah*. The labor of collecting and drilling the chorus and the orchestra was almost too much for the devoted leader. Despite his careful personal attention to details, at the public concert the man who played the "double-bass" tumbled off his insecure perch into the chorus, and made the women scream and the men laugh. The Handel and Haydn society was formed from this chorus.

The National Park Bank, occupying the plain white building opposite St. Paul's Church, is the strongest bank in the City, and has the widest

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range of business. It was chartered in 1856, and stood on the site of Temple Court at Theater Alley and Beekman Street. It started with a capital of \$2,000,000, and surplus earnings have been added to it so that it is now \$5,000,000. It has the largest deposits of any American bank, and has many correspondents in foreign countries.

The improvements upon Broadway above Vesey Street did not begin until after the Revolutionary War. As early as 1719 the first rope walk was established between Barclay Street and Park Place. By 1776 the streets as high as Reade Street were cut through. This part of Broadway was first surveyed in 1760 by a Mr. Marschalk, whose report showed that he began at the Spring Garden House (corner of Ann Street), and continued to the ground of the late widow Rutgers, starting with a width of eighty-eight feet six inches, and ending with a width of fifty feet. This continuation was considered as a new street, and received the title of Great George Street, which continued for thirty years. All of the ground west of Broadway was in the Church Farm, as it was called, originally used by the West India Company to produce vegetables for the garrison, and granted by the English after their conquest to Trinity Church. It was the church that opened the side streets and divided the blocks into lots. The original farmhouse from which this tract was operated was on the site of the Astor House. Its last occupant was Adam Vandenberg, who turned it into a tavern, and called it the Drovers' Inn. A brother



RESIDENCE OF MAYOR PHILIP HONE.

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of this Vandenberg, named Cornelius, sent out the first Albany Post from this spot in December, 1747. In 1780 there was here an encampment of negro slaves who had been inveigled from Virginia by Lord Dunmore. Many of them died of smallpox, and were buried at Chambers Street in unmarked graves. The most conspicuous features of this part of Broadway were several public gardens, among which was that of Mr. Montagne in the neighborhood of 252 Broadway, once General Lee's headquarters. Montagne was succeeded by John Con-
toit, who was followed by Reuben Peale, with a museum in 1825. The most interesting establishment in this extension of Broadway during the Revolutionary period was Montagne's tavern, where the patriots gathered and drank death and destruction to King George so zealously that frequently their patriotism and their potations inflamed them to such a degree that they recklessly menaced the redcoat soldiers, whose barracks were close by in Chambers Street. On the Common in front of this tavern the Liberty-pole was erected and cut down six or seven times. Montagne was the last tavern-keeper to own the famous King's Arm sign, which had passed through the hands of several tavern-keepers, and had hung over buildings in different parts of the City. He destroyed it. This part of Broadway, between Vesey Street and the hospital opposite the Common, developed into a fine residence neighborhood after the Revolutionary War. Mayor Philip Hone lived at Number 235 Broadway. The block occupied by

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the Astor House contained the houses of John Jacob Astor, John G. Coster and Jacob Lydig. The Astor House, which, even at this day, is a conspicuous and satisfactory architectural feature, was projected by John Jacob Astor in 1830. Then it was far uptown, and objection was made to it on that account. The only store on Barclay Street



MAYOR PHILIP HONE.

was a grocery opposite St. Peter's Church. The retail trade of the City was conducted on the East River side, and the best stores were on Pearl Street. The dry goods trade was principally on William Street, and was all below Beekman Street. Notwithstanding the hotel's location it was a success from the start, because of the liberal policy of its

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owner, and the consummate ability of its lessee and manager, General Stetson, who was its host for a lifetime, and led the way for New York's princely hotel-keepers. In 1852, the Astor House was still one of the most notable features of the City. In that year a prominent resident of the South, writing of his visit to New York and condemning much of what he saw and experienced, said this:

“The Astor! The Monarch of all Hotels! It looms up before us! What an edifice! How grand and imposing and how massive! Built ‘not for a day, but for all time,’ its huge front of ever-enduring granite presents a striking contrast with the frail structures of brick and mortar which surround it. When in May, 1836, it was opened to the traveling public it was regarded throughout the earth as the eighth wonder of the world. Among the various projects which had been developed in Europe for advancing civilization and for the benefit and comfort of humanity, it had never occurred to any one that in order to fully promote the commerce of any mart great attention should be given to the hospitable entertainment of foreign traders. The City of New York led off with this idea, and executed it. The Astor House, erected as a hotel, was built at greater proportionate cost than any royal palace in Europe. To this day, no other hotel of equal magnificence has been erected, and though possible, it is hardly probable that this age will produce one. There is but one St. Paul's, one Niagara, one Astor House!” He stood in front of

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this world's wonder, and as he did so he communed with himself, and these were some of his thoughts: "Here the people worship that Trinity known as the Golden Eagle, the Silver Dollar and the Copper Cent, with an idolatry equaled only by a faithful follower of Mahomet, and the features of this Triune Deity can be seen in their every act." His soliloquy continued thus: "The City of New York may be justly compared to a human being, the City Hall being the heart, the Tombs the stomach, the Five Points the Bowels, the Park the lungs, Broadway the nose, the Piers the feet, Wall Street the pocket, the hotels the mouth, the theaters the eyes, the Bowery the aorta, the avenues the veins, and Nassau and Ann Streets the brains." Stewart's store at Chambers Street, with two hundred clerks and sales of seven thousand to ten thousand dollars a day, filled him with awe. "What a stupendous concern!" was his expression. The Astor House, built by one of New York's first great men, always brings up recollections of his struggles and of his successes, and of the times when his fortune of forty million dollars was far beyond the approach of any other man in the City of New York or in the United States. The people of New York City took an honest pride in the growth of Mr. Astor, for he grew up in their midst and in their very sight, and he made his fortune not in the dubious ways of Wall Street, nor in stock jobbing, nor in railroad wrecking, but in legitimate trade, which benefited all that came in contact with it. The

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John Jacob Astor whose income of five dollars a minute made him seem the equal of rulers of nations, was the same who beat skins in Gold Street, and who worked for Mr. Wilson in his hide establishment at Old Slip, and who was a clerk in Robert Bowne's fur establishment. Though not native born (he was born in Waldorp, Germany, in 1763), from his earliest days in his adopted country he was a true American, and in his success was a splendid illustration of what our institutions accomplish for worthy young men. We find from his advertisement in the New York "Daily Advertiser" in 1789 that he was then in business for himself:

John Jacob Astor, at Number 81 Queen Street (263 Pearl Street), next door but one to the Friends Meeting-house, has for sale an assortment of Piano-Fortes of the newest construction, made by the best makers in London, which he will sell on reasonable terms. He gives cash for all kinds of furs and has for sale a lot of Canada beaver and beaver coating, Raccoon skins, &c.—New York "Daily Advertiser," January 2, 1789.

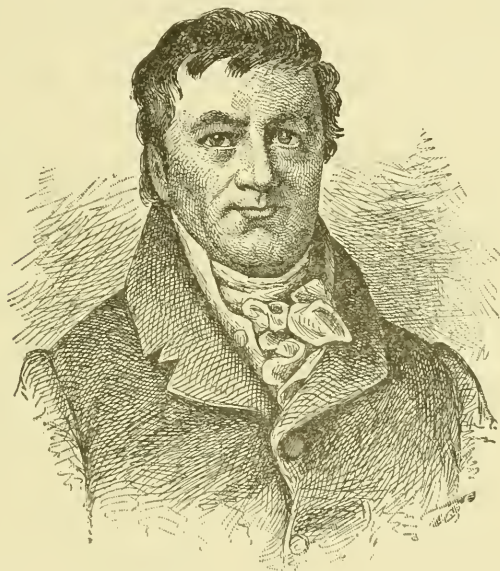
Mr. Astor received with his wife a dowry of five hundred dollars, and that was a considerable item in his start in business. In 1848 John Jacob Astor was deemed to be worth forty million dollars, and his son was his closest follower with six million dollars. Fifty years ago, John Jacob Astor was rated at twenty-five million dollars, and William B. Astor at five million dollars. Their closest competitors were Stephen Whitney with five million dol-

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lars, Peter G. Stuyvesant with four million dollars, James Lenox with three million dollars, Peter Schermerhorn with two million and one-half dollars, Isaac Bronson, William B. Crosby, Peter Harmony, Mrs. Jacob Lorillard, Francis Pearsall and Herman Thorn, each with one million and a half; Henry Brevoort, William B. Furniss, Jonathan Hunt, Peter Lorillard, Jr., each with one million dollars; and Cornelius Vanderbilt with one million and a quarter. These were all of the millionaires in New York City fifty years ago. To-day, according to the "Tribune" list, there are over eleven hundred. At that time it was said of Cornelius Vanderbilt: "He is of old Dutch root, and evinces more energy and go-aheaditiveness in building and driving steamboats and other projects than any other Dutchman possessed before. It takes our American hot suns to clear off the vapors and fogs of Zuyder Zee and wake up the phlegm of a descendant of old Holland." In 1848 Jonathan Goodhue & Brothers, N. & B. Griswold, Howland & Aspinwall, and the Harper Brothers, swept into the million company, and Stephen Allen crowded it closely. These reminiscences of old New Yorkers who led the van of New York's wonderful commercial prosperity come to us very naturally as we stand at the entrance of the Astor House. It would be hard to think of a prominent man in New York City, or of a famous man in the nation, who has not at some time enjoyed the shelter and the creature comforts dispensed in this practical

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Astor monument. Other hotels and great enterprises innumerable bear the impress, if not the name, of the Astor family; but as long as the old Astor House stands it will be a monument to the founder of the family; connecting the present with the past, and speaking constantly of the worth, the good sense, and the high character of the man who by



JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

strictly honorable means triumphed over the greatest obstacles and raised himself to a world-observed eminence. Every one who reads this chapter may make his own list of the great men who have been drawn to the Astor House and of the important conferences that have occurred there, and no two lists will completely agree. At the banquet here ten-

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dered by the Press of New York to Kossuth, in December, 1851, the presiding officer was William Cullen Bryant, and assisting him were Horace Greeley, George B. Butler and Julius Froebel. Among the guests were George Bancroft, Governor Anthony, of Rhode Island; Mayor Kingsland, of New York City; Moses Grinnell, Charles King, President of Columbia College; Simeon Draper, Parke Goodwin, James Harper, Henry Ward Beecher, Henry Raymond, and Dr. Chapin. Thurlow Weed had the exclusive use of Room No. 11 during the last three years of his remarkable political activity; and in that room the weightiest matters of State were discussed by the most prominent and astute political leaders. Campaigns were planned, caucuses were had, and governors, ministers, senators, and perhaps presidents, were made there. Of Weed, Horace Greeley said in 1855: "He is a giant. He is the greatest man we have, Seward not excepted"; and his judgment was vindicated as the years went on. In later years Room No. 1 was a political center. It was the room which Daniel Webster always occupied when visiting New York, and there he conversed and planned with the greatest of his fellows. About eight years ago it became a "free-lunch room"; and as such it has been patronized by President Cleveland, the Goulds, Collis P. Huntington, Austin Corbin, Thomas F. Gilroy, Hugh J. Grant, William F. Sheehan, Lieutenant-governor Saxton, Speaker Hamilton Fish, John R. Fellows, various judges of the Civil and Criminal Courts, Thomas Byrnes, Alex-

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ander S. Williams, Peter Conlin, Robert G. Ingersoll, Joel B. Erhardt, DeLancey Nicoll, Edward Lauterbach, Jacob Hess, Edward S. Stokes, and many more of our New Yorkers who have been distinguished for various virtues and failings. Among the famous foreign visitors have been ex-Speakers Reed and Crisp, ex-Governors Campbell, Wertz, Bedell and Price, and Senators Blackburn, Mills and Jones. The Raines law once closed the free-lunch counter; but still the great and the small, the good and the bad, all classes of active men, met in and about the Astor House; and its lunch room still accommodates daily a large and fair representation of the active manhood of New York. Daily you may touch elbows there with lawyers, doctors, judges, brokers, merchants, ministers, politicians, and what not—many of them distinguished in their respective occupations. Standing on the Broadway steps, under the watchful attention of the hotel detective, you may see passing a procession of notables; perhaps not as imposing in a financial way as that which appears in lower Broadway, but much more representative of the many phases of business and social life. A moment's glance a few days since showed the eccentric patron of the Chemical Bank, Hetty Green, in dilapidated calico gown, slinking, unnoticed, across the busy avenue, while the fiery Southron, Colonel Talliaferro, with his six feet six inches of gaunt human frame, was marching bravely across in the opposite direction; and the press of ordinary eminent people was so great

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that neither of these important persons noticed the other.

Daniel Webster and General Stetson, the proprietor of the Astor House, were great friends. Few men in the United States enjoyed Webster's confidence as Stetson did, and few knew the statesman's inner life as he did. From Stetson's company at the Astor House Webster made his last trip to his Massachusetts home. His last letter was written to Stetson. His birthday was celebrated at the Astor House for many years.

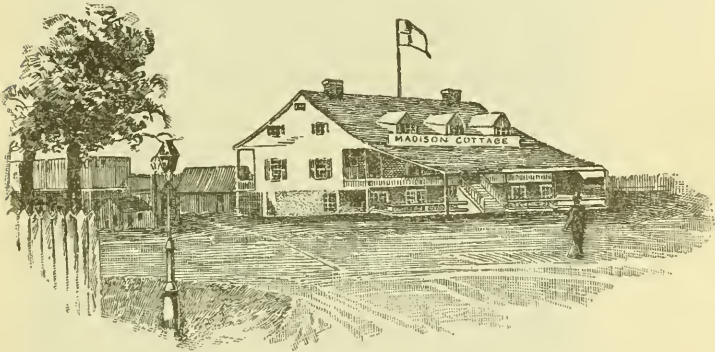
Abraham Lincoln was a guest at the hotel in 1860, when he made his first New York speech at Cooper Institute.

General Grant's first visit to it was shortly after his appointment as lieutenant-general. He remained there quietly, occupying Mr. Stetson's private apartments. At the close of the war he came to the Astor House again, to be present at a reception. This time the people crowded around the Astor House, and all sought to do honor to the great general. He made one of his characteristic speeches at the ovation in Cooper Institute. It was simply, "I thank you for your kindness." After enduring several hours of fatiguing "exercises," he returned to the Astor House and retired; but was called out to receive a salute from a Massachusetts regiment on its way home from the war. Not less than ten thousand people were there at that hour, all rejoicing in the presence of the man who had rendered signal service in the preservation of the Union.

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One of the odd characters of the hotel was Jones the baggage master, who received no salary, but saved \$75,000 out of tips; made friends with Van Buren, Taylor, Buchanan, Pierce, Webster, Lincoln, Grant, Farragut, and many other eminent men; lived in a stylish brownstone house, and died at the age of seventy years, respected and honored by the many who knew him.

The peculiar privilege of housing the great political leaders when they visit New York, long since



Site of the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

passed from the Astor House to the Fifth Avenue Hotel; but still the Astor House is well supported, and feeds a multitude of the best and brainiest men of New York every day. It will remain a monument of Astor and of the period of our City's development in which it rushed into the front rank of municipalities.

Looking down Barclay Street we see St. Peter's Church, the first Roman Catholic church in New York. This building was erected in 1836, but the

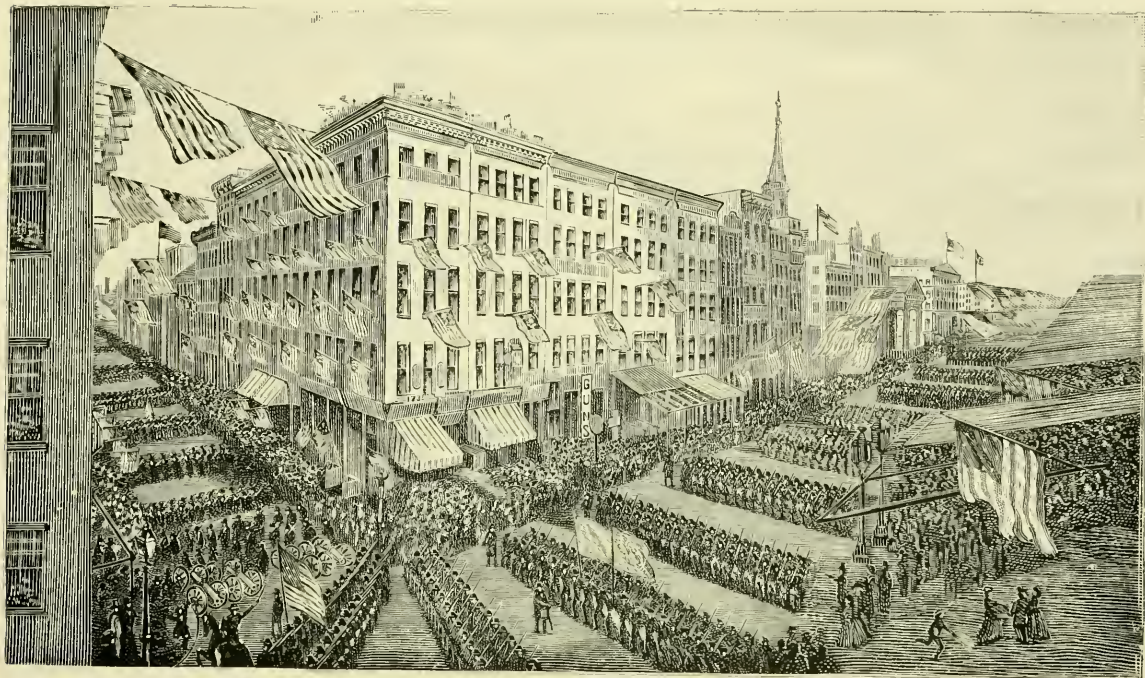
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original building on the same site was built in 1786. Its cornerstone was laid by the Spanish ambassador, and Charles III. contributed to the cost of the edifice. The City Hospital was on the west side of Broadway and faced south, overlooking the negro graveyard in the neighborhood of Chambers Street and the public graveyard below it. The first reg-



City Hospital.

ular night policemen in the City patrolled the neighborhood of this graveyard, for the purpose, as it now appears, of protecting the graves from medical students. It was at this hospital that the famous "Doctors' Riot" had its origin, in the thoughtless act of a student who shook an arm that he was dissecting, at some boys in the street. The simple

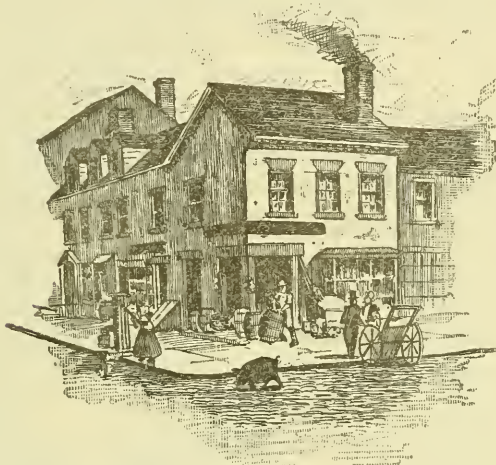


DEPARTURE OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, APRIL 19, 1861.—VIEW OF BROADWAY, CORNER CORTLANDT STREET.

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people of the neighborhood imagined that their friends who were in the hospital for treatment were being cut up by the doctors, and they did their best to tear the detested hospital from its foundations.

While Number 221 Broadway, on the corner of Vesey Street, was occupied in 1802 by Aaron Burr, Vice-President, Edward Livingston, Mayor of the



Corner of Broadway and Murray Street, 1820.

City, lived in John Jacob Astor's house, at Number 223.

One of the famous buildings in this part of Broadway was Washington Hall, which stood on the site of the Stewart building, north of Chambers Street. Chambers Street was run across the negro burying ground. Washington Hall was built as a headquarters for the Federalists and the opponents of old Tammany Hall. There were several clubs and associations which met in the building. Among

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them was the Bread and Cheese Club, of which James Fenimore Cooper, William Cullen Bryant, Fitz-Greene Halleck and Daniel Webster were members. Bread and cheese were used in balloting for candidates, a piece of bread being a vote for admission and a piece of cheese being equivalent to a black-ball. At Washington Hall, on May 4, 1813, the City Corporation gave a banquet to Captain Lawrence, who, in command of the "Hornet," had defeated and sunk the "Peacock" in fourteen minutes. Less than a month afterward he was killed in the battle between the "Chesapeake" and the "Shannon." Aaron Burr's office was on this site. It was on this block that Alexander T. Stewart, the dry goods king, began his business. One of the wooden houses on the block was divided into two stores, each about twelve feet wide, and Mr. Stewart occupied one of those stores. It was his splendid marble building which succeeded Washington Hall.

The life and the achievements of A. T. Stewart, the horrors and the tragedies that followed his death, and the failure of his projects when they passed into other hands, would furnish material for the most "realistic" novelist. When he reached America he was without means, and earned his first money by teaching in a private school on Roosevelt Street, then the center of fashion. While there he inherited from his grandfather ten thousand dollars, and then he married Cornelia Clinch. From that moment Stewart expanded. A friend called his attention to the opportunities in linens and laces, showing him



THE "HORNET" SINKING THE "PEACOCK."

New York, Vol. Two, p. 218.

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how cheaply they could be bought in Ireland and what prices they would bring in New York. He put his money into those fabrics, opened a little shop, and went to work. When he died, his shop had grown so that it filled a whole block, he owned mills in various parts of the country, which were all working for him, and he had agencies in all parts of the world; he owned lots and plots, houses, hotels, churches, theaters, and a city; there seemed to be no limit to his possessions. In the fullness of his greatness and wealth he died. He had not lived like Astor or Vanderbilt; there was no son to take up the work of the father; when his hand fell lifeless, there was none who comprehended the constructions which he had made nor the plans which were under them. Friends there were, but apparently they had been more friendly to Stewart the millionaire than to Stewart the man, and had thought more of his money than his purposes. His wife was bewildered, dazed and undone; her shoulders were not made to carry any of his burdens. As soon as the poor body was committed to the earth, dry-rot began to spread through the enterprises which he had set in motion. The tomb in St. Mark's Churchyard was rifled, and heartless robbers turned the decaying body into filthy money. The great fortune was invaded and the secrets of the man's life were made to do duty in prying out and seizing portions of his wealth. There was no poor man in all the City of New York who was not constrained to pity the poor merchant prince. From

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the time of his death, Blight set her tooth in everything that belonged to him. It would be a dreary work to trace the lines of disintegration through the creations of his genius. To those who received or obtained the most of the fortune came the heaviest burdens of care, anxiety and heart-ache; and over their fair name the curved finger of popular distrust has pointed and continues to point. In time even the great business at Ninth Street failed. This was not unexpected, but the headlines in the newspapers shook a million readers.

Stewart's House Fails at Cast.

TWO MILLIONS IN DEBT.

Forced to the Wall by Importunate Small Money Creditors on a Stringent Money Market.

This is Mr. Stewart's first advertisement, which was published in the "American Advertiser," August 23, 1823:

ALEXANDER T. STEWART.

283 Broadway.

Alexander T. Stewart has opened a store at the above address, in which he will offer at wholesale and retail a well selected stock of Linens, Lawns, Diaper. He hopes to merit patronage by strict attention to business.

From 283 Broadway Mr. Stewart moved to 262 Broadway, then to 257 Broadway, and then back onto the site of the Stewart building, where he enlarged his store until he erected the present structure extending from Chambers to Reade Streets. Stewart's first advertisement was changed in a few days, as follows:

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NEW DRY GOODS STORE.

283 Broadway, opposite Washington Hall.

A. T. Stewart informs his friends and the public that he has taken the above store, where he offers for sale at wholesale and retail a general assortment of fresh and seasonable DRY GOODS, and a choice assortment of Irish Linen, French Cambric, Damasks, Diaper, etc.

N.B.—The above goods have been carefully selected and bought for cash, and will be sold on reasonable terms to those who will please to favor him with their command.

In 1856 he advertised in this way:

GENUINE FURS.

A. T. Stewart & Co. will open on Monday, Sept. 29th, their large and well selected stock of every description of Furs, in the latest styles of Cardinals, Victorines, Muffs, Cuffs, etc., etc., etc.

N.B.—They can recommend these goods to their customers with entire confidence, especial care having been taken to select the best and most natural skins.

Broadway, Chambers and Reade Sts.

We see how humble and simple was the beginning of this important section of Broadway, the development of which has been within the century. The rise of Mr. Stewart's business is an illustration of the tendency of growth. Some of the most powerful and important business enterprises are now conducted in this neighborhood, and some of the most elegant of the new buildings are here.

The remarkable growth of the Home Insurance Company, whose pure white building challenges attention, attracts our interest. It was organized

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in 1860, and has a surplus of about one-fifth of its assets, which run up into the millions. Nothing can be finer than the Postal Telegraph building on Murray Street, adjoining the Home Life Insurance building. Its majestic entrance is thoroughly in keeping with the massive proportions of the building, and is much more satisfactory than the narrow and contracted openings in neighboring buildings, such as the Times building. This company has been in operation, practically, only since 1885, and has so far progressed as to be an active and successful competitor of the Western Union Telegraph Company. These buildings occupy the very ground on which the King's forces and the aroused people struggled for ascendancy a little more than a century ago.

The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association at Duane Street must be noticed. It is the largest mutual association in the world, having more than seventy-five thousand members. It has three hundred million dollars of insurance in force. According to Mr. Haswell, the important industry of selling roasted chestnuts was begun on this corner.

The Chemical Bank, at 270 Broadway, has the distinction of occupying the plainest and smallest building, and having the most valuable stock of any of the banks. The price of its stock varies from \$4,500 to \$5,000, per single share of \$100. Its capital is only \$300,000, but its surplus is more than twenty times that, and its deposits amount to \$25,000,000. It has a living curiosity, Mrs. Hetty Green,

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the richest woman in America, whose affections are largely occupied with the care of her accumulated millions. She is an astonishing sight as she darts in and out of the bank, going behind the scenes, managing the officers and pervading the entire place. With her thoroughly disreputable attire, which she affects for some reason of her own, her lack-luster eyes, her assumed indifference and stupidity, and with her keen, thoroughly disciplined business mind constantly operating and controlling and directing the men about her, she is certainly one of the sights of the City, one of its most interesting and instructive characters, and one of its strangest developments. Her usual dilapidated attire and the irresolute unintelligent facial expression which she carries about with her when on business bent, have often covered her shrewd and relentless dealings with men far superior to her in most parts, who have not suspected her ability until they have felt the strong fingers which clutched them. One or two of our great railroad magnates in this City can testify to the truth of this statement out of their own experiences, though they would have to admit that she only beat them at their own game. How should any man be on his guard against shrewdness and consummate ability, when it comes to him in unattractive and uninteresting features, and clothed in the garments of wretched poverty and personal negligence. We have seen this wonderful woman engaged in important business transactions, attired in a faded, stained, bottle-green dress of the cheapest ma-

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terial, frayed and patched, made in two pieces to economize the cloth, with the seam running horizontally instead of perpendicularly, protected against the cold by newspapers, which showed at her throat and in the gaps between the buttons of her waist, and with such a dissolute hat as defies any *man's* descriptive powers, asking the silliest questions about common matters and giving the impression that she knew just about enough to come in when it rains; but in the passionless face and vacant eyes there were occasional unconscious flashes of the genius that lay behind it all. When she reached home that night her rags were discarded, her face and eyes lighted up in the pleasure of her daughter's company, and she appeared the lady, in a simple but becoming garb. Those who know her, appreciate her ability and power, and even "Joe Choate," upon whom she bestows many choice expressions of disapproval, stays out of the reach of her hands, and of her tongue, which on occasion she can use like a poisoned dart. The Chemical Bank submits pleasantly to her sway, and does not seem to prosper the less because she is its chief exhibit, and its most potent power. Hetty Green is not the only woman who is deeply interested in this great bank, for among its largest shareholders are the Duchess of Marlborough (formerly Miss Pine and later Mrs. Hammersley); the Duchess de Dino (formerly Miss Sampson), and the Comtesse de Trobriand (formerly Miss Jones): American women who have invested in royalty.

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The gray building at the corner of Chambers Street looks quiet and peaceful now, but fifty years ago it was a place of awful interest, on account of the frightful murder of Samuel Adams by his employer, John C. Colt, brother of the celebrated pistol manufacturer. Although this horrid deed of blood happened away back in 1841 it is remembered to this day. The two men quarreled over a question of money. Adams seized Colt by the neck and Colt retaliated with a hammer that was lying near them, and used it so relentlessly that Adams fell dead. When the heat of passion had passed, Colt, who was naturally an amiable man, realized the awful fact that he was a murderer, and the dead body of his victim lay there on the floor. He could not confide in anybody, and at the time of all times when he needed judgment and discretion, reason failed him, and while his heart sunk his brain whirled with excitement. He walked down to the City Hotel with some thought of telling his brother what he had done; but the brother was engaged, and the unfortunate murderer returned without light on his course or relief from his frightful situation. An hour before, life had been without a cloud; now he was akin to Cain. Blood was welling from the wounds; he stanchd it. He resolved to dispose of the body. Finding a box, he packed the corpse in it, covered it with salt, nailed the lid and marked it for New Orleans, shipping it by a vessel which lay at the foot of Maiden Lane. The boat did not sail as advertised, and in two or three

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days a tell-tale odor attracted the attention of the captain, who opened the box and discovered the murder. The box was promptly traced to Colt, who was arrested. The trial was skillfully conducted on both sides and took some ten days. It resulted in a verdict of "Murder in the first degree." Appeals were fruitless, and Colt was sentenced to be hanged. He was faithfully attended by Caroline Henshaw, to whom he was married in the Tombs at noon of the day fixed for execution. The marriage was solemnized by the Rev. Mr. Anthon, and was witnessed by Colt's brother, his counsel David Graham and Robert Emmett, Judge Merritt, the Sheriff, and John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home." This bride of death was allowed to have one hour with her husband and then he was left alone until the time of his execution should arrive. The hour fixed was four o'clock, but just before that time fire broke out in the prison. The excitement was intense. The firemen arrived with their engines and began their work. Even in the presence of the dread element, the sheriff was mindful of the duty that had been imposed upon him, and he started to perform it; but when he entered the cell he found that the hangman had been cheated, for in place of the living bridegroom of twelve o'clock there was a dead body with a knife in its heart. It was suspected by many that the body was not really that of Colt, but that he had escaped, and that a prepared body had been substituted for him. His brother declined a year later to answer the direct

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question whether John C. Colt was yet living. The rooms where Colt committed his crime were used years afterward for one of Delmonico's restaurants. In the years 1871 and 1872, Edward S. Stokes was in the midst of his difficulties with James Fisk, Jr. At the close of a hearing in the Yorkville Police Court, on an accusation by Josephine Mansfield



EDWARD S. STOKES.

against Fisk, Stokes and his counsel, John McKeon and John R. Fellows, *drove to this restaurant* of Delmonico's and ate lunch on the same floor where John C. Colt had killed Samuel Adams. That very afternoon Colonel Fisk drove from his Grand Opera House to the Grand Central Hotel where he met Stokes fresh from his lunch in the fateful restaurant

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and was killed by him. Stokes' trial resulted first in a disagreement, and on a second trial he was convicted of "Murder in the first degree," and sentenced to be hanged. He declared that Jay Gould's money had secured his conviction. An application was made to Judge Noah Davis for a writ of error, and after much deliberation it was granted and the execution of the sentence was stayed. The General Term of the Court denied the new trial, although Judge Davis dissented; but the Court of Appeals overruled the General Term, and the new trial came on before Judge Davis in 1873, after the power of the Tammany ring had been crushed and Fisk's old friends had been scattered. This time the jury convicted Stokes of "Manslaughter in the third degree," and he was sentenced to hard labor in Sing Sing Prison for four years. So this grand old building is connected with tragedies that moved the community most intensely. While Stokes was in prison he made a statement in which he gave these as the words of Fisk with reference to an assault that he (Stokes) had committed upon one Morehead, while Fisk was trying to ruin him (Stokes). It was at the end of an interview which was supposed to have settled their difficulties: "Ed. (said Fisk), this interview saves you from State Prison. I was at the bottom of that difficulty you had with Morehead, and when you assaulted him as you did, I had you, my boy, sure. It made my blood fly to fever-heat. Ed., you don't know what power we hold here in this city. We rule New York to-day as

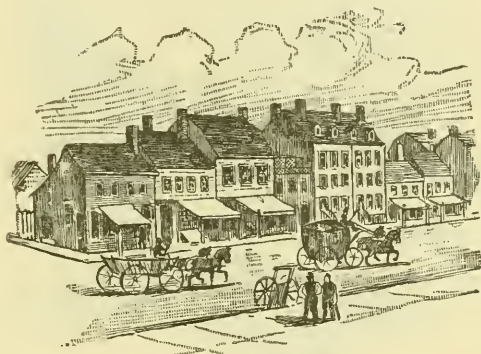


MUTUAL RESERVE FUND BUILDING.

New York, Vol. Two, p. 222.

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absolutely as Robespierre ever ruled France. Our touch is cold and clammy to those who cross our path. When we have the power to drive corporations with millions and millions in terror out of the State, we can easily put up a job to get you in State Prison. I had the indictment already drawn against you for felonious assault with intent to kill, and to-morrow you were to be indicted. Learning that the witnesses to the affray were all poor, that was all I wanted to know; I had them." (This



The East Side of Broadway between Duane and Pearl Streets, 1807.

statement was made at Sing Sing, February 24, 1874, and the conversation was stated to have occurred on October 26, 1870.)

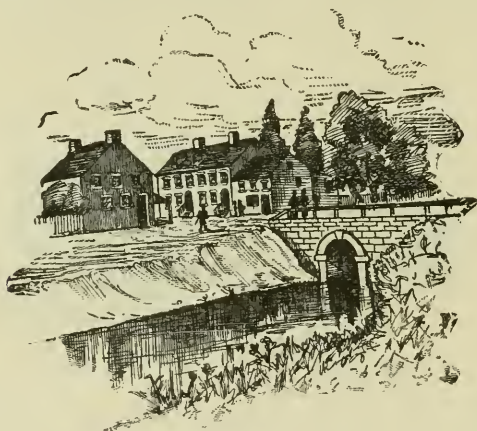
Across Chambers Street is the National Shoe and Leather Bank. It occupies an interesting tower-like building, with the luxury of two massive stone pillars that support nothing except sentiment. This is the site of the pig pens of 1805. Now, instead of pig pens there is a bank, with a capital of one million dollars, and with resources of five and a

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half millions, and deposits of four and a half millions, occupying an eleven story building.

Broadway was not graded above Duane Street until 1797. The Broadway Theater on the east side, between Pearl and Duane Streets, was made famous by the anti-slavery speeches of Wendell Phillips and Gerrit Smith, which were delivered there.

Captain Walter Bicker, in the "Christian Intelligencer," told of his recollections of the old stone bridge

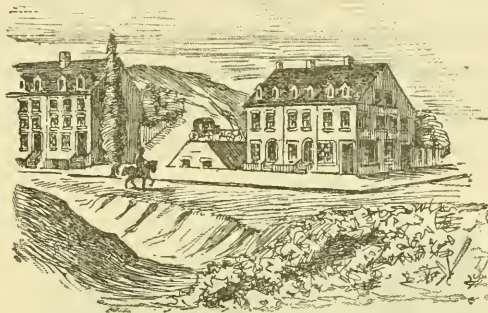


The Stone Bridge, 1800.

at Canal Street and Broadway. He said: "I remember my grandfather's funeral, which must have been in the year 1800. I was then four years old. Other little incidents I remember as occurring at this time, and in 1803 my father's family moved up into Jay Street, corner of Staple Street. At this time the streets in this neighborhood were not paved, hardly graded. This I remember was the case with Jay Street. Soon afterward it was paved with cobble

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stones, the sidewalks were laid with red bricks, and the curb was of oak timbers placed edgewise. About this time, or somewhat later, an attempt was made



West Side of Broadway, Corner of Spring Street, 1830.

to build St. John's Church (which now stands on Varick Street, between Beach and Laight Streets), on the corner of Hudson and Jay Streets. Some of the material for the foundation and cellar walls were put upon the ground, but in digging for the

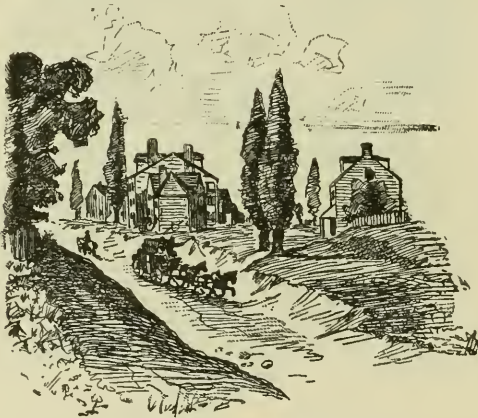


Block on West Side of Broadway, between Prince and Houston Streets, 1833.

foundation the ground was found to be very wet, the place having been a meadow filled in. The project was abandoned and the church edifice erected

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where it now stands. At that time Hudson Street was not opened beyond Laight Street. Leonard Lispenard's house stood very nearly or quite on a line with the direction of the street (in a full opposition to the opening of the street), on an eminence which very properly might be called a hill. Broadway was not paved beyond 'the stone bridge,' which stood where Canal Street now crosses Broadway. This was a famous resort for us schoolboys. It was



Junction of Broadway and Bowery, 1828.

considered 'out of town'; all north beyond as well as the immediate vicinity was country, post and rail fences dividing the land into different sized parcels. This bridge spanned a small stream which conveyed water from the Collect on the east side of Broadway (where now stands the Tombs) to the west side, where was an extensive meadow covering most of the ground from Broadway to the North River and from Lispenard Street to Spring Street. There

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were occasional dry spots in the meadow, but mostly it was an extensive swamp. Across the stone bridge, northward, extended Broadway to as far as Bleecker Street, whence (as I think now), following the course of Bleecker Street, ran a road which connected with Greenwich Lane and thence to Bloomingdale. On the east side of Broadway connection was had by side streets to the Bowery, which thence eastward was called the Boston Post Road. Improve-



Tavern on Broadway and Twenty-Second Street.

ments beyond this are of modern date. Hudson Street, from Duane to Chambers, was not opened till about 1815. The route from my residence on Jay Street downtown was: Jay to Hudson, to Duane, to Chapel, to Chambers, to Broadway—any distance to the Battery. My school was on Nassau Street, between Liberty and Cedar. This was, of course, my daily route. At that time, 1805-6, or thereabout, there stood at the corner of Chambers Street and Broadway, northwest corner, a row of pig pens,

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and they were there for some time. On the park, just inside the Chambers Street line, some fifty feet from Broadway, was the almshouse, or poorhouse, as it was most generally called, afterward the City Museum. Further down, on the Broadway side, between the City Hall and Broadway, stood the Bridewell, and between it and the picket fence, on the Broadway side, stood the public whipping-post, where the public flogging was done according to law."

We may not pursue our journey further up Broadway, for it is time to retrace our steps, and we will return by way of the Commons. Broadway, from the City Hall Park to the Battery, has been the scene of many notable movements, demonstrations and parades. We have already discussed the assemblages of the people on the Commons and their tumultuous movements down Broadway to demand their rights from the old governors. We have remembered the heated gatherings of the patriots when they wrestled with the insolent soldiery. Perhaps the most momentous procession was that in which our brave Continentals unwillingly took to their heels, and were saved to fight another day, after their defeat in the battle of Long Island. Washington was most anxious to hold the City of New York. He appreciated the loyalty of its merchants, who were willing to sacrifice their business, if need be, for the interests of the growing confederation of States. He realized the material importance of the City to the patriot cause, and he stood by it to the last moment that there seemed any

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possibility of controlling it. The disaster at Gowanus did not overthrow him, as was proven by the successful retreat through which he saved the best part of his army. The morning after the defeat found some of his bravest officers and best troops in the lower part of New York, where they were anxiously watching for pursuit by the British, intending to protect the rear of the army, which it was Washington's intention to establish on the high grounds above the City. General Putnam and General Knox were there; General Lamb, the heroic "Liberty Boy," was in command of the artillery; and Hamilton, a mere lad, had charge of one of the batteries. These valiant soldiers supposed they had their faces to the foe, and were in a becomingly defiant mood; but the English general, foreseeing that an important part of the American army would be left in the lower part of the Island, and knowing that they could not defend themselves against a combined attack on land and water by the forces which he could control, resolved to surprise them by secretly moving up the Long Island shore, sending a strong force across the East River, and establishing an impregnable line across the Island, past which they would be unable to force their way. According to his plans the capture of the garrison in the lower City would then be a mere matter of detail. In the early morning, while the Americans were bravely looking southward, a strong force of English troops crossed the river at Kip's Bay, in the neighborhood of 34th

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Street, scattering the Connecticut troops stationed there like chaff before a wind. The present population of that district would gladly annihilate any British army of invasion; but in 1776, General Howe, without any difficulty, secured the Boston Post Road, which he rightly believed would be used for a retreat, and he struck out to cover all other roads. Washington was above this point, and being apprised of the movements of the English, galloped down the Albany Road (Broadway), to do what he could to hurry a retreat of the American forces. He met General Putnam in the neighborhood of Broadway and 43d Street, and he tried to rally his cowardly soldiers there, but in vain. He was pressed so closely by a body of English troops that he was in danger of being captured. On that day he came near losing the self-control which was one of his strongest characteristics. According to reports, his language was not strictly polite. The English commander in good time (and as Providence arranged it, the good time was lunch-time) arrived at the house of Mrs. Murray, on the crest of our fashionable Murray Hill. (The Grand Central Depot is built on a cornfield of the Murray Hill farm.) Mrs. Murray was so charming in her hospitality, and the English general was so sure that his arrangements were sufficient for his purpose, that he lingered with Mrs. Murray and her daughters a full hour. During this time General Knox's troops were struggling up the west side of the Island, being obliged to shun all the established roads, and making their

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way through trails which were known to Aaron Burr, who guided them and saved them, encumbered with panic-stricken women and children. A number died from the heat. In the last of the rearguard, in a position from which he was able to hurl several shots at the enemy, was young Hamilton, whom Burr, on that eventful day, saved from the eclipse of an English prison. The American soldiers got safely by before the English general awoke to the situation, and they checked his plans by whipping his army in a fair fight at Harlem Heights. We say that there was no more momentous movement upon this much traveled thoroughfare—Broadway—than when Washington's veterans proved discretion to be the better part of valor, and were spared to participate in the battle at Harlem.

Processions and celebrations there have been past counting and past telling. Some of them, like the celebration of the opening of the Erie Canal, have been full of achievements and rejoicings; others, like those of departing regiments in 1861 to 1865, have been full of the dreadful uncertainties of war; still others have told the deep grief of the people over the loss of great leaders, such as Lincoln and Grant. There was a remarkable and a blessed contrast between the funeral processions of Lincoln and Grant. The grief of the City when Lincoln's body passed through its streets and laid in state at the City Hall touched the whole world; but there were in that grief deep resentment and fratricidal divisions, which seemed impossible of healing. When

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General Grant's body was borne from Trinity Church up Broadway, on the long march to Riverside, thirty thousand soldiers, drawn from every State in the Union, formed its escort; every governor was there, and the surviving soldiers of the lost cause were among the first to do him honor and to testify to the renewed Union, stronger than ever before, and made so to a large extent by the wisdom, the generosity, and the magnanimity of him whose remains they honored. The nation has been blessed in the settling of the questions that divided the North and the South, and in the closer union, material as well as sentimental, that has become possible, and that has been so largely effected between the different parts of the nation. New York has borne her part in the settlement of all these matters heroically and well; and the record of these events is to be found in her history. General Grant's funeral was regarded all over the land as an indication of the renewed harmony of the nation. The great procession had its counterparts in many other cities. Broadway was filled from end to end with a vast concourse of people, many of whom had come from distant points. The assemblage of spectators in the streets was estimated at a million and a half. The route of the procession was very long, so that the army of the people could be distributed along the line. Every feature of the parade indicated the popular desire to wipe out the bitterness of the memories of the war. The Confederate general, Fitzhugh Lee, with Major Smith of his old staff, were members of the staff

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of General Hancock, who marshaled the parade. The troops of Virginia formed on Broadway, side by side with those of Massachusetts, and the soldiers of Connecticut and Georgia were grouped together. Among the pallbearers were General Sherman, riding with General Johnston, and General Sheridan, with his old adversary, General Buckner. Governor Long of Massachusetts was paired with Randolph Tucker of Virginia, and William M. Evarts with General Wade Hampton of South Carolina. General Gordon of Georgia was close to General Logan. This great procession, in which were the leading men of the nation—the president and vice-president, ex-presidents, senators, congressmen, generals—was of the greatest historic importance. It was the last opportunity for the great leaders of the war for the Union to come together in public. How soon Grant was followed by Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock and Logan! The "Herald," speaking of the procession, said: "The procession yesterday was almost a miracle. Its constituent elements were such that even history must record the event with surprise and wonder. That which made the scene phenomenal was the presence of mourners from all parts of the restored Union, who vied with each other to do honor to that great soldier who lived to see the bitterest enmity change into confidence and friendship. General Grant discovered the American republic. We had dreamed of the grandeur of republicanism before, but he revealed to us its omnipotence. We are grateful to him and proud of

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him, not more for what he did for us than for what, by the inspiration of his genius, he made us do for ourselves. He believed in the people, and after years of bloody war the people believed in themselves. The future, then, is safe, though Grant is dead; but the teacher of a nation will not be forgotten till the nation itself crumbles." The "Times" said: "It is speaking well within bounds to say that the funeral of General Grant was witnessed by one-fiftieth part of the population of the United States. It is also using soberness of speech to say that scarcely one of the participants in the procession, or of the spectators of it, can have failed to be bettered by what he did or saw. The great crowds needed no handling. They had gathered to see the last of the man who by force of character and circumstance had come, more conspicuously than any other, to personify the victory of 'government of the people, by the people, and for the people,' and unconsciously in their own persons they had come to exemplify and to vindicate that government. The occasion was solemnized by the presence of death, yet it was a sober triumph. It was as if the coffin borne aloft held the incarnation of the spirit of the American people, and they were doing homage to their own nationality. And so the curtain falls upon an act in the great drama. The period is put to a memorable chapter in American history that is not less memorable as a stage in the development of mankind. Solemn as is the occasion, it is inspiring also and of great hope."

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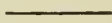
Grant, the Nation's Hero.

From the "Hartford (Conn.) Courant."

"There is in existence a photograph of Gen. Grant which is of pathetic interest at this moment. It was taken during the last winter of the war, while the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac were at City Point. The photograph may have been instantaneous, for there is no appearance of posing for it. Grant appears in the door of his tent, with one arm raised grasping the tent pole. He is in the simplest field uniform, the coat is unbuttoned, and he wears the soft hat with the twisted cord of the service. The face is thin and heavy with care, and the whole figure denotes self-forgetfulness, if not dejection. The utter absence of parade, the entire simplicity of the attitude, the rudeness of the surroundings, would advise no spectator that this was the iron commander of great armies, the man upon whom the hopes of the nation at that moment centered. Upon his skill, coolness, tenacity, unshakable faith, millions reposed implicit trust. It was weary waiting; wealth was wasted in streams, debt was accumulating, foreign powers were threatening, treason was brewing, precious life was poured out like water, and the land was full of mourning. This general, silent, inflexible, stands there at his tent door, apparently unconscious of observation, not so much looking abroad as communing with himself, bearing in every line of face and figure the impress of the heaviest responsibility and of vicarious suffer-

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ing. No note of complaint, no sign of relenting, no consciousness of the show of power, but just at that moment a patient endurance in his own wasted person of the woes of an anxious nation. Upon him, at that instant, rested greater responsibility than upon any other living man; upon him centered hopes, entreaties, prayers, curses, bitter criticism, brutal disparagement. He is in the attitude of bearing it all with the capacity of suffering and of carrying the burdens of others without complaint, which is the mark of greatness. Perhaps if he had failed, perhaps if he had lost his cause and disappointed the hopes set upon him, this picture might to-day have been more utterly pathetic than it is; but remembering what the man had endured, and was still to suffer before the final triumph of the people through him, this simple figure is not wanting in any of the heroic elements that touch the hearts of men."



CHAPTER SIX

THE RISE OF THE PEOPLE: NEW YORK COMMON, THEIR FORUM

Its Heroic History—First Fight for Freedom—Down with the Press-gang—Assemblies of the People—Defiance to the Governor—The People demand the Stamps—They Hang the Governor in Effigy—They beat against the Fort—King Sears—The Stamps surrendered to Mayor Cruger—Great Popular Rejoicing—Wideawake Liberty Boys—Trouble with the Soldiers—Battles around the Liberty-poles—Defense of the Symbol of the People's Rights—Agitation for Independence—Protest against the Truculence of the Legislature—Indignation Meeting—McDougall—The Liberty Boys Deal with Merchant Cooley and Emissary Rogers—New York's Tea Meeting—Battle of Lexington—Committee of Public Safety—Declaration of Independence read to the Army—King George's Statue Demolished—Judge Jones' Amusing Discussion of the Patriots—The old Jail—Cunningham—American Prisoners of War—Atrocities—Rescue of a Spy—Nathan Hale—Present Appearance of the Neighborhood—The City Hall—War of 1812—Celebration of Victories—De Witt Clinton—Erie Canal—Bread Riot—Croton Water—Fernando Wood—Ancient History of the Common—The Bridewell—Tweed Ring—Political Conditions—Reform

TRENCH said: "Oftentimes here, we move up and down in the midst of intellectual and moral marvels with vacant eye, and with careless mind, even as some traveler passes unmoved over fields of fame or through cities of ancient renown—unmoved because utterly unconscious of the great deeds which there have been wrought, of the great hearts which spent themselves there."

Now we stand on *New York Common*. Everybody has heard of Boston Common, but who hears

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of New York Common? Only a few days ago a resolution for the widening of Boylston Street in Boston was defeated by an overwhelming vote, because it would take off a slice of the sacred Common. New York's Common has a longer and a more interesting and thrilling history than Boston's, and it has been as fully distinguished by displays of heroism and patriotism. It has been linked with every phase of our City's life, yet we have neglected it and encumbered it with unsightly buildings, and have shown so little veneration for it that to the great masses of the people it is only City Hall Park of dubious repute; the place where the aldermen meet and the politicians gather, and jobs are given out; the place where the courts grind and where settees are furnished for tramps. To the mayor it is a place of torture from office-seekers, to the job-hunters it is ever a Mecca, to the aldermen it is a forum for torrid eloquence on inconsequential subjects, to the lawyers it is a field for the ground and lofty tumbling of the bar, to the tramps it is a rest for weary feet, to the Irish and Italian children of the neighborhood it is a royal playground, to the street Arabs it is a grand place for selling papers, blacking boots, and pitching pennies, to the sparrows it is a famous bathing place, to armies of wage-earners it is a short cut to the Brooklyn Bridge and the elevated railroads, to country sight-seers it is interesting, for it contains the house that Tweed built, and sometimes pickpockets and bunco-steerers increase the interest;

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to a precious few the governor's room in the City Hall, with its paintings of great New Yorkers and its Washingtonian furniture, is a place of delight. Few if any of these throngs of people know anything of the important events that occurred on this old Common, or of the virtues that have been exemplified upon it. No spot in the colonies was a more important field for the development of the cause of American independence. The people of Massachusetts have never ceased to boast of the work done by her patriots in the cause of freedom, and they are to be honored for the honor that they have never ceased to bestow upon those old heroes, and for the veneration in which the Common and other similar rallying points have always been held. It is much to the shame of thrifty New York that the noble deeds of her Sons of Liberty are not read in the same high roll of fame with those of Boston, and that her historic spots are so generally unappreciated. There is no school-boy in Boston who cannot tell you the history of Boston's Common and of Boston's men of 1776; but where will you find the young people of New York who can talk of McDougall, Sears, Willett, Smith, Livingston, Lamb, Scott and Hamilton; and where will you find the students who can tell of the important events that happened on the Common in that critical period of American life?

The fact that there was a large proportion of Tories and Loyalists in New York, and that the English, relying upon these elements, labored inces-

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santly to keep New York out of the confederation of colonies, made the work of the uncompromising and indefatigable Liberty Boys specially arduous and praiseworthy. There are indications of a revival of interest in the affairs of our City and in her honor and renown; and a new interest in the heroic and romantic side of New York life is beginning to be manifested. When our good people take a pride in the history and in the advancement of their own City, then will come the doom of rings and of corruption in public life. We have noticed that as long ago as the time of Zenger's trial, in 1735, the agitation for popular rights had begun to take shape and the Sons of Liberty had been organized. There was an irreconcilable conflict between the policy of the English government in dealing with the people of the colonies and the spirit of freedom that was rapidly growing in America. The old habit of loyalty to the king retarded the manifestations of the conflict, and even in the hour of war caused many who earnestly desired better protection for the rights of the people to refrain from joining the patriots; but, on the other hand, there were many ardent spirits who chafed under broken promises of reforms and improvements, until they snapped the bond of loyalty to the established government and thought of nothing else than the independence of the colonies. The radicals and the conservatives were well represented in New York, and the strife between them was often severe and serious. The conservatives did not lose hope that the king

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and parliament would grant relief, and that a right-minded governor would soon appear, until the war-like course of the extremists brought matters to the crisis in which England's hand was plainly shown, and the glove was dropped off, revealing the iron fingers and the steel sinews.

Long before the Declaration of Independence, the indignant people of New York met in the *Fields* (as the Common was sometimes called), to protest against the tyranny of British officials. One of the first significant gatherings occurred in 1764. Four fishermen who had brought fish to the City markets were taken from their vessels by British naval officers and impressed as seamen. The day following the impressment the captain of the vessel on which the fishermen had been taken came ashore in his barge, and a great crowd of the people suddenly seized the boat at the foot of Wall Street, hauled it ashore, and dragged it through the streets to the middle of the Fields, where they burned it. The English captain, much alarmed, wrote an order for the release of the fishermen, and no harm was done him. The burning of the boat was in full view of the British soldiers in the barracks on the north line of the Fields. The assemblage of this company of men was so sudden—they were so well organized, they did their work so quickly, and dispersed so promptly—that it is believed that they were an organized body. It is significant of the spirit that prevailed among the people in New York that such an organization existed so long prior to

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the Revolution. In the next year occurred the great popular meetings on the Common to protest against the Stamp Act. We have already noticed the promptness with which the people of New York protested against taxation without representation, and that when the stamps arrived at the Fort, and were in Lieutenant-governor Colden's possession there, the people rose *en masse*, defied the soldiers, beat against the doors of the *Fort*, and did not desist from their preparations to attack it until the governor surrendered the stamps to the mayor. The Common was the place where the Sons of Liberty gathered the people and stirred them to action. Isaac Sears was the great leader in this important movement. The indignation of the people in this meeting was not confined to ordinary demonstrations, for they went so far as to hang the governor in effigy on a gallows which was erected somewhere in the Common. While the excitement of the people on the Common was at its height, and their temper was plainly shown by their treatment of the effigy, and while crowds of them were besieging the gates of the Fort, regardless of the evident preparation by the soldiers for their destruction, the mayor and other officials of the City were in anxious consultation at the City Hall on Broad Street. Their duty to maintain order among the people was perfectly clear, and their inability to do it was equally manifest, unless they could secure concessions from the governor, which seemed unlikely. Messengers passed back and forth, between the mayor represent-

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ing the People, and the governor representing the King. Finally Colden offered to put the stamps on a war vessel which was lying in the river, and to leave the ultimate determination concerning their use to the new governor, Sir Henry Moore, who was soon to arrive. The governor and the mayor would surely have come to some compromise but for the third factor, the tumultuous convention on the Common. Sears was not a governor nor a mayor, but he fairly earned the title which was generally given him of King Sears. When the governor's offer was made known to the multitude on the Common, Sears quickly saw that he could force an absolute victory for the people, and that, on the other hand, if a compromise was accepted, the people would lose their opportunity for a great advantage. He shouted to the gathering: "We will have the stamps within four-and-twenty hours!" and then turning to the messengers from the mayor, who were trying to show the advantage of accepting Colden's proposition, he said to them: "Your best way is to advise the governor to send the stamps to the inhabitants!" So the matter stood on the night of November 2, 1765. Sears and his fellows did not allow the people to grow cold, but they posted notices all over the City, urging them to be resolute, and fixing the fifth of November as the time when they would be led to attack the Fort, and requesting that on that day every man repair to the Fields armed and ready for battle. Colden had no doubt that an attack would be made,

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and the soldiers made every preparation for its repulse. Then the good judgment of the mayor showed itself. He proposed that the stamps be delivered to him. It was evident to the governor and to General Gage, the commander of the royal forces, that insurrection and civil war were imminent, and they realized that they had no adequate force to meet such a crisis. They accepted the mayor's proposition, and so gave to the people all the advantage of a victory. No doubt Sears was disappointed in not having had the opportunity of leading the people to an absolute annihilation of the king's forces. The new governor, Sir Henry Moore, used great discretion and conciliated the people, going so far as to remove the guns from the walls of the Fort and to throw open its gates; but while the people, generally, received these evidences of pacific intentions with great demonstrations of approval, the Sons of Liberty were not convinced of the good faith of England's representatives, and did not relax their watchfulness. They believed that stamps would be smuggled into the City and would be forced upon the people. On various occasions they searched suspected vessels, and they actually found ten large packages of the stamps coming into the City on a brig. They seized the stamps and burned them (near Catharine Market). In 1766 the Sons of Liberty voiced the determination of the people, saying: "If England does not repeal the Stamp Act we will repeal it ourselves." Then came the great debates in Parliament, when Burke

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and Pitt and Barre defended the colonies in their resistance to unjust taxation, and the Stamp Act was repealed. The citizens had gathered again and again on the Common during the period between the defiance to Governor Colden in November, 1765, and the repeal on March 18, 1766. The news did not reach New York until May 20, and then the people gave themselves up to unrestrained joy. Only the Sons of Liberty distrusted the government and still saw the iron hand. They had held New York well in the front among the colonies, and had surprised England by demonstrating that even in the commercial City, where war would injure and perhaps destroy the foundations of prosperity, the people would nevertheless insist upon the rights which the colonies demanded; and while they remained quiet for a time, their vigilance was never relaxed. A great meeting was held on the fourth of June, to give expression to the happiness that prevailed in the City. The committee of arrangements provided not only speakers and artillery, but refreshments in bulk and of strength proportioned to the occasion. There was a roasted ox, a hogshead of rum, and twenty-five barrels of ale, which were dispensed freely as long as they lasted. People rejoiced with body, soul and spirit in those days. Pain's modern spectacles were outdone by suspending twenty-five barrels of tar from an iron pole and letting them blaze. The tar burned, the rum flowed, the cannon thundered, the band played, and the people shouted; and the burden of their shouts was, "God

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save the King!" Why not have a celebration of this great occasion, reproducing the details on an enlarged scale? The whole "East Side" would be there, and could be counted on to give a realistic representation of the ardor of 1766.

The hearts of the people were still loyal to their mother country and to the authority which they had been trained to respect. The statue of Pitt, erected at Wall and William Streets, and of King George, erected in the Bowling Green, testified to the popular feeling of satisfaction. (King George's statue was afterward pulled down by the patriots and melted into bullets, and Pitt's statue was mutilated by the British soldiers when they occupied New York during the Revolution; so honors were even. A portion of the Pitt statue is in the rooms of the New York Historical Society.) In the jubilation of the people over the repeal of the Stamp Act they overlooked the enactment of the Mutiny Act, which in effect quartered the English army in America upon the people of the colonies, and compelled them to provide for its support. The burden fell most heavily upon New York, because the headquarters of the army was here. The first action of the people concerning this vexatious burden naturally came in the Assembly of New York, in which the Supply Bill originated. The Assembly did not refuse to grant subsistence, but limited it, and did so in such a way as displeased the governor and the king. Delancey finally caused the Assembly to modify its action, and apparently the difficulty was

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arranged. The Liberty Boys, however, were wide awake, and they did not permit such a craven and dangerous compromise to become effectual. This was the most critical period in our national development. It was fraught with danger to the cause of freedom, which the organization had championed, and its leaders had the rare judgment and ability to appeal to the common people, and to teach them a passionate love of Liberty, that would not brook the temporizing spirit of those whose business interests made them timid. The influence of the watchful Sons of Liberty prevented backward movements, and kept the public mind up to the high mark which they had set. In our view it is quite possible that, except for the heroic attitude of these keen and unyielding men, New York might have lagged in the rear of the liberty-demanding colonies. The Common was the forum which the Liberty Boys seized and consecrated to their cause. They made their headquarters at Montagne's (Number 252 Broadway), and later at Hampden Hall (St. Paul building), and they erected their Liberty-pole upon the Common, where all might see it. Necessarily a feeling of great hostility sprang up between the soldiers who were compelled to live on the people and the people who were compelled to support the soldiers. It was this hostile feeling which led to the fights over the Liberty-poles. The soldiers were insolent and abusive, and could not endure the gatherings of the people to rejoice over the repeal of the Stamp Act, and to consult together over the

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cause of freedom. The Common was the usual place of meeting for the people, and the English barracks, which were on the north side of the Common, were in plain sight of all of these gatherings. Montagne's tavern, on Broadway opposite the Common, was always filled and surrounded by ardent Sons of Liberty, whether there was a meeting or not. The battle of Golden Hill, which we have noted, had its origin in the warlike conditions that prevailed in the neighborhood of the Common. Sears and his associates having their headquarters at Montagne's, and the troopers being where Chambers Street is, we can imagine what contemptuous looks and epithets and what fist-shakings were indulged in across the intervening space. There must have been a scene of wild confusion on that day when the soldiers went for the Liberty-pole with saws and gunpowder, and drove Sears and his friends into the tavern at the point of the bayonet, while they cut the pole to pieces, and blasted it out of its iron bands. While the Liberty Boys and those whom they gathered defended their emblem, interposing their own breasts between it and the armed soldiers of the tyrannous government, the eyes of the people were riveted upon the conflict between the representatives of the king and the defenders of the people's rights, and their hearts grew hot with indignation, and the spirit of freedom was incarnated in them. The far-famed Boston Massacre (an opprobrious and extravagant term, according to Irving) had its origin in a street brawl between

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arrogant soldiers and individuals who resented their insolence; but the battles around the Liberty-poles on the Common in New York occurred long before the massacre in Boston. The battle of Golden Hill, which was fought to preserve the emblem of freedom (the forerunner of our Stars and Stripes) from insult and destruction by the soldiers of the king, occurred two months before the tumult in Boston's Streets. Those Americans who died in the battle of Golden Hill, two months before the Boston massacre, died in defense of the Flag then, dimly foreshadowed in the pole with its legend, "LIBERTY AND PROPERTY."

It was to the Common that the Sons of Liberty delighted to call the people, there to lead them in mighty protests against tyrannical government; and from the Common they sallied forth to spread their doctrines and to strike blows for Freedom. As one has said: "No other town in all the American colonies had so much to lose by a rupture with the Mother Country, and, except Boston only, no other entered into that contest with so much avidity and determination." And New York did suffer greatly by the war, for she lost more than one half her population, one quarter of her buildings were burned, her public buildings and churches were desecrated and injured, and her commerce was entirely destroyed. During the entire war the City was occupied by the enemy, and was a military camp and prison, and not one substantial house was erected.

The Common, the chosen field of the Liberty

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Boys, was the center of power. We do not question the steady, strong and enduring work of the great mass of patriotic citizens, performed with fidelity and consecration in the days of actual war; but it does seem that the credit for fanning the flame, keeping it alive, and bringing the question to a crisis, belongs to these men, who more closely represented the artisans, the tradesmen and the common people than they did the wealth and the "society" of New York. It was Sears himself who precipitated the battle of Golden Hill by seizing a soldier who was posting contemptuous handbills against the people and the City authorities just after the demolition of the Liberty-pole in January, 1770. (The last known survivor of the battle of Golden Hill, according to Valentine, was Michael Smith, who disarmed one of the soldiers and carried his gun through the whole of the Revolutionary War. He died in 1847, the last of the New York Liberty Boys.) When Delancey won the Assembly over to the governor, so that it yielded to his desires in providing support for the English soldiers in New York under the Mutiny Act, a call was issued, signed "A Son of Liberty," requiring the people to meet on the Common on December 17th. The announcements for these gatherings were posted generally in this unique way: A box was made with a slide in the back. A small boy, a pail of paste, and a lot of circulars were put into the box. A man walked around with this box, resting at intervals, and placing the back of the box carefully, if

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carelessly, against fences and walls. A judicious combination of boy, slide, paste and circular did the rest. We furnish a copy of the call for the meeting.

“To the Betrayed Inhabitants of the City and Colony
of New York.

“*My Dear Fellow Citizens and Countrymen—*
In a Day when the Minions of Tyranny and Despotism in the mother Country, and the Colonies, are indefatigable in laying every Snare that their malevolent and corrupt Hearts can suggest, to enslave a free People; when this unfortunate Country has been striving under many Disadvantages for three Years past, to preserve their Freedom; which to an Englishman is as dear as his life,—when the Merchants of this City and the Capital Towns on the Continent, have nobly and cheerfully sacrificed their private Interests to the publick Good, rather than to promote the Designs of the Enemies of our happy Constitution; it might justly be expected that in this day of Constitutional Light, the Representatives of this Colony, would not be so hardy, nor be so lost to all Sense of Duty to their Constituents, (especially after the laudable Example of the Colonies of Massachusetts Bay and South Carolina, before them) as to betray the Trust committed to them. This they have done, in passing the Vote to give the Troops a Thousand Pounds, out of any Monies that may be in the Treasury, and another Thousand out of the Money that may be issued, to

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be put out on Loan, which the Colony will be obliged to make good; whether the Bill for that Purpose does or does not obtain the Royal Assent. And that they have betrayed the Liberties of the People, will appear from the following Consideration, to wit: That the Ministry are waiting to see, whether the Colonies, under their distressed Circumstances, will divide on any of the grand Points, which they are united in, and contending for, with the Mother Country; by which they may carry their Designs against the Colonies, and keep in the Administration. For if this should not take Place, the Acts must be repealed; which will be a Reflection on their Conduct, and will bring the Reproach and Clamour of the Nation on them for the Loss of Trade to the Empire, which their Malconduct has occasioned.

“Our granting Money to the Troops, it is implicitly acknowledging the Authority that enacted the Revenue Acts, and their being obligatory on us. As these Acts were enacted for the express Purpose of taking Money out of our Pockets, without our Consent; and to provide for the Defending and Support of Government in America; which Revenue we say by our Grant of Money, is not sufficient for the Purpose aforesaid; therefore we supply the Deficiency.

“This was the Point of View in which these Acts were considered by the Massachusetts and South Carolina Assemblies, and to prevent that dangerous Construction, refuted it. On this important

Point we have differed with these spirited Colonies, and do implicitly approve of all the tyrannical conduct of the Ministry to the Bostonians, and by Implication censure their laudable and patriotic Denial. For if they did right (which every sensible American thinks they did) in refusing to pay the Billeting Money, surely we have done wrong, very wrong, in giving it. But our Assembly says, they do their Duty, in granting the Money to the Troops; Consequently the Massachusetts Assembly did not do theirs, in not obeying the Ministerial Mandate. If this is not a division in this grand Point, I know not what is: and I doubt not but the Ministry will let us know it to our cost; for it will furnish them with arguments and fresh Courage. Is this a grateful Retaliation to that brave and sensible People, for the spirited and early Notice they took of the Suspending Act? No, it is base Ingratitude, and betraying the Common Cause of Liberty.

“To what other Influence than the deserting the American Cause, can the Ministry attribute so pusillanimous a Conduct, as this of the Assembly? so repugnant and subversive of all the means we have used, and opposition that has been made by this and the other Colonies, to the tyrannical Conduct of the British Parliament! To no other. Can there be a more ridiculous Farce to impose on the People, than for the Assembly to vote their Thanks to be given to the Merchants for entering into an Agreement not to import Goods from Britain, until the Revenue Acts should be repealed, while they at

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the same Time counteract it by countenancing British Acts, and complying with Ministerial Requisitions, incompatible with our Freedom? Surely there cannot.

“And what makes the Assembly’s granting this Money the more grievous is, that it goes to the Support of Troops kept here, not to protect, but to enslave us. Has not the truth of this Remark been lately exemplified in the audacious, domineering and inhuman Maj. Pullaine, who ordered a Guard to protect a sordid Miscreant, that transgressed the laudable Non-importation Agreement of the Merchants, in order to break that, which is the only means left them, under God, to baffle the Designs of their Enemies, to enslave this Continent. This Consideration alone ought to be sufficient to induce a free People, not to grant the Troops any Supply whatsoever, if we had no dispute with the Mother Country, that made it necessary not to concede anything that might destroy our Freedom; Reasons of Economy and good Policy suggest, that we ought not to grant the Troops Money.

“Whoever is the least acquainted with the English History, must know, that Grants frequently made to the Crown, is not to be refused, but with some Degree of Danger of disturbing the Repose of the Kingdom or Colony. This evinces the Expediency of our stopping these Grants now, while we are embroiled with the Mother Country; that so we may not, after the Grand Controversy is settled, have a new Bone of Contention about the Billet-

ting Money; which must be the Case if we do not put an End to it at this time: for the Colony, in its impoverished state, cannot support a charge which amounts to near as much per Annum, as all the other expenses of the Government besides.

“Hence it follows, that the Assembly have not been attentive to the Liberties of the Continent; nor to the Property of the good People of this Colony, in particular. We must therefore attribute this Sacrifice of the public Interest to some corrupt Source. This is very manifest in the Guilt and Confusion that covered the Faces of the perfidious Abettors of this Measure, when the House was in Debate on the Subject. Mr. Colden knows, from the Nature of Things, that he cannot have the least Prospect to be in Administration again; and therefore, that he may make Hay while the Sun shines, and get a full Salary from the Assembly, flatters the ignorant Members of it, with the Consideration of the Success of a Bill, to emit a Paper Currency, when he and his artful Coadjutors must know, that it is only a Snare to impose on the Simple; for it will obtain the Royal Assent. But while he is solicitous to obtain his Salary, he must attend to his Posterity. And as some of his Children hold Offices under the Government, if he did not procure an Obedience to its Requisitions, or do his Duty, in Case the Assembly refused the Billetting Money, by dissolving them, his Children might be in danger of losing their Offices. If he dissolved the Assembly, they would not give him his Salary.

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“The Delancy Family Knowing the Ascendency they have in the present House of Assembly, and how useful that Influence will be to their Ambitious Designs, to manage a new Governor, have left no Stone unturned to prevent a Dissolution. The Assembly, conscious to themselves, of having trampled on the Liberties of the People, and fearing their just Resentments on such an Event, are equally careful to preserve their Seats, expecting that if they can do it at this critical Juncture, as it is imagined the grand Controversy will be settled this Winter, they will serve for Seven Years; in which Time they hope the People will forget the present injuries done to them. To secure these several Objects, the Delancy Family, like true Politicians, altho’ they were, to all Appearance, at mortal Odds with Mr. Colden, and represented him in all Companies, as an Enemy to his Country; yet a Coalition is now formed, in order to secure to them the Sovereign Lordship of this Colony: The Effect of which, has given Birth to the Abominable Vote, by which the Liberties of the People are betrayed. In short, they have brought Matters to such a Pass, that all the Checks resulting from the Form of our happy Constitution, are destroyed. The Assembly might as well invite the Council, to save the Trouble of Formalities, to take their Seats in the House of Assembly, and place the Lieutenant Governor in the Speaker’s Chair, and then there would be no Waste of time in going from House to House, and his Honor would have the

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Pleasure to see how zealous his former Enemies are in promoting his Interests to serve themselves. Is this a State to be rested in, where our all is at Stake? No, my Countrymen, Rouse! imitate the noble Example of the Friends of Liberty in England, who rather than be enslaved, contend for their Right with the King, Lords and Commons. And will you suffer your Liberties to be torn from you by your own Representatives? Tell it not in Boston; publish it not in the Streets of Charlestown! You have Means yet left to preserve a Unanimity with the brave Bostonians and Carolinians; and to prevent the Accomplishment of the Designs of Tyrants. The House was so nearly divided on the Subject of granting the Money in the Way the Vote passed, that one would have prevented it; you have therefore a respectable Minority. What I would advise to be done, is, to assemble in the Fields, on Monday next, where your Sense ought to be taken on this important Point; notwithstanding the impudence of Mr. Jauncey, in declaring in the House, that he had consulted his Constituents, and that they were for giving Money. After this is done, go in a Body to your Members, and insist on their joining with the Minority to oppose the Bill; if they dare refuse your just Requisition, appoint a Committee to draw up a State of the whole Matter, and send it to the Speakers of the several Houses of Assembly on the Continent, and to the Friends of our Cause in England, and publish it in the News Papers, that the whole World may

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know your Sentiments on this Matter in the only Way your Circumstances will admit. And I am confident it will spirit the Friends of our Cause, and chagrin our Enemies. Let the Notification to call the People, be so expressed, that whoever absents himself will be considered as agreeing to what may be done by such as shall meet.—And that you may succeed, is the unfeigned Desire of,

“A SON OF LIBERTY.”

“*New York*, Dec. 16, 1769.”

General Lamb presided over the meeting, which adopted resolutions condemnatory of the Legislature's act, and appointed a committee to convey the sense of the meeting to the City officers. The call for this meeting was followed by another circular which condemned the Assembly, and which stirred that body to the action of declaring it libelous, and of offering a reward for the detection of its writer. General Lamb, who presided at the meeting, was cited to explain his conduct, and to answer for contempt of the Legislature; and he promptly appeared before it and insisted upon his right to meet with his fellow-citizens and to speak his convictions. General Lamb was not allowed to bear the burden of this attack alone, for those who had called the meeting promptly addressed the Assembly, declaring themselves “in the same predicament” with General Lamb. The names signed to this communication were Isaac Sears, Casper Wistar, Alexander McDougall, Jacobus Van Zandt, Samuel Broome, Jr.,

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Erasmus Williams, James Van Vaurk. The House failed to convict General Lamb of contempt. The supplemental handbill which stirred up this action was sharp and to the point. "*To the Public.*—The spirit of the times renders it necessary for the inhabitants of this City to convene, in order effectually to avert the destructive consequences of the late *Base Inglorious* conduct of our General Assembly, who have, in opposition to the loud and general voice of their constituents, the dictates of sound policy, the ties of gratitude, and the glorious struggle we have engaged in for our invaluable birthrights, dared to vote supplies to the troops without the least shadow of a pretext for their pernicious grant.—The most eligible place will be in the Fields near Mr. De La Montagne's; and the time, between 10 and 11 o'clock this morning, where we doubt not every friend to his country will attend." The English governor and his associates determined to secure the composer of these documents and to make an example of him, and they did some fine detective work, which resulted in the arrest of one James Parker, who, it was believed, could tell the author's name. They put such pressure upon him that he finally gave the name of Alexander McDougall, who was immediately arrested, charged with the libel, and committed to the new jail (the Register's office). He refused to give bail, and gloried in his position as a martyr to the cause. The Assembly, quick to act, decided that he had committed a libel upon it; and their

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discussion being entered upon the forty-fifth page of their record, the words "Forty-five" were seized upon as a watchword by the Sons of Liberty. McDougall's friends fairly besieged the jail, and almost drove him wild with their overpowering streams of sympathy. Holt's New York "Journal" gave this account of one of the visits: "Yesterday, the forty-fifth day of the year, forty-five gentlemen, real enemies to internal taxation, by, or in obedience to external authority, and cordial friends to Captain McDougall, and the glorious cause of American Liberty, went in decent procession to the New Gaol; and dined with him on forty-five pounds of beef stakes, cut from a bullock of forty-five months old, and with a number of other friends, who joined them in the afternoon, drank a variety of toasts, expressive not only of the most undissembled loyalty, but of the warmest attachment to Liberty, its renowned advocates in Great Britain and America, and the freedom of the press. Before the evening the company, who conducted themselves with great decency, separated in the most cordial manner, but not without the firmest resolution to continue united in the glorious cause." (Holt, the publisher of the "Journal," was a worthy successor of Zenger, the apostle of free-speech, and his tomb in St. Paul's Churchyard reminds us of the heroic position which he occupied in these troublous days.) Ultimately the proceedings of the Assembly were allowed to fall, and were replaced by an indictment of the grand jury, to which McDougall pleaded not guilty, and was

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then released on bail. He was never tried. These men vindicated the right of the people to gather in mass meeting, and to condemn their representatives in the Legislature when they betrayed their trust. How much some of us, citizens of New York City, owe to these spirited "Sons of Liberty" can hardly be known. From the black looks, the fiery invectives, and the Legislative spite that some of us have at times endured with tears and smiles, we can well believe that Lamb and McDougall have saved us from a second edition of the "Inquisition."

Prior to these occurrences, the Sons of Liberty had put vital force into the Non-importation Agreement which had been signed by the merchants in the Burns Coffee House. It was loyally supported by the merchants generally, but there were some who violated it, and the Sons of Liberty looked out for them. They secured evidence that one, Simeon Cooley, had willfully violated this important contract, and with great wisdom they called a meeting of the people on the Common, and invited Cooley to appear and answer for his conduct to the meeting. Cooley was frightened, and sent as an excuse a message, that, "He did not think it consistent with his personal safety to meet them there, and he invited them to talk from his parlor window." The multitude started at once to oblige him, but he fled to the Fort, seeking and obtaining the protection of its stout walls and its garrison of red-coats. This settled his guilt with the people, who sealed their condemnation of him when a squad of

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soldiers under Major Pullain appeared to guard his house and to vilify the people. Finally, Cooley broke down and met a committee at the Merchants' Coffee House, who insisted that he must appear before the people themselves, whereupon he followed the committee to the Common, and, according to Holt's "Journal" and Gaines' "Gazette," he "Publicly acknowledged his crimes, implored the pardon of his fellow-citizens, engaged to store an equivalent to the goods he had sold, together with all those he had in possession that were imported contrary to agreement, and so to conduct himself for the future as not to render himself obnoxious to the contempt and just resentment of an injured people." After the destruction of the Liberty-pole in January, 1770, the Liberty Boys applied to the Common Council for permission to erect another one, which for some reason was refused, and then the patriots bought the piece of ground close to the old spot, on which they planted their fifth pole with the motto on it, "Liberty and Property."

"To the Sons of Liberty in this City.

"GENTLEMEN—It's well known that it has been the Custom of all nations to erect monuments to perpetuate the Remembrance of grand Events. Experience has proved that they have had a good Effect on the Posterity of those who Raised them, especially such as were made sacred to Liberty. Influenced by these Considerations, a number of the Friends to Liberty in this City erected a Pole in

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the Fields, on Ground belonging to the Corporation, as a temporary memorial of the unanimous Opposition to the detestable Stamp-Act; which, having been destroyed by some disaffected Persons, a Number of the Inhabitants determined to erect another, made several Applications to the Mayor, as the principal Member of the Corporation, for Leave to erect the new Pole in the place where the old one stood.

“The Committee that waited on him the last Time, disposed to remove every Objection, apprehensive that some of the Corporation might be opposed to the Erection of the Pole, from a supposition that those Citizens who were for its being raised, were actuated solely by a Party Spirit, offered, when the Pole was finished to make it a Present to the Corporation, provided they would order it to be erected either where the other stood, or near Mr. Van Bergh’s, where the two Roads meet. But even this, astonishing as it may seem to Englishmen, was rejected by the Majority of the Corporation, and the other Requisitions denied. We question whether this Conduct can be paralleled by any Act of any Corporation in the British Dominions, Chosen by the Suffrages of Free People.

“And now, Gentlemen, seeing we are debarred the Privilege of public Ground to erect the Pole on, we have purchased a place for it near where the other stood, which is full as public as any of the Corporation Ground. Your Attendance and Countenance are desired at nine o’clock on Tues-

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day morning, the 6th instant, at Mr. Crommelin's Wharf, in order to carry it up to be raised.

“BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE.

“*New York*, February 3, 1770.”

About this time the Liberty Boys took offense at Montagne, whose instinct of gain prevented him from refusing accommodation to parties that were desirous of fostering the spirit of compromise. There was no compromise at all in these Liberty Boys, and so they bought Bicker's Tavern, on the site of the new St. Paul building, which spot was their headquarters until the English seized New York.

“To all the Sons of Liberty.

“Whereas Mr. Abraham De La Montaigne was applied to for his House, that the Sons of Liberty in general might there commemorate the Anniversary of the Repeal of the Stamp Act on the 19th Day of March next, But it appearing that his House was engaged for a certain set of Gentlemen, according to his Advertisement in the publick News Papers. A number of the Sons of Liberty in this City were under the Necessity of purchasing a proper House for the Accommodation of all the Lovers of freedom on that Day, and for their Use on future Occasions, in the Promotion of the Common Cause.

“This is therefore to give Notice, that the House so purchased, is the Corner House in the Broad Way, near Liberty-Pole, lately kept by Mr. Edward Smith: And all Sons of Liberty, without Discrimination, who choose to commemorate that Glorious

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Day, are requested to attend at the said House on the Nineteenth Day of March next, for the Purpose aforesaid. Dinner will be served up at two of the Clock, and the Bill called precisely at Six.

“N.B.—The Nineteenth Day of March is fixed upon, as the Eighteenth, being the Anniversary Day of the Repeal, happens on the Sabbath.

“The Sons of Liberty are desired to meet on Tuesday Evening, the 20th instant, at the House near Liberty-Pole, formerly in the Occupation of Edward Smith.”

The frequenters of Hampden Hall, as it was christened, were led by three famous men, William Livingston, William Smith and John Morin Scott (whose tomb is covered by a flat stone just north of Trinity Church facing Broadway). From this time on, the soldiers of the 16th Regiment watched for an opportunity to capture the Liberty-pole, and the Sons of Liberty as zealously watched the pole to defend it. As has been well said: “It was not only the emblem of the rights of the people upon the public Common of the City, but it was on a portion of that Common which had become their own private property”; and these brave men guarded that sacred emblem against double their number of armed and infuriated soldiers, in the very presence of a hostile and tyrannous governor. The redoubtable soldiers of the 16th Regiment, stationed in the barracks north of the Common, who vindicated the authority of the king and the parlia-

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ment by chopping down Liberty-poles, and clubbing and bayoneting their defenders, got up counter-circulars which caused no end of trouble. They made some remarkable references to the Common, in the sample now given.

“God and a Soldier, all Men most adore,
In Time of Wars and not before;
When the War is over, and all things righted,
God is forgotten, and the Soldier slighted.

“WHEREAS, an uncommon and riotous disturbance prevails throughout this city, by some of its inhabitants, who stile themselves the S--s of L-----y, but rather may more properly be called real enemies to society: and whereas the army, now quartered in New York, are represented in a heinous light, to their officers and others, for having propagated a disturbance in this city, by attempting to destroy their Liberty Pole, in the Fields; which being now completed, without the assistance of the army, we have reason to laugh at them, and beg the public only to observe, how chagrined these pretended S--- of L----- look as they pass thro' the streets; especially as these great heroes thought their freedom depended in a piece of wood, and who may well be compared to Esau, who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. And altho' those shining S--- of L----- have boasted of their freedom, surely they have no right to throw an aspersion upon the army, since it is out of the power of military discipline, to deprive them of their freedom: However, notwithstanding we are proud to

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see those elevated genius's reduced to the low degree of having their place of general rendezvous, made a (gallows Green,) a vulgar phrase for a common place of execution for murderers, robbers, traitors, and r-----s, to the latter of which we may compare those famous L----- B--s [Liberty Boys], who have nothing to boast of but the flippancy of tongue, altho' in defiance of the laws and good government of our most gracious Sovereign, they openly and r-----y [riotously] assembled in multitudes, to stir up the minds of his Majesty's good subjects to sedition; they have in their late seditious libel, signed BRUTUS, expressed the most villainous falsehoods against the soldiers. But as ungrateful as they are counted, it is well known since their arrival in New York, they have watched night and day, for the safety and protection of the city and its inhabitants;—who have suffered the rays of the scorching sun in summer, and the severe colds of freezing snowy nights, in winter, which must be the case and fifty times worse, had there been a war, which we sincerely pray for, in hopes those S--s of L----- [Sons of Liberty] may feel the effects of it, with famine and destruction pouring on their heads. 'Tis well known by the officers of the 16th Regiment, as well as by several others, that the soldiers of the sixteenth, always gained the esteem and good will of the inhabitants, in whatever quarter they lay, and were never counted neither insolent or ungrateful, except in this city. And likewise the Royal Regiment of

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Artillery, who always behaved with gratitude and respect to every one. But the means of making your famous city, which you so much boast of, an impoverished one, is your acting in violation to the laws of the British Government; but take heed, least you repent too late,—for if you boast so mightily of your famous exploits, as you have heretofore done, (witness the late stamp-act), we may allow you to be all ALEXANDERS, and lie under your feet, to be trodden upon with contempt and disdain: but before we so tamely submit, be assured we will stand in defence of the rights and privileges due to a soldier, and no farther, but we hope, while we have officers of conduct to act for us, they will do so, as we shall leave it to their discretion, to act impartially for us, in hopes they, and every honest heart will support the soldiers' wives and children, and not whores and bastards, as has been so maliciously, falsely and audaciously inserted in their impertinent libel, addressed to the public; for which, may the shame they mean to brand our names with, stick on theirs.

“Signed by the 16th Regiment of Foot.”

On August 10, 1766, the soldiers cut down a pole which had been erected in June. On September 23d, a second pole was cut down; on March 18, 1767, a third pole on the same site was destroyed. On the next day the people erected a fourth pole, securing it with iron bands and putting a guard upon it. Two days afterward the soldiers

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attempted to destroy it, and were repulsed by the guard. On January 13, 1770, the soldiers were again repulsed in an attack upon the pole. Three days afterward a successful attack was made, to which we have alluded, and the pole was sawed up and the pieces were thrown in front of the Sons of Liberty headquarters. This pole was replaced by another one, on which was a topmast with a weather-vane, on which were the words, "LIBERTY and PROPERTY." On March 26th some soldiers attempted to unship the topmast, but were beaten off. The pole remained until the British took possession of the City, when it was cut down by the provost-marshal, Captain Cunningham.

On May 3, 1770, the 16th Regiment was removed from the Common and sent to other quarters. Shortly after that the vigilant Liberty Boys discovered that an emissary from Boston, a merchant named Nathan Rogers, claiming to represent a committee of merchants in that City, was in New York trying to induce merchants to break the Non-importation Agreement. So again the people were gathered in thousands on the Common, and there they hanged Rogers in effigy on a gallows, giving him good notice of the kind of treatment his treacherous conduct would call down on himself if he remained in New York. He cleared out at two o'clock in the morning, and it is not known that he ever came back. Descriptions of Rogers were sent to other cities by New York patriots, so that they might be warned against him. For a time the

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emissaries of England triumphed over the patriotic men of various portions of the country. Boston, Philadelphia and Albany fell away from their high position. Philadelphia rescinded her Non-importation Agreement in September, and Boston did likewise in October. During this crisis, the men of Hampden Hall remained firm, and were the only vital organization of men who were determined to secure liberty for the colonies at all hazards; though it is just to say that there were men similarly disposed all over the colonies, though not keyed up to the position which those of Hampden Hall held at that time. During the next three years there was a revival of patriotic impulses, the fruit of the faithfulness of our Liberty Boys. The decided action over the tea ships brought the determination of the people up again to the striking point. The tea meeting of Boston occurred only two days before a gathering of New York's merchants and people, which occurred before news of Boston's defiance had reached New York. The mayor made this announcement to the meeting: "Gentlemen—I have a message from the government to deliver to you. The governor declares that the tea will be put into the Fort at noonday, and engages his honor that it shall continue there till the Council shall advise it to be delivered out, or till the king's order or the proprietor's order is known, and then the tea shall be delivered out at noonday. Gentlemen, is this satisfactory to you?" The meeting answered with a rousing and unanimous, "NO," and the proposition

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of the government was rejected, while the leaders of the people undertook to make good the vote. In April, 1774, the ships "Nancy" and "London" arrived, with tea on board, and turned back without being able to land their cargoes. The captain of the "Nancy" was escorted to the wharf by a great company of citizens, who sent him away with his tea to the tune of "God save the King!" Many sang the national hymn, with the addition of these words, *sotto voce*,—"When we get after him!" The Sons of Liberty managed the tea party of New York, which, while it was not so dramatic as that in Boston harbor, was nevertheless as effective and as important in its results. The men who defied the government, and who compelled the captain of the ship to leave the port with his cargo, did not disguise or conceal their identity in any way. What they did, they did bravely and openly. There was not an Indian costume among them. This determined act was done by Americans in their own character, and in vindication of their rights as English freemen. It was no masquerade. The men who risked their lives in the doing of this important service to the colonies, deserve as much credit as those who but a few days before, first disguised themselves and then threw the tea into Boston harbor. In New York no property was destroyed, but the determination of the people not to receive, at the orders of the king, goods which they had decided in public meeting to reject, was enforced and emphasized strictly within the lines of

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temperate and honorable procedure. It was not long before the Non-importation Agreements of the various cities were renewed through the influence of the vigorous Sons of Liberty, whose organization extended throughout the colonies. Still the merchants of Philadelphia and New York were in danger of falling from the high position which was essential to secure practical results for the people, when England closed the port of Boston, causing great distress to that city. The most conservative merchants of New York succeeded in getting control of a meeting at which they appointed a committee to conduct correspondence and communications with other cities concerning this important matter. It was very plain that this committee was too conservative to stand by Boston. The Sons of Liberty, quickly seeing the danger, again convened the people on the *Field of Freedom*. McDougall, who had seen the inside of the old jail, and was even then under indictment for his conspicuous service to the people, was the leading spirit in this convocation. A tremendous crowd gathered on July 5, 1774, and ignoring the conservative and timid merchants, who were not inclined to come boldly and fearlessly to the relief of Boston under the staggering weight of the act of Parliament which closed her port to commerce, they adopted the ringing and memorable resolutions embodied in this statement:

“The business of the meeting being fully explained by the Chairman, and the dangerous tend-

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ency of the numerous and vile arts used by the enemies of *America*, to divide and distract her councils, as well as the misrepresentations of the virtuous intentions of the citizens of this metropolis, in this interesting and alarming state of the liberties of *America*, the following Resolutions were twice read, and the question being separately put on each of them, they were passed without one dissentient:

“1st. *Resolved, nem. con.* That the statute commonly called the *Boston* Port Act, is oppressive to the inhabitants of that town, unconstitutional in its principles, and dangerous to the liberties of *British America*; and that, therefore, we consider our brethren at *Boston* as now suffering in the common cause of these Colonies.

“2d. *Resolved, nem. con.* That any attack or attempt to abridge the liberties, or invade the Constitution of any of our sister Colonies, is immediately an attack upon the liberties and Constitution of all the *British* Colonies.

“3d. *Resolved, nem. con.* That the shutting up of any of the ports in *America*, with intent to exact from *Americans* a submission to Parliamentary taxation, or extort a reparation of private injuries, is highly unconstitutional, and subversive of the commercial rights of the inhabitants of this Continent.

“4th. *Resolved, nem. con.* That it is the opinion of this meeting, that if the principal Colonies on this Continent shall come into a joint resolution

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to stop all importation from, and exportation to Great Britain, till the act of Parliament for the blocking up of the harbor of *Boston* be repealed, the same will prove the salvation of *North America* and her liberties; and that, on the other hand, if they continue their exports and imports, there is great reason to fear that fraud, power and the most odious oppression, will rise triumphant over right, justice, social happiness, and freedom; Therefore,

“5th. *Resolved, nem. con.* That the Deputies who shall represent this Colony in the Congress of *American* Deputies, to be held at Philadelphia, about the first of September next, are hereby instructed, empowered, and directed to engage with a majority of the principal Colonies, to agree for this city upon a non-importation from *Great Britain*, of all goods, wares, and merchandise, until the Act for blocking up the harbor of Boston be repealed, and *American* grievances be redressed; and also to agree to all such other measures as the Congress shall in their wisdom judge advancive of these great objects, and a general security of the rights and privileges of *America*.

“6th. *Resolved, nem. con.* That this meeting will abide by, obey, and observe all such resolutions, determinations, and measures, which the Congress aforesaid shall come into, and direct or recommend to be done, for obtaining and securing the important ends mentioned in the foregoing resolutions. And that an engagement to this effect be imme-

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diately entered into and sent to the Congress, to evince to them our readiness and determination to co-operate with our sister Colonies for the relief of our distressed brethren at *Boston*, as well as for the security of our common rights and privileges.

“7th. *Resolved, nem. con.* That it is the opinion of this meeting that it would be proper for every county in the Colony, without delay, to send two Deputies, chosen by the people, or from the Committees chosen by them in each County, to hold in conjunction with Deputies for this city and county, a Convention for the Colony (on a day to be appointed), in order to elect a proper number of Deputies to represent the Colony in the general Congress. But that, if the counties shall conceive this mode impracticable or inexpedient, they shall be requested to give their approbation to the Deputies who shall be chosen by this city and county to represent the Colony in Congress.

“8th. *Resolved, nem. con.* That a subscription should immediately be set on foot for the relief of such poor inhabitants of *Boston* as are, or may be deprived of the means of subsistence, by the operation of the Act of Parliament for stopping up the Port of *Boston*. The money which shall arise from such subscription to be laid out as the city Committee of Correspondence shall think will best answer the end proposed.

“9th. *Resolved, nem. con.* That the city Committee of Correspondence be, and they are hereby

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instructed, to use their utmost endeavors to carry these resolutions into execution.

“*Ordered*, That these Resolutions be printed in the public newspapers of this city, and transmitted to the different counties in this Colony, and to the Committees of Correspondence for the neighboring Colonies.”

This was the great meeting which drew out the maiden speech of Alexander Hamilton, then a student in the King's College. The meeting was filled with the burning energy of the Sons of Liberty, and was sustained by the great heart of the Common People; and the lightning flash of Hamilton's genius and eloquence came with startling sharpness out of the dark cloud of popular indignation against the Government for its punishment of Boston. The thunder roll which followed that vital flash did not cease to be heard throughout the whole of the struggle which culminated in American independence. For a time the City was full of confusion, and the popular mind was tossed about between the position taken by the meeting in the Fields and that of the conservative committee which had previously acted. Meetings were held at and around the Common, in which the various positions of the people were discussed, and sometimes maintained with great vigor. In one of these discussions, Cunningham, who afterward became the provost-marshal, was roughly handled, and to this fact is ascribed the bitterness which was

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shown in his vile treatment of patriot prisoners that came into his custody at the old jail in 1776. Later, in 1775, it was ordered by the governor that the lumber in the barracks, which had been vacated by the 16th Regiment, be shipped to Boston to house the growing royal army there. Again the people gathered about the Liberty-pole, and under the stirring addresses of John Lamb and Colonel Marinus Willett, who afterward seized the British arms on Broad Street, they agreed to arm themselves and prevent the shipping of the lumber. Sears was arrested for his part in this meeting, but was rescued by the people and carried on their shoulders in triumph. Mr. Rivington published this account of these remarkable transactions in his Tory journal, the New York "Gazette":

"MR. RIVINGTON—Be pleased to insert the following in your paper, and if any person conceives himself injured by any thing contained in it, the facts shall be publicly proved by the most unexceptionable evidence.

"That the tranquility of this city and province has long given great umbrage to a set of folks among us must have been evident from the frequent buzzings of those little harmless insects, who have at length made a feeble essay to sting as well as to make a noise. Sensible that in a calm they must grovel in the dirt, they have tried to raise a storm, by which they hope to be elevated into notice.

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“On the instant, the Committee of Inspection published an Advertisement, in which they declare, with respect to nails, ‘That though the manufacturs which have been since (the last non-importation) established, will supply more than sufficient for our own consumption, we apprehend it would be imprudent thus rashly to part with what we have in store; especially as this sudden exportation has given just grounds for sufficient alarm.’

“No sooner did this notice appear in public than a *certain set*, in consequence of it (the direction being to the RESPECTABLE inhabitants), assembled first at Phillips’s beer house, next at Bardin’s, then at the Liberty Pole, and lastly at Van Der Water’s; at which several meetings (tremble, *Lord North*, and be dismayed, ye *Tories!*) Mr. Marinus Willett, yes, Mr. Marinus Willett, and Mr. John Lamb were Chairmen.

“Having dispatched the poor *Usticks* by a vote, that they were foes to this country entered into upon the vote of Mr. James Alner, a new and important subject arose for debate. It was suggested that Mr. Ralph Thurman had been employed in *packing straw*, and Mr. Robert Harding in purchasing boards to be sent to Boston. This was a heinous crime, and a Committee was ordered from the body assembled to wait on those two *traitors* to their country. Mr. Harding was out, so that he was spared for *that* night, but unfortunately his daughter was at home, and, terrified at the formidable appearance, fell into fits. This, however, was

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a trifling consideration to men engaged in the *cause of liberty*.—Mr. Thurman, it seems, was so obstinate, and such an *inveterate* foe to his country, that he presumed to call in question the power of this body, to interfere with his private affairs.—Unpardonable impudence!

“At this meeting, which was *duly notified*, very few attended, but altho’ Captain Sears complained that he was deserted while he was engaged in the GRAND CAUSE, yet ’tis evident that Fortune conspired to make his glory the more conspicuous, as if determined that none should deprive him of the honor of a motion he made, which was, that *‘every man should provide himself with four and twenty rounds.’*

“Another meeting, however, was by adjournment fixed upon for Saturday the 15th instant at *Liberty Pole*. Mean while complaint being made of these proceedings, as disorderly and a breach of the law, the Magistrates issued a warrant against Captain Sears; he was apprehended and carried before the MAYOR. Bail was demanded, but this being a violation of liberty, was refused. A *Mittimus* was therefore issued, and the illustrious prisoner carried toward the gaol; but this was the height of arbitrary power, the very quintessence of Toryism; and as it would doubtless have given Lord North great pleasure, it was not to be endured; the Captain was therefore set at liberty from the officers of justice, and led in triumph through the town.

“Accompanied by a number of his friends, with

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colors flying, the Captain proceeded through the Fly, Wall Street, and Broad Way, to the Liberty Pole. Among those who were near him were Mr. Ivers, Mr. Alner, Mr. Richard Livingston, and Mr. Roorbach.

“At six o’clock the Captain, attended with a large crowd, mounted a rostrum prepared for him in the Fields; from whence, like the Devil in Milton,

“ ‘By merit raised
To that *bad* eminence—’

He opened the business by a circumstantial recapitulation of facts, of which his own merit, the good he had done, and the evils he had averted, made a considerable part. At length the following question was put:

“ ‘Whether a *Son of Liberty* ought to give bail or not.’ Which was carried in the NEGATIVE. This occasioned three *huzzas*, in which Captain Alexander McDougall, who was near Captain Sears, bore no small part. It should not be omitted that when Captain Sears had done, Mr. Pardon Burlingham mounted the stage, and harangued the people, and recommended going to the delinquents for satisfaction.

“From the Fields they repaired to Thurman’s and Harding’s, and having endeavoured to extort confessions from them, that they had done wrong, and to prevail on them to ask pardon: These gentlemen refused both, insisting that as they had been guilty of no violation of any law, agreement or association, they would sooner die than ask pardon.

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“For fear of being too prolix, I shall omit the exploit to Turtle Bay, the march to the *Transport* in the North River, in consequence of which she was cut off from the wharf, and the huzzaing through the town, and cry of No Boards! at the *Albany* Pier; which being on the evening of Captain Lawrence’s arrival, doubtless proceeded from their joy on the good tidings he brought, and is a mark of their *gratitude*, and a proof that they are actuated by *nothing* but the pure dictates of *liberty*.

“The above contains a narrative of the transactions which have disturbed the town for a fortnight past, and which I desire, Mr. Rivington, you will not omit inserting in your paper; for which the most seditious and inflammatory papers are daily published, tending to alienate the minds of the people from our gracious King (one of which is now circulating about the city, and read with avidity by those who have proscribed your paper, because some of your correspondents presume to think and write for *themselves*), a customer claims it as a right to hold up these matters to the public. While we are determined to contend against the tyranny of a British Parliament and Ministry, let us not establish the sway of a mob, which includes despotism, the most cruel and severe of all others. Many fellow citizens have been deluded by the cry of *liberty*, which has been held up to them as the reason for these violences. They are now undeceived; but so daring a violation of the good order and *police* of the city, so flagitious an insult on Magistracy and

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contempt of laws, ought not to be passed over with impunity; for let us remember, the restraints of the law are the security of liberty.

“ANTI-LICENTIOUSNESS.”

All through 1774, 1775 and 1776 the Common was the scene of great gatherings of the people, at which momentous questions were discussed by patriotic speakers. Finally the news of the battle of Lexington arrived, brought by a courier who dashed down the old Bowery Road, past the Common and into Broadway at Ann Street. Promptly the leaders of the Liberty Boys gathered the people together, and proceeding from the great popular center, the Common, they seized the City Hall on Wall Street, distributed the weapons, took charge of the City, and sent information to the other cities of what they had done. When it came to the time for resolute action, the conscientious, conservative, slow-moving merchants were not in the front ranks, but the Liberty Boys were. Finally all classes of patriotic people mingled together with one accord, and the great Committee of Public Safety was appointed to take charge of the City in the interval which must elapse before confederation and united action with the other colonies could take place.

On the 9th of July, 1776, a copy of the Declaration of Independence was received by General Washington at his headquarters, Number 1 Broadway. He promptly issued this order: “The Continental Congress, impelled by the dictates of duty,

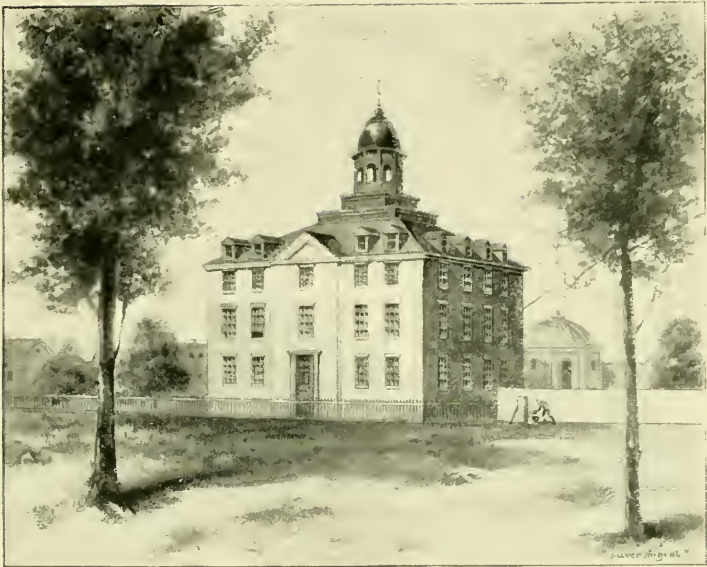
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policy, and necessity, have been pleased to dissolve the connection which subsisted between this country and Great Britain, and to declare the United Colonies of America Free and Independent States. The several brigades are to be drawn up this evening on their respective parades at six o'clock, when the Declaration of Congress, showing the grounds and reasons of this measure, is to be read with an audible voice. The general hopes that this important event will serve as a fresh incentive to every officer and soldier to act with fidelity and courage, as knowing that now the peace and safety of his country depend, under God, solely on the success of our arms; and that he is now in the service of a State possessed of sufficient power to reward his merit, and advance him to the highest honors of a free country." A brigade of the American forces which had been gathering in the City was formed in hollow square in the Common, and with General Washington in their midst (about where the fountain stands), the Declaration of Independence was read to them by one of his aides. The soldiers of the little army committed themselves to the declaration of principles by their cheers, which were taken up and repeated by crowds of excited people behind the military lines. After the Declaration of Independence was read to the troops, it was announced to thousands of citizens who had assembled at the City Hall in Wall Street, close to the Fort in which the English soldiers were stationed, and the royal coat of arms which had decorated

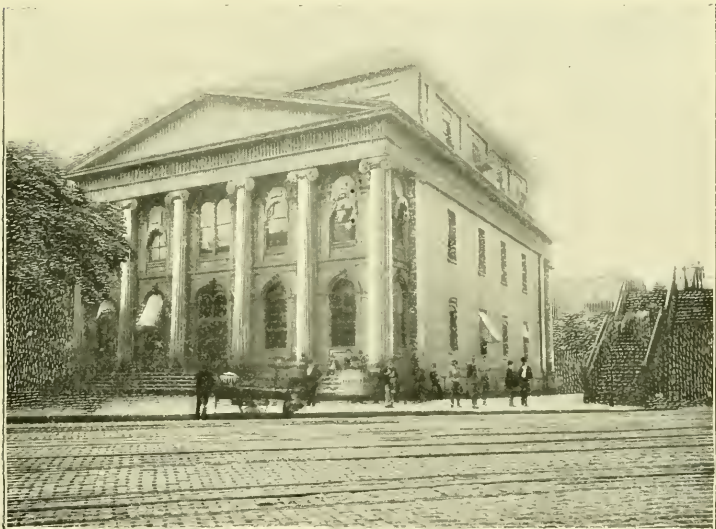
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the court room was burned in the street, while the people cheered. On that night King George's statue in Bowling Green was pulled down. This event was rightly thought by the people to be of great significance, occurring as it did immediately in front of the Fort, and signifying that they were forever done with the sovereignty of the king. The act was chronicled in these words: "The same evening the equestrian statue of George III., which Tory pride and folly had raised in 1770, was by the sons of freedom laid prostrate in the dirt, the just desert of an ungrateful tyrant. The lead wherewith this monument was made is to be run into bullets to assimilate with the brains of our infatuated adversaries, who, to gain a pepper-corn, have lost an empire." The last remark had reference to a speech made by Lord Clare in Parliament, to the effect that England should maintain the principle of taxation even if she exacted no more than a peppercorn.

It was in the Common that young Hamilton was drilling a volunteer company from the college, when General Greene noticed his ability, and formed that high estimate of him which led to his being given command of a battery of artillery, and to his being well considered by Washington when he noticed the effective arrangement of his guns at the close of the retreat from New York City. That battery has never lost its organization, and is now known as Battery F, Fourth Regular Artillery. Washington Irving quotes these accounts of Hamilton while in command of his little battery:



ORIGINAL NEW YORK HALL OF RECORDS.



PRESENT HALL OF RECORDS.

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“Well do I remember the day when Hamilton’s company marched into Princeton. It was a model of discipline. At its head a boy: I wondered at his youth; but what was my surprise when informed that he was the writer and fighter Hamilton of whom so much had been heard.” Again:

“I noticed a youth, a mere stripling of a boy, so small, slender and delicate in appearance, trudging along beside a piece of artillery, with a cocked hat pulled down over his eyes, apparently abstracted in thought, with one hand supporting a saber, and the other resting upon the cannon, patting it every few moments as if it were a favorite horse or a pet plaything.”

He was then twenty years old.

Chief-justice Jones, who resided in New York during all these agitations, and during the British occupation, and whose dear old Tory heart beat always for King George and the Parliament, devoted a large part of his memoirs to scolding at the Sons of Liberty who made their headquarters at the Common; and the malignity which flowed from his gentle quill, when it reached their names, shows his judicial estimate of the importance of their work in consummating the “wicked separation of the Colonies from the Mother Country.” Of Sears he said: “His tune is for mobbing; committees and popular meetings are his delight; his greatest pleasure his hobby-horse. A troublesome fellow, seditious, rebellious, an enemy to all good government, a low-lived and a complete blackguard.” John Lamb he

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treated in this fashion: "John Lamb was the only son of Anthony Lamb, an accomplice of Jack Shepard, who was executed; while Lamb, a lad, was transported to Virginia, where John was born. John was a mighty leader and haranguer among the mobility. He headed mobs, excited sedition, talked treason, abused the Loyalists, harangued the populace, and d——d the Tories." He called Peter R. Livingston "Jew Peter," and Dr. Prime "a most violent and persecuting republican." John Holt was "a most flaming, notorious republican printer." William Livingston, William Smith, Jr., and John Morin Scott were a "triumvirate," associated "to pull down church and state, to raise their own government and religion upon the ruins, or to throw the whole province into anarchy and confusion," which "godly and pious resolution" he said they made years before the Revolution began. Of Livingston he said he was "a sensible, cunning, shrewd fellow, well versed in the law, though a very indifferent speaker: ill-natured, morose, sullen, satirical, abusive, violent, bigoted, wanton, cruel, unfeeling, ungenerous, uncouth, savage and persecuting." His compliments went to Smith in these eloquent adjectives, "artful, close, designing, ambitious, hypocritical, crafty." The adjectives running out, these appellations were tenderly laid like chaplets on his brow—"a profound dissembler, a noted flatterer, a great sycophant"; as to features, he has "a steady, demure, puritanical countenance," and he possesses "a smooth, glib, oily tongue." Smith he dis-

posed of by this masterful stroke, "He is a person who could without the least compunction abandon his word, his honor, his religion or his friendship to carry a favorite point, to serve a particular purpose or to gratify his pride, his avarice or his ambition." Bad, Bad Smith! He was less severe on Scott, whom he said was "at first honest and candid, but he became the dupe of others. He forsook his own religion (French) and abandoned it, and so became partner with others, with the violence and acrimony of a mad man, rendering himself despicable." He said that Judge Robert R. Livingston "energized the mob in its seditious and treasonable temper, and left the bench in violation of his duty, his oath and his allegiance." Peter Van Schaack was "a lad of great duplicity." He referred to "Isaac Low of seditious, factious and rebellious memory." Francis Lewis was an "extortioner," "a sower of sedition" and "a promoter of faction." McDougall's friends consisted of "negroes, boys, sailors and pickpockets"—"the rabble of the town." He referred to Rev. Dr. Laidie, one of the patriot clergymen, pastor of the Middle Dutch Church in Nassau Street, in these words: "A Scotch Dutch parson of jesuitical republican and puritanical principles, who herded with the Presbyterians. In his heart a Presbyterian (awful crime!), in his principles of government a republican; an absolute enemy of monarchy and a rancorous hater of episcopacy." He put them all in a heap as "Tormentors and Demagogues of Rebellion." In a work so

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complete and exhaustive as his "History" he must needs refer to Washington. By this time we are all eagerness to hear his expressive judgment on this great character. Here it is: "Can Washington be called the conqueror of America? By no means. America was conquered by the British Parliament; Washington could never have conquered it. British generals never did their duty. The friends of the Rebel Chief say he has virtues; I suppose he has. I say 'Curse on his virtues! They've undone his country.'"

Thanks, noble Judge Jones! You have supplied a bright page to this dull book; you have established a reservoir of brilliant adjectives which will replenish our slender stock; and you have borne an unwilling and unthinking testimony to the greatness of our Liberty Boys, and of their work in the cause of independence.

Hon. Francis Tillon's description of John Lamb, so glowingly mentioned by Judge Jones, is worth reading here: "His father, Anthony Lamb, was a native of England, an optician and maker of mathematical instruments, who immigrated to this country and here married: his mother was of Dutch parentage. He was a man of good education, spoke Dutch and German fluently, and was well read. He was a close observer, a forcible, fearless and ready writer, and an easy and powerful speaker. These powers he applied with effect whenever the acts of the Crown conflicted with the rights of the people. From the date of his early

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manhood until the close of the Revolution all his powers and his thoughts appear to have been in incessant and energetic action; all his means and resources devoted freely to the good of the country." And speaking of the Sons of Liberty, Mr. Tillon said: "The Sons of Liberty may be said to have given form, force, energy and definiteness to the great purpose; to have been the inspirators of the conflict which led to the consummation of the mighty result. They were a band of patriotic heroes, who devoted all their means, their energies, their time, and many of them their lives, to the great cause; their sacrifices and sufferings were great, their perils extreme and incessant; they were foremost in every danger, in every battle, in every trial; they submitted freely to every privation, every exposure,—with patience, perseverance and intense devotion; without reservation, fear, doubt or distrust, with implicit faith, dedicated themselves and all they possessed to their country. Their actions were as a unit, and were unceasing and eminently beneficial; their influence was a concentrated, an organized strength, felt everywhere, and exercised with unwavering fidelity, and with wisdom, skill and intrepid valor. The band was originated in the City of New York, but they subsequently extended to every other city; indeed, had members in most parts of all the colonies."

A relic of these stirring times exists in the ancient building now known as the Register's office. Though the pillars (quarried at Sing Sing),

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and the front and rear porches, simulating the temple of Diana at Ephesus, are modern, the "old gaol" is all there, and the forbidding outlines of its prison rooms cannot be disguised. For many years this old building was surrounded by the customary instruments of punishment. On September 10, 1764, this announcement appeared in one of the newspapers: "Last Monday the new pillory, with a large wooden cage behind it, was erected between the new gaol and the Work-house. The cage is for disorderly boys who publicly break the Sabbath." According to a news item in that year, "Peg Fuller and Katy Knight were placed an hour in the pillory for keeping a house of ill-fame." In more recent days the *madames* of such houses drove to court in handsome carriages, and went through the little formality of giving bail, in the judges' private rooms, screened from the vulgar curiosity of the gaping crowds. When the British entered the City in 1776 they took possession of this building as a prison of war. The infamous Provost-marshal Cunningham, a renegade Liberty Boy, made his headquarters here, occupying the room to the right of the entrance. Here his deviltry was manifested daily, and most unfortunate were those patriots that were assigned to this particular prison. It was filled to overflowing, and the upper part, known as Congress Hall, was so crowded at night that the prisoners lying upon the bare floor were unable to turn without disturbing their neighbors, so that it became the custom at regular intervals during the night to

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give commands to the prisoners to turn over. Cunningham appropriated much of the food that was provided for the prisoners, supplying them with the scantiest and meanest fare, and making a personal profit out of that which he took to himself. It is said that when he was executed in England for other crimes he confessed that he had starved many to death by appropriating the food intended for them and selling it. He caused the well from which the prisoners were supplied with drinking water to be contaminated with rubbish, so that they were denied the common privilege of decent drinking water. There is some question of the authenticity of the published confession, but Lossing quotes these words without hesitation: "I shudder to think of the murders I have been accessory to, with and without orders from government, especially while in New York, during which time there were more than two thousand prisoners starved in the different churches by stopping their rations, which I sold." We give other extracts from the confession as it was widely published. "Having rendered myself obnoxious to the citizens of New York, in their infant struggles for freedom, I was obliged to fly on board the 'Asia,' man-of-war, and from thence to Boston. . . I met General Gage. . . I was appointed provost-marshal to the Royal Army, which placed me in a situation to wreak my vengeance on the Americans. There were 275 American prisoners and obnoxious persons executed (at the gaol), of all of which number there were only about one dozen

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public executions, which chiefly consisted of British and Hessian deserters. The mode for private executions was thus conducted: A guard was dispatched from the provost (the gaol) about half-past twelve at night to the Barrack Street (City Hall Place), and the neighborhood of the upper barracks, to order the people to shut their window shutters, and put out their lights, forbidding them at the same time to presume to look out of their windows and doors on pain of death; after which the prisoners were conducted, gagged, just behind the upper barracks, and hanged without ceremony, and there buried by the black pioneer of the provost. . . I beg the prayers of all good Christians, and also pardon and forgiveness of God, for the many horrid murders I have been accessory to." In Watson's *Annals* it is said that Cunningham hanged five or six a night, until the women of the neighborhood, disturbed by the cries and pleadings of the prisoners for mercy, petitioned Lord Howe to have the practice discontinued. In this old jail Ethan Allen, who captured Ticonderoga "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," was himself confined in irons and threatened with hanging. He wrote to the Assembly of Connecticut: "I have suffered everything short of death. Provided you can hit upon some measure to procure my liberty, I will appropriate my remaining days and freely hazard my life in the service of the colony, and maintaining the American Empire. I thought to have enrolled my name in the list of illustrious

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American heroes, but was nipped in the bud." Some of the "deserters" who were executed were American soldiers, who had volunteered to enlist in the English army as spies, and who, when they had secured valuable information, deserted to get back into the American lines. Quite a number of these men were captured and executed, and it is not known that any of them betrayed his trust. Among these heroes was a member of Washington's life-guard. He was arrested while apparently deserting from the British army, and was condemned to die. At that time General Washington was at West Point. Cunningham conducted his executions at night, so as to avoid the criticisms of the public as much as possible. On the night fixed for the execution, with a file of soldiers and a negro hangman (the black pioneer of the provost) leading the guardsmen, he set out from the prison for the place on Gallows Hill. (North-east from the Register's office, in the neighborhood of City Hall Place.) For light they carried two lanterns on poles. On the gallows the bodies of two men who had been hanged the previous night were swinging. While on the way Cunningham taunted the prisoner with the failure of his effort to escape; and the patriot, flushed by the taunt, boldly avowed that he had enlisted purposely to escape, and in fact was none other than a spy. Cunningham, chuckling, said: "All your spying has come to naught"; but the soldier replied that he could die content, because just prior to his capt-

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ure he had sent on to General Washington all the information that he had collected. Cunningham could hardly restrain his impatience to get to the gallows. When the party arrived, the hangman began to make his preparations, complimenting himself upon his ability to make a knot that would not slip. Looking up at the two dead bodies that were swaying in the wind, he remarked that those gentlemen had been up long enough and he would let them down; so he started with his knife to sever the ropes. The poor prisoner had a faithful friend, who was nearer to him than he thought: a soldier who had stolen within the enemy's lines with the brave design of saving his comrade in the opportunity that might be furnished at the place of execution. This man had been dodging about the dismal graveyard for an hour before Cunningham's party arrived. Just as they appeared, he had stumbled into the shallow grave which had been opened to receive the deserter's body, and had determined to remain in that convenient place, where he could watch and wait his chance for a diversion in his friend's favor. At the moment when the hangman was using his knife upon the ropes this brave man was lying in the grave close to the party. The negro, with hardened jest, plied his knife, and the bodies came tumbling down. As fate would have it, one body fell into the grave where the true-hearted soldier lay. He resisted the impulse to scream at the sudden contact of loathsome death, realizing that the accident brought an opportunity. The condemned

man asked for five minutes for prayer. Cunningham granted him three. He knelt beside the grave, and just then his friend revealed his presence, telling him to turn his back to the grave when he had spent his three minutes and his bonds would be cut, and that then he must make his way quickly to the northwest. Time was promptly called by the marshal, the prisoner turned round with his back to the grave, and the hangman stepped forward to adjust the noose. Just then the bonds were cut, and up rose from the grave what the marshal and the hangman and every soldier verily believed to be the ghost of the poor fellow whose body had fallen into the grave in their presence but a few moments before. The soldiers and the provost-marshal, terror-stricken, rushed from the place, falling over each other and stumbling over the rough ground. The hangman, too much overcome to run, fell on his knees, saying: "Oh, massa ghost! Oh, massa ghost! I'll never hang another soldier!" The rescued man and his brave friend lost no time in consoling the repentant hangman—who afterward compared himself to St. Paul converted by a vision—but they fled to the northwest, made their way over the Lisenard Meadows and down to the river's edge, where a rowboat had been hid by the loyal friend. They reached the New Jersey shore safely, and next day General Washington had the pleasure of making two new lieutenants in his life-guard.

The spirited statue of Nathan Hale on the other

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side of the Park, near Broadway, commemorates one who was not rescued in the nick of time, but who made the complete sacrifice of his life for his country's cause, regretting only that he had but one life to give. It is probable that Hale's last night on earth was spent in the old jail, and that he was executed under the direction of Cunningham. If it was not Cunningham, then the English cause was unfortunate in being served by two such inhuman officials, for this man refused Hale the privilege of having a Bible and of being attended by a clergyman. He was examined and tried before Lord Howe in the little greenhouse in the garden of the old Beekman mansion, in the neighborhood of 51st Street, east of the present Beekman Place. According to tradition, the execution occurred at a place in the Rutger's orchard, within sight of the old Church of the Sea and Land on Henry Street. By a peculiar coincidence it was Captain Hale's friend and classmate, Major Tallmadge, who received the British Major Andre from the men who captured him, and who prevented his being sent to General Arnold. Tallmadge assured him that the fate of Hale would be his own. Captain Hale was with Washington in New York preceding the battle of Long Island, being connected with McDougall's brigade, which was camped in the Bayard's Hill Fort, near the present Grand Street and Bowery. He was with his regiment at the battle of Long Island, and volunteered to get information for Washington inside of the British lines after the retreat

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and the seizure of New York by Lord Howe. He had a personal interview with Washington, in which he received his instructions and became aware of the special lines of investigation which were desirable for him to pursue. He went up to Connecticut, dressed himself as a schoolmaster, crossed to Huntington, Long Island, and then entered the British lines. He made observations, sketched the fortifications, and was on his return when he was captured. In his last moment he was insulted by an English officer standing by him, who said: "This is a fine death for a soldier!" His reply was: "There is no death which would not be rendered noble for such a glorious cause!" The Register's office was the place in which the doctors found refuge during the "doctors' riots"; it was a cholera hospital in the terrible epidemic of 1832, and it was for many years a place of confinement for poor debtors. Now the historic building contains the real estate records of the City, going back to the earliest times; but it is only a question of time when these rapidly increasing records will be removed to more suitable quarters, and when the venerable building will be demolished.

Let us stand for a moment on the steps of the City Hall, the only building besides the old jail which should have been allowed in the Park, and the only building in the upper part of it that is in keeping with its situation. The triangle on which the "Times" and Potter buildings stand was once

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part of the tract; so was most of the ground included in Printing House Square, Park Row and Center Street. The ground occupied by the Post-office and Mail Street was also in the inclosure. True, no organized armies charged over this ground, but the battle of ideas was waged here; the common people became independent in thought and purpose, and they moved mightily in the cause of freedom. The fruits of their world-watched experiment are all about us. The mobs and rabble of Judge Jones's day have given way to the most conspicuous forces of modern civilization. At any hour of the day the streets and the buildings, as far as we can see them from this point, are throbbing with life. Broadway on the one side, and Park Row on the other, contribute great currents of travel which are bisected by the streams from the Brooklyn Bridge on the one side, and the ferries and west side elevated railroads on the other side. Each street has its own tide of travel, which ebbs and flows at regular intervals, like the tides of great rivers. Here the hurrying crowds are divided among numerous and divers occupations, more so perhaps than at any other center of the City. No part has grown so rapidly in large buildings and office populations. The architecture visible from this point represents every stage of development and every grade of building, from the meanest to the grandest. In Chatham Street are some very old houses; in Center Street and City Hall Place are veritable rookeries; down Frankfort Street there are

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some of the meanest of our tenement houses; on Park Row are houses built for the business needs of fifty years ago; on Broadway are many of the commonplace structures of recent years. The "Tribune" building, pioneer of the tall building type, is on our left; opposite on Broadway are the Shoe & Leather Bank, with its massive pillars supporting baby globes, the Home Insurance building and the Postal Telegraph building, each in its own way excellent types of the recent advance. Surrounding the "Tribune" building are the Pulitzer building, 309 feet from sidewalk to lantern and 375½ feet to the top of the flagstaff; the Tract Society building, 306 feet high; the "Times" building and the Potter building. In front of us is the great Federal building, which, when built in 1877, was undoubtedly the greatest and most magnificent building in the City. (Its cost was about seven million dollars.) Further to the left is the towering St. Paul building, and the new Park Row building is rising to overtop all the other structures. We can easily foresee that in a few years this point of view will cover the grandest, richest, most expensive, and most varied assemblage of buildings in the world. It is certain that within a few years the Broadway blocks which front on the Common will be covered by buildings similar to the three or four which are now so conspicuous there, and the small buildings on Park Row facing the Post-office must give way to structures like those at either end of the street. These mighty buildings but faintly

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indicate the immense, complicated and far-reaching enterprises which they house. The buildings within the Park limits illustrate the rapid advance of ideas, resources and power, by showing how the City has grown away from them. The City Hall when completed was the finest building in the United States; the old jail when renovated in the fifties, and made over into the miniature likeness of a heathen temple, was admired and lauded as second only to the City Hall. The mongrelizing of the County Court House in the eighties, then considered to be something of a mechanical triumph, would now be an impossibility, because of its manifest absurdity. There is no more important focus of life in the City. Just behind us are the highest State and City Courts; below us are the Federal Courts and the Postal service; to our left is the newspaper center. A little distance west is the headquarters of the market business; a short distance above, on Broadway, is the dry goods district, which is one of New York's greatest commercial features; to the east and northeast are the noxious and dangerous quarters of the slum population, including the Chinese of Mott Street, the Jews of Baxter Street, the Italians of Mulberry Street, and the inseparable mixture of James, Roosevelt, Cherry and Water Streets; south of us but a short distance are the great business points through which we have been passing in our previous chapters. The army that enters and crosses and passes this Park every morning divides up into pursuits and occupations of

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every kind imaginable, and when they retrace their steps at evening they spread over a territory marvelous in extent and varied in condition. The cities and hamlets of New Jersey, south, west and north; of Rockland and Orange Counties, as far as Newburgh; of Westchester County, way beyond White Plains; and of Suffolk, Queens, Kings and Richmond Counties—all these furnish bedrooms for New York's workers; and when these workers have passed on they do not leave the busy place deserted. All through the night Printing House Square is a place of activity: the buildings are bright with lights, people hurry about, and there go on all the details of preparing and sending out millions of pages of newspapers. The trains of the elevated railroad bring down the marketmen who work at night. The cheap restaurants never close, and they serve a steady stream of customers. While the commuters and other suburban residents are sleeping and gaining strength for their morning rush for the trains, their places are taken by these busy newspaper and market people, who slip out of the way before they return.

The prospect from the City Hall steps has not now the rich grandeur of architecture, nor the glow of financial achievement, that we perceive, almost with awe, from Trinity's doorway; but it shows us more of the people and brings us closer to the masses of population. The City Hall building was begun in 1802, in the formative period of the nation; and, although it has long since been eclipsed

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in size and cost, it can never lose the charm of its exquisite proportions, and its true classic lines. No doubt a larger City Hall will be built in the future; but it is to be hoped that this building will be kept where it is and made a depository of historical relics. Indeed, the governor's room and the City library contain what would be a good beginning for a splendid collection. Why is it not possible to devote a portion of the building to the exhibiting of pictures of historic acts, occasions and people? The important events that have occurred, and that may occur, might be written up and illustrated by persons competent to perform the task and willing to make it a labor of love. The importance of preserving authentic memoirs and records grows upon us with thought. If these works were projected and maintained in a practical way, so that they might be easily accessible to the people, they would stimulate the study of our history, and would engender pride in our City, which is essential to its development and its best government.

Such a spirit once existed, as may be seen by reading this extract from a Philadelphia journal of 1815. The little picture gallery in the "Governor's Room" was more of a public wonder eighty years ago than the treasures of the Metropolitan Museum of Art are to-day.

"Among the munificent instances of public patronage which the fine arts have hitherto received in this country, must be numbered the establishment of the gallery of portraits of public men, which

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has, within a few years, been formed by the corporation of the City of New York. This originally consisted of Trumbull's original large pictures of Washington and Hamilton, and of his series of the governors of the State of New York, in full length, and of the mayors of the City since 1781, in half length portraits. During the late war, it is well known, the corporation have, from time to time, voted that portraits of several of our most distinguished military and naval men should be added to this collection. Several of these are already painted, and others are now in hand; among these are large full lengths of Commodores Hull, Bainbridge, Perry, Macdonough, and of General Brown, by Jarvis, of General Macomb, by Waldo, and of Decatur, by Sully. The full length public or historical portrait, aspiring to rise above the dull commonplace of the family portrait, forms an interesting link between mere portraiture and historical painting. Our artists have already attained to great excellence in portrait and miniature; and it is with pleasure and pride that we now behold an opportunity offered them of aiming at a higher and bolder flight; of rising, from the cold delineation of individual nature, to the dignity and invention of the higher branches of the art, and aspiring to that nobleness of conception which, says Reynolds, goes beyond anything in the mere exhibition even of perfect form—to the art of animating and dignifying their figures, and impressing them with the appearance of intellectual energy."

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A record of the public events which have been associated with this building would be entertaining and instructive. It would show how Mayor Edward Livingston laid the cornerstone in 1803, and how the work was stopped by the scourge of yellow fever. While thousands of the people fled to Greenwich Village and other suburban places, the mayor remained at his post in the City Hall trying to bring all the resources of the City government to combat the plague. He personally visited the hospitals where the yellow fever patients were lying, and encouraged the physicians and the nurses. He did not escape the fever. While he was hovering between life and death, the populace eagerly waited for news from the sick-room. When he recovered from his illness and was receiving the joyful congratulations of the citizens, he found that a confidential subordinate had mismanaged the finances during his illness, and had brought him hopelessly in debt to the government. He turned over all of his property for the satisfaction of this debt, and then resigned his office, which was immediately filled by De Witt Clinton, whose services to the young City can never be fully told.

The building was completed just as the war of 1812 was breaking out, and it is associated with the stirring events of that period. On June 24, 1812, there was a mass meeting about the City Hall of which Marinus Willett was secretary and Henry Rutger president. There had been a great division of sentiment respecting war with England,

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a very large and influential part of the community deprecating such a course, on the grounds that the situation did not justify war, and that the country had not recovered from the desolations of the War of the Revolution. Mayor DeWitt Clinton was one of the opponents of the war policy. The movements of the English, the imminence of the conflict, and a national spirit, brought the people of New York City together, and they resolved to stand behind the government as one man, and to prepare defenses for the City and to forward troops as occasion might require. The committees appointed by this meeting were so effective that the fortifications were quickly completed, and New York City sent out a force of privateers who preyed most successfully upon the enemy, while troops were organized and sent forward in efficient condition. New York's captains were foremost in the glory of the naval contests.

These were some of the resolutions adopted at that meeting of the people on the old Common:

“1. *Resolved*, That while solicitous of peace and ardently attached to its blessings, we believe that the crisis has arrived when it could no longer with honor be retained: that we therefore hold our government justified in its appeal to arms against Great Britain and yield to its decision our unqualified and decided approbation.

“2. *Resolved*, That as our government has now appealed to the sword, it becomes the duty of all

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good citizens at such an eventful period to lay aside all party animosity and private bickerings, to rally, as becomes brethren equally involved in the welfare of their common country, round the national standard, and to yield to their government an undivided support.

“3. We pledge to our government, in support of our beloved country, ‘our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.’ ”

These resolutions were promptly transmitted to the President and to Congress, and were most welcome to the severely taxed and bewildered government, for they showed that while such citizens as John Jacob Astor and Jacob Barker thought more of their property than they did of national honor, and while every city newspaper voiced their timorous complainings, the heart of the people was true, and New York was as faithful to the common good of the whole nation as she was true to the general interests of the colonies in the struggle for independence. Victories on the sea and the lakes were frequent in 1813. Commodore Perry’s great victory on Lake Erie in October lifted the popular rejoicing to a place where it must have public demonstration.

So again the people gathered about the City Hall, which was brilliantly illuminated and covered with the immortal words of Lawrence and Perry, “Don’t give up the ship!” and “We have met the enemy and they are ours!” But while thrilling victories

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at sea were frequent, there were reverses on the land, and there was a division among the people over the Embargo Act. American commissioners entreated peace, but there was a wild passion in England for war, and for a reversal of the results of the Revolution. The northern frontier of New York was greatly vexed by an invasion of British troops, and in the absence of any rapid means of communication the people of New York City were in constant dread of some sudden descent upon them of the British forces. General Scott was hard at work all about Niagara and the St. Lawrence River, and the glorious battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane were fought. Fort Erie was successfully defended by New York's General Brown, who was received by Mayor Clinton and given the freedom of the City in a gold box. In August an attack upon New York City seemed imminent, and again the people met in thousands about the City Hall and chose their Committee of Defense, which was composed of Nicholas Fish, John Nitchie, Thomas R. Smith, George Buckmaster, Peter Mesier, Gideon Tucker and John W. Brackett. The people set to work on the fortifications. Every class of the citizens was represented and every organization took its place. Shovels and pickaxes were never before in such demand. Extensive fortifications were constructed in the northern part of the City. The earthworks, whose lines are still to be seen in the northern part of Central Park and along Morningside Park, were thrown up in those days. The old line of fortifica-

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tions running across the island in the neighborhood of Grand Street, all the way from the North River to Corlears Hook, including Bunker Hill near Grand and Center Streets, was restored. The lower part of the City was covered at every point with barricades and earthworks. Printing House Square was barricaded at every street, and the works were extended along the north side of the City Hall Park toward the river. Vesey Street, Barclay Street and the other streets running west from Broadway were barricaded. If the English had effected a landing on Manhattan Island they would have been obliged to fight for every inch of their progress. The Masonic Societies went to work in a body; so did the Washington Benevolent Society, which had been opposed to the war. The newspapers were stopped so that the printers might work. The members of Tammany Hall had their place. Each craft and trade was represented by an earnest and zealous band of men. The ministers went with their people. Even the schoolboys marched in bodies to places that were assigned to them and worked with their teachers in throwing up breastworks. While this work was going on, the English entered Washington and committed their immortal deed of vandalism,—the burning of the Congressional Library. All the public buildings in Washington were fired, and the President, and his Cabinet and Congress, hastily fled. This magnificent call to arms appeared in "The Columbian," August 27, 1814:

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"To Arms! Citizens! To Arms!

"Your Capital is taken. 3,000 British troops may have marched for Baltimore, and before this hour it may have fallen. Six days ago the people at Washington were in perfect security. In six days the same enemy may be at the Hook, and if they assail your city with a powerful force by land and water, what will be your fate? Arise from your slumbers! Let every citizen arise and enroll himself instantly and prepare to defend our City to the last extremity! This is no time to talk! We must act, and act with vigor, or we are lost."

Then came a call for twenty thousand troops from New Jersey and New York, and speedily New York City became a great camp of soldiers. At this time New York set a magnificent example of unity in a common cause, which was in marked contrast to the dissension in other States and even in the National Government. The people sang:

"Old England is trying to kick up a muss,
I think she'd better not interfere with us.
If she wants to fight us, she'll find it no fun,
She'll git what she got from General Washington."

The great English expedition for the capture of New York was overwhelmed with disaster on Lake Champlain, where it met Commodore Macdonough on the water and our own General Macomb on the land. Macomb was honored at the City Hall as General Brown had been. Meanwhile, events were

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rapidly shaping for a decisive conflict at New Orleans, where General Andrew Jackson was in command of the American forces. The exploit of New York's Captain Samuel Chester Reid, detailed elsewhere, came in at this opportune time. The "General Armstrong" was sent to sea in the midst of the excitement that prevailed in the city, and while the people were building its fortifications she had to run a blockade of English vessels at Sandy Hook. Captain Reid's magnificent defense of his ship in the harbor of Fayal disorganized and delayed the British plans for the reduction of New Orleans, and was justly esteemed as a victory. He, too, was honored at the City Hall. Among the forts which were constructed during this period of excitement were the old fort now called Castle Garden, Fort Gansevoort, Fort Stevens near Hell Gate, Mill Rock Fort in the East River, Fort Fish in Central Park, and Fort Laight in Morningside Park. The city even issued its own paper currency to raise the funds which it was impossible to get in due time from the government and through banks. While a convention was being held at Hartford, in which representative New England men participated, and from which it was feared declarations hostile to the government's attitude would issue, it became evident that preparations were again being made in Canada for an invasion of New York. Then came the series of brilliant successes on the ocean by Commodore Decatur's squadron, the great victory at New Orleans, the sudden recession of the English govern-

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ment from its insistence that it must have all of the American territory then occupied by British troops; and then came the unexpected announcement of peace. The transition from war and its dangers and uncertainties, from division of national councils and the apprehensions which resulted, into the quietness and safety of peace, put the people into an ecstasy of joy. Again they surrounded the City Hall, and after services of thanksgiving yielded themselves to the joy of the occasion. The City Hall was illuminated and decorated with a liberality not known before that time.

Many important circumstances in the war of 1812 occurred at the City of New York. The first ships to go to the war went out of New York harbor, and the first gun fired by an American ship was fired from the "President," built at Christian Bergh's shipyard on Cherry Street. New York sent out a large number of well equipped and well disciplined soldiers, and she supplied a fleet of daring and successful privateers, and a number of brilliant commanders. Her people sustained the government and were true to the national honor in the darkest hours, when other communities wavered. Her "Essex" made the first capture of an armed British vessel, the "Dolphin," and made the first capture of an English flag when she took the "Alert," the first vessel captured on either side. The last vessel captured was the "President." She was taken while trying to run the blockade at Sandy Hook. The news of the treaty of peace first reached New York, and the treaty itself was

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brought to New York on the ship "Favorite," and was ratified at New York.

Then New York began to leap forward in commercial development and power. DeWitt Clinton conceived the Erie Canal and forced his plan over all the opposition of skeptics and political opponents. The greatness of Clinton's project was only equaled by the greatness of the storms of abuse and misrepresentation which were hurled against him, and against which he had to work until the culmination of his project showed the inestimable boon which had come to the City. In 1824 Clinton's enemies secured an advantage in the Legislature and passed a resolution removing him from the office of Canal Commissioner, which had been fittingly bestowed upon him. This unwise act of his enemies brought his friends together. The people of the City assembled in thousands at the City Hall, and in the most emphatic way, with absolute unanimity, resented the action of the Legislature. It appointed a committee to stand by the commissioner in the name of the people of New York City, and the movement resulted in Clinton's election as Governor of the State. It may become necessary in the near future to strike the Legislature in the same emphatic way. Assemblyman Cunningham addressed the Assembly against the bill to unseat Mr. Clinton, and his peroration was very significant. He said:

"When the miserable party strifes of the present day shall have passed by, and the political jugglers

who now beleaguer this Capitol shall be overwhelmed and forgotten, when the gentle breeze shall pass over the tomb of that great man, carrying with it the just tribute of honor and praise which is now withheld, the pen of the future historian will do him justice, and erect to his memory a monument of fame as imperishable as the splendid works that owe their origin to his genius and perseverance.

“Sir, I have done; and I have only to beseech every honorable gentleman on this floor to weigh well the consequences of the vote he is about to give on this important question. It is probably the last that will be given this session, and I pray God it may be such as will not disgrace us in the eyes of our constituents.”

Promptly on the adjournment of the Assembly the citizens of Albany gathered at the Capitol and organized a meeting over which ex-Lieutenant-governor Taylor presided. The Hon. Alfred Conkling drew resolutions which were presented by Colonel James McKown. The resolutions contained these clauses:

“*Resolved*, That the removal of DeWitt Clinton, confessedly without any pretense of misconduct, from the office of canal commissioner, the duties of which he had for fourteen years discharged with distinguished zeal and ability and without any pecuniary reward, is a most flagrant and wanton violation of public trust, and an act of injustice and

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ingratitude, revolting to the moral sense of all honorable men, and unparalleled in the political history of the State.

“*Resolved*, That the perpetrators of this act of violence and ingratitude are utterly unworthy of public confidence, and justly deserve the reprobation of an injured community.

“*Resolved*, That William James, Ebenezer Baldwin, Joseph Alexander, Philip L. Parker, Isaiah Townsend, Israel Smith, Samuel M. Hopkins, Chandler Starr, Elisha Jenkins, Gideon Hawley, Teunis Van Vechten, John Cassidy, Jeremiah Waterman, James McKown, Jabez D. Hammond, and Alfred Conkling, together with the chairman and secretary, be a committee to express to Mr. Clinton, in behalf of this meeting, the lively sense which we entertain of his very highly meritorious services, and to tender to him the tribute of our warmest thanks.”

The committee of New York citizens, appointed at the meeting in the Park, contained Thomas Addis Emmett, Cadwallader D. Colden, William Baird, Thomas Hertell, and twenty-two others.

The celebration of the opening of the Erie Canal in 1825 was one of the most notable events in the history of the City. Water was turned into the canal at Lake Erie at ten o'clock on October 29th. Cannon had been placed ten miles apart all the way from Buffalo to New York City. When the water began to flow at Buffalo, the gun there was fired, and as the noise of the first cannon

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was heard at the second point, the second cannon was fired, and so along until the noise arrived in New York City, an hour and thirty minutes after the event which was so thoroughly boomed. The receipt of the message was telegraphed back to Buffalo by the same means. That was the most rapid delivery of a message that had occurred in New York up to that date. A novel and heterogeneous flotilla of vessels came down the canal and arrived at New York on the 4th of November, when the City's celebration began. At this date many of the features of the celebration seem childish; but there is no doubt at all of the heartiness with which the people entered into Clinton's triumph. At that day he had the affections of the people as Hamilton had them in the days of the Revolution. The fleet of twenty-nine steam vessels and accompanying barges seemed to the people to be an overwhelming display of marine force, and they watched with breathless attention the maneuvering of the boats. When the squadron reached the Battery, the land procession began, and it was also wonderfully composed. The City Hall, New York's most magnificent building, was the center of all this enthusiasm, and at night it was actually lighted with lamps and wax-candles(!). A display of fireworks from the roof completed the festivities of the day, and set fire to the cupola, around which the enthusiastic flames playfully leaped, until the cupola had gone to join Clinton's discomfited enemies.

There were many other occasions when the peo-

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ple met at the City Hall. Such a meeting was held after the terrible fire of 1835, when the citizens appointed their committee of one hundred and fifty to take action to relieve suffering, to restore business facilities, and to provide for the safety of the City. Among the resolutions which were adopted at the meeting was this, which was moved by James G. King:

“Resolved, That while the citizens of New York lament over the ruin which has left desolate the most valuable part of this City, and deeply sympathize with the numerous sufferers, it becomes them not to repine, but to unite in a vigorous exertion to repair the loss; that the extent of her commerce, the number, wealth and enterprise of her citizens justify, under the blessing of Divine Providence, a primary reliance upon her own resources.

“Resolved, That we consider it the duty of our citizens and moneyed institutions, who stand in the relation of creditors to those who have directly or indirectly suffered by the late fire, to extend to them the utmost forbearance and lenity.”

Other resolutions were adopted. In this meeting were gathered the strongest and best men of the City. Here are the names of the vice-presidents, the secretaries and the committees:

Cornelius W. Lawrence, Albert Gallatin, Preserved Fish, Samuel Hicks, Benjamin L. Swan, Dudley Selden, Jonathan Goodhue, Saul Alley, Prosper M. Wetmore, John

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T. Irving, John Pintard, George Newbould, Samuel B. Ruggles, James G. King, William B. Astor, George Griswold, Enos T. Throop, Samuel Cowdrey, Thomas J. Oakley, George Wilson, William T. McCown, John G. Coster, Walter Bowne, James F. Boorman, Louis McLane, Jacob Lorillard, John S. Crary, Jacob Harvey, Reuben Withers, Ogden Hoffman, Charles King, Edward Sanford, John W. Leavitt, Adam Treadwell, John Leonard, George G. Robbins, William Neilson, Stephen Whitney, Joseph Bouchand, Jacob Morton, John Wilson, Mordecai M. Noah, Philip Hone, William L. Stone, Rensselaer Havens, Charles W. Sanford, W. Van Wyck, D. F. Manice, John Kelly, H. C. DeRham, Isaac Bronson, Campbell B. White, John A. Stevens, James Lee, George Douglas, Stephen Allen, John Fleming, John B. Lawrence, William B. Townsend, Charles H. Russell, James Heard, Charles Graham, George Ireland, John Y. Cobra, Samuel Jones, Charles Augustus Davis, Robert C. Wetmore, James D. P. Ogden, Andrew Warner, David Hall, James Conner, Robert White, Richard Parnell, Joseph Blunt, Samuel Ward, Francis B. Cutting, John H. Howland, John Lang, Daniel Jackson, John Palmer, Richard Riker, James Roosevelt, Jr., James Munroe, Richard McCarthy, Isaac S. Hone, Peter A. Jay, Amos Butler, Joseph D. Beers, David Bryson, Samuel Swartwout, Walter R. Jones, Philo L. Mills, Morris Robinson, Benjamin McVickar, John Haggerty, Charles Dennison, George W. Lee, William Churchill, George Lovett, G. A. Worth, Edwin Lord, Benjamin L. Woolley, William Mitchell, Burr Wakeman, William Leggett, James B. Murray, Peter A. Cowdrey, John L. Graham, George D. Strong, Jonathan Lawrence, Cornelius Heyer, James Lawson, Samuel S. Howland, James Watson Webb, William M. Price, John Delafield, James McCride, M. M. Quackenboss, B. M. Brown, William B. Crosby, G. C. Verplanck, William Beach Lawrence, Joseph L. Josephs,

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S. H. Foster, T. T. Kissam, Robert Bogardus, William Howard, Luman Reed, Robert Smith, Michael Ulshoef-fer, Samuel Thompson, Robert C. Cornell, Peter G. Stuyvesant, David Hadden, Benjamin Strong, William P. Hall, Isaac Townsend, Charles P. Clinch, Rufus L. Lord, J. R. Satterlee, David S. Jones, David Austin, Seth Geer, Robert Lenox, Perez Jones, William Turner.

In the winter of 1836 there occurred one of those pathetic disturbances hardly known in our land, but common enough in some others—a bread riot. It is the only occurrence of that kind that has happened in our City. There was a scarcity of grain throughout the land, and local agitators, taking advantage of the sufferings of the poor, stirred them to deeds of violence by fervid appeals directed against their political adversaries. On February 10, 1837, this notice was widely published:

“Bread! Meat! Rent! Fuel!

“THEIR PRICES MUST COME DOWN!

“The voice of the people shall be heard and must prevail. The people will meet in the Park, rain or shine, at 4 o'clock Monday afternoon, to inquire into the cause of the present unexampled distress and to devise a suitable remedy. All friends of humanity, determined to resist monopolists and extortionists, are invited to attend.

“MOSES JACQUES, PAULUS HEDL, JOHN WINDT,
DAN'L A. ROBERTSON, WARDEN HAYWARD,
ALEXANDER MING, JR., DANIEL GORHAM, ELI-
JAH F. CRANE.”

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Five thousand people gathered in the Park, and their inflammable natures were fanned into bursting flames by blatant demagogues; and then, as is usual on such occasions, the assemblage of people degenerated into a lawless mob that even its own leaders could not restrain. A section of the mob made a rush for the wholesale flour store of Eli Hart on Washington Street near Cortlandt. The mob gained entrance to a part of the building, and were there attacked by a detachment of police, whom they defeated. The mayor, Cornelius W. Lawrence, appeared and addressed them, but he was driven from the scene. Then the mob, swollen by accessions, broke into every part of the storehouse, making a complete wreck of it, and throwing hundreds of barrels of flour into the street, staving in the heads, and spilling into the gutters the wheat which it was so loudly claimed was needed by the famishing poor. The mob was finally driven from Mr. Hart's building by police and militia in force, and a number of the leaders were seized and lodged in the Bridewells. While Mr. Hart's store was being looted, similar proceedings were going on at the warerooms of S. H. Herrick & Co., near Coenties Slip. The militia remained under arms throughout the night. The street near Hart's store was knee deep with flour. About forty of the rioters were convicted and sent to the State's Prison at Greenwich village. The sudden reduction of the stock of flour sent the price up fifty cents a barrel. The rioters were mainly ignorant and vicious foreigners of the

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same classes that rose up against the peace of the City in July, 1863. We have the same dangerous elements with us, stronger, more numerous and more pestilential, and they would eclipse the rioters of 1863 to-morrow if they dared.

In 1842 there was another imposing demonstration of even greater significance in the development of the City than the opening of the Erie Canal. It was the celebration of the opening of the Croton Aqueduct. The City had been very badly supplied with water. It had depended entirely upon wells. In early days the wells were generally located in the middle of the streets. The water was brackish and unwholesome. The tea-water pump (which was last located in the store at old Number 126 Chatham Street, near Roosevelt Street) became famous, because it was the only source of pure drinking water in the lower part of the City. There were men who carried this water about in carts and pails like milkmen, who were known as "tea-water men," and who were so designated in the early City directories. Various plans had been suggested for supplying the City with fresh water from a reservoir. Aaron Burr's plan was not meant to work. Mr. Colles' plan failed. But this great scheme succeeded from the beginning, and seems to be capable of indefinite expansion. The accomplishment of what was so vast an undertaking in those days gave New York an unbounded confidence in herself. She realized that the accomplishment of big things would produce correspondingly great suc-

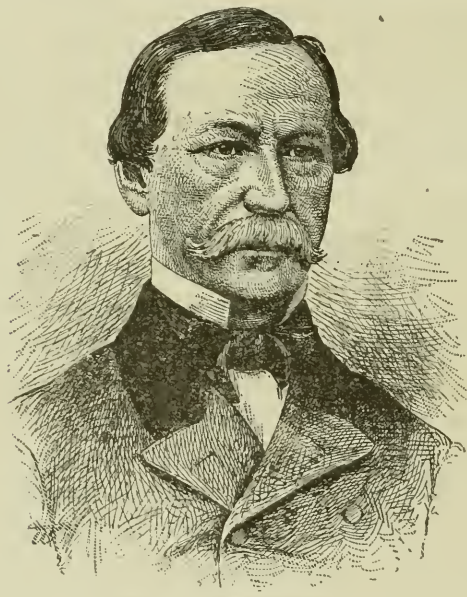
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cess. "Nothing succeeds like success!" The City Hall was the central point of the celebration. This splendid supply of water brought to New York its first adequate protection from the ravages of fire. In 1858 another great step in the advance of the City was marked by the celebration at the City Hall and elsewhere of the laying of the Atlantic Cable. The developments in electrical science from the beginning have come largely from citizens of New York, and in this great triumph, which almost literally annihilated time and space between Europe and America, the principal credit was due to citizens of New York, among whom Cyrus W. Field and Samuel F. B. Morse were chief. The original telegraphic experiments of Dr. Morse were made in the old University building on University Place. Other representative New York citizens who helped to secure the success of the cable laying were Peter Cooper and Moses Taylor.

Another interesting event in the early days of the City Hall was the reception of General Lafayette after his return to the United States. He did not expect to be the recipient of special honors; but plans had been made to honor him long before he arrived, and when he stepped on Manhattan Island he found himself in the arms of his friends. There was a naval procession and a military procession, and the acclamations of the people accompanied the roar of the cannon. He was received at the City Hall by Mayor Paulding, and in the evening the City Hall was illuminated.

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The most exciting scenes that ever occurred about this building were in the conflict between the Metropolitan and the Municipal Police Forces, for which the mayor, Fernando Wood, was directly responsible. The mayor had ideas of his own. They led him so far as to broach a scheme for making New York City independent of all other government. Under



MAYOR FERNANDO WOOD.

the law which was in force when he became mayor, he assumed control of the police department and used it for political purposes; so in 1857 the Legislature organized a new police department, which included not only the City and County of New York, but the adjacent counties, and was controlled by commissioners appointed by the governor. The law

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was settled as constitutional, but the mayor was not willing to lose the political power which the control of the police gave him, and he succeeded in holding a large majority of the members of the Municipal force. The new police board promptly organized a force of policemen, and that gave the City two complete but independent and antagonistic



GEORGE W. WALLING.

sets of policemen, who frequently quarreled and assaulted each other. That was a great time for thieves and other law breakers. The Metropolitan commissioners proceeded to extreme measures, and obtained an order for the arrest of the mayor. The warrant was put into the hands of Captain Walling, who afterward became chief of police. Captain

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Walling endeavored to arrest the mayor, but was thrown out of the building by the Municipal officers. Recorder James M. Smith directed the sheriff to execute the warrant with a posse. While this was going on a body of Metropolitan policemen entered the City Hall with another warrant for the arrest of the mayor in a damage suit. These policemen were promptly attacked by a much larger number of Municipal policemen who were in the building, and they were severely clubbed and were sent tumbling down the City Hall steps. After this fracas Captain Walling, the sheriff, and the sheriff's counsel again endeavored to arrest the mayor, and warned him of the consequences of another such scene as had just occurred; but the success of his men in beating off the Metropolitans made him more than ever defiant, and he refused to recognize the order of the court. Just then the 7th Regiment, which has so often come to the rescue of law and order, appeared on its way to take the boat for Boston to attend the celebration of the battle of Bunker's Hill. The sheriff promptly called upon General Sanford to assist him in executing the warrant. The general lost no time. His duty was plain, and he didn't want to lose his boat. The soldiers swung into the park and lined up in front of the City Hall. Then General Sanford walked into the mayor's office and personally attended to the arrest. That ended the unseemly struggle, and the Municipal police force evaporated. The Metropolitan policemen who had been injured sued Mr.

Wood for their injuries, and each received a verdict for two hundred and fifty dollars with costs. Wood never paid up, but the Legislature taxed the City and compelled it to pay the injured men for the act of its mayor.

The honored dead have laid in state in this beautiful building. In the Governor's room, the strong sorrowful features of the first martyred President were viewed by unnumbered thousands of the people of New York as they passed his bier; and there the resolute, impenetrable face of the great General and President, Grant, was viewed by the multitudes who had learned from him touching lessons of the union of strength and gentleness in noble character, and of the true meaning of national union.

The pilgrim who now makes his inquiring way through this modern, yet antiquated, building, will be almost stifled by the air of litigation that is exhaled from numerous court rooms in which are crowded eager hordes of lawyers and litigants, and suffering multitudes of witnesses and jurors.

Cunning, sharpness, unscrupulousness, greed, are vividly pictured in scores of faces; and the hum of voices has a deep foreign undertone. The busy, quarrelsome people who live east of the Bowery contribute nearly half of the business of the court. Apparently there is nothing in this restless multitude to help us in our antiquarian and patriotic journeying; but wait, we have slipped into one of the court rooms, and a dreamy sensation of restfulness and of travel rewarded comes to us. An antique

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room; little window panes; old-fashioned court furnishings; a blue-eyed, large-waisted, heavy-cheeked, Saxon-haired, mildly imperious administrator of justice sits upon the bench. The Teutonic impulse dwells beneath the tongues of lawyers, witnesses and judge to-day. The machinery of the law moves cumbrously, ostentatiously, but surely, in its business of sifting truth out of the verbose accompaniments of the trial. Looking out of the little square window panes, we see the place where Governor Leisler was executed. This judge knows the practice of his court perfectly, and he insists on veneration for the judicial office. "Sid down!" he says to an over-zealous lawyer, who hesitates in yielding to his ruling. "Sid down! you'f got my r-r-ruling. If you ton't like id, you can abbeal again. Ton't interrubbt me!" A little later the obstreperous lawyer inflicts himself again on the patient justice, who, with a deprecating wave of his hand, says: "Vell, I guess ve vill safe time to let you haf your own vay. Go on. I haf trouples enough of my own."

The other lawyer offers a diagram to the jury, but the careful justice insists upon the matter being made clear to him. "Vate!" he says. "Ve can't leaf any strings open. I can't get dhat aaround my prain." When it is made clear the case goes on. The time comes to charge the jury. He tells them the burden of proof is on the plaintiff. "But," says he to those plain men, "maype you ton't know vat is the purden of broof. Now I vill gif

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you an illustration. You take a bair of scales and two parrels. You shofel all the efitence for the blaintiff into von parrel, and put it on von side of the scales, and you shofel the efitence of the tefentant into the other parrel and put it on the other side of the scales, and the side of the scales that has the blaintiff's parrel on it must go town and make the other go up."

This is good law, and plain sense; and it takes us back to the good days that we recalled in the first chapter.

Our old Common is richer in historic associations than we imagined it could be when we were mere atoms in the rushing, noisy rivers of heedless people that ever hurry over its venerable walks. Henceforth when we cross its lines we will feel a personal interest in it, and will find ourselves calling up the redoubtable leaders of old, and the brave rabbles and mobs that kept the agitation for liberty at fever heat. But there is a slow-going, quaintly interesting history back of those stormy days. Where is the old "Vlacte" or Flat, a journey to which in the earliest days was considered so great an exploit. Surely this is de Vlacte, and all around it camped the aboriginals, leaving their piles of clam and oyster shells, which justified the general name of Kalkhook. As the Island yielded more and more to the influences of civilization, this little journey came to be less of an undertaking and to be attended with less danger. Even while the palisade stood on Wall Street, for defense against the ap-

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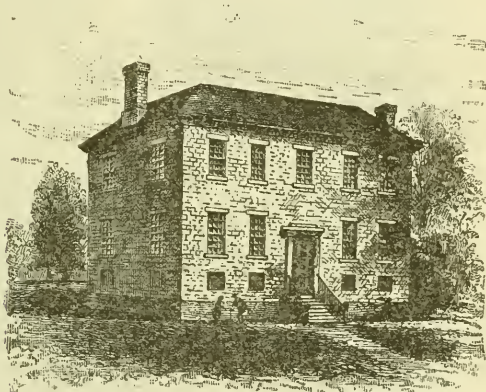
proach of hostiles from the north, the herdsmen gathered the cattle of the settlers and drove them to the Vlacte, where they attended them through the day, returning them at night through the City gate, and announcing their safe return by blowing their horns. The Fresh Water Pond, and the streams and marshes which spread out from it east and west, were a natural limitation to the old City, which did not until a comparatively recent period cross those obstacles. The King's Farm, extending north from Trinity Church, and west of the line of Broadway, and the Bowery Road, striking out diagonally from Broadway (at Ann Street), and later the extension of Broadway as far as Duane Street (under the name of Great George Street), caused the Vlacte, the Common or the Fields to assume its irregular shape. From the beginning the land was unappropriated, and under the generous terms of the Dongan Charter it became vested in the City, and it became the custom of the people to congregate there on all occasions of public interest. There was no other place suitable for large gatherings; and in the period of agitation against foreign rule the open spaces on lower Broadway, and at Broad and Wall Streets, were too near to the Fort and the governor to be safe and comfortable meeting places. Very naturally the first substantial buildings for charities and corrections were erected in the Fields. The first one was a Poorhouse, which was built in 1736, and was succeeded by the present City Hall. For a

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long time prior to the Revolution the public executions were performed at and near the Fields.

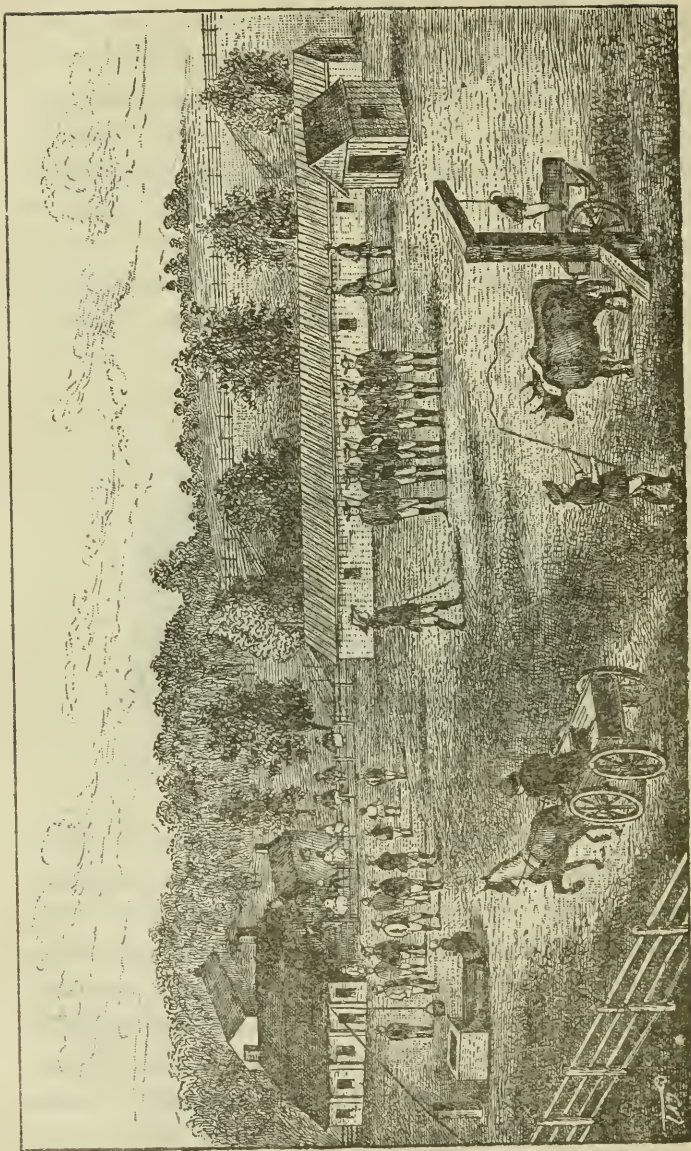
On the page following is an old picture of the execution of one of the negroes who was convicted of conspiring to burn the City in 1712. (Notice the men and women comfortably roosting on a fence to watch the death struggle.)

The first effort to preserve the Common appears in this resolution of the Common Council, passed



First Poorhouse, City Hall Park.

in 1731: "If any person or persons whatsoever within the City or liberties thereof shall, at any time hereafter, dig any holes in the Common of this City on the south side of the Fresh Water, or take or carry away any earth or mould, or shall cut, take or carry away any sods or turf off any part of said Common, he shall suffer a fine of forty shillings." In 1756 a committee was appointed "to remove the gallows from the easterly side of the



Execution of the Negro, Golf, on the Common.

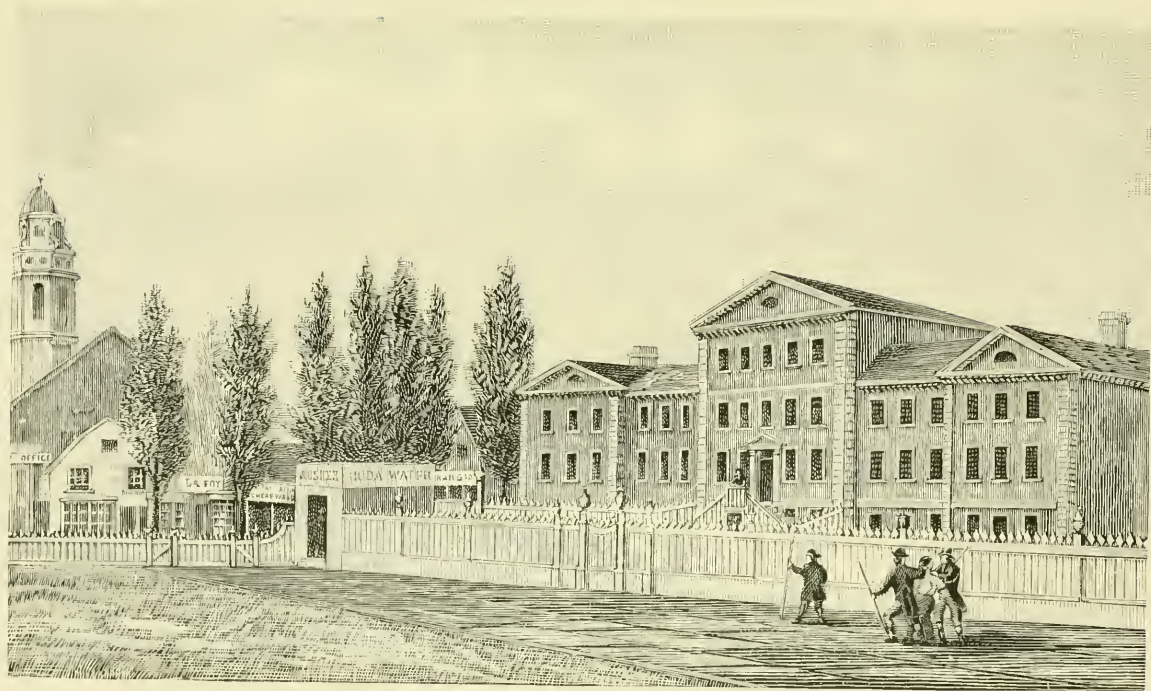
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Common to the place where the negroes were burned at the foot of the hill called Catimuts Hill, near the Fresh Water." In 1757 a piece of ground of the length of two boards, where the present City Hall stands, was inclosed for the burial of the poor of the Workhouse. In the same year a committee was appointed to build the gaol (the Register's office). In 1757 a committee was appointed to erect barracks. These were the same barracks that were occupied by the British troops, who had so much trouble with the Liberty Boys. It was ordered that the building should be two stories high and contain twenty rooms on a floor, and be four hundred and twenty feet long. Broadway was extended through the Common, according to the survey of Mr. Marschalk, in 1760. In 1762 it was ordered that "no pitch, tar, turpentine or shingles be kept on the Common south of the Fresh Water, except at a place especially appropriated for that purpose near the negro burial-ground." As a further step in the improvement and decoration of the Common, in 1764 the jail committee was empowered to erect opposite the gaol a public whipping-post, stocks, cage and pillory, in such a manner as they might think proper. The Almshouse or Workhouse stood on the site of the present City Hall, and was the first building erected in the Park. The Bridewell was erected shortly after 1775, between the present City Hall and Broadway. After it was demolished, many years thereafter, its stone was used in the construction of the Tombs. It is evident that a building

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was erected shortly prior to 1784 for the execution of criminals, between the Almshouse and the Gaol: for in that year the inhabitants of Chatham Street and Tryon Row secured its removal to that spot from a position closer to their homes, where they were annoyed by its sights and sounds. The first proposition for inclosing the Park was considered in 1785. In 1790 the sale of the old barracks was ordered, and the west side of Broadway, or Great George Street, as it was then called, was paved from Vesey Street to Murray Street. The Park was not inclosed until 1792. It was not until 1795 that it was proposed to dig out Broadway north of the Park. In 1797 a new Almshouse was built close to the old one, which was torn down. (The grade of Broadway, from the Park to Canal Street, which was first established in 1799, required digging down at Pearl Street nearly five feet, and at Leonard Street nearly sixteen feet, from which point the line of the road fell to the bridge which crossed the marshes at Canal Street.)

The Bridewell deserves more than a passing notice. This became one of the English prisons during the British occupation. It had its own peculiar horrors. It seems from all that can be learned on the subject that not one of the British prisons in New York was conducted in a humane way. Probably General Charles Lee, who was confined in a room in the old City Hall on Wall Street, was the only prisoner of war who received decent treatment. The Tory historian, Judge



THE OLD BRIDEWELL.

Jones, speaking of this subject, while abusing the American cause, gave the testimony of his own observation, which overthrew the evasions of Lord Howe. He said:

“Upon the close of the Campaign in 1776, there were not less than ten thousand prisoners within the British lines at New York. A commissary of prisoners was therefore appointed, and one Joshua Loring was commissioned to the office, with a guinea a day and rations of all kinds for himself and family. In this appointment there was reciprocity. Joshua had a handsome wife. The General, Sir William Howe, was fond of her. Joshua made no objections. Loring was determined to make the most of his commission, and, by appropriating to his own use nearly two-thirds of the rations allowed to the prisoners, he actually starved to death about three hundred of the poor wretches before an exchange took place in 1777; and hundreds that were alive at the time were so emaciated and enfeebled for the want of provisions that numbers died upon the road on their way home, and many lived but a few days after reaching their habitations.”

(Washington complained to General Howe about his receiving emaciated American soldiers in exchange for well-fed British prisoners.)

“Other commissioners were appointed afterward and each ‘filched the provisions and disposed of them for their own use.’ There were five commis-

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sioners, and they extorted money for the privilege of being put in the various companies that were selected to be exchanged.

“The blood-sucking harpies swallowed up twenty millions sterling of the money raised by Great Britain for the support of the American war.”

We observe that this was not done in a dark corner or in some isolated case, but that it happened at the seat of the English operations during the whole war, in every prison, under every commissioner, and with the heartless indifference or connivance of the commander-in-chief. There were upward of twenty thousand captured American soldiers incarcerated in the various prisons in the City, and several thousand of them died.

Oliver Woodruff, one of the prisoners in the Bridewell, who was captured at Fort Washington, has been quoted as follows: “We were marched to New York and went into different prisons—eight hundred and sixteen went into the new Bridewell, I among the rest; some into the Sugar-house, others into the Dutch Church. On Thursday morning they brought us a little provision, which was the first morsel we got to eat or drink after eating our breakfast on Saturday morning. We never drew as much provision for three days’ allowance as a man would eat at a common meal. I was there three months, during that inclement season. There was not a pane of glass in the windows, and nothing to keep out the cold except the iron grates.”

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Another prisoner said: "We were roughly used at Harlem, on the way from Fort Washington to New York. Eight hundred of us were stowed in the new Bridewell, which was a cold, open house, the windows not glazed. We had not one mouthful from early Saturday morning till Monday. Rations for three days were a half pound of biscuit, half pound of pork, half pint of peas, half gill of rice, half ounce of butter—the whole enough for one good meal—and defrauded in this petty allowance; no straw or hay to lie on; no fuel but one cartload per week for the eight hundred men. At nine o'clock in the evening the Hessian guards would come in and put out the fire, and lay on the poor prisoners with heavy clubs, for sitting round the fire; water very bad, as well as bread, except once good biscuits and once good baker's bread. Prisoners died like rotten sheep, with cold, hunger and dirt, and those who had good apparel, such as buckskin breeches or good coats, were necessitated to sell them to purchase bread to keep themselves alive."

Another says: "The doctors gave poison to some of the prisoners, who soon died, and others were sent to Honduras to cut logwood."

The stones of this building, consecrated to scenes of misery, and humid with the sighs of hopeless prisoners, were most appropriately built into the walls of the Tombs—that barbarous outrage on humanity—and have continued to shut out the rays of the sun from desolate lives, and to hold within

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them a reservoir of damp and poisonous exhalations from the old Collect Pond, filled up as it was with the refuse of the City. This thick dank prison air never loses the vibrations of the anguished voices of the imprisoned and the condemned. There is no other such terrible place in the Empire State as the Tombs. It was built upon a poisoned morass, of stones devoted to human suffering. It is grim and forbidding on the outside, and filled with the ghosts of the past and the tortures of the present.

In this square ever since Revolutionary times the City has been represented by its chosen men; and its condition, good or bad, has been exemplified to the world. Some administrations have reflected what seemed to be hopelessly bad conditions of public life, and others have represented revivals of patriotism and civic virtue. The glory and the shame of New York are both written in the history of the administrations at the City Hall. The most reckless period in our public life appeared while A. Oakley Hall was mayor, when the "Tweed Ring," entrenched in every department and in the Legislature, built the Court House and managed other great public works for their own personal enrichment. In those days public spirit was so low that, during a long period, no organization and no person interposed any spirited or effectual opposition to it. The overthrow of that corrupt organization, and the heroic work of a few citizens and newspapers, who risked everything for love of their City and for honor and truth, and the completeness of their

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victory, make one of the bright pictures of our public life.

We have been considering the growth, the development, the prosperity and the marvelous prospects of our City; and in the recalling of events that have happened on the Common we have found many circumstances that have fitted into glorious pages of the City's history. Here, too, do we find represented those forces and those conditions which have written our most infamous pages, and which threaten the most the grandeur, the purity and the nobility of the development and the expansion which are certain to come to our City in the future. Politics, so called, have become a trade and a means of livelihood, and a large part of our people—office-holders, or those who seek to be such; extreme partisans and machine-workers of all parties—have no standard of public life that is higher than that which was expressed in the words, "To the voters belong the spoils." Another large part of the community, intent upon prosecuting their various callings, have left the field of political activity to those who make their living in it, oblivious of the fact that the people are allowed to monopolize that field, have such power in the making of laws, and the enforcement and non-enforcement of laws, as to be a menace to every other calling and trade, and to exact tribute from them all. By such desertion they surrender blood-bought political freedom, and live as degenerate sons of patriotic fathers. The good people—those in whom civic virtue and applied patriotism reside

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naturally—are sufficiently in a majority, when wisely directed and organized to a common end, to overthrow the public plunderers and bandits who may have the positions of power; but thus far the people have only combined and acted unitedly under pressure of great revelations and great and easily perceived infringements of popular rights, such as the open thievery of the Tweed ring and the undisguised brutality and the frank avowal of corrupt purposes that distinguished the Tammany administration which was recently overthrown. Immediately upon the defeat of each of these combinations for public brigandage, the people, generally, have seemed to forget the principles for which they contended; they have shown a lack of cohesion, a disposition to distrust and criticise their own leaders, and an amazing willingness to take for granted the malevolent and skillfully designed criticisms which the dethroned corruptionists have made against them. At a time like this, when a great battle has been waged for the success of the principles of honesty and service of the people in public office as against the policy of dishonesty and oppression, it should be recognized that the men who are to be in administrative positions are handicapped and embarrassed by the powerful, acute and well-directed opposition and criticism of practiced politicians, who have no business but that of politics, and who practice politics without detriment to private interests. One-man dictation, as exemplified by Tammany Hall, while subversive of liberty and individ-

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ual rights, prevents disagreements between commissioners and various boards and heads of departments, and thus gives an appearance of unity to the administration which cannot be shown in another administration where a boss does not control every commissioner and every department. Then, too, some of our new commissioners have had to operate with an army of subordinates not of their own choosing, many of them hostile in their hearts to the purpose of the new administration. Beside all these considerations is this: an administration coming in to administer the City's affairs from the standpoint of the people, after an administration of years by the politicians, of the politicians, and for the politicians, is sure to find necessities for the expenditures of large sums of money for the proper equipment of public buildings and the care of public charges (which were shamefully neglected by Tammany), and they are not able to cover up this necessary increase of expenditures by juggling the taxable assessments of real property. It cannot be denied that the new administration of our City has disappointed a great many people who expected to see radical changes and improvements; but many of us have expected too much. General Nettleton of Minnesota, an ardent reformer, but a practical man, addressing a meeting of prohibitionists, many of whom believed that the evil of intemperance could be promptly extirpated by the enactment of law, said: "The world has been going drunk for forty centuries, and we cannot expect it to sober up

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in forty days or forty months." There can be no doubt that the very great evils which exist in our public life, and which are to be found in most of our cities, are the result of the pestiferous increase of the lower orders of political activity, which have been growing rank while the general organism of the body politic has been sluggish and inactive, and which have developed, microbe-like, until our communities generally have been affected by their growth as by a disease. This disease has permeated our entire City life, leaving false impressions and false ideas of public and political duties in the minds of many of our good and patriotic people, great multitudes of whom continually sacrifice their home interests, by continuing men in control of the public matters that affect their homes, who are notoriously corrupt and unfit. They do this because these unfit men are presented to the people on their party tickets, and their election is deemed important to State and National party success. The great mass of good people have been affected by the strangest kind of lethargy concerning these public matters—a lethargy much at variance with the examples set by the men of old, who met on the old Common and stood firm for principle. The oppression of England, which led the people to denounce the Stamp Act and the Mutiny Act and Boston Port Act, and which led the merchants to adopt the Non-importation Agreement, did not bear upon the City of New York with a fractional part of the severity that has been displayed by the conscienceless hands of

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our political rulers. Even at this day—while Tammany Hall lies defeated, holding a few offices still in her control, and hoping in the apathy and lack of cohesion in the people for a return to power—even now, great corporations, managed by the brainiest, wealthiest and most spirited of our citizens, are paying tribute in the shape of campaign subscriptions for no other purpose than that of buying safety from the “black-horse cavalry” of Albany. These assessments are but thinly veiled by the subterfuge of campaign subscriptions. What right has a corporation to subscribe the money of its stockholders to promote the success of any political party? Surely it has no right to do this, except as the act may directly contribute to the financial or business advantage of the corporation. It is possible that some business concerns, whose managers are identified with politics, do make *bona fide* subscriptions; but it is needless for us to argue here that hundreds of thousands of dollars are subscribed annually through fear and for the hope of gain, and under the same impulse that would pay a ransom to a hostile fleet to prevent bombardment of the City. Such contributions, made to Mr. Croker for Tammany Hall, were indicated in testimony taken before the Lexow Committee, and it clearly appeared in that testimony that the subscriptions were made by persons who were not residents of New York, and not directly interested in Tammany Hall, with the hope (that was fulfilled, too) that the subscribers would be commended by their sub-

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scriptions to those heads of the departments that had the giving out of contracts. That such subscriptions were believed to be necessary and were customary clearly appears; but it did not appear that the boss receiving those contributions or subscriptions made any accounting for them. Tammany Hall is not the only organization, and Mr. Croker is not the only leader that receives or has received contributions from those who were not directly interested in the political parties to which they subscribed. The question is frequently asked, "How does the party 'boss' hold his prestige?" If it were demonstrated that such a boss received vast contributions of money which were not publicly accounted for, and that legislators voted upon important measures according to the expressed desires of the boss, and sometimes in direct contravention of their individual opinions, it would seem as though something like an answer was made out in the situation. What a pity it is that men of acknowledged probity in ordinary business and domestic affairs are so frequently lacking in those virtues when they come to political affairs! What a pity it is that it is possible to justify so many rascally actions and breaches of confidence upon the plea of political necessity, and to have that plea as effective as it is among so large a class of our people! There is a closer alliance between law-breakers (especially those who cater to the appetites) and those who are selected to administer and enforce the law than there is between the officials

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and the great body of simple, law abiding people who have an interest in honest law enforcement. While ordinary citizens are attending to their business, the law-breakers and the corrupt officials attend to theirs, and the good citizens do not awake to determined action until the conditions are so intolerable as to justify revolution. Thanks to a recent revolution, public life in New York City is purer and better to-day than it has been for many years. There is no such thing now as open and general corruption in office; there is an earnest effort by the heads of departments to enforce the laws; there has been a vigorous and earnest attempt by these heads of departments to dissolve illegal combinations between officers and law-breakers; gamblers have left the City; brothels have been closed; and swarms of pickpockets and petty thieves, who formerly worked under protection, have deserted the neighborhoods which they once nearly monopolized. There is in all the public offices a higher sense of public duty, and it is now easy for citizens to secure attention to their needs and their grievances, regardless of any question of political affiliation or relationship. The whole administration of the City is marked by an unusual attention to the needs and the interests of the whole people. New York is a better City by far than it was two years ago, and our administration, which has sustained a burden of attack and criticism by the enemy, and has been subjected severely to the critical attention of its friends, handicapped as it has

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been by the interference of political bosses, and opposition in the Legislature, is entitled to a warmer support and a deeper sympathy than it has been receiving from its friends. It was not long after the overthrow of the Tweed Ring that the corruptionists were again in control of the City's revenue and all the departments of power; and those that in 1894 were hurled out of the places they had so long disgraced are hoping for a repetition of history in their case. It is to be hoped that the people will realize, as they have not done before, that under our republican institutions they can never say, "We have done it!" but that they must consecrate a generous portion of their time, their means, their sympathy and their activity to the common cause of good government, and that they must bring to the work an amount of forbearance and of charity in dealing with each other that they have never done before. A very impressive feature of the reform campaign of 1894, and one which distinguished it from all other reform campaigns, was the appeal made directly to the humbler people of our City, and the prompt, hearty and intelligent response to that appeal. Districts which had always followed the lead of corrupt politicians voted freely, intelligently and patriotically. The different religious denominations fraternized in a common effort to redeem the City. Meetings were held in the churches from one end of the City to the other, and ministers of all faiths occupied platforms together, and vied with each other in sustaining the

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campaign for law and order. It was like the popular uprising in 1812, when all differences were forgotten, and Federalists, Republicans, Tammanyites, Catholics, Freemasons, Protestants, Jews, ministers, tradesmen, artisans, teachers, schoolboys, and all the people, labored side by side throwing up intrenchments to defend the City. We think that in the campaign of 1894 the people of the City learned to know each other better, and that bonds of union were established very unusual in our cosmopolitan City, and of great usefulness for its future. The campaign was conducted upon educational lines, and has resulted in a much better knowledge of the City by thousands of its inhabitants, and in much higher degrees of realized duty and responsibility. In many sections of the City there are earnest and enthusiastic bodies of men, such as are met in the various district organizations of the City Vigilance League, that are applying themselves to the study of the City and of its government as applied to their localities. Whatever may be the result of elections that are imminent, it will be many years before the good influences of the reform campaign of 1894 are expended, and it is to be hoped that the great vitality of the movement will survive throughout the momentous decades that are before us, in which the controlling forces of the public life of our City for generations to come will be shaped. With the inspiration of patriotic deeds by patriotic men, performed in our own City and for the highest good of our City and its related communities,

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it must be that a sufficient number of earnest, intelligent and patriotic men and women will be found to devote themselves to the best interests of the City, supporting that which makes for good in its public life, and antagonizing everything which breaks down public virtue and which makes the great City with its wealth and resources captive and tributary to bosses and rings and corrupt political organizations. The patriotism of New York City had slumbered so long, and the fame of her infamy had grown so wide, that many had reached the heretical conclusion that popular government possesses an inherent defect that makes it impossible to secure honest government in cities. The example of New York had proven contagious, so that the preachers of this doctrine lacked not for illustrations of their claim. It is an inspiring fact that the tremendous victory over Tammany Hall revealed to the entire nation that the belief was false and heretical, and that numerous cities in all parts of the country responded promptly to the impulse for good government that went out from the campaign in our City. It is possible to manage our City's affairs in the interest of the whole people, and to have honest and efficient administrations; but, while it has been demonstrated that this is possible, it is equally true that to accomplish it there is required the devotion of all who are good citizens, their unqualified surrender of untenable positions, and their sympathetic co-operation in the common cause. It remains to be seen how such an outpouring of

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righteous indignation as that which we witnessed in 1894 can be gathered up and held together and made to be continuously effective; as effective in conditions of comparative quietness as when appeals are possible that stir the emotions from center to circumference. There is no greater need to-day in the cities of our land and in our own great metropolis than a return to the simple patriotism of the fathers and an application of that patriotism to the affairs of the home; for the public matters of the city in which we live are the affairs of our home. The protection of our houses and of our families, the furnishing of school accommodation and means of travel, the cleanliness of the streets, provision against pestilence, pure and ample water-supply, the removal of those sources of crime which are likely to contaminate youth and the members of our family:—these and many kindred objects, in the way they are given to us, in the way that they tend for good or evil, are the direct result of our attention or inattention to our City's politics, and of the manner in which the people dispose of the various claimants for administrative places. May we realize the hopes of those who founded and protected the institutions of our public life, by giving to them our best and most patriotic attention, and by taking advantage of the opportunities of the present to inculcate a knowledge and a devotion to public duties in the minds and hearts of those who are now growing up and will soon be in control of the destinies of our great City.

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These are the mayors whose offices were in the first City Hall at Coenties Slip:

Thomas Willet	1665
Thomas Delavall	1666
Thomas Willett	1667
Cornelis Steenwyck	1668—1670
Thomas Delavall	1671
Matthias Nicolls	1672
John Lawrence	1673
William Darvall	1675
Nicholas de Meyer	1676
S. van Cortlandt	1677
Thomas Delavall	1678
Francis Rombouts	1679
William Dyer	1680—1681
Cornelis Steenwyck	1682—1683
Gabriel Minvielle	1684
Nicholas Bayard	1685
S. van Cortlandt	1686—1687
Peter de la Noy	1689—1690
John Lawrence	1691
Abraham de Peyster	1692—1695
William Merritt	1695—1698
Johannes de Peyster	1698—1699

These mayors presided at the City Hall at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets:

David Provoost	1699—1700
Isaac De Riemer	1700—1701
Thomas Noell	1701—1702
Philip French	1702—1703
William Peartree	1703—1707
Ebenezer Wilson	1707—1710
Jacobus van Cortlandt	1710—1711
Caleb Heathcote	1711—1714
John Johnson	1714—1719

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Jacobus van Cortlandt	1719—1720
Robert Walters	1720—1725
Johannes Jansen	1725—1726
Robert Lurting	1726—1725
Paul Richards	1735—1739
John Cruger	1739—1744
Stephen Bayard	1744—1747
Edward Holland	1747—1757
John Cruger	1757—1766
Whitehead Hicks	1766—1776
David Matthews, Tory	1776—1784
James Duane	1784—1789
Richard Varick	1789—1801

These are the mayors of New York who have held office at the present City Hall:

Edward Livingston	1801—1803
De Witt Clinton	1803—1807
Marinus Willett	1807—1808
De Witt Clinton	1808—1810
Jacob Radcliff	1810—1811
De Witt Clinton	1811—1815
John Ferguson	1815
Jacob Radcliff	1815—1818
Cadwallader D. Colden	1818—1821
Stephen Allen	1821—1824
William Paulding	1825—1826
Philip Hone	1826—1827
William Paulding	1827—1829
Walter Bowne	1829—1833
Gideon Lee	1833—1834
Cornelius W. Lawrence	1834—1837
Aaron Clark	1837—1839
Isaac L. Varian	1839—1841
Robert H. Morris	1841—1844
James Harper	1844—1845

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William F. Havemeyer	1845—1846
Andrew H. Mickle	1846—1847
William V. Brady	1847—1848
William F. Havemeyer	1848—1849
Caleb S. Woodhull	1849—1851
Ambrose C. Kingsland	1851—1853
Jacob A. Westervelt	1853—1855
Fernando Wood	1855—1858
Daniel N. Tiemann	1858—1860
Fernando Wood	1860—1862
George Opdyke	1862—1864
C. Godfrey Gunther	1864—1866
John T. Hoffman	1866—1868
T. Coman (acting)	1868
A. Oakey Hall	1869—1872
William F. Havemeyer	1873—1874
S. B. H. Vance (acting)	1874
William H. Wickham	1875—1876
Smith Ely	1877—1878
Edward Cooper	1879—1880
William R. Grace	1881—1882
Franklin Edson	1883—1884
William R. Grace	1885—1886
Abram S. Hewitt	1887—1888
Hugh J. Grant	1889—1892
Thomas F. Gilroy	1893—1894
William L. Strong	1895—1897

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE FIVE POINTS: A WANING CRIMINAL CENTER

Growsome Features—Vicious Compounds—Ancient Executions—The Bowery Region—The Tombs and the Criminal Courts—Brooklyn Bridge—Park Row, its Distilleries, Eating Houses and other Institutions—Dooley's Long-room—Fierce Politics—Isaiah Rynders and Con Donoho—Gentle Humors of Bowery Life—Chatham Square—The Dangerous Classes and their Resorts—The Pressure of Life—A Bowery Youth fights live Indians—Manufacture of Tramps—Famous old Drinking Saloons—Bowery Drama—Bull's Head Tavern—Italians witness "Hamlet"—Chinatown: Mysterious Life, Societies, Religion, Gambling, Eating, Amusements—Chinese Theater—Squabbles and Scratches—Poor old Ireland—Vice—Contrarities—Scenes from Life

GRIM and growsome are the features of New York east and northeast of the City Hall. The history of this district is full of horrors, its record is full of shame. The old time glory of Franklin Square and Cherry Street has left faint traces of an age of gold in the traditions of the neighborhood, and the beneficent modern institutions of the Five Points have aroused hopes of a golden age to come, but at present they are but specks of light in a black and poisonous atmosphere.

West of the old Bowery Road (later Chatham Street and now Park Row) is the Five Points, with its Chinese, Italian and Hebrew colonies, its Paradise Park and its memories of Whyo gangs, vendettas, rising statesmen, Con Donoho, Paddy Divver and Jimmy Oliver; east of the old road is Cherry

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Hill with its mixture of races, its famous alleys, its fiery whisky and its utter degradation. The street which divides these localities has a character peculiarly its own, and it is infested with the adventurous members of both districts, but its elements are diluted and are kept in a swirl by the mighty tide of its travel, for it is an important branch of the arterial system through which the life of our City rushes. In this locality there is a population large enough to make a city, and it is so thoroughly saturated with crime, so completely steeped in vice, so controlled by anti-social tendencies, that if it were broken up into groups and scattered through the cities of our land it would necessitate the doubling of their police forces. Here, all roads lead to the Tombs and the Criminal Courts. Every day there are processions of pilgrims to these institutions, the shadows of which seem to fall across every doorstep. Thousands of men, women and children have learned the way to the Tombs, and have gazed with awe at the unclothed bronze figures in the corridor of the Criminal Court House, which point the way to the dread judgment halls above. North of Cherry Hill is still another vast area of misery and crime. It is of comparatively recent growth. The old Tenth Ward, which once, more than any other ward in our City, was occupied by thrifty people owning their own homes, is now filled with a polyglot wriggling compound, in which are some of the basest and most despicable of humanity's scum. It is a foul, writhing mixture, and it exhales a poisonous

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miasma that is as evident as any east side smell and far more dangerous to the City. This district abounds in crime, but its tendency is not so much to crimes of violence as to crimes of dishonesty. There is nothing of fierceness or valor in it, such as is occasionally found in Cherry Street, but it is full of craftiness, greed and treachery. Its roads, also, lead to the Tombs; the principal travel being through filthy Bayard Street; but it has its own little turbid vortices, the Essex Market Police Court and the Fifth District Civil Court. That police court and its neighborhood have been the scenes of more oppression and villainy than any other spot in our City and perhaps in our land. In the beer shop across the way reigned the uncrowned despot, Silver Dollar Smith (Charles Solomon), and about him revolved his rude but powerful ministers and courtiers who assisted him in ruling his little empire. They are still there, but their power is broken.

We have walked through districts in our City in which historic memories and present greatness have combined to fill us with pride and with a well founded hope for the prosperity of the City; but we cannot know or understand the City, nor can we comprehend the impulses which are at work shaping its future, if we shut our eyes to that which is dangerous and shameful. Toleration is no virtue when it allows barbarism and vice to undermine the foundations which have been laboriously and honestly constructed.

It is our purpose in these chapters to lay our

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road back from the Commons to the old Fort from which we started, through the Five Points, Cherry Hill and New Israel to the East River, returning by the water front.

The Bowery Road was originally an Indian path leading to the Dutch settlement of Fort Amsterdam. It was through this road that the Indians descended on their bloody raids, and many were the pioneer colonists whose humble homes in this district were destroyed and who fell under the relentless tomahawks of their stealthy foes. The negroes who worked out their freedom, like Manuel de Groot, were required to settle along this road, so that they might be outposts to warn the people of the little city when raids were made. Many a negro hopefully planted his home, determined to enjoy the freedom which he had gained, only to lose his home and his life to the Indians. So many families were bereft of fathers as to compel the erection of an Orphan's Court as a public institution. The earliest pictures of this neighborhood are set in bloody frames. Here it was that Governor Leisler was executed. The whipping-post, the gallows, the stake, were planted at various places round about. In a valley between Catimut's and Pot-baker's Hills (now City Hall Place) many poor negroes accused of plotting to burn the City were tortured with fire. Pearl Street west of Center Street was also the scene of agonizing executions by fire. Before the negro scare of 1741 was over, one hundred and fifty-four negroes and twenty white persons were arrested, thirteen of

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the negroes were executed in City Hall Place and twenty on the little Magazine Island in the Collect Pond (located in Pearl Street west of Center Street), and seventy were transported. Some of the negroes were broken on the wheel and some of them were hanged in chains. Among the negroes were Clause, who was broken upon the wheel; Robin, who was hanged in chains alive and "continued without any sustenance until he was dead"; Tom, "who was burned with slow fire until he was dead and consumed to ashes"; Quack, Cuffee, Ben and Quash, who were burned; Cæsar and Prince, three Catos, two Fortunes, two Harrys and York, who were hanged and whose bodies were afterward suspended in chains. Albany, Curacoa, Dick, Francis, Will, Othello, Fortune and Galloway were also burned. Hughson, the white leader of the conspiracy, if conspiracy it was, together with his wife and servant, were executed at the corner of Cherry and Catherine Streets, where the market stands, and Hughson's body was suspended in chains for many days in the hottest part of the summer, a spectacle for the children, who commented curiously upon the changes in his countenance. The imagination need not be excessively vivid, when, in going through this district, amid its present scenes of wretchedness and misery, we almost hear the death cries of the culprits and the horrible imprecations of the spectators, who gathered in large numbers to witness the tortures of the condemned wretches. We are thankful for the advance of civilization in our mod-

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ern City, which has caused mercy and brotherly kindness so far to replace hatred and malignity.

Most of the public executions prior to the adoption of electrocution occurred in this district. At first they were conducted in public, in full view of thousands of men, women and children, who were brutalized by the spectacle of legal murder; and then they were managed privately in the courtyard of the Tombs on Center Street. How well we remember the shock that we used to experience at the hour of twelve on Hangman's Day, when the factory whistles reminded us that some poor wretch was strangling at the end of a rope in Center Street. Welcome will be the day when the death penalty is abolished! On the side of Catimut's Hill the infamous Cunningham hanged the unfortunate patriots who fell victims to his tender mercy. On the north line of the Park were the barracks occupied by the brawling, insolent soldiers of the king, who accomplished so much for American independence by their brutal attacks on the people and on their beloved emblem of Liberty; and succeeding the barracks was the negro burying-ground, which was started with the interment of the poor fellows who died of smallpox on the Astor House camping-ground, and where the dust of hundreds of poor colored people remains to this day. Chambers Street does not abate its bustle on account of the poor darkies whose dust comes to light again in the blades of Park grass. Quite a number of the American prisoners of war who died in the old jail (now



BROOKLYN BRIDGE, SEEN FROM 67 WALL STREET.



BROOKLYN BRIDGE FROM NEW YORK SIDE.

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the Register's office) were buried in this negro burying-ground. By a peculiar coincidence a lane that was laid across it was called "Republican Alley."

There was a line of palisades built in 1745, beginning at Mr. Desbrosses' house (Number 57 Cherry Street), which at that time was the northernmost house until Kip's Bay was reached, and extending westerly to Katy Mutz's house at Windmill or Cati-mut's Hill, and from thence on a line just north of the City Hall to the North River. It was constructed of cedar logs with loop-holes for musketry, and a breastwork behind them. There were block-houses in the line with portholes for cannon; one in Pearl Street, in the neighborhood of Bancker; another close to the City Hall; and a third one between Church and Chapel Streets. Four gates were in this fortification: one at Pearl Street; one at Chatham Street; another at Broadway; and the last at Greenwich Street. An old citizen has written that in the year 1746 he saw a great party of Mohawk and Oneida Indians passing through the Broadway gate on their way from Albany to interview the English governor, George Clinton, on Bowling Green. These Indians were loyal to the English, and carried in their procession a number of scalps which they had taken from the French and their allied Indians. This is said to have been the last formal Indian conference that was held in New York, the governor afterward going to Albany to meet them. Katy Mutz, whose house was one of the points in the palisades, was a noted person.

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She was familiarly known as "Aunt Katy," and she kept a tea-garden, where the exclusive gentry dissipated in tea and soft waffles. Her place was on the east side of Gallows Hill, beginning at Pearl Street and extending in the direction of Chatham Street. The place of execution was on the other side of the hill, in the valley between it and Pot-baker's Hill (City Hall Place).

Terrible fires, too, have occurred in this district, such as the Chatham Street fire, the Hague Street explosion, the destruction of the Harper building on Franklin Square, and the burning of the "Tribune" building on Printing House Square. The destruction of the "World" building (on the site of the present Potter building), and the shocking loss of life there, are well remembered.

Scores of murders have happened in this neighborhood. We have mentioned a homicide among gentlemen, the Richardson and MacFarland murder, which may serve to represent one extreme; and the other may be exhibited by the butchery of the poor old hag "Shakespeare," and the conviction thereof of the witless foreigner "Frenchy," who, though believed by many to be innocent, was expressed to Sing Sing on a life sentence, which vindicated the reputation of our detectives, who had been taunting "Scotland Yard" with its failure to catch "Jack the Ripper." In 1863 a brutal murder occurred in a low resort on Center Street opposite the Tombs. The victim was stabbed seventeen times. There was an element of pathos in the case, which eventually



UPPER CHATHAM STREET (PARK ROW).



LOWER CHATHAM STREET (PARK ROW).

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saved the murderer's life. He was Charles Walters, and was a carpenter in Ohio, where he had married a beautiful girl, with whom he lived in great happiness. They were desirous of trying their fortune in New York, and they came, but their little savings were soon gone, and Walters was without work. They drifted about from place to place, going from bad to worse, until they were reduced to life in a hovel. Then Walters went away to look elsewhere for work, and fell to drinking. When he came to himself he went back to find his wife, but she was gone. He hunted for her and found her, but she had fallen. He rushed to a saloon, drank himself into a frenzy, then went to her and killed her. He was convicted of murder in the first degree, but his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. This was a typical "Five Points murder." These pages would turn red were we to recite the many similar deeds of blood.

The dregs of our City life have long gravitated to this region; and as civilization has advanced and culture has increased, the offscouring has become more depraved. The Bowery boy of old was a very tough citizen; *he* first made the Bowery famous; he was a swaggering bully; but he was or claimed to be a patriot, and he had a certain rough honor about him that made him disdain petty thievery and the maltreatment of women and children. A desperate effort is being made to show up his successor as a sort of unpolished diamond; but, with all deference to an accomplished and genial writer

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of the day, we must say that the original "Chimmie Fadden" would earn a fortune in a dime museum as a "freak." His jaundiced rival, though exploited weekly by an enterprising newspaper, is not known in Hogan's Alley, his alleged *habitat*.

In place of the Bowery boys of old, who could at least be made into good soldiers, we have now the young cut-throats of Cherry Street, the slimy denizens of Roosevelt Street, and the murderous Whyo gang of Mulberry Bend, repeated again and again in various shades, colors and tones. Every form of crime and vice known in our City thrives here. Sneak thieves and pickpockets have made their headquarters in Chatham Street and the lower Bowery, and some of the prominent saloons along this street have risen to fame as the headquarters of these despoilers of the people, who were encouraged in their maintenance of headquarters by the former police officials, on the plea that it made them easier to handle (a specious plea indeed!). Dives, brothels, gambling-houses, fences, green goods-rooms, have flourished so as to be almost beyond counting. Though they are not now as obvious as they formerly were, we know that many of them exist under cover. Here we have the Chinese of Mott, Pell, Doyer and Park Streets, thronging in great numbers, with no appearance of such honest business as would support them; the original Jacob's Jews of Baxter and Chatham Streets, who for offensiveness put all other Jewish colonies in the rear rank; the Italians of Mulberry Street,

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dirty, indolent, noisy, populous, and irritable beyond any other colony of Italians (which is saying a great deal); the Greeks and the Romans, living side by side in Roosevelt Street, sad and disgusting representatives of ancient grandeur; and the brawling, thieving, outrageous mixture of all nations on Cherry Hill. To these degenerate populations, so disfigured by sin and ignorance, must be added an army of wanderers aggregating thousands, who live in the cheap lodging-houses, paying from five to twenty-five cents for a night's lodging. The very ground which supports the rookeries in which these unfortunate thousands live, and off of which very many of them never go, is saturated with ancient dankness and disease, which permeates the dwellings and helps to make an awful death rate. Chatham Square was originally a place of marshes and stagnant water, cursed with malarial fever. In the ditches just beyond the Jews' burying-ground, on the New Bowery near Chatham Square, the bodies of American prisoners, who died of disease, wounds and starvation in the Revolutionary War, were thrown to fester and decay; and out of these ditches the returning patriots in 1783 gathered the sacred bones and gave them Christian burial. The Collect Pond was beautiful to the eye, but it was surrounded by marshes and sluggish streams, which, though they did not forcibly assert themselves in their natural condition, have ever refused to be subdued by artificial fillings. The pond was about eighty feet deep, and at a time prior to the War

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of 1812, when there was much distress among the neighboring people, large numbers of men were employed in carting earth and rubbish to fill it up. Many hundreds of loads of rubbish, some of it of the foulest nature, were dumped into this pretty pond, on which John Fitch had sailed the first experimental steamboat in the presence of Robert Fulton and Chancellor Livingston; and months elapsed before there was anything to show for all the labor and the material. With all that was done, the whole area of the pond and its adjacent marshes was left a quagmire. Recently the new mission building on Worth Street at the Five Points was found to have settled, and to be in a dangerous condition, and extensive repairing and rebuilding had to be done, at a cost of many thousands of dollars. The reason assigned for this unexpected settling was the erection of the new Criminal Court building several blocks from it, the weight of which affected the soft foundations to a considerable distance. The erection of the City Prison, right in the middle of the old pond, and its maintenance there these many years, can be hardly regarded as other than a crime. The building is dark and damp, and the arrangement of the cells, with reference to these conditions, would be creditable to the ingenuity of a medieval tyrant. Men and women, some of them entirely innocent of crime, are taken forcibly from their homes and compelled to live in this place, awaiting trial; and a few months of incarceration there bring pallor to the cheeks of the stoutest.

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The old building, which is a splendid example of Egyptian architecture, was called the Tombs, because it was modeled after an ancient Egyptian tomb which John L. Stevens of the Stevens Castle, Hoboken, visited while on a tour, and described in a book which he wrote after his return. For many years, and until the recent opening of the new Criminal Court building just north of the Tombs, the important criminal trials were held in the somber brownstone building just east of the Court-house in the Park. A number of the most important cases were tried in Oyer and Terminer, a branch of the Supreme Court, in the County Court-house. During these years an army of accused persons was carried in the "Black Marias" from the Tombs, which was their place of entertainment while awaiting trial, to the old brownstone building, which was the place of their ordeal. No dingier, gloomier or more hope-subduing court-rooms were ever entered by accused persons than those in this old building. Tragedies involving liberty, prospects, home, family, life and death, were ground out through the rusty machinery of these courts with less appearance of feeling than is manifested by the organ-grinder who renders the tragic airs of grand opera for his padrone. Day after day, month after month, and year after year, through the various administrations and the various conditions of public life; when the authorities were earnest and conscientious in the discharge of their duties, and when the judiciary was tainted with the corruption that at times involved the City gov-

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ernment generally; when district-attorneys like John McKeon and Peter B. Olney were faithfully serving the public against obstacles thrown in their way by other officials who were unfaithful; and when other district-attorneys were in sympathy, and perhaps in league, with dishonest officials and with various classes of protected criminals; when a large proportion of the police department and of the detective force was in partnership with crime and did not hesitate to send innocent people to prison in order to protect themselves and carry out their schemes; and when other and better impulses have controlled the police authorities:—under all these varying conditions the courts ground away without stopping and without visible jolt or jar. Between these two old buildings during all these years the processions of people accused of crime, some guilty and some not guilty, have passed and repassed. Many have been the righteous verdicts and the correct judgments that have been meted out to criminals who have passed through these mills. Tweed, who, more than any other, has been associated in the minds of the people with organized public dishonesty, made this journey, too; and in the County Court-house which he built he met the doom to which eventually his life was yielded. But while correct verdicts and righteous judgments have been imposed on wrong-doers, all men who know anything of public affairs will agree in saying that without doubt some awful mistakes have been made here (and with the best of intentions, how prone human

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judgment is to err), and unquestionably some acts of injustice have been done that have brought disaster and sorrow to innocent people and covered virtuous homes with unjust ignomy.

A flying excursion through this district is all we will have time to make. Our route will be through Park Row to Chatham Square; thence through Mott Street, the Chinese center, to Canal Street; then back to Worth Street through Mulberry Street, the Italian center; then from Worth Street to Canal Street through Baxter Street, and back from Center Street to the Tombs. We will leave Center Street at Pearl Street, and will cross Park Row, going into Roosevelt Street of ancient fame and present abasement, which will lead us to Cherry Hill. That district is not especially picturesque, having fallen into one common agglomeration of degradation, and we will go through it by way of Cherry and Oliver Streets, returning to the Bowery at Division Street, through which we will pass into the "Yiddish" quarter. The district west of Park Row (Five Points) is the famous Sixth Ward, that east of Park Row (Cherry Hill) is the "Bloody Fourth" Ward, and that across Division Street is the old American Tenth Ward, now "New Israel."

As we start up Park Row on our trip into the dark scenes of New York life, before we leave behind us the noble creations of modern ideas in the great buildings and the marvelous enterprises about Printing House Square, our eyes fall upon that most interesting, useful and stupendous achievement,

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the "Brooklyn Bridge." We are tempted to stop and write a chapter upon it, its uses, its surroundings, those who pass over it, and what may be seen from it, but time cannot be spared for that now. Let us be content with this exquisite word picture which appeared some years ago in a daily newspaper, and which we hope will now be preserved from oblivion:

A RURAL CLERGYMAN'S FIRST VIEW OF THE GREAT BROOKLYN BRIDGE

(As reported in a Brooklyn newspaper).

The Pennsylvania annex boat was just rounding the Battery. An old clergyman stepped to the front of the deck, lifting his eyes with solemn gaze to the Bridge. It was a countenance full of thought, as of a preacher who talked each Sunday to farmers whose feet followed the plow. His wife, with a sweet face that had distilled many a benediction upon sick and suffering parishioners, leaned gently upon his arm, and as her eyes caught the wonderful span they filled with moisture, and she murmured—"At last! at last I see it!"

The boat sped nearer, and the old preacher lifted his hat, letting his thin gray locks flutter in the wind. His lips moved as his eyes rested on the towers. The reporter drew near, and this is what he heard:

"Could I but stand where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Could fright me from the shore."

Turning to his wife, he said in awed tones:



DISTILLERY ON THE BOWERY.



STEVE BRODIE'S SALOON ON THE BOWERY.

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"Sarah, I verily believe this will stand till the heavens are rolled together as a scroll, and the last of the race will step from it upon the eternal shores."

"Oh, oh, look at it now!" exclaimed the gentle Sarah, as a fleeting cloud cast a filmy shadow over the structure. "An unseen hand has caught the silver cobwebs. It is a vision from fairyland."

"It reminds me," said a deep-toned voice at the reporter's side, "of the frosted dew in which the Taj Mahal seemed bathed as I looked at it under the beams of a full-orbed moon. I have traveled in all lands, and in my dreams I couple these two as the most beautiful specimens of man's handiwork upon which my eyes have rested. They are worthy to claim kinship with Niagara and the Sea."

The old clergyman turned, and extending his hand, said: "Thank you. The Almighty made Niagara and the Sea, and the Everlasting Hills, but it was a greater creation when he made the Soul that conceived this wondrous combination of strength and beauty. Unto Roebing is given a double immortality. His name will abide while the earth shall stand. His soul abides in the heavenly land."

The boat touched the dock, and the aged couple were soon lost in the maze of car tracks, but their eyes were still tracing the outlines of the great bridge as the reporter hurried up Brooklyn's big hill.

In the short walk through Park Row, from the City Hall to Chatham Square, we are likely to see every phase of our City's life, though the lower or-

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ders prevail. Historical memories crowd it, for it has been a highway from the beginning. The Indians, the Dutch, the English and the Americans have in their turn moved back and forth upon it. It was the road to Governor Stuyvesant's Bowerie; it was the road for the advance guards of New York's civilization, for the districts east of it were the first to be intersected by cross streets. It was the scene of great activity in the early part of the Revolutionary struggle, Bayard's Hill, Bunker Hill and other points close by being fortified. It was the avenue through which General Washington led the American army on Evacuation Day, coming from the Bull's Head Tavern, where the Bowery Theater now stands; and it was the road through which he started out while President on his regular "fourteen mile drives." Many of the buildings on both sides show their age, and most of them show hard usage. In every stage of our City's later development the people have swarmed around and through this road. Its hotels and restaurants, some of which, like Leggett's, still remain, have had a large patronage from politicians and office-holders. O'Donovan Rossa's hotel at Chatham Square has long been a place of meeting for Irish revolutionists of all shades and descriptions. Every class and element of the people is represented in the throngs that use it daily for business and passageway. Its many stores are devoted to those kinds of trade which may be supported partly by transient travelers, but mostly by the peculiar people who make up the dense

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population of the district. The petty criminals who burrow in the dens east and west of the thoroughfare come to the surface in Park Row like fishes and frogs to get a mouthful of free oxygen. A large part of the population is composed of the migratory frequenters of the many cheap lodging-houses of the neighborhood. It contains many unfortunate men, who, overcome by adverse circumstances, have fallen to its level; but the greater part of it is composed of dissolute, vicious men, who are content to live as they do; and a considerable portion of it consists of petty criminals. These men, with kindred elements on either side, make a voracious but impecunious army with an immense appetite. Begging, petty thieving, peddling, and doing odd jobs, are the ordinary means of income, and this income is expended in the eating-houses which cater for the impoverished, providing quantity rather than quality, and the saloons and so-called "distilleries" which give large drinks of the hardest and hottest stimulants at three and five cents. Here is a bill of fare of one of the restaurants:

Roast Turkey . . .	13c.	Roast Chicken . . .	10c.
Chicken Fricassee . . .	8c.	Chicken Pot Pie . . .	10c.
Chicken Stew . . .	8c.	Lamb Pot Pie . . .	8c.
Hamburger Roast . . .	8c.	Beef a la mode . . .	8c.
Rice or Bread Pudding . . .		5c.	
Regular Dinner		13c.	
Boiled beef with onion sauce		8c.	
Beefsteak pie baked in a pan		5c.	
Porterhouse steak with fried potatoes and onions		20c.	

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A flask of whisky, bottle and cork included, can be purchased for five cents in one of the distilleries, which are generally called "morgues" or "dead-houses," because of the popular notion that their stock in trade may be used either for drinking or embalming.

Some of the saloons are famous, such as Callahan's and Steve Brodie's; some of them do not display their proprietor's name; all of them are carefully watched by the police, who know the general character of their patronage and frequently find in them men who are "wanted." It is not uncommon to see these saloons crowded with men of the most forbidding type, drinking liquor of such quality and in such quantities as to make the operation seem little short of miraculous. Close to the saloons are numerous pawn-shops, and there is one dusty old curiosity shop. These institutions have a heavy clientage, and the Jews who manage them seem to prosper. They range from the "fence," which, while apparently an ordinary pawn-shop, is in reality a place for the reception of stolen goods, to places like Simpson's (which has a national reputation). In this part of the City the proportion of redeemed goods is small, and, therefore, there are many pawn-brokers' sale stores which are filled with such varieties of pledgeable articles as to make the inspection of their show-windows much like the viewing of curiosities in a museum. There are revolvers of every description, and watches of every kind. Second-hand clothing stores abound, and they do a rushing

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business; for their merits are known through the entire City, and impecunious people flock here, as well as to Baxter Street, to be incased in clothing which they are assured "fids like de paper on de vall." At Pearl Street we cross the first "Kissing bridge." Long ago the stream was filled up and the bridge was removed; long ago the pastoral sweetness of Pearl Street passed away; long ago rustic innocence fled before the march of "development." At Duane Street we see Hall's Hotel, which used to be "Sweeney's"—where Isaiah Rynders and the Empire Club used to lay in brawn and muscle.

Looking east we see that practical philanthropy, the News-Boys' Lodging-house, and around and beyond it are acres of squalid tenement houses. Looking west through Duane Street we see first the Catholic church, which a few years ago was the scene of one of the many horrors of the district. A large warehouse adjoining it had been gutted by fire, so that the west wall towering above the church was insecure; though the fact had not been noticed. While the church was crowded with people the wall fell, crashed through the roof of the church, killed a number of worshipers outright, and in the consequent panic many were crushed at the inadequate exit. Just back of the church were the gallows and the stake of olden times. Further up the street, at the northwest corner of Center Street, we notice a peculiar corner of mixed-up buildings, the like of which cannot be found elsewhere.

An old brick building bearing the sign of one

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Flynn, a truckman, shows indistinctly the traces of letters which may be almost deciphered and which once read the "Sixth Ward Hotel." This building is all that remains of the famous "Dooley's Long-Room." This was the central point of the ruddy politics of the old Sixth Ward, when Con Donoho was the head of the Street Cleaning Department of the ward, and by virtue of that office the commander of its hard hitting forces and likewise its political leader. No district in the City was more potent in shaping its political trend, and out of it very frequently went armed and ruthless ruffians, who, in obedience to the directions of their leaders, impressed their peculiar doctrines in their own impressive ways upon less forcible voters in other districts. Here were held conventions and primaries, balls and raffles, celebrations and riots. The ward was so overwhelmingly Democratic that its leading spirits could fight with each other for the local offices without giving any other party a chance of success, and so there were many struggles between the factions of the dominant party for the control of the primaries and conventions that were regularly called to be held at Dooley's. Many a time the proceedings were settled in favor of one or other of these factions by a resort to fists and clubs, and by pitching the beaten politicians out of the windows. Before Donoho's time that hard-faced, heavy-handed old rapscaillon, Isaiah Rynders, was the controlling spirit. There was nothing that Rynders couldn't or wouldn't do, and there are many dark



CALLAHAN'S SALOON ON THE BOWERY.

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stories of his conduct during the draft riots of 1863. The annals of those times show that Rynders was the "boss of the district" during the great contest between Polk and Clay in 1844, and that his close associates were Bill Ford, Country McCleester, Hen Chanfrau, Manny Kelly, Dirty-face Jack and Mike Philips. Donoho was the protege of Felix O'Niel, one of the unscrupulous patriots of the Irish period of our City's development. Mrs. Donoho was his first lieutenant, and his close associates were John Laydon, Bill Scally, Black John McMahon and Pete Fieriety. Donoho had a better heart than Rynders, and, while keen and cunning, had a good-nature and a joviality that were lacking in his predecessor, so that he was in favor and on close terms with the strongest politicians of the City, such as Tweed, Delavan, McKeon, Kennedy, Wood, Brennan, Cornell, Kelly and Charlick. Donoho's secondary business was the running of a typical Sixth Ward grocery, in which wet goods outclassed green goods and dry goods. It was on Baxter Street near the Bowery. His principal opponent was Pat Kelly, who kept a liquor store at the corner of Mott and Bayard Streets. The succession of Donoho to the proud position which was so long occupied by Rynders came through one of the typical conventions at Dooley's Long-Room, when, both sides having prepared for the inevitable fight, the battle resulted in the throwing of Rynders and his contingent into the street and the enthroning of the opposition, in which Donoho was a brave and conspicuous fighter.

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Among the politicians who rose to fame through the politics of the Sixth Ward was Mat Brennan. The reminiscences of Florry Kernan are invaluable to the investigator of this neighborhood. He says that the Five Points was a fairly respectable neighborhood, and some portions of it were occupied by a very nice class of people, until the coming in of the cheap groceries, of which Donoho's was a type;



A Row in the Sixth Ward.

and he mentions the first of these groceries as one on Center Street, just south of Worth Street, which was kept by one Rossana Peers, and about which and its neighboring groceries that celebrated organization of young toughs, the "Forty Thieves," revolved.

At that time there were many respectable negro families living in Baxter Street. Perhaps they were

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the descendants of the negro colony which was begun in the early Dutch days. A trace of this period still exists in the house Number 42 Baxter Street, now occupied by a cheap clothing-store and numerous Five Points citizens, but which shows on its front a tablet indicating its use in a negro charity. The negroes were forced to retire and the Jews came in, finding a good field for the exercise of their qualifications in the assisting of thieves to dispose of their plunder. To this day the Jews of Baxter Street are an irreligious lot, reprobated even by their own people. We must not stand here too long, indulging in reminiscences about portions of the neighborhood which are invisible from this point, but through which we shall soon make our way. With our eyes open, noticing not only the buildings and the stores, but also the many types of people whom we pass, we make our way toward Chatham Square. It is evident that we are not the only sightseers; soldiers from the forts in the harbor, sailors from the ships in port, open-mouthed countrymen, ministers and writers in search of illustrations, reporters looking for interesting items, old people recalling early recollections, and occasionally Western and Southern toughs, who have a lofty disdain for the reputed prowess of the Bowery habitués: specimens of all these are frequently met. Pickpockets, confidence men, the operators of knock-out drops, and their partners in crime, are likewise evident to those who know the signs. Frequently newly arrived immigrants may be seen

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taking their early lessons in American citizenship. It sometimes happens that the Western cowboys, miners, ranchers and other tough boys, and the fire-eating "Colonels" from the South, run up against "trouble" in their disdain of opinion in general on the Bowery, and the results as brought out in police episodes are extremely amusing. A foreigner who had got into this sort of trouble, and who appeared before the judge before he had lost the effects of his drams, conceived the idea of over-awing the court with his importance. This illustration, taken from a daily paper, shows the way that



An eminent Magistrate and the effect of an Offender's defiance of him.

the eminent magistrate became manifest to the unfortunate prisoner, whose courage departed as justice rose to view.

The other day two Texas Colonels imbibed too freely of Chatham Street whisky, and this was the dialogue before his Honor, Magistrate Simms, at the Tombs Police Court:

"Well, Colonel Hardy and Colonel Scott, you are both charged by this officer with being drunk and fighting in the Bowery at a late hour last night. What have you to say to the charge?"

"Yo' Honah," said Colonel Hardy, straightening up to his full height, "mah friend, Kunnel Scott, was ceht'n'ly a little the whose foh the lickah he



CORNER OF DUANE AND CENTER STREETS.

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had in him, but I should have keered foh him like a brothah, sah, an' seen that he didn't git into no trouble whatevah, sah. The Kunnel an' myse'f had left ouah guns at ouah hotel, sah, so's it's a self-evident fact that we couldn't have done no fightin' to speak of, sah, no mattah what this yeah police officah says."

"The big fellow was hammering the little one when I arrested them," said Detective Coyle of the Elizabeth Street Station, "and the little one said that he would lodge a complaint against him."

"An' I'm prepahed to do so, sah!" said Colonel Scott, speaking for the first time. "That man is mah friend, Judge, an' I come up yeh from Texas along with him. But I want to say right yeh, sah, that Kunnel Percy Hardy has been a-persecut-in' me foh twenty yehs, sah!"

"Persecuting you for twenty years?" queried the Court, gently.

"Yes, sah, foh all of that time, sah. We have always been friends, but he has always bothahed me, sah, one way an' anothah."

"In what way," asked the magistrate, while Colonel Hardy stared at Colonel Scott in open-mouthed astonishment.

"In vayous ways, sah. One time he got up a lynchin' down in Texas, an' he nevah said nothin' about it to me, sah, his best fre'n', till it was all ovah. He assaulted me in the streets of Galveston one night, right aftah Gov'nah Culberson's election, two yehs ago. an' now he's assaulted me again,

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sah, yeh in a strange city, jes' when we all was takin' a drink ovah the good news that Texas was still Democratic."

"I had to hit him, Yo' Honah," put in Colonel Hardy. "He was makin' a confounded ass of himse'f an' disgracin' ouah common State, sah; but about that lynchin', sah, it wasn't my lynchin', an' I did staht a boy on a mule aftah him as soon as it looked as if the lynchin' was comin' off."

"Three dollars for the assault," said the magistrate; "the lynching was outside of this Court's jurisdiction."

The two colonels left the court-room arm-in-arm, after Colonel Scott had transacted the formal business of attending to the liquidation of Colonel Hardy's fine.

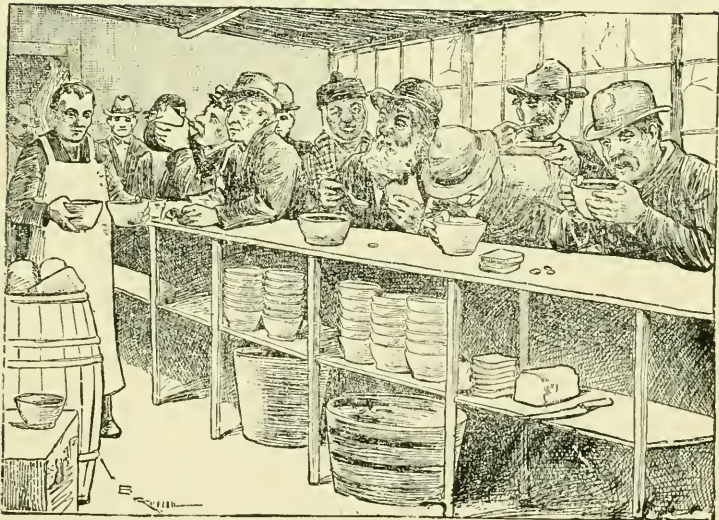
Here is a picture of the occurrence, stoler from the morning newspaper from which we have quoted.

On the 12th of December Edward McCormick was stabbed in front of Number 1 Bowery, and "he died with his boots on." Before passing away he said that the man who cut him lived at Number 140 Cherry Street. There the police found a young tough named Michael Whalen, and he made what appeared to be a frank statement of the affair, which is so good a picture of Bowery and Cherry Hill life that we reproduce it. Whalen, McCormick, Kid Barrett, Joe Kennedy, John Phillips and Ed. Farrant were drinking in Herzberg's tough resort at Number 44 Division Street (New



TWO KENTUCKY COLONELS.

(See page 382.)



A MEAL FOR ONE CENT.

(See page 390.) New York, Vol. Two, p. 384.

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Israel). Whalen fell asleep and the others combined to rob him. He roused up and found McCormick trying to unbutton his coat, and when he started to go home discovered that seven dollars was missing from his pockets. He said: "Gimme my money."—"Aw, go on, I'll punch ye in the eye," answered McCormick. Then the party went out, and a woman told Whalen that they were dividing his money. He and Kennedy followed them to the Bowery, where they mixed up in a free fight. Whalen said: "They kept backing me up the middle of the street, and pretty soon Kennedy handed me a knife, and said, 'Do him. He tried to shoot me once.'" At the next rush Whalen stabbed McCormick with the knife, which he then handed back to Kennedy and ran into the saloon. In a moment the bartender cried out to him: "Get away from here, McCormick is lying dead down the street." Whalen ran away and met Phillips, whom he struck in the face and continued on his flight. The men were all jailbirds.

Sometimes the women take a hand in the general unpleasantness. It is only a few days ago that Margaret Hall, alias "Gentle Maggie," and Elizabeth Jennings, alias "Lizzie the Dove," engaged in a ferocious fight over a man. "I tell you he's my fellow, not yours," said Gentle Maggie, "and if I catch ye near him I'll break yer face! See?" "The Dove" flashed a knife in Maggie's face, and down the gentle creature dropped with two ugly cuts in her throat. Kate Carroll,

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alias "Bunty," the faithful friend of Danny Lyons, the chief of the "Whyo Gang" (hanged at the Tombs), presided over the fight. At the hospital "Gentle Maggie" said to the doctor: "She ain't done me yet. Let me alone. I don't want no police or doctors. I'll do her myself."

Here at Chatham Square was the region of fever and ague. All traces of marsh and sluggish streams are covered from the eye, but the ground is still unhealthy. Running out to the east is a broad street once occupied by wealthy, refined and fashionable families, living in stately and spacious mansions which are now filled with a Jewish population that crowds into every inch of room. Oriental signs, faces, manners and customs are all apparent through this highway, out of which run many side streets that are filled with even a greater horde of poorer and more ignorant Jews. The fronts of the buildings on East Broadway are liberally besprinkled with the signboards of Jewish "congregations," many of which are translated into English, such as the "Hope of Heaven Congregation," the "Gates of Gold Congregation." This is in marked contrast to the Baxter Street Jewry, in which but few religious signs can be found. As we look about we see a mixture of modern tenements and stores, with many houses that show the signs of age and of former grandeur. A curious wooden effigy, representing an infant holding a bottle, perched over the show-window of a restaurant on East Broadway near Chatham Square, marks the spot where Mrs.



LOOKING WEST FROM CHATHAM SQUARE.



LOOKING SOUTH FROM CHATHAM SQUARE.

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Winslow's Soothing Syrup was introduced to a suffering "baby-world," and lifted its proprietor to an eminence of fame, philanthropy and wealth. Somewhere in the interior of this block, in Colonel Rutgers's orchard, the patriot Nathan Hale was hanged. All through this region were the American breast-works of 1776. Oliver, Catherine and Division Streets run out toward the east, and they present startling pictures of the debased humanity that has filled this section which once was occupied by the choicest of New York's citizenship. On the New Bowery, which runs south out of Chatham Square, is a small remnant of the Jews' burying-ground, the first land in the City of New York granted to that faith for burial purposes. The deed was made by Noe Willey of London in 1729, and the tract was bounded by Chatham, Catherine and Oliver Streets. The large building at the north end of the Square, now called the Kingston House, and partly occupied by a big "five cent saloon," once called "the Post-office," has been a resort for the small criminals of the Bowery for many years. In earlier days, big crooks made it their headquarters. "Reddy the Blacksmith" and his "sister," "Mary Varley," had their "dive" in its basement, and there they and their pals planned many of their burglaries and other violent crimes. It was Reddy who killed Jimmy Haggerty, the noted Philadelphia thug, at Patsey Egan's saloon, corner of Broadway and Houston Street.

On Catherine Street, in the rear of Varley's,

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was Paddy Quinn's "Island No. 10," which was a noted resort for thieves and prostitutes. The building is standing yet. Quinn was sent to the Penitentiary many times for assaulting policemen.

New York was an awfully dangerous place thirty or forty years ago. The bravest and hardest criminals of the land walked the streets boldly, and gathered in their established headquarters in sight of the people and the police, practically free from interference, unless they committed atrocious murder or were caught in the act of burglary. House-breakers, highwaymen, masked burglars, bank thieves, river pirates of our own City and of the other cities of our land and from foreign countries, gathered in New York, and preyed on her people, and raided other cities for hundreds of miles about. Highway robberies were committed in daylight in the middle of Broadway, which was a regular promenade for gamblers, swindlers and thieves; it was not safe to walk on the Bowery at any time, and to go through the Fourth Ward wearing good clothes was to court death. The miserable little criminals that still haunt Chatham Square are a sorry remnant of the robber bands that once owned the place. A fine old "crook" said to me mournfully: "The Bowery is stale; the town is dead. I could stand on the Bowery for hours and not see two of my friends. They are on Sixth Avenue or 125th Street, but they are not doing anything in town. When the gambling houses on the Bowery were shut up that ruined business. It stopped the



THE BOWERY, LOOKING EAST FROM CHATHAM SQUARE.



MOTT STREET, LOOKING WEST FROM CHATHAM SQUARE.

New York, Vol. Two, p. 329.

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money. These nasty little Bowery thieves to-day haven't got nerve to do a big job, but they would kill a drunken man to get ten dollars." There are a few ghosts of the olden days still walking about, like "Scotchy Lavelle," the old river thief and gar-roter, who for a number of years has lived quietly and well—if out of sight—in the heart of Chinatown, surrounded by a few modern desperadoes who worship him, but have not the courage nor the opportunity to do his deeds of daring. They listen and wonder at the tales that he tells of the good old days, and of the mighty deeds of Patsey Conroy's "mob." His protege, "Chuck Connors" (the Insect), worships him, and there is a little current of shambling figures that make pilgrimages from Mike Callahan's saloon on the Square to the retreat in Doyer Street opposite the Chinese theater, where the great Chuck's wise words may be listened to, and the sight of Lavelle may inspire them to courageous deeds on the Bowery. The Chinese of Doyer Street give Lavelle a wide berth. Some time ago Chuck chased a Chinaman into the cellar, and tried to batter down the door behind which the terrified Oriental had taken refuge. The Chinaman fired a pistol bullet through the door, and Chuck—degenerate Chuck—ran for a policeman and had him arrested. The magistrate discharged the Chinaman. Among Lavelle's respectable occupations were those of "bouncer" in the old sailors' resort, "The Flag of our Union," on James Street, and bartender in a saloon on Baxter Street near the Bowery, which

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is still in existence. That saloon had an attachment called "the velvet room." When old rounders were reduced to a single nickel, and claimed the privilege of the velvet room, they were given extra large bowls of liquor, which they took into the room and drank until insensible, and sometimes fifty "bummers" of both sexes would be lying on the floor in every possible position, "dead to the world" and its sorrows.

The regular habitués of the neighborhood are "hard up." They cannot do as they formerly did. It is not possible now for murderers, pirates and thugs to gather, plan and live together as they did once. They are followed up too sharply. The police have learned how to blow the Persian powder into the vermin haunts, and to keep them from being colonized. The miserable condition of affairs in this former Court of Crime—a condition which must sadden the hearts of faithful crooks the world over—may be seen by watching the penny restaurant inside the fence of the Mariners' Temple, on Henry Street near Chatham Square. Sometimes fourteen hundred people eat there in a day. A one-cent meal may consist of a bowl of coffee and chicory and a slice of stale bread, or a bowl of pea soup and a slice of stale bread. Over twenty quarts of peas and over a hundred and twenty loaves of stale bread are used daily.

Poor human nature gives way under the pressure and the attrition of life, here, as well as in more



LOOKING TOWARD THE "WORLD" BUILDING FROM CHATHAM SQUARE.

New York, Vol. Two, p. 390.

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avored parts of the City. A few days ago a simple Greek, who kept an oyster stand on Chatham Square, and who had waged a long hard fight with poverty, went mad suddenly, and rushed upon the passing pedestrians with his oyster knife, with which he stabbed two men before he was secured. Shortly before that, George Appo, a victim of the slums, bought a knife and deliberately took his place at the corner of Mott Street and stabbed the first man who came along, a stranger to him. His mind, too, had yielded to the strain, the lack of nourishment and the degenerate tendency. On the New Bowery corner was the original hand-organ factory of Mr. Taylor. After mending organs there for many years, he lost his reason and killed himself by jumping from his window. Some time before that a man walked into a gun store, purchased a revolver and some cartridges, and then deliberately shot himself.

Stretching away to the north is the picturesque Bowery, leading to the great upper east side of the City, and at its end are Stuyvesant's Bowerie (his house was close to St. Mark's Church), the Bible House, Tompkin's Market (for many years the home of the 7th Regiment), and the Cooper Institute, where the greatest men of the nation have proclaimed the greatest truths to popular assemblies, and where the practical philanthropy of Peter Cooper opens the ways of learning to the deserving and ambitious youth of the City.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

Second Annual

BALL

Work: Ah-h Ferget It

OF THE

CHUCK CONNORS CLUB

AT TAMMANY HALL.

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MONDAY EVE., JANUARY 25, 1897.

MUSIC— } Dance, Prof. Wolf.
 } Promenade, Prof. Yee Wah Lung's Chinese Orchestra.

TICKETS, admitting Gent and Lady (including Hat Check), = = 50 Cents.

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Roland B. Molineaux,
Robert Stoll,
R. F. Outcault
(The Yellow Kid),
Walt. B. McDougall,
Dan. McCarthy,
Frank Stevenson,
Jimmy Lynch,
Steve Brodie,
Fred Burns,
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Charles Comiskey,
Bob Dore,
Albert Chevalier,
Florie Sullivan,
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Henry Duckett,

Mickey Finn,
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Richard Mansfield,
Frederick Wilson,
Oscar Hammerstein,
Geo. R. Luks
(Hogan's Alley),
Tim D. Sullivan, 2,
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M. Gaspard,
Al F. Camacho,
Jim Lavelle,
Andy Horn.

ABE SPRUNG, Mayor of Poverty Hollow,

M. LAVERY, Mayor of 7th Ave.,

H. HANNAUER, Mayor of Ave. C,

J. BURKE, Mayor of the Bowery,

TOM LEE, Mayor of Chinatown.

THE FOLLOWING CLUBS WILL BE REPRESENTED:

The Yale Freshmen,
The Knickerbocker Ice-men,
The Lady Truckdrivers,
The Youknow Club,
The Lee Hung Fat Club,
The New York A. C.,
The Hasty Pudding Club,
The Princeton Club,

The Desperate Seven,
The Broadway A. C.,
The Down Town A. C.,
The Bartenders' Club,
The Santa Maria Club,
The German Singing Club,
The Chatham Club,
The Bohemian A. C.,
The Knickerbocker Club,

The Stuffed Club,
The Sweet Sixteen Club,
The French Cooks' Club,
The Roosevelt Club,
The St. Nicholas Club,
The Manhattan A. C.,
The Girl Getters Club,
The Racket & Tennis Club

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The Bowery below Canal Street has much of the same character as Park Row, and perhaps is even more frequented by criminals. The saloon at Number 25 Bowery, known as the "Morgue," has a large patronage of the aristocracy of that part of the City, and a fair idea of the character of said aristocracy may be gathered by observing its customers. A few relics of the "Whyo Gang" make it a rendezvous. A few nights ago they had a little diversion, which, though quite an ordinary affair, seemed to the common people of New York to have the flavor of the wild West. A party of petty thieves and "pan-handlers" (able-bodied street beggars), went into the "Morgue" to divide their booty and to brace up for another raid. Two of the men, known as "English Charley" and "Denver Hop," began to quarrel, and then whipped out their revolvers and fired away at each other. Then there was an uproar, those in the saloon trying to get out to avoid the bullets, and those who were in the street trying to get in to see the fun. When a policeman arrived the heroes had disappeared, and there were a number of bullets in the wall, but there was no trace of blood anywhere. Later in the night the shooters returned, and when the bartender refused to give them any more beer, they declared they would bring the gang around and clean out the place, but up to date they have not appeared.

This is what occurs sometimes after drinking from the fountain in the "Morgue."

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Nothing stirs the heart of the Bowery youth so much as the dime novel that tells of fighting Indians. There was a little fellow named Jimmie Fallon, who devoted himself to this literature, and became thoroughly posted in all the yellow-covered ways, habits and customs of the red man; he talked of nothing else, and every penny that he could get was saved for firearms. His mother worried about him, and his father determined to cure him by giving him a taste of the West. He



He Fought a Wooden Indian.

He sent him to a brother in Nebraska, who, when on a visit to New York, had been piloted by Jimmie through all dangers of the east side. "Give him to me," said Uncle Pat to Jimmie's father; "I'll cure him of his Indian fever. We've plenty of red devils in Nebraska." Jimmie went to Nebraska and became one of his uncle's "cow-punchers." He soon discovered that the ranch bordered on the reservation of the Crow Indians. They were perfectly harmless, but Uncle Pat did not tell that to Jimmie; on the contrary, he and the ranchers told him many wild stories of the blood-thirsty Indians. Uncle Pat arranged with some of the Indians to give Jimmie a scare and drive the fever out of him. One day, while he was at work, a party of the Indians appeared by the river and began to move stealthily toward him. They made be-

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lieve fish upstream in his direction, and he watched them carefully, until suddenly they threw down their fishing-rods, picked up their rifles, gave their war-whoop, and rushed for the unprotected farm hands, who, in furtherance of the joke, fled in apparent dismay. The Indians fired rapidly, and occasionally a white man fell to the ground, pretending to be hurt. Presently Jimmie was alone, for all of his fellows were stretched on the earth. Then his Bowery courage asserted itself, and he determined to sell his life dearly. He drew a revolver that he had bought in a Park Row store and fired rapidly. The first bullet missed, the second struck the right ear of Chief Red Eagle, the third hit the chief's son-in-law; and then the Indians turned and fled, with Jimmie in full pursuit. Uncle Pat shipped Jimmie back to the Bowery to save him from the vengeance of the redskins, and he is having the task of his life to settle the matter with the Indians.

A recent round-up of a "robber band" in this part of the Bowery illustrates the conditions in the section which we are discussing. Max Loewenstein and Julius Bollanger of 39 Bowery, William Werner of 192 Allen Street (New Israel), and Mary Miller of 28 Madison Street (Cherry Hill), Frank Szantho of 26 State Street (Brooklyn), Henry Miller of 125 Washington Street (Armenia), and William Wintail and Louis Mayer of 18 Eldridge Street (New Israel), were the members of the gang. They had committed highway robberies and burglaries as

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far as Fairfield, Connecticut, in one direction, and Summit, New Jersey, in another. Their booty was stored at Number 26 State Street (Brooklyn) and 20 Cherry Street (Cherry Hill). They were traced partly by their pawning portions of their plunder in Park Row pawn-shops. They were in the habit of meeting at Gross's saloon, at the corner of Orchard and Division Streets (New Israel), where they drank and played "pinochle."



The Robber Band.

There are drinking places in New York which are filthier and minister to more depravity than the "Morgue." In the Five Points there are stale beer dives out of which fortunes have been made, and from which Italian "bankers" have been evolved; down on Cherry Hill are dens hidden from the light and patronized only by thieves; shameful places there are, and scores, perhaps hundreds of them, beside which the "Morgue" would seem to be quite respectable; but perhaps the most unique of all vi-



SOME BOWERY TYPES.

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cious drinking places is a "dead house" on 18th Street, in what is called the "gas-house district." It is a "Mecca" for vagrants and "bums" of New York, Brooklyn and New Jersey. The price of a drink is five cents; no glasses are used. A barrel of fiery liquor stands on a shelf and gives out its contents through a rubber hose. The tramp customer first lays his nickel on the counter, then is allowed to take the hose into his mouth, and he is entitled to all that he can imbibe without breathing. When he stops to take breath the supply is shut off, and nothing but another nickel will turn it on again. With such places as the "Morgue" and the cheap lodging-houses of the Bowery, it does not take long to make a tramp. A reporter found a wretched man lying in a stale beer dive at Number 7 Park Street, and discovered that only five weeks before he had come to New York in good condition and with a fair prospect of success. He was a carpenter in Dubuque, Iowa, and had come to New York to better himself. He looked for work and found none, and little by little used up the small savings which he had brought with him. As his funds became reduced he fell down to the lodging-houses, and dropped down through them until he reached the cheapest, and fell through that to the level of the Park benches. Through this course he became acquainted with other hard-faring homeless men, and, adopting their ways, he reached what seemed to be bottom in the stale beer dives.

The Bowery still contains some famous drinking

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saloons. The oldest of them is Harry Cooper's, at the northeast corner of Houston Street, which has been conducted by Mr. Cooper for over fifty years. At 20 Bowery is McKeon's, which has been in existence fifty years, and has been run by McKeon for thirty years. In old times Polly Hopkins, a noted gambler, kept it, and the place was a great resort for the "Bowery Boys." In the fifties the pugilist Tom Hyer kept a drinking place at Number 42 Bowery, in the building which still stands there. It was a favorite headquarters for fighters and gamblers. Old Tom Maguire kept a resort at 4 Spring Street that attracted the sporting men, and he managed many dog fights and cock fights. "Uncle Harrison" opened the "Columbian" at 227 Chatham Street fifty years ago. It is the original "Tom and Jerry House." The politicians of the Fourth and Sixth Wards made it a meeting place. Another old place is Thompson's, 166 Chatham Street. It was famous in the fifties, but has often changed hands. At the upper end of the Bowery we may notice "Old Man Flood's" (27 Third Avenue), which has been running since the time when the site of the Bible House was a stoneyard, and the Cooper Union site was occupied by shanties and a hay-scales. Its earliest proprietor saw Peter Cooper's grocery store, and saw the philanthropist move his home from the Bible House block to its present situation at Fourth Avenue and 28th Street. The Bowery life of old drew much of its inspiration from the "saloons," and these places are interesting relics.

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Over on Broadway, Numbers 663 and 665, at present the New York Hotel, are the first marble front buildings erected in the City—marvels in their day (1825).

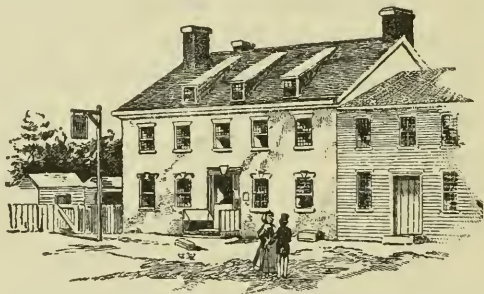
The Bowery, once sacred to the uses of the "Bowery Boy," has been invaded by Jews of humble mien and commercial instincts. The temples once devoted to the legitimate drama, and then to the weird and bloody "Bowery play," now echo to the wailings of Jewish Camilles and Desdemonas, to piercing hissings at villains, and thick-tongued and fat-handed applause of heroes. The Windsor Theater, where "Johnny Thompson On Hand" and "Hands Across the Sea" delighted old-fashioned Bowery audiences, now sadly yields to strange Oriental crowds, who talk desperately about Salome and other characters unknown to us. The old Bowery Theater, the home of famous and florid Thespians of the past, knows no longer any English tongue, and has even changed its name, now being called the "Thalia." The good old play-bills of these theaters, that used to be done up in choice expressive English, now show only pot-hooks and bent tacks that are as hard a problem to the eye as the Yiddish jargon is to the ear. And this Thalia Theater is the old Bowery: the real old Bowery that used to rejoice in its Americanisms and its flag wavings; for was it not in the Bull's Head Tavern, on the very site of the famous theater, that General Washington washed the Harlem dust out of his throat with good old Bowery

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ale on Evacuation Day in 1783, and was it not the very spot where the English bushwhackers sold the cattle and horses captured from the patriots during the British occupation?

Advertisement from Rivington's "Royal Gazette," 1779.

To be sold this day at public auction at the Bull's Head Tavern on the Bowery Road, between XI and XII o'clock, twenty-one elegant horses, which have been in the Rebel Dragoon Service; also near thirty head of horned cattle, saddles and bridles, some sheep, three waggons, etc.



Bull's Head Tavern, Site of New York (Bowery) Theater.

These Jews think more of the splendid facilities of the Bowery Savings Bank close by, which they believe to be a much better institution than any old American theater or Bull's Head Tavern. They have helped to swell its surplus until now it is the greatest savings bank in the world.

Occasionally the shrewd managers of these judaized old theaters give the Italians a day. They are entitled to much credit for their high ambitions, and their efforts to elevate the people. Very

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recently the play was "Hamlet." In the theatrical news of the "Herald" the startling and wonderful performance was described in flaming headlines in this way:

A BOWERY "HAMLET."

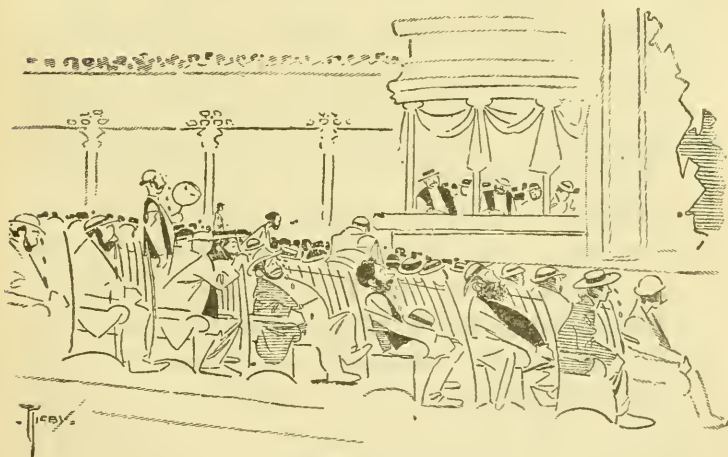
Italian Pushcart Peddlers Witness
Mr. William Shakespeare's Tragedy of
the Melancholy Dane.

BOUNDLESS APPRECIATION.

Cheers for a Red and Blue Ghost, an
Ophelia in Satin, and a Hamlet
in Purple Fleshings.

THEY LIKED THE KILLING BEST.

Uproarious Enthusiasm at the Sight of
Shining Blades and Stilettoes
in the last Act.



The Italian Audience.

The body of the house was fully occupied by Italians. The men were without coats, vests, col-

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lars or neckties, and the women wore colored handkerchiefs on their heads. Polonius wore a long red coat with an ermine collar and a beard long and white. He was very funny in Italian, and when



The Ghost.



Hamlet.

Hamlet pulled his whiskers, and the Dane transfixed him with his sword, applause and laughter struggled for the mastery. There were no less than six curtain calls after each act.

Every local tragedy is portrayed upon the stages of these Bowery theaters before large and enthusiastic audiences. Recently the walls of the old Bowery Theater resounded to the portrayal of the play entitled, "The Life of the Soul in the Dream; or, An Extract from the Trial of Maria Barberi." All the shocking details of the ghastly tragedy were shown, and nothing received more applause than the murder of Cataldo the villain. Mme. Adler enacted the role of Maria, Miss Gudinsky personated Maria's mother, Mr. Adler represented Mr. Barberi, and Mr. Goldstein made up as Judge Gildersleeve. The heavy part of Dominico Cataldo was sustained by

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Mr. Rotstein, and the sympathetic character of Mrs. Foster, the "Tombs Angel," was taken by Mrs. Edelstein. Mr. Thornberg was the District-attorney.

On this same stage have been presented the murderous acts of Carlyle Harris and Dr. Buchanan. The Homestead Riots have also been shown.

The Bull's Head Tavern was removed to 24th Street and Third Avenue, where its dismal and ill-reputed remains may yet be seen. Once it was the headquarters of the horse and cattle trade, and Uncle Daniel Drew laid the foundations of his fortune while he owned it.

Turning to our left, we notice the narrow space inclosed by Mott and Pell Streets and the Bowery. This is Chinatown. Very many years ago a brewery occupied the triangle, and a portion of its walls are in the "Brewery Flats." The father of the Chinese colony was Ah Ken. He arrived in New York in 1858, hired a frame house on Mott Street, and put his little capital into a cigar stand on Park Row. He prospered, and other Chinamen, hearing of his success, joined him in founding the Chinese colony.

The earliest member of the colony now living is Lou Sing, who is a truckman, and now lives on Cherry Street near Oak Street. He married an Irish woman and had two sons. The woman was the head of the family. One of the sons showed his mother's genius by securing an appointment on the police force.

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In Chinatown live some eight hundred Chinamen, with a varying number of degraded white women. There are about fifty stores, but how many gambling, lottery and opium dens there are, only the Chinamen and the police who have protected them can tell, and you may be sure they will not tell. Here live many Chinamen who have no visible means of support. We are familiar with the Chinese laundries that are to be found in all parts of the City, and with the industrious Chinese who live behind them, but there is a different class of men who live here in Chinatown the year round. On Sundays the population of the little City grows to about three thousand, and dingy Doyer and Pell Streets are filled with throngs quietly chattering, slipping in and out of doorways, and pattering up and down stairs, while there is a constant stream of Chinamen coming from the elevated railroad station. The presence and the evident prosperity of the do-nothing class; the proximity of the women; the regular weekly influx of Chinamen, who come from all parts of the City, and from New Jersey, Long Island and Connecticut; the doors watched by wary sentinels, and the flaming posters in Chinese characters, are sufficient to inform all, except certain thick-witted, blue clad personages, that the Chinamen are engaged in their national vices, regardless of the law of the land. Christian Chinamen have made their appearance in Chinatown; but, while many of them are sincere and conduct themselves in a praiseworthy manner, there are

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others who, too plainly, have only gone through the form of exchanging josses. There are some worthy missionary enterprises, among which may be mentioned the Morning Star Mission of Doyer Street. The marvel of this mission is its superintendent, Miss Helen F. Clark, a beautiful, charming, cultivated, young woman, who, in the pursuit of her duty, goes without hesitation into every house and every room in Chinatown, coming in contact with its most disgusting forms of vice, preserving her sweetness, and carrying with her to the heathen a veritable incarnation of the Christian spirit. Their secrets have always been safe with her, for she is after their souls, and realizes the opportunity which she gains through their confidence. Not only has she reached the Chinese themselves, but many of the girls. Some of these, who have drifted out of choice homes, yielded to the opium habit, and fallen into the depths of Chinatown, have been rescued through her efforts. During the excitement of Li Hung Chang's visit, while the streets were full of curiosity seekers, both American and Chinese, the mission rooms were made attractive by several spiritual young Chinamen, who, arrayed in dress suits in good American style, ranged themselves about a cabinet organ and sang Moody and Sankey's hymns in seductive falsetto, to the delectation of a crowd which gathered about the door. The Chinese are divided into cliques, and there are several well defined and serious feuds among them. The Lis are the aristocrats, and they hate the

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Wangs, who are the plebeians. The Lis know very much about store-keeping and gambling; the Wangs are experts in laundry work. The "Six Companies" of California have their representatives in Chinatown, and between them and the smaller merchants are innumerable jealousies. Of late years the gambling fraternity has protected itself through an organization called the On Long Tong (Protection Society). Other Chinamen of less social standing have antagonized them through a mutual aid society, which they have called the Hop Sing Tong (Help-each-other Society), and the feud between these two societies has led to affrays on the street, the use of slung-shots and hatchets, and numerous criminal proceedings. Experience among these people shows that, no matter upon which side they are enlisted, truth is an unknown virtue, perfidy is a national accomplishment, and brotherhood has no signification to them. They have no concern in our government or in the affairs of our City, except so far as they may be protected from the operations of our laws upon their customs and habits. They have learned that money buys peace, and they have purchased peace at liberal prices. They have their own mayor and council, and not until recently have they been found in our civil courts. High Chinese officials are much disturbed at the recent disposition to seek the intervention of the American courts, and the aid of the Chinese consul has been invoked to secure a renewed allegiance to the authority of Chinatown officials, and obedience to its decrees in all matters

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of difference. Their religious practices consist in bribing numerous gods, either to intervene in their favor, to send them good luck, to ward off disaster, or to reveal the future. Of worship they apparently have little idea. Joss-houses they have, and the curious American gains admittance very easy, and finds the priest open to the influences of American money. Idolatry is not evident; of the worshiping of images there is no trace. A Chinaman going to the joss-house makes his offering to the priest, who either prays for good luck upon some undertaking, or endeavors to divine the future upon some enterprise. Their little sticks of incense are familiar objects to us. He lights a bunch of these, and extinguishes the flame with a wave of the hand rather than with his unworthy breath, leaving them to smolder on the altar. Then he prostrates himself before the altar, and by the shaking out of one stick from a bunch, he finds a number which corresponds to an entry in a carefully prepared book that stands for some oracular sentence. We have seen prayers offered in behalf of some of our very eminent American citizens by the old priest in the joss-house at 16 Mott Street, the home of China's great war god. If one is bent upon prosecuting his undertaking — oracle or no oracle — and desires the interpositions of the god for his good luck, he purchases a prayer printed on paper which the priest burns in the chimney, with the belief that the ascending vapor will tell its story to the god. When the function is

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over, a soothing cup of tea is produced, much as our enterprising store-keepers hand a chromo to a purchaser of ninety-nine cents' worth of crockery. The investigator of Chinatown may, if he is smart, get into a fan-tan game or an opium joint, but unless he is a *bona fide* visitor rather than a curiosity seeker—that is, unless he is an opium fiend, he is not likely to have his curiosity gratified. The joss-house, the restaurant and the theater, however, are open to all comers. One entering a Chinese restaurant may have to do battle with his prejudices, and they will not be allayed by the strident voices of the Chinese guests, nor by the slip-slopping of the waiters, who shuffle along with bare feet stuck in loose slippers without backs or heels; but if he can conquer his prejudices he will find that the food is absolutely clean, scientifically prepared, and wholesome in every respect. He may, if he is good-natured, go behind the scenes and investigate Chinese cookery. Perhaps the first thing he will notice will be a bar of soap with the ends of burned incense tapers sticking in it. That was the morning offering to the god of the kitchen. There is a god of the bedroom, a mother-in-law god, gods wonderful and gods innumerable; and this god of the kitchen is placated every morning. There is a touching appropriateness in the offering of incense to the god of the kitchen from a bar of soap. In the kitchen there are chickens waiting to be killed, for a Chinaman cannot eat "high" poultry; his chickens are often killed for him while he waits. There, too, are the



CHINESE STORE, 31½ MOTT STREET.

New York, Vol. Two, p. 403.



CHINESE JOSS HOUSE.

New York, Vol. Two, p. 407.

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delicacies, such as ancient preserved eggs (Li Hung Chang had one served to him three hundred years old); desiccated sharks' fins, birds' nests, smoked pearl oysters, dried flounders, sea-worms, and peculiar Chinese vegetables grown on their own farms at Astoria. The musty old delicacies imported from China do not look particularly appetizing, but before they are cooked and served they are scrubbed and rubbed until elbow grease and water can do no more. There is not much baking of bread or cake, still there is enough to require the kneading of dough. Our American cooks and bakers roll up their sleeves and plunge their hands and arms into the mixture in a way that would shock the Chinese cook; indeed, it is a general belief that bakers do not always stop with the use of the hands and arms. The Chinaman uses an ancient and effective device for kneading his bread. A table is set close to the wall; a heavy log is swung loosely in a leather socket, which holds one end firmly down, while the other end, projecting over the table, is free; a lump of dough is placed upon the table, and the kneader of bread throws his leg over the log, which he brings down again and again upon the mass of bread, giving the most astounding whacks, so that it comes out thoroughly kneaded and shaped.

It is not our purpose to give exhaustive descriptions of these places; they should be investigated by searchers for the truth; and as the opening of Worth Street let the daylight into the Five Points, brought

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in currents of air and currents of travel, and scoured out much of its foulness, so the invasion of the heathen stronghold of Chinatown, by inquiring, public-spirited people, bent upon acquainting themselves with all its conditions, will correct much that is dark and unfitted to exist in the midst of our civilization.

A visit to the theater in Doyer Street near Park Row will show the Chinamen at their best and their worst. The acting here begins early in the evening and lasts until midnight, and sometimes it takes a week to perform one play. The actors never vary, and their costumes are always the same. There is no scenery and no drop curtain, and but few "properties," for these are unnecessary to a Chinese audience, the imagination of the auditors being sufficiently keen to supply the accessories. Only the affluent Chinamen attend at the opening of an evening's performance, because at that time the highest price is charged. There is a reduction at the end of each hour, until, at eleven o'clock, the tariff is removed and the poor brethren are admitted freely. Of course there is a band. It occupies a position on the stage back of the center, and its members, kicking off their shoes, settle into comfortable positions, and pound queer drums, cymbals and nameless instruments of percussion, and saw on one-stringed fiddles, regardless of time, rhythm, actors, audience and each other. The artist of the band is the man who performs on the wooden drum. Chinamen say that he sets the time and leads the music, but no American can compre-

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hend it. While the band is gashing the air with its jagged discords, and the audience of expectant Chinamen looks for the appearance of the actors, they (the actors) unconcernedly take observations of the house and converse with the band through openings in the cloth wall of the green room, which are conveniently arranged so that they may stick their heads through them. Frequently, while a dialogue is going on behind the footlights, the actor who is to come next sticks his head through one of these openings in full view of the audience, and gravely listens to the play until the time comes for him to make his *entree*. The female characters are portrayed by men, who make most earnest and comical use of falsetto tones, and who imitate feminine gestures with considerable skill. Occasionally a general appears with his army. The army never contains more than three men, but they stand for three thousand or more, according to the requirements of the play. When the action of the play requires that the general jump upon his horse to lead his soldiers into battle, the stage attendant, who is always in sight, brings a saw-buck, and the general, throwing his leg over it, resumes his standing position, and then, in the minds of his audience, is gloriously mounted. When a battle takes place the conflicting armies, represented by two or three men on each side, march around each other swinging their weapons in the air, but never striking, and the stage attendant ignites a saucer full of gunpowder. When the powder goes

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up the band has a fit, and the audience grunts its approval. There is one box in the theater. It is located on the stage facing the audience. As the theater fills up late in the evening the auditors frequently sit on the edge of the stage and swing their feet. When the play requires furious action two devils' horns are brought out and operated by leather-lunged Celestials, and they raise a racket that threatens the integrity of American ear-drums. When there are no American visitors the conduct of the players sometimes becomes indecent, and for this reason Americans are not especially welcome. On one occasion, when the theater was overcrowded with Chinamen intent on witnessing a Celestial version of the Barrisons, there was a distinguished party of ladies and gentlemen occupying the box on the stage, and when the play reached its climax a notice in Chinese characters was hung on a pillar where the audience could see it, and the actors retired to the green-room. Immediately the audience became excited and demonstrative, and it required the bringing out of the old horns to restore it to its previous condition of beatification. The courteous guide of the American party informed the ladies that the notice stated that the great horn players and all of the orchestra would play their best piece in honor of the American visitors, and that the noise of the audience was expressive of its gratification; but the truth leaked out the next day, when the guide explained to the gentlemen that the horn players had barely suc-

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ceeded in quieting the audience, who were incensed at the notice which stated that in deference to the Americans who were present the Chinese gentlemen must imagine the balance of the act, which would take place in the green-room. The sightseer is glad enough to get out of the dimly-lighted hall, with its scowling Chinese faces and its smoke-laden atmosphere, even though his retreat from Chinatown must be made through the most forbidding of New York's crooked streets. Doyer Street is the cesspool of Chinatown, and abounds with both Chinese and American lawlessness, and with the petty criminals of the neighborhood, who make constant use of the crooked street to communicate with each other and to elude pursuit. It was in this street that Charlotte Temple died. The corner of Pell Street and the Bowery is a pickpocket's rendezvous, and a short distance from it there lives an Irish woman, who for many years has held control of one of Chinatown's peculiar institutions. She was supposed to keep a boarding-house for the white women of Chinatown, who paid her a weekly stipend for their accommodations, but it is perfectly obvious that her little shanty could never accommodate the boarders from whom she received money. By a curious coincidence several of the most famous of the Central Office detectives made daily visits to her place. They made no other explanation of their visits than that they were making social calls upon this woman and her daughter. To be sure, the honor of a reception by the Irish queen of Chinatown,

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and of entertainment by her royal family, was not to be lightly esteemed by the sleuths of 300 Mulberry Street. Of all the men in Chinatown, who knew the location of gambling-houses, policy-shops and opium joints, and who enjoyed the acquaintance of their keepers, there never was one who equaled Tom Lee. Tom Lee learned to speak English, and years ago induced a sheriff to make him a deputy. His badge brought him great reverence in Chinatown, which was all the greater when it was noticed how friendly he was with the police. Tom Lee grew fat, his smile broadened until it was a yard wide; and then, when there was no cloud upon the horizon larger than a man's hand, and the days of Lexow had not arrived, he shook the dust of Chinatown off his feet and went to live in an American district, and to enjoy the fortune which the god of luck had bestowed upon him. I have met a good many of the denizens of Chinatown. I have seen them under many different circumstances. They have been an interesting study, and I have been deeply interested in their strange customs and the operations of their national traits. As a body they are a dangerous, useless and disgusting lot of people. Here and there I have found an individual who provoked my admiration for some traits that were developed in him. One man among them I found to whom my heart warmed, even though his character is not approved by the police. His name, Ding Dong, has a sound of determination in it. He is bold, plucky, resolute and true.

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His heart is generous, and he would sacrifice himself to serve a friend. These characteristics, so unusual among the Chinese of our City, are evidently due to Tartar ancestry. In the days of the Lexow Committee, when I pursued my inquiries into the ways and methods of Chinatown, I felt safe when Dong Fong was at my right hand. One day I told the old villain so. I said: "Dong, they say you are a bad man, you get mad sometimes and hit hard with your fists, and you have been in prison for fighting. They say you drink too much rice wine and it makes your blood hot; but, Dong, I like you, I trust you, I know you will not betray me, and I am not afraid of Chinese blackjacks or daggers in dark hallways when you lead the way." He grinned, stuck out his old heathen paw, and said bluntly and gruffly: "You speak to my heart. Come on!" I am tempted at this time to recite a little experience which led to my being banqueted and dubbed the "White Mandarin." The legal champion of the powerful Lee family, storekeepers, gamblers and all, is the picturesque old fighter, Ed. Price. He acts for the powerful "On Long Tong." The "Hop Sing Tong," represented particularly by the ingenious and persistent Wong Get, the jolly good-natured Huey Gow, and the indomitable Dong Fong, made war on the chief avocation of the "On Long Tong," and got itself and its members involved in counter-charges which took the contending forces into the Tombs Police Court. Wong Get, who had already given me information, sought my

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services for the protection of his little party. Here was an opportunity to study the Chinese which should not be thrown away, and so it was that I crossed swords with Ed. Price. When my devoted little clientele from Chinatown went home from the hearing at the Tombs, they were assaulted by an overwhelming force of the enemy, who inflicted severe punishment upon them, and one of the little party was carried to the hospital with a hatchet wound in his back. This led to the swearing out of some more warrants, and brought more Chinamen into the mixture. After the second hearing at the Tombs, as I was going down the steps toward the cars, I saw my Chinamen huddled together in a little group, whispering together and trembling violently. I stepped up to Worry Charles, the interpreter, and said: "Worry, what is the trouble?" He pointed toward the opposite corner, in front of Counselor Price's office, and said, while his hand shook: "There! The enemy lay for us! They kill us! The police hate us; no help us! Lee men chop us by-and-by when we go home!" I had a heavy revolver in my pocket and a stalwart friend was with me. The humor and the pathos of the situation appealed to me. I said: "Is it a fact, Worry, that you and your friends are afraid to go home? Will you go if I lead the way?"—"Yes," he answered. "Come on," I said; and so we started, Mr. Glaze and I leading the way, and my six Chinamen stringing out behind in Indian file. We passed the crowd of Chinese enemies on the

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corner, and with muttered imprecations they fell in behind us, but a determined look and a hostile motion by Mr. Glaze and myself warned them to keep their distance, and so we marched into Chinatown. A crowd of the curious followed us, people rushed to their windows and gazed upon us. On we went, a strange procession. Two American lawyers were in the lead, six frightened Chinamen followed them in single file, and after a short interval thirty or forty more Chinamen, ornamented with frowns, followed. Our route led us into Mott Stret, the citadel of the Lees, and there we met more fiendish faces; but by that time the police had waked up and several of them were in sight. When we reached Pell Street near the Bowery our frightened little convoy dispersed, after thanking us most profusely. It was not long after that when my permission was asked that a banquet might be given in my honor, and so it happened that in a Chinese restaurant on Pell Street a distinguished company of Americans sat down with a committee of the Chinese association, and had opened to their understandings and introduced to their internal administrations the choicest delicacies of Chinese gastronomic art. To recite our struggles with the chopsticks, the inadequacy of the thimble cups of rice wine, the diaphragmic convulsions, when steamboat soup, kindling wood bundles, sea-worm porridge and other luxuries were interviewed, would, perhaps, tend to the annoyance of delicate readers, as well as to the unwarrantable padding of this already too

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extensive work, so we will drop the subject where it is and leave the reader to imagine how long we remained, what we did, and in what condition we retired from the festive board.

Mott Street, through which our way lies, had its days of respectability, and when it yielded to the demoralization of the Five Points it became an Irish stronghold. The Irish of Mott Street were heavy drinkers and hard fighters, but the stealthy rice eaters pushed them out. There are still in the neighborhood of Mott Street some relics of Ireland's day, and the Catholic church on Mott Street manages to exist, though sadly hemmed in with heathen temples and unapproachable barbarians. In walking through Chinatown the observer will be mystified by the large number of disreputable youths of Irish descent, who lounge on the street corners and loiter in the doors of Chinese dens. The best specimen of this genus is Chuck Connors of Pell Street, who makes some pretense of pugilism, and views Steve Brodie with lofty disdain. What these young men do and what holds them in Chinatown is a mystery. They eat regularly in the Chinese restaurants, and push rice into their mouths with dexterity of chopstick manipulation, unexcelled by the Chinese themselves. There are no such bonds between them and the Chinese as there are with the women who live there; altogether it is probable that they get a share of the earnings of some of the women. Probably they are petty thieves, who by some peculiar association find themselves at home in Chinatown,

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and through some degenerate influence feel out of place amid Caucasian surroundings. A Christian physician, who has considerable practice among the Chinese, was requested by one of them to attend a woman who was lying sick in a house on Pell Street. The physician found her sick almost to death, she had no relations that she knew, and no ties of friendship outside of the Chinese quarter. It was plainly to be seen that she had been beautiful, but her vicious life had left her a wreck. An appetite for opium had a strong hold upon her, but it was impossible to gratify it even to a small degree, and she was tortured constantly with the fumes of the drug which came from other apartments in the building. The Chinaman paid liberally for her care and treatment, and provided an old colored woman, who hung about the neighborhood, as a nurse. By careful attention and good nursing the crisis of the disease was safely passed, and one day the physician asked the girl if she would like to read. She was pleased with the thought, and he furnished her with good books, including a copy of the Bible. One day he entered the room and found the colored woman reading to her from the Bible. The situation gave him an opportunity, and he asked the girl if she would not like to change her way of life; she said she would, but that she knew of no way for her to get out of Chinatown. She had heard of various reform agencies, but they were all objectionable and unsuited to her situation, and the doctor realized the

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truth of her idea. He said: "If I find you a place far away from Chinatown, where no one will know anything about your past life, and where you will have a kind home until you are able to earn your own living, and where you will find friends who will take an interest in you, will you go?" She said, "Yes." On leaving the apartment the old woman followed him into the hall, and he said: "Aunty, I was surprised to find you reading the Bible. From what I had heard of you I did not suppose you cared anything about it." She raised her apron to her eyes and said: "Oh, honey, I knows all about those things. I'se a backslider, but I'se got turned round agin." In a short time the girl went to live at a place which the physician found for her, and she was started hopefully on a new career.

I expect to be criticised for my estimate of the Chinese character, for no two observers get the same results. The people baffle our understanding. Miss Clark, whose life work is among them, falls into an amusing error in her recent entertaining magazine article, when she speaks of the Hop Sing Tong as the New York branch of the dread "High-binder" or "Hatchet" Association; the truth being that the organization which she mentions is a benevolent corporation chartered under the laws of New York, approved by the Supreme Court, and expressly designed to aid the Chinese to learn American ways, and to advance them in religion and mutual helpfulness. In this case the opponents



SKETCHES OF "CHINATOWN," MOTT STREET.

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of the Chinese corporation got Miss Clark's ear and exercised their national virtue of prevarication. They all do it. It is no wonder that occasionally we make mistakes in our judgment of these people, for they are our opposites in nearly every trait and custom. We say "Good-morning," they say "How old are you?" We shake hands with each other, they with themselves. We uncover our heads as a mark of respect, they cover theirs. We cut our finger nails, they consider it good taste to wear them long. Our ladies wear long dresses, theirs wear long sleeves. We eat soup first and dessert last, they reverse the order. We read horizontally from left to right, they read perpendicularly from bottom to top. We mourn in black, they in white. The right hand with us is the place of honor, the left is with them. In boxing the compass they say east-north, west-south, etc. They locate the intellect in the stomach, they mount a horse from the right side, and their women ride a-straddle and their men sidewise. They vaccinate on the nose instead of the arm. They launch boats sidewise. Their bells are struck from the outside, and they turn their screws from right to left. The list of contrarities could be indefinitely extended. With them luck runs in streams like rivers, and great care has to be used not to divert the invisible streams from their regular channels. With us we have no hesitation in doing any ridiculous or noisy thing to "change our luck." The necessities of American life have modified the apparent operation

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of these Chinese traits; but the customs are in their hearts, fixed there by ancestral causes, as surely as the unvarying complexion, eyes, cheekbones and black hair appear without variation in every Chinaman.

The Chinamen, while they tenaciously preserve their individual and national characteristics, are great copyists, as we learned in "Mrs. Maloney on the Chinese Question." A few days ago a love-lorn Chinaman of thirty brought suit for breach of promise against a Chinese damsel of nineteen, who had stolen his heart and refused to make good his loss. Quite recently Wong Hang of 17 Mott Street, a Christianized Chinaman, brought suit in the Supreme Court against Lui Get and Hung Gee Pon for alienating the affections of his pretty wife, Ah Heung Chansen, otherwise known as Ton Hong. About the time that this was going on, sweet Ton Hong went with Lui Get, who is a grocer at Number 19 Mott Street, before Alderman Schilling at the City Hall, and they were married in American fashion. Yung Sing was the best man. According to the society announcements of the day, "The bride wore a rich gown of black stuff trimmed with light blue, with a tunic beneath. Her shoes and her earrings were of blue and gold. She had a pearl brooch in her hair, which was parted in the middle and gathered in a roll, which hung low on the back of her neck. The knot of hair was ornamented with colored beads and silken strings. She wore a large gold brooch at her

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throat." This brilliant *coup* did not settle the strife, for promptly Wong Hang caused the arrest of Ton Hong on a charge of bigamy. This gave the lady her first opportunity to tell her side of the triangular dispute. While in durance vile at the Tombs Police Court, she told this story of her woes; showing that under all the American veneer the Heathen Chinese still lives in his barbarous habits and customs:

"I lived with my grandmother until she died. Then I was taken away by a man whose name I do not know. Then I was about seventeen years old. This man was a bad man. He took me to Wong Hang and he left me at his house, and then I was told I had been sold by my mother and was Wong Hang's slave. I became his slave and did as I was told, and at first he was good to me. Then he brought me to California and then to Oregon, but he speaks falsely when he says he married me in Portland, and that we lived happily together there as man and wife, for I verily believe I was never married to him, as I have no recollection of any ceremony by Chinese rites or by the customs of this country. Instead of living with me as a loving husband he bartered me to the right and to the left for money, and often beat me cruelly and caused me great suffering when I displeased him by not earning enough money as he directed me to. Here in New York I met Lui Get, and he told me of my rights before the law of this country, and he told me that he loved

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me. I loved him, and we were married. Lui Get, my dear husband, said: 'I will take much of my savings and I will buy your freedom. When I had told Wong Hang I wished to be free from my evil life and marry and be a happy wife, he beat me, but he thought of the money and he said at last: 'Let Lui Get give me \$900 and you may go and marry him.' It was a great deal of money, but Lui said: 'I will give him the \$900 and we will be married'; and so both men went to the Chinese Freemason Society in Mott Street. I was taken there, too; and there were also Ho Pooh and Lung Ching and Wong Pooh and Mrs. Foy. Chin Mon Gee was there as well, and all of them saw me pay the \$900 to Wong Hang, for Lui Get had given me the money with which to do so. And Wong Hang gave me a receipt, and that I will show to the Judge when I am again taken to the court.'"

Within two months Chin Foy, a laundryman, who had married his teacher in a Baptist mission, Miss Jenny Levi, applied to Justice MacLean of the Supreme Court for permission to adopt a child of Mamie Lynd of Number 1529 Second Avenue; so after a careful investigation the justice permitted the adoption of Ormond Lynd, the child of a Hebrew mother, who thus was made the legal son of Chin Foy, a Chinaman, who was the husband of a Baptist Sunday-school teacher named Levi.

Occasionally there are funerals in Chinatown, and then there is an exceedingly curious mixture of Chi-

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nese customs and American methods. There is no crape on the door and no appearance of overpowering grief. The priest does his duty in driving off the devils, and when the procession, with American hearse and carriages, starts for the graveyard in the Evergreen Cemetery, Long Island, a man sitting on the hearse with the driver throws showers of red papers stamped with prayers that confuse and mislead the devils and give them plenty of diversion in chasing them as they are whirled about by the breezes. If the funeral be that of a very prominent man, a Chinese band may be stowed in one of the carriages to make doleful music on the way to the cemetery. On one occasion we saw such a funeral escorted by a body of Chinamen mounted on white horses, clad in white garments and bearing spears and banners. At the grave, chicken and rice and wine and whisky are left for the entertainment of the dead, and some bits of red wax are placed at points selected by the priest to keep the devils away from the grave. About once in seven years the bones of the interred Chinamen are gathered up, cleaned and sent to China, where they are decently interred in the earth of the Orient.

Here is a news item:

“Gee Sing, a boyish-looking Chinaman, fired three shots at Annie Gilmartin at 19 Pell Street last night. Annie, arrayed in the glory of a dark-purple velvet sacque, told the story in Center Street Court to-day. She said she was in her room with

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her Chinese 'husband,' when Gee Sing came to the door. She had lived with him, and he wanted her to return. The sight of her 'husband' seemed to infuriate Gee Sing. He fired the shots and fled. (All same Melican man.) Annie crept under a table for safety.

"Magistrate Flammer held Gee Sing for examination."

Fantan.

The gambling of Chinatown has been thoroughly organized and systematized. There is the game of Fantan and the Chinese Lottery. In October, 1891, a careful investigation showed these places in operation:

THE FANTAN GAME.

A gambling place on Mott Street, No. 14, 3d floor, rear room, 1 game.

No. 17 Mott Street, on the 3d floor, rooms 5 and 6, 2 games.

No. 18 Mott Street, 3d floor, rooms 1, 2 and 3, 3 games.

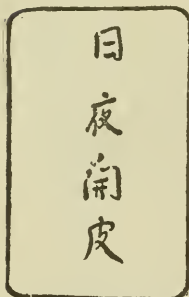
No. 20 Mott Street, second floor, first room, 1 game.

No. 22 Mott Street, 2d floor, rooms 8 and 9, 2 games.

No. 24 Mott Street, 2d floor, front room, 1 game, and back room, 1 game.

No. 28 Mott Street, 2d floor, first room, 1 game.

No. 34 Mott Street, 2d floor, back room, 1 game, and 3d floor, front room, 1 game.



Game Open Day and Night.

啓者今因騙開復開費用太多茲議每賭式或毫
 伍銀以上者按例照抽雙間亦然如不遵例照抽
 罰銀壹拾大員正倘有執手要拒據你証報勿
 兩印謝花紅銀伍大員餘銀歸入本堂若有見
 身銀中不落珠碼無論何香稔角正願限壹伍拾
 員先字查明以免後論各宜見諒

光緒拾柒年九月 吉 日

紐約 秉正 公所

[Translation.]

NOTICE TO FORTUNE-SEEKERS.

The gambling houses are reopened again. As extra expenses must be paid a new rule has gone into effect. Instead of the old percentage of 7 per cent deducted from winnings of over 50 cents, a new percentage has been established. Henceforth a percentage of 7 per cent will be deducted from all winnings and a percentage of 14 per cent from all winnings over \$25.

Every gambling place must post this notice on the wall where it can be easily seen.

Inspectors of the Gamblers' Union shall visit all gambling houses to see that this law is enforced, and any failure to comply with said law shall be punished by a fine of \$10, half of which shall go to the informer.

Given under our hand and seal in the 17th year of Quong Soi, King, and the 9th month (October).
 NEW YORK BIN CHING UNION.

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No. 36 Mott Street, 2d floor, front room, 1 game,
and back room, 1 game.

No. 30 Pell Street, 2d floor, front room, 1 game.

No. 31 Pell Street, 2d floor, front room, 1 game.

No. 8 Doyer Street, 2d floor, back room, 1 game.

No. 9 Doyer Street, 2d floor, room 6, 1 game.

No. 10 Doyer Street, 2d floor, front room, 1
game.

Total 20 games, each paying to the On Long
Tong sixteen dollars per week.

THE CHINESE LOTTERY GAME.

DRAWING OFFICES.

Wing Chong Tai, No. 10 Mott Street, on the
first floor, in the front room, one company.

Wing On Lee, No. 11 Mott Street, on the ground
floor, room on right-hand side, one company.

Wing Chin Tai, No. 12 Mott Street, second floor,
front room, one company.

Fook Lee, No. 14 Mott Street, on the first floor,
back room, one company.

Chew Lee, No. 17½ Doyer Street, first floor, one
company.

Hong Chong Tai, No. 18 Mott Street, on ground
floor, room on right side, one company.

Wing Tai Lee, No. 18 Mott Street, ground floor,
room left side, one company.

Wing Show Tai, No. 18 Mott Street, ground
floor, room on left side, one company.

Lun Tai, No. 17 Mott Street, ground floor, room
right side, one company.

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Lee Ching Chung, No. 17 Mott Street, ground floor, room on left side, one company.

Wing Yuen Tai, No. 24 Mott Street, on the first floor, one company.

Each place was said to pay sixteen dollars a week to the On Long Tong, which secured it from interference.

END OF VOLUME TWO



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