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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



1871
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NEW-YORK FROM WEEHAWKEN.

NEW-YORK

IN A

NUTSHELL,

OR

VISITORS' HAND-BOOK TO THE CITY



Illustrated.



NEW-YORK;

STRONG, S.C.

T.W. STRONG, 98 NASSAU ST.

1853.



F. Saunders.

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Think you "there can be no kernel in this light nut," crack it—my good Public, and you may find the meat to your liking, if not, I can promise you beforehand, in all confidence, that you will find nothing in it to offend you. If it should not amuse nor instruct, it will not harm you.

F. SAUNDERS.

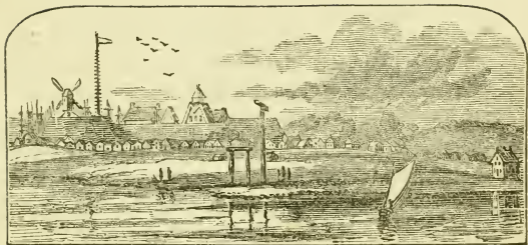
New-York, March, 1853.

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THE City of New York is justly regarded as the metropolis of the New World. It is the grand porch of entrance to the Republic of Freedom. Its geographical position constitutes it the great focal mart of American commerce—the central point from which diverge its several avenues of mercantile and maritime enterprise.— On this account, this city stands pre-eminent among the capitals of the New World. Its historic records form no unimportant part of the story of our country's eventful annals. It has been the theatre of some of the most stirring scenes in the great drama of our struggle for national liberty in the past, and it now presents to the world, the sublime spectacle of the triumphant success which has resulted from the cultivation of the arts

of life, under the beneficent sway of Free Institutions. A little more than two centuries ago, this island of *Manahata** had its birth-day of civilization, in a few rude huts, and a fort situated where now the Bowling Green stands; and, in this comparatively brief interval in the lifetime of a nation, it has bounded from the infant *Dorp* or village, into a noble city of palaces with its half million of inhabitants. It is now the great work-shop for the Western world—the busy hive of industry, with its thousands of artisans, mechanics and merchants, sending out to all sections of its wide-spread domain, the magic power of machinery for all departments of handicraft, and argosies of magnificent vessels for garnering in the wealth of foreign climes.

With such brilliant achievements already attained, where to limit its onward progress, may well baffle the “calculations” of even the shrewdest Yankee. In a few years hence, the city of New York will extend itself to the margin of the Harlem river, and number its inhabitants probably over one million.—At the present time, its population is equal to that of the whole middle country seventy years ago, and the United States now comprises seven times more than it did at that period.—In sixty years or less, it may be safely estimated, the mighty mass of human beings that will congregate within its limits, will amount to two millions.

Two hundred and thirty years ago, it is affirmed, the

* Its earliest recorded name—vide *Purchas's Pilgrims*.

entire city of New York was purchased for what was equivalent to the nominal sum of twenty-four dollars ;— now the total assessed value of the property of the city alone, in 1852, amounted to over three hundred and twenty millions of dollars. If such vast accessions of wealth mark the past, with its present opulent resources, who shall estimate its future possessions and affluent grandeur.

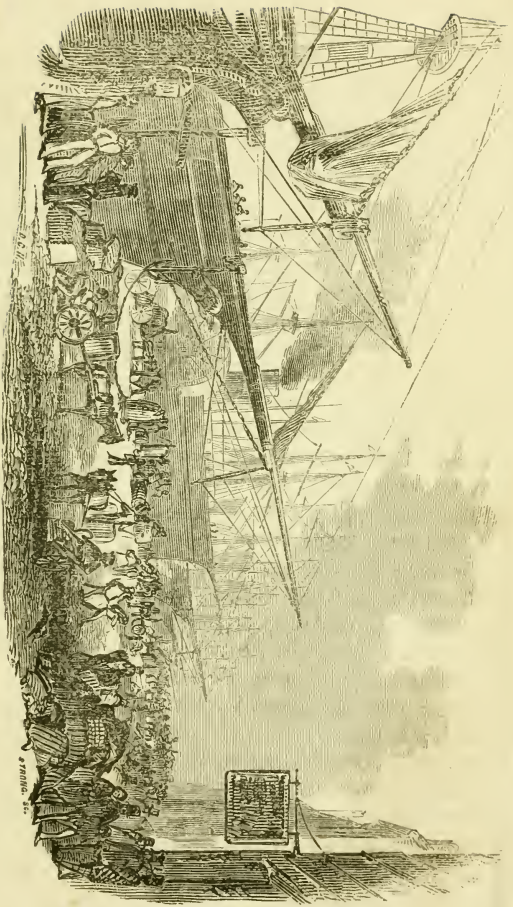
From a narrow nook of land, with its fort and a few wooden huts, it has become the most imposing and populous capital on the Western Continent, occupying nearly the entire island, from the Battery to the Harlem river, about 14 miles in extent, or an area of nearly twenty-three square miles. During the year 1850, upwards of 3000 new dwellings were erected, including some of the splendid mansions that now so profusely decorate the upper part of the metropolis. During the same period no less than 212,796 emigrants arrived at the port of New York from various parts of Europe—a population, of itself, enough to colonize half a dozen respectable townships.

It is a curious fact that New York city, with 520,000 inhabitants in 1850, had but 37,000 houses for them to live in and do business. While Philadelphia, with 409,000 inhabitants, had 67,000 houses. The number of buildings erected during the past year is estimated at about 4,000, and the ratio is on the increase at the present time, while the edifices are much superior.

Fifty years ago steamboats were unknown—now there

are 3,000 afloat on American waters alone, and it was the Hudson that witnessed the first experiments of Fulton.— In 1809, there was not a single railroad in the world— now there are upwards of 10,000 miles in the United States, independent of the projected railroad to the Pacific. Half a century ago it took some weeks to convey news from New York to New Orleans—now it requires about as many seconds. Fifty years ago the most rapid printing press was worked by hand-power—now steam prints 20,000 papers an hour on a single press.)

While the City of New York has been extending its area of wealth and population at home, and its commercial interests abroad, it has also established institutions of learning to educate the people, that they may advance in virtue, morals, and religion, as well as in wealth and power. New York may point with confidence to her free public schools and other institutions of learning, for evidence of her appreciation of the benefits of universal education. There are 213 public schools in the city, at which 116,000 children are instructed. There is also a Free Academy, in which the essentials of a collegiate course are taught. The building is of sufficient capacity to accommodate 750 students, and is under the supervision of 14 professors. In addition to which there are the Astor, Historical Society, the New York Society Libraries, and the Mercantile Library Association, besides other minor institutions of a kindred nature—all exponents of the taste and intellectual culture of the people.



SHIPPING AND DOCKS AT N. Y.

STROUD. 35

Then again, as to its opulence and splendor, take the following from a contemporary :—

“So great has been the rage for building, that there has been about 15,000,000 dollars worth of land bought for that purpose during the past year. In the northern part of the city, on the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Avenues, from three to five miles from the City Hall, magnificent palaces are being erected in all directions. Thousands of retired and active merchants and business men have their residences in this part of the city, and they live in a most princely style. They seem to float in an ocean of wealth, and their number is legion. It is not uncommon for a gentleman to spend from 100 to 200,000 dollars for a house, and from 30 to 50,000 dollars to furnish it. An establishment of this kind would require at least 50,000 dollars a year to support it. Extravagant as this fashion may appear, there are thousands who have the means and the disposition to follow it. For 10 miles, or more, there seems to be nothing but a compact mass of buildings, and improvements constantly going on. At this rate, the entire island of Manhattan will be covered with a dense mass of population within a very few years.

“New York does business on a large scale. Whatever project the corporation, or any of its capitalists embark in, is sure to cost more money, and create more excitement, and command a greater amount of admiration from the people, than can any where be obtained outside of New York. In no one thing is this idea more

apparent than in the matter of hotels. But a few years ago the Astor House was built, and was considered the ninth wonder of the world; then, a few years later, the Irving House, and by many considered its rival. The rent of the Irving is stated at 48,000 dollars a year."

There is also the Metropolitan hotel, at the corner of Broadway and Prince street, one of the most magnificent structures of the kind in the world.

All its appointments are upon the most costly scale.— It is capable of accommodating from 600 to 1,000 guests. The expense of this superb establishment is estimated at little short of a million of dollars.

There is also in the immediate neighborhood two other monster buildings, one called the Prescott House, and the other the St. Nicholas hotel, on the opposite side of Broadway, with a front of white marble, and six stories high.

There are also about 8,000 other hotels and drinking saloons of less pretensions in the City of New York, which it probably costs at least 30,000,000 dollars a year to maintain.

Turn we now to the several departments of handicraft, profession and trade, we find the estimates present a scale of magnitude no less imposing. In the city of New York, independently of its suburbs—there are—Bakers, 547—Banks and bankers, 110—Booksellers and publishers, 208—Boot and shoe-makers, 1491—Brokers, 176—Butchers, 686—Architects, 200—Carpenters, 310—Dressmakers, 378—Druggists, 390—Commission and Retail merchants, 918—Engravers, 206—Grocers, 2808—

GENERAL VIEW.

Hardware and Cutlery, 307—Lawyers, 1458—Shipping and General merchants, 1218—Millinery, 216—Newspapers, 230—Painters, 280—Restaurants, 362—Physicians, &c., 928—Porter Houses, 1890—Printers, 183—Produce dealers, 482—Segar dealers, 378—Tailors and Clothiers, 1116. In addition to the above there are numerous other divisions and sub-divisions, independent of the thousands who contribute their aid in these several departments of active life.

May we not then be excused our exulting boast of this city's rising greatness? Its destiny is a glorious one, and its onward progress is irresistible. It must become to the New World what London is to the Old. The Empire City may be said to have obtained a high and commanding position in every essential element which constitutes greatness. It is not only the Capital of the state, but it is literally the Capital of North America.—When the Atlantic and Pacific States of this great nation shall be connected by railroad, and steam communication, linking the shores of Asia and the Islands of the Indies with it, New York will become the grand central depot from which commerce will radiate to all parts of the world.

It needs but an increasing moral power to render it the great conservator of the blessings of freedom, intelligence and religion—all that is required to confer universal happiness upon the race. Who can doubt it? In the phrase of good old *Isaac Walton*, we would say to him, "If thou be that sour-complexioned man, I do here disallow thee to be a competent judge."

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

Flowed thy clear waters, since the primal day,
Unknown, save to the red barbarian throngs,
Brute hunters of the brutes, now passed away—
Heroes of fiction's tales, of dreamers' songs.

On the 3d of September, 1609, Hendrick Hudson first entered the Bay of New York. Here commence the acknowledged chronicles of European civilization on these shores of the newly discovered continent, over which, till then, had the wild Indian held undisputed sway.—According to Scandinavian records, it is affirmed, the Norsemen visited our shores even prior to the discovery of the continent by the famed Genoese.

Among those supposed early navigators, was Prince Madoc, and Verrazani, who, in the year 1514, is believed to have anchored in these waters, and explored the coast of what was then known as part of ancient Vinland. By some, however, these claims to prior discovery are regarded as somewhat apocryphal; leaving the question of priority to be settled by those more versed in antiquarian lore, we shall proceed to take a cursory glance at the leading events which have been handed down to us by documentary testimony, and which serve to illustrate that progressive advancement of the civilized, over the savage forms of life, of which this memorable island has been the theatre.

The manner in which civilized men can develop the resources of a wild country, is contained in its physical character: and the results which have been affected, are analogous to their causes. How changed is the scene

from that on which Hudson gazed! The earth glows with the colors of civilization; the banks of the stream are enamelled with the richest grasses; woodlands and cultivated fields are harmoniously blended; the birds of spring find their delight in orchards and trim gardens, variegated with choicest plants from every temperate zone; while the brilliant flowers of the tropics bloom from the windows of the green-house and the saloon.—The yeoman living like a good neighbor near the field he cultivates, glories in the fruitfulness of the valleys, and counts, with honest exultation the flocks and herds that browse in safety on the hills. The thorn has given way to the rose-bush; the cultivated vine clammers over rocks where the brood of serpents used to nestle; while industry smiles at the changes she has wrought, and inhales the bland air which now has health on its wings. And man is still in harmony with nature, which he has subdued, cultivated and adorned. For him the rivers, that flow to remotest climes, mingle their waters; for him the lakes give new outlets to the ocean; for him the arch spans the flood; and science spreads iron pathways to the recent wilderness; for him the hills yield up the shining marble and the enduring granite; for him the forests of the interior come down in immense rafts; for him the marts of the city gather the produce of every clime; and libraries collect the works of genius of every language and every age.* When the yacht "Half-Moon," first anchored in the harbor of New York, the

* Bancroft

island of Manhattan was a dense forest, rocky and unequal in its surface, and the abode of savages. What mighty mutations have passed over it since then! Let us glance at those progressive changes in the following brief records which we find chronicled by writers of the olden time.

Whether Hudson actually landed in New-York Island is a little dubious, since he does not expressly mention it in his journal; yet he speaks of the reserve and gruffness of its inhabitants,—contrasting their unfriendliness, so unlike other natives, who were every where warm-hearted and generous. The Wappingi, on the western shore of the harbor, were daily visitors and dealers, bringing with them for trade and barter, furs, oysters, corn, beans, &c. Among these Indians, probably at Communipaw, *Hudson landed.*

But, although Hudson has not himself mentioned any thing special of his landing in the harbor of New-York, we possess a tradition of the event, as related by Heckewelder, the Indian historian. He described the natives as greatly perplexed and terrified when they beheld the approach of the strange object—the ship in the offing. They deemed it a visit from the Manitou, coming in his big canoe, and began to prepare an entertainment for his reception. “By-and-bye, the chief, *in red clothes and a glitter of metal*, with others, came ashore in a smaller canoe; mutual salutations and signs of friendship were exchanged; and after a while, strong drink was offered, which made all gay and happy. In time, as their mu-

tual acquaintance progressed, the *white skins* told them they would stay with them, if they allowed them as much land for cultivation as the hide of a bullock, spread before them, could cover or *encompass*. The request was gratified; and the pale men, thereupon, beginning at a starting point on the hide, with a knife, cut it up into one long extended narrow strip or thong, sufficient to encompass a large place! Their cunning equally surprised and amused the confiding and simple Indians, who willingly allowed the success of their artifice, and backed it with a cordial welcome." Such was the origin of the site of New-York, on the place called *Manhattan*, (i. e. Manahachtanienks,) a revelling name, importing "the place where they all got drunk!" and a name *then bestowed* by the Indians as commemorate of that first great meeting. The natives then there, descendants of the once warlike Minsi tribe of the Lenni Lenape, were the same class of people called by Heckewelder the Delawares or Munseys. The Indians, in their address afterwards, to Gov. Keift, said, "when you first arrived on our shores you were sometimes in want of food. Then we gave you our beans and corn, and let you eat our oysters and fish. We treated you as we should ourselves, and gave you our daughters as wives."

The settlers established themselves in houses built of the bark of trees clustering around the south point of this island. A rude fort was staked out by Kyrn Frede-rycke; and having thus provided for the more pressing wants of shelter and defence, a stone house was con-

structed for a counting-house for the Company, the roof, for want of other materials, being made of reeds.

Thirty private dwellings were built by the settlers arriving out in the vessels above alluded to, each family having its separate habitation. Francis Molemacher erected a mill for horse-power, the second floor of which was used for a place of public worship.

The first concern of the discoverer was to proceed up the "Groot Rivier"—the great North River. After Hudson had occupied himself, in exploring and returning, he speedily sailed for Europe; and his favorable reports gave rise to an expedition of two ships in 1614, under Captains Adrian Block and Hendrick Christiaanse. It was under their auspices that the first actual settlement was begun upon the site of the present New-York, consisting in the first year of *four houses*, and in the next year of a redoubt on the site of the Macomb houses, now on Broadway. To this small village they gave the name of New Amsterdam. The settlement was of a commercial and military character, having for its object the traffic in the *fur trade*.

At the time *Holland* projected this scheme of commercial settlement, she possessed 20,000 vessels and 100,000 mariners. The City of Amsterdam was at the head of the enterprise. Its *merchants* projected the scheme of sending out Hudson (an Englishman) to discover a northern passage to the *East Indies*. In this attempt he failed; but, as some reparation for the consequent disappointment to his employers—the Directors of the East

India Company, he hit upon the expedient of sailing southward.

In March, 1614, the States General gave out their grant, for the purpose of the *fur trade*, of this new country to "the Amsterdam licensed trading *West India Company*," intending New York as a part of their fancied West Indies! Although the Dutch thought little or nothing of colonization, the *English* then in Holland, exiles for conscience sake, early desired to form a colony at New York, and actually embarked for that purpose in 1620, but were prevented by the fraud of the Dutch captain, as it was alleged, and were actually landed at Plymouth; forming there the memorable "Pilgrims of Plymouth"—the forefathers of New England.

In the year 1623, "the Privileged West India Company," under its new charter of 1621, began its operations along the Hudson, for the first time, with a direct view to colonization; while the new colonists were most heartily welcomed by the few previous inhabitants. Before these arrived, they had been two years without supplies, and destitute; so that some of the Staten Islanders had cut up the sails of their boats for necessary clothing. In compliment to Capt. May, and in memory of his welcome arrival in the bay of Manhattan, they named the bay *Port May*. At this time they commenced their Fort Amsterdam, on the Battery Point, southward of their former redoubt; and finished it, under Governor Wouter Van Twiller, in 1635.

It might serve to show the state of the fur trade about this time, to note, that in the first year of Governor Minuit's administration, they collected and exported 4,700 beaver and otter skins, valued at 27,125 gilders or 11,300 dollars; and that, in ten years afterwards, they shipped in one year 13,513 beavers and 1661 otters.

The settlement and fort continued to bear the name of *Mañades*, or *Nieuw Amsterdam*, by the Dutch, down to the time of the surrender by Governor Stuyvesant to the English, in 1664. Then for ten years under the rule of Cols. Nicholls and Lovelace, acting for the Duke of York, it was called *New York*; but in August, 1673, a Dutch fleet, in time of war, recaptured it from the British, and while exercising their rule for their High Mightinesses of Holland, to the time of the peace in 1674, they called the place *New Orange*, in compliment to the Prince of Orange, and the fort they called *William Hendrick*.*

The city being restored to the British by the treaty, in October, 1674, the fort then took the name of *Fort James*. It was built of quadrangular form, having four bastions, two gates, and 42 cannon. The city again bore the name of *New York*, which it has since retained.

The city was laid out in streets, some of them crooked enough, in 1656. It then contained, by enumeration, "120 houses, with extensive garden lots," and 1000 inhabitants. In 1677 another estimate of the city was

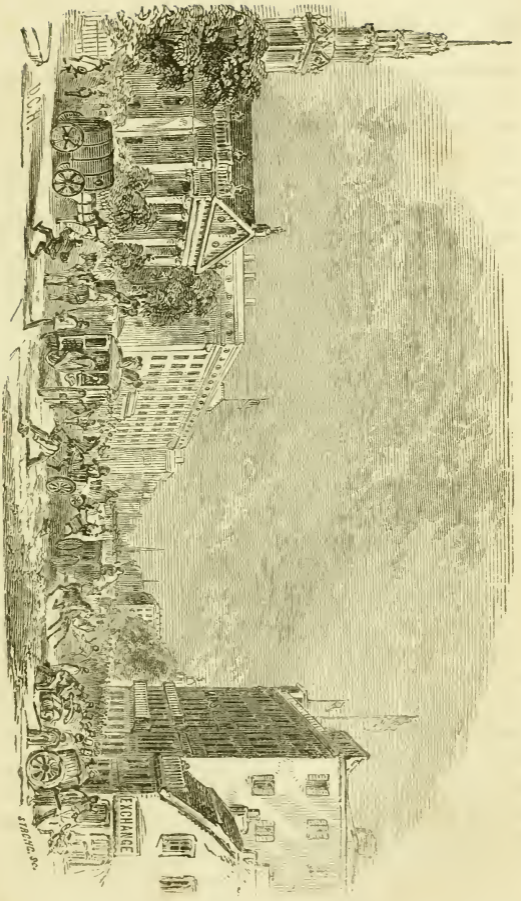
* Watson.

made, and ascertained to contain 368 houses. In the year 1674, an assessment of "the most wealthy inhabitants" having been made, it was found that the sum total of 134 estates amounted to £95,000.)

During the military rule of Governor Colve, who held the city for one year under the above-mentioned capture, for the States of Holland, every thing partook of a military character, and the laws still in preservation at Albany show the energy of a rigorous discipline. Then the Dutch mayor, at the head of the city militia, held his daily parades before the City Hall (Stadt Huys,) then at Coenties Slip; and every evening at sunset, he received from the principal guard of the fort, called the *hoofd wagt*, the keys of the city, and thereupon proceeded, with a guard of six, to lock the city gates; then to place a *Burger-wagt*—a citizen guard, as night-watches at assigned places. The same mayors also went the rounds at sunrise to open the gates, and to restore the keys to the officer of the fort.

During the war between England and Holland in 1664, the province was taken possession of by the English. Peter Stuyvesant was then its governor. It then first received the name it has ever since retained, and which was conferred upon it by Charles II., in honor of the Duke of York, to whom it was transferred. Governor Nicholls granted a State Charter to the city. The following year he resigned his office to a successor, Col. Lovelace, who officiated as governor till 1673, when New York was re-captured by the Dutch—who retained its

BROADWAY COR. FULTON STREET.



N.Y.

STARCH. 30

possession, however, but one year. The next Governor was Major Andros, who seems to have won, for his brief administration, a very equivocal fame. In August, 1683, Col. Dougan succeeded to the Government. One of his first acts was to grant permission to the people to form a Constitutional Assembly, consisting of a Council of ten, and eighteen representatives elected by freeholders, to aid in the administration of public affairs. In this year the ten original counties were organized. In 1685, on the demise of Charles II., the Duke of York ascended the throne, with the title of James II. This bigotted monarch signalized himself by forbidding the establishment of a printing-press in the colony. Dongan was far better than his sovereign, and at length was recalled in consequence of his remonstrances against other arbitrary measures he was instructed to carry out with regard to the confederated Indian tribes and the Jesuits. Andros was appointed to supersede him, but his also was but a short reign, for the populace grew disaffected, and in a civil commotion, one Jacob Leisler, a Dutch merchant, was proclaimed leader, and ultimately invested with the reigns of government. He associated with himself, his son-in-law, Milborne; both parties, however, soon terminated their career with ruinous results. During Milborne's absence at Albany, a letter from the English ministry arrived, addressed to "Francis Nicholson, Esq.; or, in his absence, to such as, for the time being, take care for the preserving of the peace, and administering the laws, in His Majesty's province of New York, in Ameri-

ca." This letter empowered the person addressed, to take charge of the government, calling in the aid of such of the inhabitants as he should think proper, until further orders. Leisler, being by popular election, acting governor, very properly assumed that this letter was addressed to himself; and, consequently, by advice of the citizens, who constituted a committee of safety, selected a council from each of the counties, except Ulster and Albany, which had not yet submitted to his authority.

He also summoned a convention of deputies, from those portions of the province over which his influence extended. This convention laid some taxes, and adopted other measures, for the temporary government of the colony; and thus, for the first time in its existence, was the colony of New York under a free government. The strong prejudices, however, which had been awakened by Leisler's measures, soon produced in the minds of his adversaries, a rancor and bitterness, which was, perhaps, never surpassed in the annals of any political controversy.

This condition of things existed for nearly two years. To the horrors of civil commotion, were added the miseries of foreign war and hostile invasion. The French court, being at war with England, had placed over its colonies in Canada, the aged, but enterprising Count de Frontende, the ablest and most formidable governor of the American possessions.

This wily veteran at once determined to annoy his English neighbors, and accordingly despatched a force against Schenectady, in mid-winter, which, after endu-

ring extreme hardships, reached that place in the dead of night, and with the utmost barbarity, butchered its sleeping inhabitants in cold blood.

On the arrival of a new governor, Col. Henry Slough-ter, in 1691, Leisler hesitated to deliver the fort to an agent sent to demand its surrender, and desired to confer with the principal. This was made by his enemies a pretext for a charge of treason against him. He was arrested, tried, and, through the machinations of his enemies, unjustly sentenced to death, and executed.

The struggles of the citizens against the encroachments of the royal governors, form an important feature in the history of New York. Twice, during the administration of Gov. Cornbury, was money embezzled by him which had been appropriated by the provincial assembly to the defence of the frontiers and of the capital. This notable governor was in the habit of disregarding his pecuniary obligations, for which delinquency he was actually imprisoned. The following is an extract from one of his sapient despatches to his superior in England.

“ I hope I may be pardoned if I declare my opinion to be that all these colonies, which are but twigs belonging to the main tree, (England,) ought to be kept entirely dependent upon, and subservient to England ; and that never can be if they are suffered to go in the notions they have, that as they are Englishmen, so they may set up the same manufactures here as people may do in England.’ ”

But a few months previously to his arrival, in 1702,

the citizens had been inflamed by a more fearful invasion of their rights. Col. Nicholas Bayard and Alderman John Hutchins, for refusing to deliver up addresses which had been prepared by many of the inhabitants for presentation to the king, the parliament, and the new governor, were tried for high-treason, and sentenced to death; but they were subsequently released, and their attainders reversed.

During the period of the British domination, the entire increase of population in New York, amounted to only 20,000—less than its annual increase during some years subsequently.

The interests of education, and the diffusion of intelligence among the masses, had been grossly neglected; but their importance gradually received attention. A free grammar school had been founded by law in 1702. In 1725, the first newspaper commenced its existence, and, four years after, the city received, as a gift from a society in England, a library of 1642 volumes. In 1732, stage-routes to Boston and Philadelphia were established, and the stages performed once in two weeks. A public classical school was founded by the assembly in 1732. With the advance of general intelligence came a higher appreciation of popular rights, and a determination to uphold them; nor was long wanting an opportunity to resist the encroachments of arbitrary power.*

But New York was destined to be convulsed by a

* Belden.

more lamentable commotion. For many years occasional disturbances had occurred among the negro population. In 1741, a few fires and a robbery gave rise to a general alarm, which, on slight and contradictory testimony as to the existence of a plot among the negroes and others to destroy the city, passed into complete infatuation. Numbers were executed or transported; but humanity and good sense finally prevailed, and quiet was restored.

The trade of New York increased. Her ships were already seen in many foreign ports, and no rival, not even Philadelphia, surpassed her in the extent of her commercial operations. Provisions, linseed-oil, furs, lumber, and iron, were the principal exports. From 1749 to 1750, two hundred and eighty-six vessels left New York, with cargoes principally of flour and grain. In 1755, nearly thirteen thousand hogsheads of flax seed were shipped to Ireland.

The relations of the colonies with the mother country were assuming a serious aspect. In 1765, a congress of delegates met at New York, and prepared a declaration of their rights and grievances. The arrival of the stamped paper, so notorious in the colonial annals of America, towards the end of this year, marked the commencement of a series of explosions that were not to terminate until the city and colony of New York, in common with the other colonies, were forever rent from the dominion of Great Britain. The non-importation agreements of the merchants of New York and other places, in 1768 and

the succeeding years, were followed by stringent measures on the part of the English government. War became inevitable, and all eyes were soon directed to New York as the point where the enemy would strike a blow at the heart of the country.

On the 28th of June, 1776, the British army and fleet, which had been driven from the city and harbor of Boston, entered the southern bay of New York. The troops were landed upon Staten Island. On the 22d of August, the British forces crossed the Narrows, and encamped near Brooklyn, where the American army was stationed. The battle of Long Island ensued, in which, owing to unfortunate circumstances, the Americans were entirely defeated. Washington, with consummate skill, crossed the river, the succeeding night, without observation; but the previous disasters, and the subsequent successful landing of the British troops at Kip's and Turtle's bays, rendered it impossible to save the city.*

For eight years New York was the head-quarters of the British troops, and the prison-house of American captives. Public buildings were despoiled, and churches converted into hospitals and prisons. A fire, in 1776, sweeping along both sides of Broadway, destroyed one-eighth of the buildings of New York.

On the 25th of November, 1783, the forces of Great Britain evacuated the city, and Washington and the governor of the State made a public and triumphal entry.

* Belden.

The restoration of peace, and the rise of the new government, were the signal for extending the commercial relations of New York. In ten years her population had nearly doubled, and, in the early part of the present century, her claims, as the leading emporium of the continent, were established.

But misfortune was not entirely removed from the metropolis. Riot, pestilence, fire, and war, were at hand to disturb her peace, cripple her means, or desolate her borders. In 1788, the community were thrown into consternation by an attack made upon the medical profession by an infuriated mob. The phrensy of some of the people had been excited by an imprudent exposure of a portion of a dissected body. After a contest of three or four days, in which several lives were lost, the mob was entirely subdued by the military; and the occurrence was signalized by the name of "the doctors' riot." In 1798 and the succeeding years, the city was nearly depopulated in consequence of pestilence. Over three thousand persons, in one year, fell victims to the ravages of the yellow fever. Large fires took place in 1804 and 1811. But the interests of the city were more seriously injured by the breaking out of war between the United States and England in 1812. The ravages of pestilence and fire impressed upon the mind the necessity of greater precaution, and more prompt and vigorous measures in the health and fire departments. And the cessation of war opened again the waters of the world to the commerce of New York. Soon her sails were unfolded in

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every sea; and the establishment of her regular lines of packets, the first undertaking of the kind in the country, and the introduction of steam-navigation, first used upon our waters, added to her commercial superiority over the other ports of the republic.

Improvements hitherto had been principally connected with foreign commerce. But an impulse was now to be given to inland trade by the adoption of an extensive system of canal-navigation. Several smaller works were cast into the shade by the completion of the gigantic Erie Canal, in 1825. The union of the Atlantic with the Lakes, was announced by the firing of cannon along the whole line of the canal and of the Hudson, and was celebrated at New York by a magnificent aquatic procession, which, to indicate more clearly the navigable communication that had been opened, deposited in the ocean a portion of the waters of Lake Erie.

Municipal history is a narrative of alternate successes and reverses. For many years nothing had occurred to mar the prosperity of the city. Again misfortune came. In 1832, the Asiatic cholera appeared, and four thousand three hundred and sixty fell victims to the disease. This calamity had scarcely passed, when the great fire of 1835 destroyed, in one night, more than six hundred buildings, and property to the value of over twenty millions of dollars. The city had not recovered from the effects of this disaster, when the commercial revulsions of 1836 and 1837 shook public and private credit to their center, and

involved many of the most wealthy houses of New York in hopeless bankruptcy.

The completion of the Croton Aqueduct in 1842, removed the inconvenience, and left an imperishable monument to the glory of New York.

A temporary check in the progress of the city was sustained by the fire of 1845, which destroyed property to the value of about seven millions of dollars.

In a year or two later a new and vigorous impulse was given to the commercial enterprise of the metropolis, by the constant influx of gold from California—the results of which are apparent, even to an increased extent, at the present day.

Such is a brief sketch of the rise and progress of the city that holds the first rank in the Western World, and is but the second, in commercial importance, on the globe.

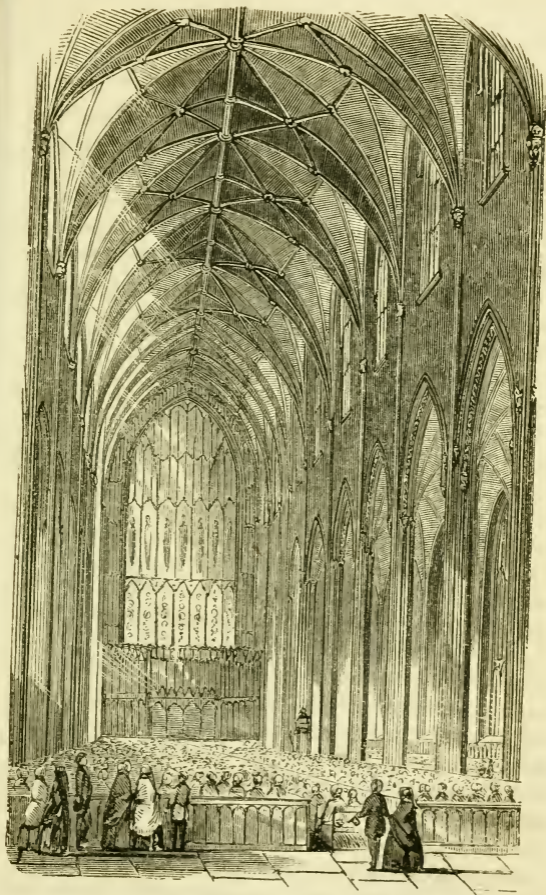
* Belden.

OUR ANCESTORS.

“ ’Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk’d up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.”

FOREMOST among the many primitive and quaint old types of a by-gone age, that we have inherited from our Dutch forefathers, is the interchange of visits and congratulations on New Year’s Day. It was a kindly custom—feuds and bickerings among relatives and friends were allayed, and the feelings of love and friendship quickened into life, asperities were softened down, and the genial indulgence of the time shed its healing influence among them. A century and a half witnesses no mitigation of the principle which few are inclined to deprecate, though subject to much serious abuse, since it tends to much that is healthy and joyous in our money-getting and self-sacrificing existence. Numerous festival days followed in succession: “Santa Claus,” “The Paas,” “The Pinxter,” and others of a different character, but all administering to the charm of social intercourse. Unostentatious in their manners, frugal and homely in their habits, our worthy Dutch progenitors stood prominently forward, with but little impulse in their natures—cultivating the substance in preference to the shadow—and pursuing the “even tenor of their way” by easy stages. The homespun habiliments of the men, with their roomy shoes orna-

mented by enormous pewter buckles, were fitting companions for the close crumpled caps and the infinity of petticoats that adorned the earthy tabernacle of the gentler sex. Their pride consisted more in the domestic virtues, and their plain attire, worn for use rather than for show, seemed, from its very humility and cheapness, to be a formidable barrier against the onslaughts of luxury; but the stagnant pool of society will sometimes be disturbed by the passing breeze of innovation, and the antique "fast man" of the Dutch dynasty is carried into the vortex of a quicker civilization, and hurried into a very questionable happiness. The magical power of steam, compassing "the great globe itself," and its very agency extorting from humanity a kindred spontaneity, and that still more mysterious missionary teaching and taking the world in its arms—embracing time and distance—were to him unknown. No limner could sketch the portrait of a Dutchman with such life-like effect as Irving. "He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere; indeed, of such stupendous dimensions was it, that Dame Nature herself would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his back-bone, just between the shoulders, where it remained as snugly bedded as a snip of war in the Potomac. His body was of an oblong form, particularly capacious at bottom. His legs, though exceeding short, were sturdy in proportion to the weight they



INTERIOR OF TRINITY CHURCH.

had to sustain, so that, when erect, he had not a little the appearance of a robustious beer-barrel standing on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, perfectly unfurrowed or deformed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small grey eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled, and streaked with dusky red, like a Spitzenberg apple. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty." The weather-cock upon the stadthouse was his all in all, and its contemplation while veering and twisting about among the fleecy clouds, was sufficient study to prepare for rheumatic afflictions, or to ingather the teeming harvest of his well cultivated fields. Sometimes would he, in the narrow streets of New Amsterdam, be seen with his portly frow, surrounded by their numerous progeny of frawliens and embryo burghers, sitting upon the steps of his peaceful home, in the soft eventide, holding converse with his neighbors, reciting reminiscences of Fatherland, or, amid the curling wreaths of fragrant tabac, would calmly sink into the dreamy repose of quiet happiness. Thus he lived in the pure serenity of a blameless trust, challenging our admiration for his child-like pleasures and his honest and

sober simple-heartedness. But, alas! the pleasures we enjoy are fleeting and unsubstantial; the enjoyments of one age become modified by another—the meerschaum is vanquished by the segar—the dudeen of the Celt triumphs over the ashes of the once loved heir-loom.

Our inimitable historian, *Diedrich Knickerbocker*, presents us some charming cabinet pictures of old Dutch times in New York. Take the following for example:—

“In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sun-down. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestible symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But, though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse; that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in lanching at the fattest pieces in this mighty

dish—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apples, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and doughnuts, or olykoeks—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft tea-pot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy maccaronies of these degenerate days sweat to look at. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup—and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient which is still kept up by some families in Albany; but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting or

coqueting—no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets—nor amusing conceits and monkey diversions of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say *yaw, Mynheer*, or *yaw, yaw, Vrouw*, to any question that was asked them; behaving in all things like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fire-places were decorated; wherein sundry passages from Scripture were piously portrayed—Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles Nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them, with a hearty smack, at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present; if our great-grand-

fathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

For a veritable account of the early condition of the city itself, we quote the subjoined extract from a contemporary record, dated 150 years ago.

“The Cittie of New York is a pleasant well compacted place, situated on a Commodious River which is a fine harbour for shipping. The Buildings Brick Generally, very stately and high. The Bricks in some of the Houses are of divers coullers and laid in Checkers, being glazed look very agreeable. The inside of them are neat to admiration, the wooden work, for only the walls are plaistered, and the Sumers and Gist are planed and kept very white scowr'd, as so are all the partitions made of Boards. The fire places have no Jambs but the backs run flush with the walls, and the Hearth is of Tyles and is as far out into the Room at the Ends as before the fire, which is generally five foot in the Low'r rooms.”

Our worthy Dutch ancestors were not only remarkable for their proclivity to the pipe, their over fondishness, if not superstition, caused them some trouble; for in 1665 we find the witchcraft of Salem, and parts adjacent, had also begun to effect the peace of the Nieuw Netherlands.

The Dutch were remarkable for their choice of high sounding names for their vessels; an old record describes a collection at one time in New York, with such names as the following, to wit: The Angel Gabriel, King David, Queen Esther, King Solomon, Arms of Renselaerwyck,

Arms of Stuyvesant, the Great Christopher, the Crowned Sea Beers, the Spotted Cow, &c.

In the country parts around the city, we frequently come, Crusoe-like, upon the tracks and traces of the early settlers, usually nestled in some retired nook, surrounded by massive trees, whose expansive branches cast their cooling shadows across the scene; the old homestead starts into notice—the gable end facing the road—and a mass of foliage creeping and clinging about all that is available.

The love of the beautiful must have been inherent in the Hollanders. The great names associated with Art, and whose works still delight us—Both, Holbein, and a host of others—bear strong attestation to their appreciation of the picturesque. The little grave-yard, where kith and kin “slept their long sleep,” was uniformly situated upon the glebe lands of the mansion, and the tribute paid to the memory of the departed, overflowed with warm and sympathetic courtesies. The funerals were attended to their silent resting-places by the women as well as the men—this habit lingered until after the Revolution, and was exemplified at the decease of the wife of Daniel Phoenix, the City Treasurer. We are wiser now: show takes the precedence of grief, the burial of the dead is but the mockery of woe, our public testimonials are tasteless and vitiating. The solemnity of death is made ridiculous by aldermanic pomp and an empty urn decorated with crape, followed by fictitious mourners and men of mark and authority ornamented,

playing a character in the gloomy farce, and drilling their countenances into a most touching resemblance of real sorrow. This is not the way to refine to any extent the public morality.

The amusements of the early colonists were few and simple, befitting the habits of the people—bowls and chequers, seems to have been the staple commodity; but though they appeared so passive and dull to any outward emotion, yet, in reality, they left as strong an impress upon society as either the Cavaliers or Roundheads. The frivolities of the former, or the tyranny of the latter, found little favor in those they came among—universal liberty of conscience to worship God as individual thought prompted, laid the foundation of the religious equality we now enjoy. From the earliest times the colony was the home of the persecuted, and many of every creed “and numbers with no creed at all,” flocked from Europe and the neighboring settlements to locate themselves in a place offering so many advantages. The privilege of citizenship was granted to every settler. The Walloons in 1624, after the dire events of the “thirty years’ war,” turned their thoughts to America. The colonial institutions of Virginia refused them an asylum, they then applied to the government of the New Netherlands, and were allowed to locate themselves at the Wallabout—“or Bay of Strangers,” situated within the limits of the present city of Brooklyn. In the year 1642, a party of English, disgusted with the “iron rule” of the New Englanders, came hither and

planted themselves on the Northern parts of the same Island, having lands assigned them for that purpose—they were ultimately joined by Throgmorton and his associates, (who had been expelled from Massachusetts) with Roger Williams and thirty-five families, who removed to the place ever since called from the name of their leader “Throg’s Neck.” Other colonists arrived, fugitives from the harsh and overbearing conduct of the New England settlements. In 1665, Governor Stuyvesant conquered the Swedish colony on the Delaware, and this caused a number of Swedes to migrate to the banks of the Hudson. The conquest of New Netherland by the English in 1668, made a still further change in the habits of the people—after that a large number of French Protestants (flying from the revocation of the edict of Nantes) sought a refuge in New York. Numbers also of (partisans of the Stewarts) English, Irish and Scotch, came over to add to the population and perpetuate the desire for freedom in their new country; and thus, from the incongruous materials of other nations, the primary social element has been found an ardent love of liberty (carried sometimes to excess,) as the compact of our institutions.—So all hail! to the Dutch, the honest independent founders of our state, and as we revert to the blessings that surround us, let us cherish their memories, and endeavor to emulate their good and gentle natures; nor forget that when the footfall of liberty was echoless, here in this favored land, the noble-hearted Dutch received with open arms the fugitive and

the outcast, and granted to the down-trodden of the earth a home and a welcome.

Looking through the vista of time, to those days of primitive simplicity, we are almost tempted to covert their complacent repose and unostentatious ease. If their ambition was lowly, they attained it without the incessant toil and strife that characterize the "battle of life" in these degenerate days. Their rudeness might shock our finer sensibilities, but could they revisit their once loved city, and note its strange metamorphoses, how no less earnest would be their pious horror at our present extravagance and excesses. Happily for both parties, such a catastrophe need not be anticipated; and as they enjoyed in undisturbed possession, their favorite meerschaum, and saw not, through the thick clouds they exhaled therefrom, the vices and transgressions of their head-strong successors, so may we have recourse to the modifying influence of our cigar, forget their foibles, cherish their virtues, and embalm in our hearts the memory of their noble deeds as founders of the great city which still boasts here and there a mouldering monument their own hands reared.

HISTORIC LOCALITIES.

O, reader, had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,—
O! gentle reader, you would find
A tale in every thing.

THE Indians designated their villages, as well as their tribes, from characteristic geographical features*—for example, the *Narragansetts* took their name from the small island adjacent to the locality they occupied. *Massachusetts* signifies *blue hills* (the appearance of land at sea,)—*Onondaga* means people living on a hill,—*Oneida*, springing from a rock, and the significancy of the name they gave to this island, situated at the junction of two rivers, is no less apparent,—*mon-a-ton-nughas*, i. e. *the tribes of the whirlpool*. The Indian name of the extreme point of land, where the Battery afterwards stood, they named *Kapsee*—(a place of safe landing.) Corlaer's Hook was originally called *Naghtoguk* (sand.) Long Island they named *Metoac*, after the tribes of that name living there, and Staten Island was *Monocknong*—denoting haunted woods. The Mohegans called Sandy Hook, *Naosh*, meaning a distant point; Bedlow's Island, *Minnisais*, (lesser island); and Brooklyn heights they designated by the euphonious name of *Ihpetonga*, signifying a sandy height. But we leave the poor Indian, who has bequeathed to us—as the sole memento of his prior possession of the soil,—merely the musical names he conferred on its streams, hills, and valleys, and solicit the

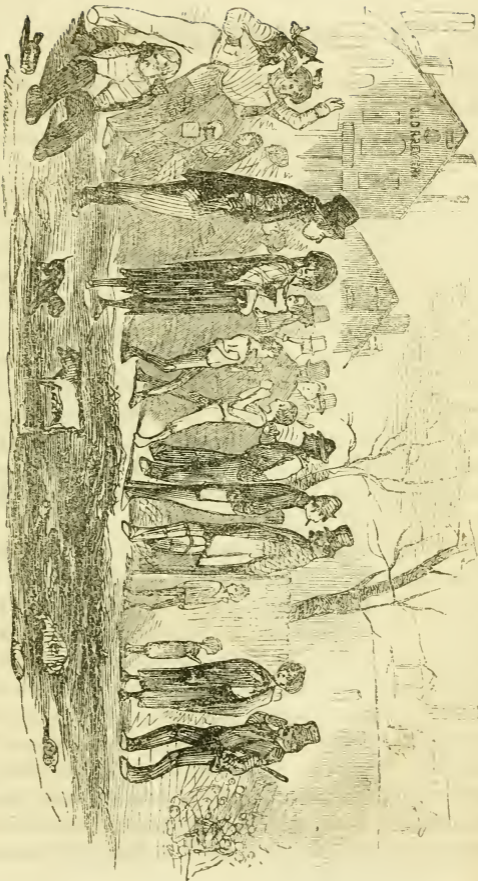
* Vide Yates and Moulton's Hist.

reader to accompany us in our search for whatever may yet remain extant, or in story, of the early days of civilized life.

Tales of the wilder Past have lost their spell,
The Present's brightness dims her fading page ;
Here freedom, learning, peace and affluence dwell,
While few the relics of a ruder age.

Few, indeed, are the memorials of the olden time amongst us ; for utilitarianism and the love of innovation are ever active in despoiling this good city of Gotham of its vestiges of the past. Yet is it a pleasant pursuit to seek them out, and linger about the "nooks and corners" rife with historic interest—the shrines of heroic virtue and genius that illustrates our country's story. Who does not feel a peculiar interest, mingled with a kind of reverential awe, as he gazes upon the old edifice in Franklin square, once the residence of the great and good Washington—or treads what remains of the hallowed sod of Fort Green, or the battle grounds once moistened with the life-blood of the martyrs to Liberty ?

Taking the Battery as a starting point, the first object of historic interest we encounter, is the Old *Kennedy House*, No. 1 Broadway. During the war of Independence, it was successively the residence of Lord Cornwallis, General Clinton, Lord Howe, and General Washington. This house was erected in 1760, by Hon. Capt. Kennedy, who returned to England prior to the Revolution, and became Earl of Cassilis. It subsequently came into the possession of his youngest son, from whom it passed into that of the late Nathaniel Prime. Talleyrand passed



LIFE AT THE FIVE POINTS.

some time under its roof, during which period, though his abilities were admired, he was personally detested for the coldness and want of heart he exhibited in speaking of the misfortunes of his friends and countrymen. The drawing-room was probably the largest in the city, and in it the company frequenting the house, habitually assembled. One cold day, Talleyrand entered, wearing, as was then not unusual, buckskin breeches, and placed himself upon the hearth, with his back close to the fire. The great heat soon caused the leather to scorch and smoke, and the faces of those around exhibited the restraint of good breeding, struggling against mirth. Talleyrand's quick eye penetrated the mask without discovering the cause, until he seated himself, when his cry of pain, drove away the ladies to conceal their merriment, and showed that, however little feeling he might have for others, he had some for himself.

From this house anxious eyes watched the destruction of the statue of George III., in the Bowling Green; and a few years afterwards, other eyes saw from its windows, the last soldiers of that King passing forever from our shores. Still later, others looked sadly on the funeral of Fulton, who died in a house which had been built in what was once the garden. From its roof, at a more recent period, was seen with joy, the marriage of the lakes with the ocean. The increase of the city, with the new wants of commerce, resulting from that happy union will, ere long, cause this mansion to give place to other buildings; nor should we regret such changes, when ren-

dered necessary by the prosperity of the community. As the residence of the English noble, the British General, and the wealthy Republican, it was alike distinguished for its hospitality.

This house, which has been recently modernized by the addition of two stories, &c., was the scene of some memorable negotiations during the war. Here Arnold concerted his treasonable project with Andre at the Clinton's—his head-quarters at the time. Arnold also occupied more frequently the third house from the Battery, in Broadway. Arnold is said to have had a sentinel at his door; when his traitorous character had become known, he used to be saluted in the streets by the epithet of "the traitor-general." He was guarded by an escort from Sir Henry Clinton. Gen. Gage's head-quarters, in 1765, were the small low building now called the Atlantic Garden.

The Bowling Green was originally enclosed in 1732, "with walks therein for the beauty and ornament of said street, (Broadway,) as well as for the sports and delight of the inhabitants of the citie."

Broadway was originally called "De Heere Straat" or principal street. In 1697 it was resolved "that the lights be hung out in the darke time of the moon within this citty, and for the use of the inhabitants—and that every 7th house doe hang out a lanthorn and a candle in it, &c." This economic lunar arrangement is still in vogue with our worthy corporation.

William IV., when he visited this country, as a mid-

shipman, under the guardianship of Admiral Digby, lodged in the brick building, corner of Broadway and Beaver street. The site of the old Government House, is now occupied by a range of dwelling houses at the south side of the enclosure, known as the Bowling Green, adjoining the Battery. The old Government House was occupied by Jay and Clinton, while holding the executive office. It was subsequently used for the Custom House, (temp. 1790 to 1815,) when it was taken down. This ground is also consecrated by earlier recollections,—on this spot the Dutch and English forts were erected; and it was here, during the war, the most important military works were raised. The old Fort was taken down in 1788. The governor's house, together with the old church, both of which were within the walls of the fort, were destroyed by fire about 1741, after which some half dozen more fires occurred, and no satisfactory account being afforded as to their cause and origin, they gave rise to the memorable panic, known as the "negro plot." New York has ever been remarkable for the frequency of its conflagrations. During the time the British held possession of the city, two or three great fires occurred in 1776 and 1778; in another instance nearly 500 houses were destroyed. The devastating calamities which took place in 1835, and even at a still more recent date, are fresh in the recollection of the reader. General Gates lived, just prior to the revolution, at No. 69 Broadway. He had his house splendidly illuminated on the arrival of the news of the repeal of the Stamp Act. In the same house

also, once dwelt General Alexander, afterwards better known as Lord Sterling. Governor Tryon lived, after the fort was burnt, at the corner of Wall and William streets, now the Bank of New York.

It was near this spot the celebrated statue of William Pitt was placed. A considerable portion of this statue is yet extant, and may be seen in front of the Museum Hotel, (5th Ward House,) West Broadway. Here also is preserved as a relic, a portion of the metal of the equestrian statue of George III, (once placed within the enclosure of the Bowling Green,) that pertinacious monarch, whose obstinacy was the final cause of our securing national independence. That same statue was ultimately melted down into shot, and converted into an engine of destruction against His Majesty's adherents—an indication sufficiently unequivocal of the state of republican feeling at this early day. Verplanck House stood on the site of the present "Bank of the State of New York," in Wall street. It was the residence of more than one of the "Commandants" of the city, and witnessed some grave debates, as well as gay diversions and liberal hospitalities.

The ancient Dutch *Stadt Huys*, or City Hall of New Amsterdam, stood at Coentis Slip, in which the Schout, Burgomasters and Schepens held their sessions. It was built in the year 1642, and taken down in 1699. On the site of the present Custom House, was erected another City Hall, afterwards Congress Hall, which, besides comprehending the Law Courts, also included a Prison. In

front of the building stood the "stocks, a pillory, and a whipping-post." At this place of public chastisement, culprits were subjected to one or other of these ordeals. Here was also held the sessions of the Provincial Assembly, the Supreme Court, and the Mayor and Admiralty Courts; it was also the place of election. It was finally altered to suit the Congress, and such as it then was has been preserved in an engraving done by Tiebout in 1789; the jail prisoners were at that time moved to the then "new jail in the Park." But the Congress removing to Philadelphia, through the influence of Robert Morris, as the New Yorkers set forth in a caricature, it was again altered to receive the Courts and the State Assembly. It is curious respecting the City Hall, that it was originally constructed on the site and out of the materials of a stone bastion, in the line of the wall of defence along Wall street; and after it was built, it is on record that it was ordered that it be embellished with the arms of the King and the Earl of Bellermont, the corporation subsequently ordered that the latter should be taken down and broken. The British, while in New York, used the City Hall as the place of the main guard; "at the same time they much plundered and broke up the only public library, then contained in one of its chambers. Its best style of appearance was on the occasion of being fitted up for the first Congress under the Constitution, directed by the engineer, Major L'Enfant. It was in its gallery on Wall street, in April, 1789, that Gen. Washington was inaugurated *the first President* of the United States. This

important public ceremony, the oath of office, was done in the *open gallery* in front of the Senate Chamber, in the view of an immense concourse of citizens. There stood Washington, invested with a suit of dark silk velvet of the old cut, steel hilted small sword by his side, hair in bag and full powdered, in black silk hose and shoes with silver buckles, as he took the oath of office, to Chancellor Livingston.* Dr. Duer thus describes the scene of the inauguration:—

“This auspicious ceremony took place under the portico of Federal Hall, upon the balcony in front of the Senate Chamber, in the immediate presence of both Houses of Congress, and in full view of the crowds that thronged the adjacent streets. The oath was administered by Chancellor Livingston, and when the illustrious Chief had kissed the book, the Chancellor, with a loud voice, proclaimed, “Long live George Washington, President of the United States.” Never shall I forget the thrilling effect of the thundering cheers which burst forth, as from one voice, peal after peal from the assembled multitude. Nor was it the voices alone of the people that responded to the announcement, their *hearts* beat in unison with the echoes resounding through the distant streets; and many a tear stole down the rugged cheeks of the hardiest of the spectators, as well I noted from my station in an upper window of the neighboring house of Colonel Hamilton.”

The “Tontine” building, in Wall street, corner of

* Watson.

Water street, is another object worthy of note. It was commenced in 1792, by an association of merchants, for the purposes of an Exchange or rendezvous for mercantile purposes. The constitution under which it was formed, provided for a number of shares of \$200 each—numbering about 300 subscribers who held a life-interest in the profits of the Institution. Those who enjoyed the greatest longevity having the largest share of the booty. The property is still held by some two or three, among whom the large profits are divided. The name is derived from one Lorenzi Tonti, a Neapolitan, who introduced this joint-stock plan into France in 1653, under Louis XIV, and hence the name Tontine came to indicate “a loan advanced by a number of associated capitalists for life annuities, with benefit to survivorship.” The building is now appropriated as Nesbitt’s steam-printing establishment.

Washington’s farewell interview with his officers, took place at Fraunce’s Tavern, corner of Pearl and Broad streets, still extant, but altered. When the officers had assembled, Washington entered the room and delivered his memorable address, which concluded in the following words, “I cannot come to each of you to take leave, but shall be obliged to you if you will come and take me by the hand.” Knox, who had served with him from the commencement of hostilities, was the first to receive the parting grasp from the hero’s hand; they each in turn were greeted with the same testimonial from their esteemed leader. Leaving the room, he passed through a

line of his brave soldiers to Whitehall, where he entered the Barge which had been prepared for his reception.

When Washington returned to New York, it was as President of the United States. His progress then through the city and county was one continued triumphal procession.

Speaking of Washington, reminds us of an incident which has worthily linked his name with our foremost man in the world of letters—Washington Irving.

As Washington was making his triumphal entry up Broadway, young Irving was lifted above the crowd by his parents to the General, with the request that he would confer his name upon him; a proposal, flattering alike to both parties—which was of course acceded to. This took place at the corner of Ann street and Broadway. This circumstance sheds a new lustre upon a name already embalmed with the most cherished associations in the common heart.

New York is noted for its pageants and processions. That on the occasion of the last visit of Gen. Lafayette, presented the most imposing spectacle of its time. Mock funeral obsequies are an unnatural outshoot of this love of *spectacle*. We have also another development of the same weakness, in the almost diurnal parading through the streets of military and militia companies—those valiant and heroic bands, so formidable in peace, and *fearful* in war.

Whitehall, at the southern extremity of Broadway, de-

rived its name from a large white house built by one Col. Moore.

The Dutch, in imitation of their "faderland," intersected the streets of "Nieuw Amsterdam" with dykes. Most of their streets boasted of these muddy accessories—and in many instances their names indicated the fact. Their principal canal or creek was the 'Heere Graft,' which led to the East River; Bridge street (De Braugh Straat) took its appellative from the bridge which crossed this dyke. This Dutch arrangement of the streets was extended even beyond the limits of the primitive city proper. A little beyond Peck's Slip existed a low water-course, which in high water ran quite up in union with the Collect (Kolck,) and thence joining with Lispenard's swamp on the North river side, produced a union of waters across the city; thus dividing it into an island, which is shown by the present lowness of the line of Pearl street as it traverses Chatham street. Boats were used occasionally to carry the passengers from either side of Pearl street. Canal street derives its name from a similar circumstance, or rather from the water-works, originated in 1773, by Christopher Colles, for supplying water to the city. Cliff street derives its name from Dirk Vonder Cliff; and John street, from John Harpendingk, who gave the Dutch Congregation the ground on which the North Church is built, whose escutcheon is therein preserved.

The old Dutch records show that all the rear of the town was divided into farms called "Bouwerijs," from whence we have Bowery now. In 1687, sixteen acres

of the Basse Bowery was granted to Arien Cornelisson, for the consideration of one fat capon a year..

The hills were sometimes precipitous, as from Beekman's and Peck's hills, and in the neighborhood of Pearl, Beekman and Ferry streets, and from the Middle Dutch Church, in Nassau street, down to Maiden lane; and sometimes gradually sloping, as on either hills along the line of the water, coursing through the region of Maiden lane.

Hamilton, when he acted as Secretary of the Treasury, wrote the *Federalist*, and those admirable reports which now form the most luminous commentary upon our constitution, at a house in Wall street between Broad and William streets, its site being now occupied by the Mechanics' Bank. His last favorite residence was the Grange, his country seat at Bloomingdale. He lived also for some time at Bayard House on the banks of the North River. His hapless duel with Burr, near Weehawken is pointed out to visitors,—a stone, it is said, marks the spot where Hamilton fell. He breathed his last in an apartment of Bayard's House, which stood near 14th street, being the nearest place to which he could be removed after he received his death wound.

No. 120 William street is a relic of the olden time; it is a low wooden building, with gable end fronting the street. The first Methodist society in this city used this old shanty for their place of worship, which on secular days was used as a "rigging loft." There Embury first

preached; and, being a carpenter, he made his own pulpit,—a true Puritan characteristic.

“The ancient mansion and farm out on the East river, at the head of King’s road, once the stately establishment of Dr. Gerardus Beekman, was rendered peculiarly venerable for the grandeur of its lofty and aged elms and oaks; its rural aspect and deep shade attracted the notice of Irving’s pen. It was used, too, as the selected country residence of General Clinton in the time of the war.

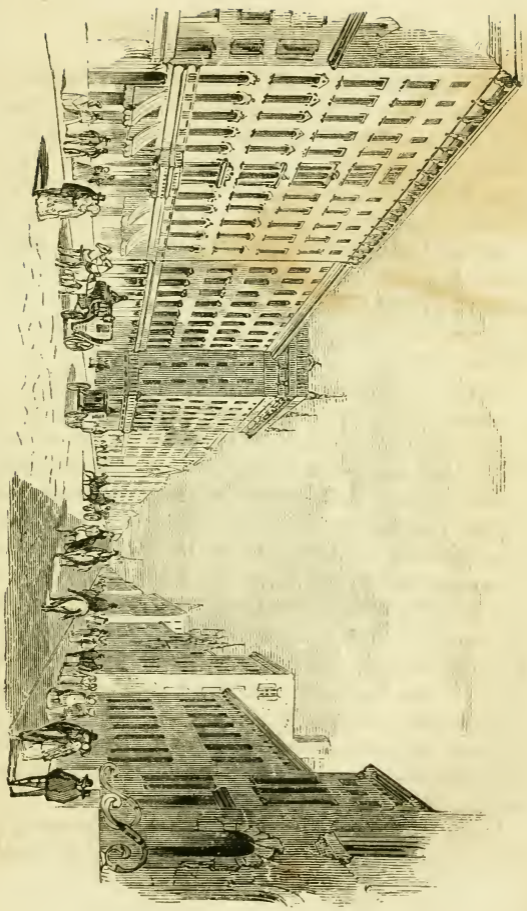
Robert Murray’s farm-house in this neighborhood should be venerable, from its associations. There his patriot lady entertained Gen. Howe and his staff with refreshments, after their landing with the army at “Kips’ Bay,” on purpose to afford Gen. Putnam time to lead off his troops in retreat from the city, which he effected. She was a Friend, and the mother of the celebrated Lindley Murray.”*

Coenties’ slip is a corruption of Countess slip, a name given to it in honor of the Countess Bellemont, the child-wife of Earl Bellemont, who became Governor in 1698.

Leisler and Milbourne, the proto-martyrs of popular liberty in America, met with a sanguinary death, May 16, 1691, on the verge of Beekman’s swamp, near the spot where Tammany Hall now stands.

Where Catharine street now stands was the spot where the stamps were burnt at the dead of night by citizens, in the year of grace, 1766.

* Watson.



BROADWAY HOTELS.

The "brick meeting," built in 1764, on Beekman street, near Chatham street, was then said to be, in popular parlance, in "the fields." There Whitefield was heard to preach.

The British barracks of wood, enclosed by a high fence, extended from Broadway to Chatham street, along the present Chambers street, exactly where is now the Museum. It had a gate at each end;—the one by Chatham street was called "Tryon's Gate," after the name of the governor, from which we have derived the name of "Tryon's Row."

Franklin, who, while in New York, was engaged in experimenting in electricity, was sorely at a loss for apparatus with which to prosecute his researches, no artisan being found competent to aid him; his own resources, however, proved more successful, for he constructed an electrical machine himself, which answered the end. His experiments were conducted, and the principles of the science verified by his machine. His observatory, we learn from Dr. Francis, was the steeple of the old Dutch Church,—now used as the Post Office, in Nassau street. Who will not gaze with intense interest at this starting-point of that luminous train which now encircles the globe, and by which we communicate in letters of light, with our antipodes, almost with the celerity of thought. Prof. Morse experimented in later times, in one of the turrets of the New York University.

At the Middle Dutch Church, it was formerly the duty of the clerk to have an *hour-glass* standing near, which

was properly placed at the commencement of the sermon, and at the moment when the last grains of sand had left the upper for the lower cavity, he gave three raps with his cane, to remind the Domine that his time had elapsed. One of the country domines, however, quietly let two glasses run through, and then informed his auditors, that inasmuch as they had been patient in sitting through two glasses, he would proceed with the third.

When notices were requested to be published from the pulpit, they were handed to the officiating minister by the clerk, through the medium of a long pole, slit at one end, into which the note was inserted.

After uttering the concluding word of his text, the domine would invariably exclaim, *thus far!* and before entering the pulpit, he would solemnly raise his hat before his face, and silently utter a short ejaculatory prayer for a blessing on his labors. This ceremony, which was universal until after the death of Dr. Abeel, was continued by the late Dr. Kuypers until his demise.

The domines in former days adhered very closely to the use of the gown or robes, seldom appearing in public without them, and deeming it a high breach of order to administer the communion without them. The installation of a senior pastor had well nigh been put off for the space of a week, as he came unprepared with a gown for the occasion,—Dr. Livingston refusing to officiate until luckily a robe was borrowed for the occasion.

The collections after service were taken up in black

velvet bags attached to the end of long poles, instead of plates, as is the present custom. The bags were, in some churches, furnished with a small bell fixed to the pendant end. The Middle Dutch Church was used also as a prison; among others, Col. Ethan Allen was incarcerated there.

The old City Hotel, in Broadway, the site of which is now occupied by a fine row of brown stone buildings, was for a long time the most notable edifice of the kind in the city. A dozen years ago it was not considered an unimportant establishment—and a few years earlier, it was the resort of the “lady patronesses” of the city. Here mingled the gay and the beautiful; here too, still earlier, Washington, with his suite, attended the brilliant assemblies of his days. This hotel was the first instance of the use of slates for roofing in America. At the back of the City Hotel, stood the old sugar house, corner of Thames and Lumber streets (now Trinity place.) This building was subsequently used as the Hospital for the Cholera, at which Dr. J. W. Francis, the distinguished physician of this city, officiated as Corporation doctor.

A still more interesting relic of the past, was the old Sugar-House Prison, which, till within a very few years, stood in Liberty street, adjacent to the Dutch church, now the Post Office. It was founded in 1689, and occupied as a Sugar refining factory till 1777, when Lord Howe converted it into a place of confinement for American prisoners. Grant Thorburn gives the following reminiscences connected with this memorable locale of

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the sufferings of some of the prisoners in our great struggle for national independence.

Fifty-seven years ago, this sugar-house stood in a large open lot, about fifteen feet back from the pavement on Liberty street, adjoining the yard of the present Post Office. It was surrounded by a brick and board fence, ten feet high. It was five stories high, with small narrow windows, exhibiting a jail-like aspect, and transporting the memory to scenes of former days, when the revolution poured its desolating waves over the fairest portion of our country. On the bricks of the window-sills and door-posts, were inscribed hundreds of initials and ancient dates, as if done with a pen-knife or nail. This was the work of many of the American prisoners, who adopted this, among other means, to while away their weeks and years of monotonous confinement.

“ Here many pined in want and dungeon’s gloom ;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs.”

There was a path round the building, where, for six long years, by night and by day, two Hessian soldiers walked their rounds while guarding the American prisoners. One morning, fifty-two years ago, I noticed two of these old soldiers in the sugar-house yard,—they had only three legs between them, one having a wooden-leg. As they were moving off, says I, “Gentlemen, do you remember this building?”

“Aye, indeed; I shall never forget it,” replied he of the one leg. “For twelve months that dark hole,” point

ing to the cellar, "was my only home, and at that window I saw the corpse of my brother thrown into the dead cart with twelve others, who had died the night previous of the jail-fever. While the fever prevailed, we were let out in companies of twenty, for half an hour at a time, to breathe the fresh air. Inside we were so crowded, that we divided our numbers into *squads* of six each. Number one stood ten minutes as close to the window as they could crowd, to catch the cool air; when they stepped back, number two took their place, and so on. Seats we had none; and our beds were only straw on the floor, with vermin intermixed; and there," continued he, pointing with his cane to a brick in the wall, "is my kill-time work, A. V. S., 1777, viz.: Abraham Van Sickler, which I scratched on the brick with an old nail. When peace came, some learned the fate of their relations from the initials."

We here copy some extracts from the published reminiscences of an old Revolutionary soldier—Levi Hanford, in his 94th year, and residing at Walton, in this State.

"It is," said he, "with feelings of sadness that I view the time fast approaching, when those that were active in that war will have passed away, and those that shall then live will know nothing of the events of that day, only as they read of them as they read the history of other nations. History records the most important of its events and transactions; yet there are scenes of noble daring, of personal sacrifice, suffering, and distress, that never have, and never will find their way into the pages of history; but will fade out as the old soldiers pass

away, till the last page of teeming tradition shall be placed side by side, and buried in the grave, with the last of the old soldiers. They began to fight at Concord, and Lexington, in the spring of 1775; and in the September following, I was old enough to do duty—that is, I was sixteen, the age then required. During that and the following year, I went occasionally on duty, for short periods, to New York and other places. I was one of a company sent in the spring of 1776 to Governor's Island, in the night, to break the first ground that was ever broken, to fortify that now strong place. In March, 1777, I was called out as a guard on Long Island Sound. On the 13th of March, a very dark and stormy night, I, with twelve others, was stationed as an out guard. Our officers were negligent, and in the night we were surrounded by Tories from Long Island, and the guard made prisoners, myself among the rest,—an ignorant boy of seventeen. We were then taken in an open boat across the sound, to Huntington; from there to Flushing, and thence to New York, and incarcerated in the Sugar House Prison, in Liberty-street, near the new Dutch Church, which was at that time converted into a riding school for the British light horse, and is now used for the City Post Office.

The old Prison, which is now torn down, was a stone building, six stories high; but the stories were very low, which made it dark and confined. It was built for a sugar refinery, and its appearance was dark and gloomy, while its small and deep windows gave it the appearance of a prison, which it really was, with a high board fence inclosing a small yard. We found at this time about forty or fifty prisoners, in an emaciated, starving, wretched condition. Their numbers were constantly being diminished by sickness and death, and as constantly increased by the accession of new prisoners, to the number of 400 or 500. Our allowance of provisions was

pork and sea biscuit. It was our common practice to put water in our camp kettle, then break up the biscuit into it, skim off the worms, put in the pork, and boil it, if we had fuel; but this was allowed us only part of the time; and when we could get no fuel, we ate our meat raw, and our biscuit dry. Starved as we were, there was nothing in the shape of food that was rejected or was unpalatable. Crowded-together, in bad air and with such diet, it was not strange that disease and pestilence should prevail. I had not been long there before I was taken with the small pox, and taken to the Small Pox Hospital. When I returned to the prison, others of our company had been taken to the different hospitals, from which few returned; I remained in prison for a time, when, from bad air, confinement, and bad diet, I was taken sick, and conveyed to the Quaker Meeting Hospital, so called from its being a Quaker Meeting.

I soon became insensible, and the time passed unconsciously till I began slowly to recover health and strength, and was again permitted to exchange these scenes of disease and death, for the prison. On my return, I found the number of our companions still further reduced by sickness and death. During all this time, an influence was exerted to induce the prisoners to enlist in the Tory regiments. Although our sufferings were intolerable and the men were urged by those that had been their own townsmen and neighbors, who had joined the British, yet the instances were rare that they could be influenced to enlist. So wedded were they to their principles, that they chose honorable death rather than sacrifice them. I remained in the prison till the 24th of October, when the names of a company of prisoners were taken down, and mine among the rest. It was told us that we were going home. We drew our week's provision, which, by solicitation, we cheerfully divided among our starving associates, whom we were to leave in prison

But whether it was to torment and aggravate our feelings, I know not; but this I do know, that instead of going home, we were taken from the prison, and put on board one of the prison-ships (the Good Intent) lying in the North River, and reported there with one week's provision. The scene of starvation and suffering that followed cannot be described; everything was eaten that could appease hunger. From this and other causes, and crowded as we were, with over two hundred in the hold of one ship, enfeebled as we had become, and now reduced by famine, pestilence began to sweep us down, till in less than two months we were reduced by death to scarcely one hundred. In addition to all this, we were treated with the utmost severity and cruelty. In December, when the river began to freeze, our ship was taken round into the Wallabout, where lay the Jersey, another prison-ship of horrific memory, whose rotted hulk recently remained to mark the spot where thousands yielded up their lives a sacrifice to British cruelty.

The dead from these ships were thrown into the trenches of our fortifications; and their bones, after the war, were collected and decently buried. It was here that ETHAN ALLEN exhausted his fund of curses, and bitter invectives against the British, as he passed among the prisoners and viewed the loathsome dens of suffering after his return from his shameful imprisonment in England. Here, again, I was taken sick, and my name taken down to the Hospital. The day before New Year's, the sick were placed in a boat for the city; she had lost a piece of plank from her bottom; but it was filled up with ice, and we were taken in tow. From the motion, the ice soon loosened, and the boat began to leak; and before we had gone far, the sailors inquired if we leaked. Our men, from pride, and not to show fear, replied, but a mere trifle; but they soon perceived our increased heft, pulled hard for a time, and then lay to, until we came

up. Our boat was half filled with water. When they saw it, they cursed us, and pulled for the nearest dock, shouting for help. When the boat touched the dock, she struck level with the water, and we held on with our hands to the dock and a small boat by our side to keep from sinking. It was low water, and the sailors reached down from the dock, clenched hold of our hands, and drew us up. I remember that I was drawn up with much violence, that the skin was taken from my chest and stomach. One poor fellow, that could not sit up, we had to haul on the gunnel of the boat, to keep his head out of the water; but he got wet, and died in a few minutes after he was got on shore. We were taken to the Hospital, in Dr. ROGER'S Brick Meeting House, (now Dr. SPRING'S, near the foot of the Park.) From the yard, I carried one end of a bunk, from which some person had just died, into the Church, and got into it exhausted and overcome. The head nurse saw my condition. She made me some tea, and pulled the blankets from the sick Irish, regardless of their complaints or curses, and piled them on me, till I sweat profusely, and fell asleep. When I awoke in the morning, they gave me some mulled wine and water. I have had men die by the side of me in the night, and have seen fifteen dead bodies sewed up in their blankets, and laid in the corner of the yard, at one time, the product of one twenty-four hours. Every morning at 8 o'clock, the dead cart came, the bodies were put in, the men drew their rum, and the cart was driven off to the trenches of the fortifications that our people had made.

I was now returned to the prison, and from this time forward I enjoyed comfortable health to the close of my imprisonment, which took place in the May following. One day, as I was standing in the yard near the high board fence, a man passed in the street close to the fence, and without stopping or turning his head, said in a low

voice: "Gen. BURGOYNE is taken, with all his army; it is a truth, you may depend upon it." Shut out from all information, as we had been, the news was grateful indeed, and cheered us in our wretched prison. Knowing nothing of what was taking place beyond the confines of our miserable abode, we had been left to dark forebodings and fears as to the result of our cause, and the probabilities of our Government being able to exchange or release us. We knew not whether our cause was progressing, or whether resistance was still continued. Our information was obtained only through the exaggerations of British soldiery. But this gave us the sweet consolation that our cause was yet triumphant, and the hope of final liberation. Had our informant been discovered, he might have had to run the gauntlet, or lose his life for his kindness. One day, about the first of May, two officers came into the prison. One of them was a sergeant with the name of Wally, who had from some cause, and what I never knew, taken a dislike to me; the other was an officer by the name of Blackgrove. They told us there was to be an exchange of the oldest prisoners. They began to call the roll. A great many names were called, but no answer given; they had been exchanged by that Being who has power to set the captive free. Here and there was one to step forward. At length my name was called. I attempted to step forward to answer, when Sergeant Wally turned and frowned upon me with a look of demoniac fury, and motioned me back. I dared not answer. All was still. Then other names were called. I felt that live or die, that was the time to speak. I told officer Blackgrove that there were but eleven men in prison older than myself. He looked at me, and asked why I did not answer. I told him that I attempted to answer, but Sergeant Wally stopped me. He turned and looked at him with contempt, and then put down my name. But

of the twelve taken with me, only two now remained ; myself and one other were the only ones to be exchanged. On the 8th of May, we were released from our wretched abode. They, as if to trouble and torment us, took the Southern prisoners off towards Boston to be discharged, while the Eastern prisoners were taken to Elizabethtown in the Jersey. From there we went to Newark. Here everything was clad in the beauty of Spring, and appeared so delightful that we could not forbear going out and rolling on the green grass, the luxury appeared so great after a confinement of fourteen months in a loathsome prison, clothed in rags and filth, and with associates too numerous and offensive to admit of description. From here we traveled on as fast as our enfeebled powers would permit. We crossed the Hudson at Dobb's Ferry. Here we began to separate, each for his own home. The officers pressed horses and went on. My companion and myself were soon wending our way slowly and alone. As we passed on we saw in the distance two men riding towards us, with each a led horse. It did not take me long to discover the man on a well-known horse to be my father, and the other the father of my comrade. The meeting I will not attempt to describe here ; but, from the nature of the case, you may imagine it was an affecting one. And peculiarly so, as my friends had been informed some time before, that I had died in prison. They had had prayers offered up, according to the custom of the times, and the family had gone into mourning. They, therefore, felt as if they had received me from the dead. The officers had carried the news of our return, and our friends had ridden all night to meet us. We proceeded on our way, and ere the shades of evening closed around us, we were once more in the bosom of friends, and enjoying the society of those we loved, and the sweets of home. And may my heart ever rise in gratitude to that Being whose pre-



GRACE CHURCH, BROADWAY.

servicing care has been over me, and has never forsaken me."

Levi Hanford continued in frequent and active service to the close of the war.

Walton House, No. 326 Pearl street, is perhaps the most remarkable relic of the antique to be found in the city of New York. It is even at the present day curious for its architectural pretensions; and presents a striking contrast with its cotemporary Dutch buildings. This celebrated mansion was erected in 1754, by William Walton, a rich English merchant. It was bequeathed by the founder, who died a bachelor, to his nephew William, who was one of the King's or Governor's Council before the Revolution. It is built of bricks imported from Holland, and ornamented by brown stone water-tables, lintels and jambs. This stately edifice is well worthy of a visit by those who have any antiquarian taste. The ample hall and staircase, which exhibit fine specimens of carving, are especially worthy of note. It had five windows in front, and has balustrades, and roofed with tiles. Formerly the gardens and grounds extended to the river. If these venerable walls had tongues, they would rehearse to us many a touching tale of the past—of hospitalities indulged here with lavish, almost princely munificence, during the quiet time of colonial dependence—of many a gay and festive scene, in which gallantry did homage to beauty and genius, or of riotous carousing and midnight mirth of military officers from across the main, who were not a little astonished to find a reception so generous, in

a country they had supposed scarcely more than semi-civilized. It is said that the opulent display exhibited by the Waltons, originated the Revolutionary war—taking it for granted that the colonies possessed other merchants equally wealthy, those British officers on their return home made such extravagant representations, that it was deemed expedient to levy taxes upon these “untitled princes,” as they were styled.

General Washington’s mansion, situated at the northern angle of Franklin square, Pearl street, is till extant, although it has suffered from the mutations of time. Here, the General was accustomed to hold his state levees, and here he lived in almost aristocratic style. The reception room is now metamorphosed into the music store of Firth & Hall—but the other apartments, including the old dining-room, are for the most part preserved in all their integrity. Like the Walton house adjacent, the edifice is massive and capacious, ornamented with bold carving—pannelled walls, and other antique decorations. One of the original guns which formerly surmounted the side gate of entrance, may yet be seen; also the old pear tree, planted, it is said, by Washington’s own hand. The house was, in the time of Washington, of considerable pretensions, but modern taste has thrown it into the shade; it is yet an object of interest from its historic associations. Washington’s career has been so thoroughly scrutinized, and his phases of character portrayed with so much analytical skill, that it would be superogatory here, to refer to the subject; yet, as illustra-

tive of his punctuality, we may be pardoned instancing the following little incident which occurred at this, his residence at the time. Washington avowed himself the soldier's friend, after the war had terminated, and he well deserved the epithet. The General was one day met by Lieut. Leaycraft, a brave officer of the Continental army, who solicited a letter of recommendation for an appointment to the command of a vessel about going on a cruise. Washington replied he would comply with his request at any time he desired. Leaycraft proposed to wait upon him at his house by the light of the morning star; "agreed," said the General, and at the appointed time, the applicant made his appearance, was admitted, and ushered into the presence of Washington, whom he found seated, with two wax candles, in his little office, with the letter just written, and which he promptly handed to the lieutenant. This illustrates punctuality of the exactest kind, for which, perhaps, few parallels are to be found.

The old Brewery, at the Five Points, recently taken down, is deserving of some notice. Its purlieus are those of wretchedness and crime; they have been fitly described as "an exhibition of poverty without a parallel—a scene of degradation too appalling to be believed, and too shocking to be disclosed, where you find crime without punishment,—disgrace without shame—sin without compunction—and death without hope."

This remnant of wretchedness—this plague-spot of the city, was, previous to its demolition, illuminated for sev-

eral evenings for the inspection of those desirous of surveying a scene so notorious and loathsome. Vast numbers visited it; but a new phase is happily now to be given to the *locale*, by the establishment of a missionary station, under the auspices of the "Ladies' Home Missionary Society."

The building now erected on the site of the Brewery, is four stories in height, 75 by 40 feet, at a cost of about \$20,000. This, with the cost of the ground and old building, will make the aggregate expenses about \$86,000.

The Old German Lutheran Church was erected 1766; it was a quaint looking edifice, and stood at the junction of Frankfort and William streets. It was used for a hospital during the war, and in the neighborhood of the swamp adjacent, the poor Germans were buried. The site is now occupied by a large hotel.

There once stood in Gold street, mid-way between John and Fulton streets, on the west side, an antique looking building, known as the Baptist Meeting House. It was erected 1760—and was used for barracks. It was removed a dozen years ago.

The Methodist Church, in John street, nearly facing Dutch street, is another object of antiquarian interest. The edifice is still extant.

Governor Stuyvesant's house was built of small yellow brick imported from Holland, and stood upon his "Bowerie Farm," a little south of the present St. Mark's Church, between the Second and Third Avenues.

A pear-tree, imported from Holland in 1647, by Stuy-

vesant, and planted in his garden, yet flourishes on the corner of Thirteenth street and Third Avenue, the only *living* relic of the vegetable world, which preserves the



memory of the renowned Dutch Governor. This patriarchal tree is two hundred and five years of age, standing in the midst of strangers, crowned with the honors of age, and clustered with wonderful associations. An iron railing protects it, and it may survive a century longer.

Governor Stuyvesant retired from active life after the surrender to the English, and lived in quiet dignity upon his "Bowerie Estate" during the remainder of his life, where, with his little family, he enjoyed the repose of agricultural pursuits, within sight of the smoke of the city, which curled above the tree-tops along the "Bowerie Lane." Upon his farm (on the site of the present church of St. Mark's,) he built a chapel at his own expense, and dedicated it to the worship of God according to the rituals of the Reformed Dutch Church. He lived eighteen years after the change in the government, and at his death was buried in his vault within the chapel. Over his remains was placed a slab (which may yet be seen in the eastern wall of St. Mark's,) with the follow-

ing inscription: "In this vault lies buried Petrus Stuyvesant, late Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of Amsterdam, in New Netherlands, now called New York, and the Dutch West India Islands. Died in August, A. D., 1682, aged Eighty years."

At the corner of Charlton and Varick streets, stood a wooden building, formerly of considerable celebrity, known as the "Richmond Hill House." It has had many distinguished occupants, having been successively the residence of General Washington, John Adams and Aaron Burr. It has been the scene of great festivities, Baron Steuben, Chancellor Livingston, and numerous other notable men of their times having met within its walls. It was then a suburban residence, splendid in all its appointments, and an object of general attraction. It stood on an eminence which overlooked the East and North rivers, and was surrounded with a large park. It was built upwards of seventy years ago, by a gallant British officer, who had done good service to his native country and to this. Here Lord Amherst was entertained, and here he held his head-quarters.

"Each cliff and headland, and green promontory,
Graven with records of the past,
Excites to hero-worship. * * *
Who would not land on each, and tread the ground—"

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

AT a low wooden building in Broadway, where now towers a tall brick pile, opposite the site of the old City Hotel, lived Huggins, the barber. This was literally the head-quarters of fashion, and fortune, as usual, followed in the train of fashion. But Huggins had a soul that scorned to confine its genius to the external decoration of his customers' heads. He panted after wider fame; he had cut Washington Irving's hair, he had shaved Anacreon Moore, when he was here, and Joel Barlow, on his first return from France; from these he caught the strong contagion of authorship. One day he wrote a long advertisement, in which he ranged from his own shop in Broadway to high and bold satire upon those who held the helm of state at Washington, mimicked Jefferson's style, and cracked some good-humored jokes upon Giles and Randolph. He carried it to the Evening Post. The editor, the late Mr. Coleman, was a man of taste as well as a keen politician. He pruned off Huggins's exuberances, corrected his English, threw in a few pungent sarcasms of his own, and printed it.

It had forthwith a run through all the papers on the Federal side of the question in the United States, and as many of the others as could relish a good joke, though at the expense of their own party. The name of Huggins became known from Maine to Georgia. Huggins tried a second advertisement of the same sort, a third, a fourth,

with equal success. His fame as a wit was now established; business flowed in upon him in full and unebbing tide. Wits and would-be wits, fashionables and would-be fashionables, thronged his shop; strangers from north to south had their heads cropped, and their chins scraped by him, for the sake of saying on their return home, that they had seen Huggins; whilst, during the party-giving season, he was under orders from the ladies every day and hour for three weeks ahead. But alas, unhappy man! he had now a literary reputation to support, and his invention, lively and sparkling as it had been at first, soon began to run dry. Mr Coleman was too deeply engaged in the daily discussion of grave topics to continue his help,—he was therefore obliged to tax his friends and patrons for literary assistance. Huggins became as fond and proud of these contributions as if he had written them all himself, and at last collected them and printed them together in one goodly volume, entitled, *Hugginiana*. He was now an author in all the forms. Luckless author! His “vaulting ambition overleaped itself.” He sent a copy of his book to the *Edinburgh Review*, then in the zenith of its glory, and the receipt was never acknowledged. Then the town critics assailed him, and that “most delicate monster,” the public, who had laughed at every piece, good, bad, or indifferent, singly in succession, now that the whole was collected, became fastidious, and at the instigation of the critics aforesaid, pronounced the book to be “low.” His razor and scissors lost their edge, his napkins and aprons their lustrous

whiteness, and his conversation its soft spirit and vivacity. His affairs all went wrong thenceforward, and whatever might have been the immediate cause of his death, which took place a year or two after, the real and efficient reason was undoubtedly mortified literary pride.

Some of the most noted eccentricities of the city in olden times, are thus humorously sketched by President Duer, in his "Address before the St. Nicholas Society."

"The first of these was *Mynheer Wilhem Hoffmeister*, a German by birth, and a musician by trade, commonly known among the boys, as 'Billy, the Fiddler,' from the instrument by which he now gained his livelihood, although he had commenced life as a drummer in the army. He was not four feet high; yet he was not a dwarf, for his proportions were symmetrical, and all but his visage had ceased growing older at about his eighth year. But in the costume of the day, in his knee-breeches, jack-boots, cocked-hat, and *queue*, he looked more like a monkey than a man, and had his tail been in the right place, the resemblance would have been perfect."

By way of set-off to this miniature specimen of humanity, our city boasted the ample dimensions of "Simmons, the tavern keeper." He kept the house at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, adjoining the old City Hall, much frequented by the lower retainers of the law.

I do not remember the weight of this great man; but he exceeded Falstaff in size, though I never heard that he equalled him in humor. In one respect certainly, he had more wit, for he sold his liquor instead of drinking

it, and ran up scores against others instead of himself. In locomotion, however, the fat knight excelled our cumbersome host, who seldom traveled farther than from his seat in the window to that on his front *stoep*, and never ventured to ascend a staircase. In summer, he filled the whole bench on the *stoep*, and in winter, the whole of one front window; at his death, the pier between the two was broken away to "let the coffin pass;" and if a huger mass of mortality was rarely returned to its mother earth, the grave is said as seldom to have closed upon the remains of a more honest, inoffensive man.

The last, not least, on the list of eccentricities, was Gardiner Baker, keeper of the Museum. Little he was, and "little" was he called.

He kept his curiosity shop in the upper story of the old Exchange, a brick building standing upon arches in the centre of Broad, below Great Dock street. Here our merchants once used to congregate; but, at the period in question, the space under the arcade had been converted into a market of a different description, when, instead of uncurrent notes or fancy stocks, the more substantial articles of beef and mutton were bought and sold. The upper part of the edifice had formerly been appropriated to the sittings of the Legislature; but now, it was the depository of greater natural curiosities than any before assembled there.

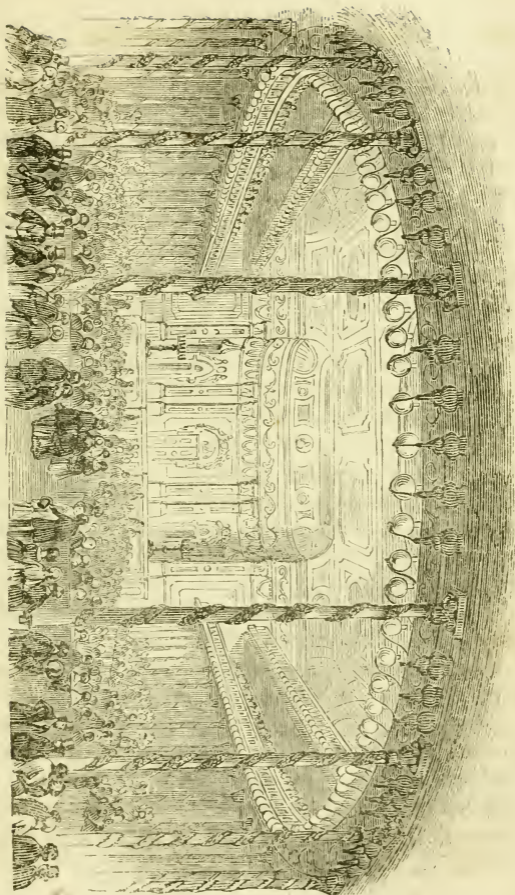
The good little fellow was a collector of curiosities, and was himself a greater curiosity than any in his collection. Not only were his person and manners singular,

but so were his address and conversation; and the experiments he made upon the vernacular tongue were not less cruel than ludicrous. He had been bitten, too, by a mad antiquary, and the unction with which he would descant upon some dilapidated vestige of local interest, exceeded that of a monk in exhibiting an undoubted relic, or recounting some miraculous, but well-attested legend. How he would luxuriate in describing, from one of the windows of his repository, the former course of the creek down Broad street, under which it still ran, and pointing out the old ferry-house at the corner of Garden street, with the pettiauger-shaped vane on its gable!

Every body has doubtless heard of Grant Thorburn, for he has been assiduously engaged in presenting his autobiography to the public in more forms than one, and if he is found occasionally rambling, and somewhat garrulous, his narrative is not uninteresting. This notable octogenarian is still living in New York, and is not unfrequently to be seen quietly meandering along the streets of the city, or lingering in the neighborhood of some of his old favorite haunts, holding a colloquy with some patient passer-by.

The names of George Fox, the celebrated Quaker, and Whitefield, the no less renowned Methodist preacher, are deservedly remembered in connection with the history of the city. There is an old tree in the Flatbush road, which is pointed out as that under which Fox was accustomed to preach; and at the Tract Society House, is the portable pulpit which this remarkable man used for his

INTERIOR OF METROPOLITAN HALL.



field-preaching. It is about six feet high, nearly square at the top, and is a light framework of hard wood; so as to be easily removed from one place to another, and stationed in the open air. It is easily put in compact form by the operation of hinges, and is held by iron hooks. It was sent here by Rev. George C. Smith, of England.

In another part of the Tract Society's building is the chair once occupied by the "Dairyman's Daughter."*

Baron de Steuben, sent out by Frederick the Great, whose aid-de-camp he was, to improve the organization of our army, of which he was appointed by Congress, Inspector-General, once lived in New York.

Another name noteworthy, is that of M. de Warville, who subsequently became known and celebrated as Citizen Brissot, the leader of the Girondists. It was some years before the French Revolution that he visited this country, but he predicted that event with great accuracy, and on his return home, contributed materially to the fulfilment of his prophecy.

Cobbett kept his seed store at 62 Fulton street. His farm was at Hempstead, Long Island.

Lindley Murray was a tall, handsome man, and was, like his father, a Quaker. Aaron Burr once lived at the corner of Cedar and Nassau streets, and, after he held the office of Vice-President, at the corner of Pine and Nassau. Burr has been characterized as a man bankrupt in morals, and no less delinquent as to his pecuniary obligations. Burr was a singularly good look-

* Vide Richmond's "Annals of the Poor."

ing man, below the medium statue, and of very fascinating manners. General Moreau, whose name is familiar to the reader of our Revolutionary history, resided at No. 82 Warren street. He kept his establishment in very splendid style. The notorious Tom Paine, lived at the corner of Thames and Temple streets, in rear of where once stood the City Hotel (which establishment, prior to the erection of the Astor, was the finest hotel in the city.) Had Paine never written that illogical yet seductive book, "The Age of Reason," he would not have exerted so wide-spread and pernicious an influence upon society. He died at Greenwich.

Among the many brilliant entertainments given at the City Hotel, was one in honor of Lafayette's last visit to the United States, all the *elite* of the day were present. There was also a grand dress-ball given to the General at Tammany Hall, on the same occasion. It was there the somewhat notorious Fanny Wright (of deistical memory,) succeeded, by her gaudy apparel and free French manners, in monopolizing the attentions of Lafayette.

Thorburn ingeniously accounted for the prolific growth of the Boot and Shoe business in this city, that Noah Gardiner, the first man sent to prison for forgery, was by trade a shoemaker. In his confinement he followed his craft, and thus introduced to the prison, this branch of trade, which has since been so much in vogue as a branch of prison discipline. It is true that we have a superabundance of boots and shoes in the city, but their purveyors very shrewdly have them made in such a way, as to en-

ture but little wear and tear, so that the demand for them is commensurate with the supply.

Grant Thorburn's celebrated seed store, which was one of the notable objects of the city, in its time, was in Liberty street, between Nassau and Broadway, and occupied as large a space as the present establishment in John street. His store was, in fact, the old Quaker Meeting-house, the first that that society had erected in the city. He took away the pulpit and the galleries, he had consequently plenty of room above and below, and he plentifully garnished his walls and shelves with birds and flowers. Joseph Bonaparte once visited his store, in company with a French merchant of the city; and it was fortunate for Mr. T. that the third party was conversant with two languages, otherwise, a very dainty compliment would have been lost upon Thorburn, for Bonaparte confessed that he had not seen so complete an establishment of its kind in all Europe.

Louis Napoleon—the present emperor of the French, has been not only a resident of this city, but of its *jail*. He lodged in a house in Reade street, near Broadway, and left behind him, according to reports, anything but the “odor of sanctity.”

On the site of the present Metropolitan Hotel, once lived the wily diplomatist—Talleyrand, when ambassador to the United States. He published a small tract on America, once much read; he it was who affirmed that the greatest sight he had ever beheld in this country, was the illustrious Hamilton, with his pile of books

under his arm, proceeding to the Court-room in the old City Hall, in order to obtain a livelihood, by expounding the law, and vindicating the rights of his client.

James Rivington, from London, opened a bookstore in 1761, near the foot of Wall street, from which his "Royal Gazetteer," was published in April, 1773.

Gainé's "New York Mercury," in Hanover Square, was established in 1752; Holt's "New York Journal," in Dock (Pearl) street, near Wall, commenced in 1776; and Anderson's "Constitutional Gazette," a very small sheet, published for a few months in 1775, at Beekman's Slip.

Gainé kept a bookstore under the sign of the Bible and Crown, at Hanover Square, for forty years. Among other early publishers and booksellers, may be named, Evert Duyekinck, who lived at the corner of Pearl street and Old Slip. He dealt mostly in school and devotional works.

William Barlas, of Maiden Lane, was himself an excellent scholar,—a charge of which some of the craft in the present day, are altogether innocent. He published classical books. He was the friend and correspondent of Newton—Cowper's friend. Irving, Paulding, Bryant, and Anthon were among his editors and patrons.

Eastburn is another name to be included in the category. This worthy bibliopole first re-printed the British Reviews—no mean proof of his good taste and critical acumen.

But first among newspaper publishers, in point of time, lived William Bradford, of Philadelphia.

Dr. Francis has presented us with some vivid portraits of by-gone literary celebrities: they are gems of their kind, although we fear they will here suffer somewhat by the "setting."

Speaking of Nathaniel Carter, he says, "he had very considerable literary taste; was many years editor of the *New York Statesman*; and after his visit in Europe, published his letters on his tour in two large volumes. His merit was only equalled by his modesty. He was strongly devoted to Dewitt Clinton and the Erie Canal; with becoming feeling he cherished much regard for his Eastern brethren, and was the first, I think, who introduced his personal friend, our constitutional expositor, Daniel Webster, to the Bread and Cheese Lunch, founded by J. Fennimore Cooper; where sometimes met, in familiar disquisitions, such minds as those of Chief Justice Jones, P. A. Jay, Henry Storrs, Prof. Renwick, John Anthon, Charles King, John Duer, and others of a like intellectual calibre.

Were we to dwell upon the excellence of a *Gazette* according to its merits, I should have much to say of the *Morning Chronicle*, a paper established in this city in the year 1802. The leading editor was Dr. Peter Irving, a gentleman of refined address, scholastic attainments, and elegant erudition. It exhibited great power in its editorial capacity, and was the vehicle of much literary matter, from the abundance and ability of its correspondence. If I do not greatly err, in this paper Washington Irving

first appeared as an author, by his series of dramatic criticism, over the signature of Jonathan Oldstyle.

Many speak of Cheetham as at times holding the pen of Junius, a declaration sustained by many of his political assaults and essays. He possessed a magnificent Library, was a great reader, and studied Burke and Shakspeare more than any other authors. I know nothing against his moral character.

His death, however, was most remarkable: he had removed with his family to a country residence, some three miles from the city, in the summer of 1809. Within a few days after, he exposed himself to malaria, by walking, uncovered by his hat, through the fields, under a burning September sun. He was struck with a complication of ills; fever, congestion of the brain, and great cerebral distress. The malignancy of his disease soon foretold to his physician, Dr. Hosack, the impossibility of his recovery. Being at that time a student of medicine, I was requested to watch him; on the second day of his malady, his fever raging higher, he betrayed a disturbed intellect. On the night of the third day, raving mania set in. Incoherently he called his family around him: addressed his sons as to their peculiar avocations for life; giving advice to one, ever to be temperate in all things: upon another urging the importance of knowledge. After midnight he became much worse, and ungovernable. With herculean strength he now raised himself from his pillow: with eyes of meteoric fierceness, he grasped his bed covering, and in a most vehement but rapid articulation,

exclaimed to his sons, "Boys, study Bolingbroke for style, and Locke for sentiment." He spoke no more. In a moment life had departed. His funeral was a solemn mourning of his political friends.

Paine has been referred to—I have often seen him at the different places of residence to which he removed from time to time in the city. Now in Partition street, now in Broome street, &c. His localities were not always the most agreeable:—in Partition street, near the market, a portion of his tenement was occupied for the display of wild beasts; Paine generally sat taking his airing at the lower front windows, the gazed-at of all passers by. Jarvis the painter was often his visitor, and was fortunate enough to secure that inimitable plaister cast of his head and features, which, at his request, I deposited in the New York Historical Society. While at the work, Jarvis exclaimed, "I shall secure him to a nicety, if I am so fortunate as to get plaister enough for his carbunculated nose." Jarvis thought this bust of Paine his most successful undertaking as a sculptor.

I had some personal acquaintance with Cobbett at the time of his last residence in New York. Hazlitt has, in his attractive manner, described him to the life. He was deemed the best talker of his day, and his forcible pen has given us indubitable proofs of his powers in literary composition. It was not unusual with him to make a morning visit at the printing office at an early hour, to take his seat at the desk, and after some half dozen lines were written, throw off the MSS. with a

rapidity that engaged eleven composers at once in setting up. Thus a whole sheet of his Register might be completed ere he desisted from his undertaking. I think that in his quickness he surpassed even the lamented William Leggett, of the Evening Post. The circumstance is certainly a psychological fact; and yet may not be deemed more curious than that Priestly should have made his reply to Lind, quite a voluminous pamphlet, in twenty-four hours, or that Hodgkinson, the actor, was able to peruse, crosswise, the entire five columns of a newspaper, and within two hours recite it thus by memory.

My circle of literary acquaintance was a good deal enlarged by the coteries I now and then found at Longworth's, as he was not backward in seizing the opportunity of issuing new works, when from their nature they might excite the appetite of the curious. No publication of his so effectually secured this end, as the *Salmagundi*, in 1807, now sent forth in bi-weekly numbers by young Irving and his friend Paulding. When we are apprised that some few of our middle-aged citizens, who sustained the stroke of that literary scimitar so long ago, still survive among us, I think we may argue on strong data for the salubrity of our climate.

Other names of note connected with the literary pursuits of the city might be added, but our limits forbid particularizing. Col. Stone, of the "Commercial Advertiser," William C. Bryant, Fitzgreen Hallock, Fenimore Cooper, Albert Gallatin, and many others might be cited.

MODERN SOCIAL ASPECTS.

“The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together ; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.”

SOCIETY in New York has many phases—it is cosmopolitan—a conglomerate—an amalgum, composed of all imaginable varieties and shades of character. It is a confluence of many streams, whose waters are ever turbid and confused in their rushing to this great vortex. What incongruous elements are here commingled, the rude and the refined, the sordid and the self-sacrificing, the religious and the profane, the learned and the illiterate, the affluent and the destitute, the thinker and the doer, the virtuous and the ignoble—the young and the aged—all nations, dialects and sympathies—all habits, manners and customs of the civilized globe.

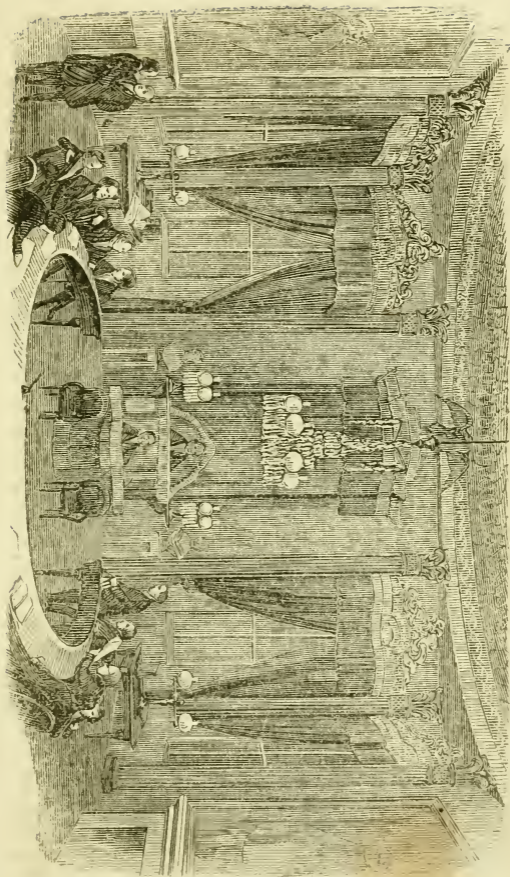
What teeming masses throng each crowded street,
Pressing their eager way with busy feet !
What ceaseless turmoil, and what earnest face,
Amid the glittering groups the eye may trace ;
The homeless beggar, the patrician proud,
Here vice and virtue mark the motley crowd.
All various elements, commingling, strive
For mastery, in the dense city's hive.
Its many voices like old ocean's roar,
When waves are surging on the pebbly shore ;
Its ebb and flow as tireless—naught may stay
Th' impetuous tide still rushing on its way.

It is not surprising that such heterogeneous masses should be found to constitute the staple element of city life. Its elements drawn from all quarters of the globe, and in some instances including the very dregs of society abroad—the refugees of justice—the wonder would rather be that so much of high minded integrity and virtue are still to be found amongst us. It is the abuse of our free institutions that they should be accessible alike to all—the good and the bad: it is yet matter of gratulation, that of the multitudes of emigrants—estimated at about 1,000 per diem—with which the city is ever teeming—exhibit an overwhelming balance on the side of integrity and virtue. (City life everywhere presents protean aspects; let us take a glance at some of its more striking features; notwithstanding the mixed multitudes that are incessantly thronging its various avenues. There are yet certain localities that exhibit distinct characteristics: first, there is Wall street with its money-changers, bankers and brokers—the *Lombard street* of the Metropolis. Life in Wall street is a study of itself; here the selfishness and cupidity of man need no interpreter. Humanizing feelings are ignored, and the liturgy of the exchange is every man for himself, and the god (mammon) for us all. Many mighty projects have their birth under the dome of the Exchange, but few, we fear, are the noble deeds of charity enacted there. Leaving Wall street, we perambulate the serpentine windings of Pearl street and parts thereto adjacent—once so redolent of dry-goods and general merchants.

Here we need to make room for numberless boxes and lumber, everywhere piled upon the side-walk, to the exclusion of everything else. Within the last two or three years, the dry-goods merchants have done much towards the architectural improvement of the city, by transferring themselves to the neighborhood of Broad street, Broadway, Courtlandt, Dey and Liberty streets. In the latter street there have been recently erected a large number of beautiful white marble buildings, which are mostly occupied by merchants of this department of trade. Bowen & McNamee, and Stewart's, might be mentioned in the category as pre-eminent instances of opulence and splendor. Stewart, "the merchant prince," Dr. Moffatt and Wm. B. Astor, are monopolizing nearly the whole of Broadway, both above ground and under ground.* They are generally reputed to be the richest trio in the city; from two to ten millions. It is estimated that during 1852, in New York, there was expended the sum of fourteen millions of dollars in the erection of stores, warehouses, hotels, palaces, and humbler dwellings.)

Pressing our way through the hurrying crowds of

* The Express, speaking of the rapid growth of New York, says:—
"Another novel feature of the city is the underground building which is going on around us. In some parts of the city half as much business is transacted under ground as above it. Two stories downward are lighted from above, and here are at work, in rooms exceedingly well fitted up, all sorts of people on all sorts of jobs. Some of the best warerooms and salesrooms are below the surface of the earth. The printing of newspapers is nearly altogether a subterranean business, and thousands of people, too, live in the first and second basements of cellars, and some of them are far into the bowels of the earth."



COMMON COUNCIL CHAMBER, CITY HALL.

Nassau street, to its junction with Chatham street, of mock-auction notoriety, we catch a glimpse of another phase of city life. To denizens of New York, society is usually known under the generic divisions of *Broadway* and *Bowery*. Each has its distinct idiosyncracies; the former being regarded as patrician, and the latter as plebeian. Looking at New York longitudinally, we may say that the City Hall, at present, marks the boundary of the great work-shop,—that its northern suburbs are “outsiders,” simply because they could not possibly find a foothold within the limits aforesaid. In the precincts of Union Square to Madison Square, and especially the Fifth Avenue, we find the monuments of the wealth, taste and splendor, which have been coined from the toil-worn brains and hands of the many, who share but little in these opulent results.

The motto of New York—“*Excelsior*,” is not without its significancy—her achievements transcend those of any other state in the Union, in most of the industrial and useful arts. Especially is this seen in the vast extent of her railroads, telegraphic communications, and maritime and domestic commerce. In railroads and telegraphs, New York is without a parallel, with perhaps one exception—that of Boston.*

* There are, it is estimated, seventy-eight working companies for telegraphs in the United States, which altogether possess 6,000 miles of wire, more than all the rest of the world beside. On the first of January, 1853, there were in the United States 13,227 miles of completed railroad, 12,928 miles in various stages of progress, and about 7,000 miles in the hands of the engineers, which will be built in the next three or four years—making a total of 33,155 miles of railroad, which

The southern part of the city—its original site—exhibits all kinds of irregularity—the streets are narrow, sinuous and uneven in their surface; but the northern or upper portion is laid out in right angles. There are some fifteen fine avenues, at parallel distances apart of about 800 feet. There are about 200 miles of paved streets in the Metropolis, extending to Thirty-fourth street; including projected streets not yet paved, the entire number of streets will be double that.

(Perhaps the densest parts of the Metropolis,—its very heart, from whence issues the vitalizing tide of its commerce, is the junction of Nassau and Fulton streets, and its vicinity. The collision of interests which all the stir and traffic of these crowded scenes involve, brings human nature into strong relief, and intensifies the lights and shades of character. Here man meets man as the competent spirit of modern society has made him, a singular compound of virtues and vices, greedy and generous, grasping and liberal, concealing agitation with a smile, and cloaking anxiety with an air of unconcern.)

It is in these dusty avenues to wealth—these vestibules where fraud contends with honor for an entrance into the temple, that we read the heart of man better than in

will soon traverse the country, and which, at an average cost of \$80,000 (a well ascertained average) for each mile of road, including equipments, &c., will have consumed a capital amounting to \$994,650,000. During the year 1852, the total number of vessels entered at the port of New York, according to the report of the United States Revenue Department, amounted to 3,822. One hundred and sixteen vessels were launched from the ship-yards during the year. The number of emigrants arrived during the same period is 310,335.

the vapid platitudes of pastoral romances, whether they are written in poetry or prose. What did the readers of Sydney's 'Arcadia,' or Brown's 'Pastorals' ever learn of their fellow-beings from those pages? If we would read human nature, as it *is*,—and not as poets and enthusiasts have described it,—we must jostle with the business of the street, and kindle sparks of thought from frequent contact with the rude and unrefined. The porter, bending under his load, the boy, who sweeps the office and runs on errands, aspiring all the time to be a clerk, the clerk aspiring to be a merchant and his own master, the merchant, calculating his gains, and aspiring to retire from commerce, as a millionaire—these know more of actual human life, and its "tangled web" of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, realizations and disappointments, than the poet who writes pastorals like Theocritus, or the Naturalist, who, with Buffon, Audubon or White, ranges through the animated fields of earth and air. We do not undervalue these—far from it. They too have done their work, and done it nobly. Whether, in the end, their peaceful pursuits and quiet pleasures shall be more useful to humanity than the speculations of Wall street, and the commerce of Nassau, may admit of doubt.

There are in New York twenty daily papers, with a circulation of above 200,000, and the yearly value must exceed half a million of dollars.

The experience of our uninitiated in the intrigues of city life, is thus graphically described :

“I have been one day in New York, and I shall leave it to-morrow. I came to see ‘the Elephant;’ I have seen only his trunk, and am satisfied. I picked up a dropped pocket-book in Wall street, and lost ten dollars by the operation; I bought a watch in Broadway for thirty-three dollars, which was not worth five; I have been knocked down by stages, upset by carriages, insulted by rowdies, and laughed at by everybody. If the animal’s *trunk* is so large, what must be his *body*! I have seen enough. I shall return to-morrow.”

(There are several lines of railroad in different parts of the city, in addition to the Harlem railroad. There are lines running through the Sixth and Eighth Avenues; and one through Broadway is in contemplation.

The incessant noise and din of Broadway, will not be a matter of surprise, when it is remembered that 15,000 vehicles pass through that street in a day. Broadway, as we have already intimated, presents more varied aspects of character than any other spot on the globe) It is a perfect Kaleidoscope,—each day presenting some new feature or change. The great characteristic of New York society is perhaps excitement,—everything is *in furore*. The opulent grandeur of our merchant princes is an object of especial note to the visitor. There are on each side of the Fifth Avenue sumptuous edifices, some of which may even take rank with the mansions of the British nobility.

The New York Tribune illustrates the extravagance of the present day by mentioning that the beautiful hard-

finish ceilings of a house in the city, which have thus far satisfied the most fastidious taste, have been spurned, and the parlors are now finished in Papier Mache of the most costly and beautiful description! Recently \$6,000 was paid for a lot upon which to build—a stable! This tendency to ostentatious display is a marked feature of modern New York society,—it permeates through all its gradations, but is flagrantly apparent among the wealthier classes. New York is also noted for its *Boarding* establishments and Hotels—they are “thick as leaves in Vallambrosa.” They offer facilities for transient visitors, but for permanent use entail many infelicities. (The Metropolitan is among the latest of the larger class Hotels; another splendid establishment is also erecting in Broadway, front of Metropolitan Hall. It is of white marble. Their charges are consequently accelerated by their size and the splendor of their appointments—the prices for boarding sometimes ranging from \$150 to \$300 per week. Stewart’s \$2,000 shawls and cloaks, embroidered with pearls, may here be seen to deck the dainty figure of fashion, and jewels worth thirty or forty thousand dollars to grace her brow: but surely there is nothing in all this inconsistent with “republican simplicity.”)

New York also presents its dark phase—there are 12,000 children in this city, who are as utter heathen as any on the plains of India, who live by petty pilfering, by bold robbery, by acts of incredible debasement and vice.

There is apparent an incessant struggle for distinction of some kind, no matter what the sphere of life. High-

sounding titles for persons and places are everywhere in vogue. A barber, in New York city, has erected a sign bearing the following words: "George Washington Jones, Physiognomic Operator and Professor of the Tonsorial Art." An oyster cellar is invariably dignified with the epithet Saloon; and speaking of oysters, reminds us of Lord Carlisle's remark, that in no other city of the world had he seen places of refreshment so active—for every one seemed to be eating oysters all the day long.

(The city is lighted (as in olden time)—when the moon is in eclipse—by some 15,000 gas-lamps, and the streets are cleansed at a cost of some 2 to 300,000 dollars by the corporation, on the same alternating principle—with the rain-clouds of heaven.)

The municipal government of New York City is, perhaps, the most expensive government in christendom. Its estimated expenditure for the current fiscal year is about four millions of dollars, which is in addition to the taxation imposed by the Federal and State governments. Perhaps the crowning glory of New York, consists in its admirably conducted system of common school instruction. Unquestionably, nowhere else are the immunities of free education enjoyed so universally. Upwards of two million dollars of the public money, are disbursed for the purposes of public instruction. The Public School Society was originated by De Witt Clinton, and has been in existence, and diffusing its beneficial influence for half a century.

There are about twenty-five public libraries in the city,

the aggregate of whose collections exceed 250,000 volumes.*

An enlightened philanthropy, hand-in-hand with religion, is achieving much for the moral and physical endowment of the metropolis, nor are its activities restricted within its own prescribed limits—they extend to the utmost boundaries of our wide-spread territory—from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the far-off Pacific; from the Canadas to Mexico.

“This city, as the metropolis of such a country, should correspond with it, in the magnitude of its improvements. Though yet in its infancy, it has proved itself, in all it has done, not unworthy of the distinction. Pere La Chaise sinks into insignificance when contrasted with the sylvan grandeur of Greenwood. The aqueduct which conveys the Croton River across the Harlem, compares well, in the solidity and beauty of its architecture, with the kindred work spanning the valley of Alcantara, or with those magnificent structures, which, after the lapse of two thousand years, though now falling into ruins, still stretch across the Campagna, and by the agency of which, imperial Rome was perpetually refreshed by the pure waters of her distant hills.”†

* The more important public libraries, are the Astor, the New York Society Library, the Mercantile Library Association, the New York Historical Society, the library of Columbia College, and those of the various literary, scientific, and religious associations of the Metropolis.

† Dix's Lecture.

PUBLIC EDIFICES.

THE impetus given to our monetary affairs during the past few years, by the large accessions of the precious metals from the auriferous regions on the Pacific coast, has mainly contributed to the recent architectural improvements of the city. The latest and most imposing instance of the kind is the magnificent structure erecting for the Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, in the vicinity of the Croton Reservoir.

It is, with the exception of the floor, entirely constructed of iron and glass. The general idea of the edifice is a Greek cross, surmounted by a dome at the intersection. Each diameter of the cross will be 365 feet 5 inches long. There will be three similar entrances; one on the Sixth Avenue, one on Fortieth and one on Forty-second street. Each entrance will be 47 feet wide, and that on the Sixth Avenue will be approached by a flight of eight steps; over each front is a large semi-circular fan-light, 41 feet high, answering to the arch of the nave. Each arm of the cross is on the ground plan 149 feet broad. This is divided into a central nave and two aisles, one on each side; the nave 41 feet wide, each aisle 54 feet wide. The central portion or nave is carried up to the height of 67 feet, and the semi-circular arch by which it is spanned is 41 feet broad. There are thus in

effect two arched naves crossing each other at right angles, 41 feet broad, 67 feet high to the crown of the arch, and 365 feet long; and on each side of these naves is an aisle 54 feet broad, and 45 feet high. The exterior of the ridgeway of the nave is 71 feet. Each aisle is covered by a gallery of its own width, and 24 feet from the floor. The central dome is 100 feet in diameter, 68 feet inside from the floor to the spring of the arch, and 118 feet to the crown; and on the outside, with the lantern, 149 feet. The exterior angles of the building are ingeniously filled up with a triangular lean-to 24 feet high, which gives the ground plan an octagonal shape, each side or face being 149 feet wide. At each angle is an octagonal tower 8 feet in diameter, and 75 feet high.

Ten large, and eight winding stair-cases connect the principal floor with the gallery, which opens on the three balconies that are situated over the entrance halls.

The building contains, on the ground floor, 111,000 square feet of space, and in its galleries, which are 54 feet wide, 62,000 square feet more, making a total area of 173,000 square feet for the purpose of exhibition.

The dome is supported by 24 columns, which go up above the second story to a height of 62 feet above the floor, and support a combination of wrought-iron arches and girders, on which rests a cast-iron bed plate, so constructed as to receive the 32 ribs of the dome.

The quantity of iron to be used for the building will amount to about 1,250 tons. The roof will cover an area

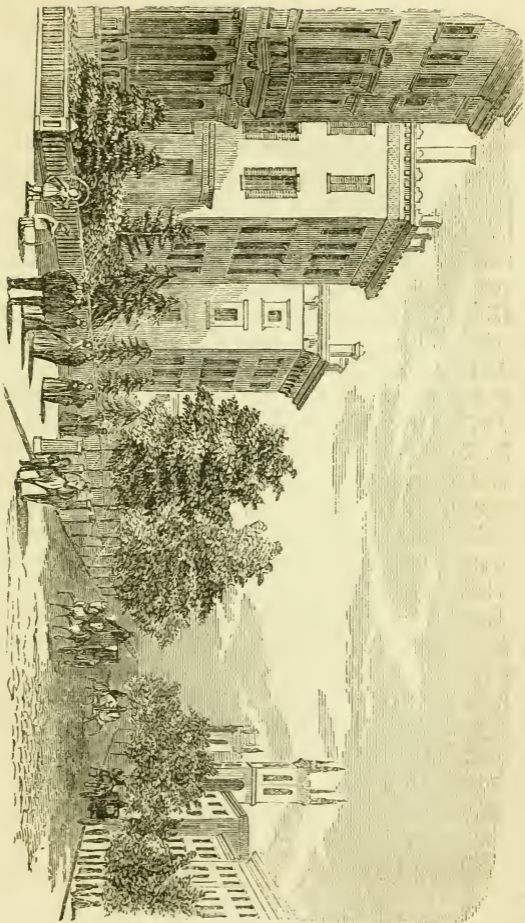
of 144,000 square feet. The glass for the building will amount to 39,000 square feet, in 9,027 panes, 16 by 34 or 38 inches.

The directors of the Crystal Palace have wisely decided on constructing an extra gallery 250 feet long, and covering an area of 10,000 square feet; the gallery, which will be constructed of the same materials as the building itself, will run along the open space between the reservoir and the Palace. The gallery is designed to hold all the machinery in motion, and what other matters are considered too large and cumbrous to be placed in the building itself. This will relieve the interior of the Palace from the din and vapor emitted by a number of machines worked by steam, and enable those who have no interest in such things to enjoy the sights in the main building undisturbed.

Although this splendid structure will be much inferior in its dimensions when compared with the Crystal Palace of Hyde Park, and still less with that now erecting at Sydenham—yet its general effect is imposing and beautiful. Having given the details and admeasurements of the building, we need not refer to the countless objects of attractive interest with which its interior is to be garnished and enriched, as full descriptions of these are easily accessible. For some time to come—the Crystal Palace will be the great crowning object of attraction to all classes—nor will its contiguity with the Croton Aqueduct tend to lessen the interest. Passing down the Fifth Avenue—the most magnificent street on this

continent, and likely to become the finest perhaps in the world—we reach Madison Square—not long since a rude field—now the centre of the fashion and wealth of the city. There are in various parts of the city, eight open plots or parks, and it is in contemplation to form one of noble dimensions in the upper part of the city, which is to measure 160 acres.

New York is, however, sadly deficient in Parks—in fact it possesses none deserving the name. London boasts of many—six of which cover an extent of *eighteen hundred acres*, besides numberless squares of larger area than our Battery. These are styled the *lungs* of London, and are amongst the most prominent causes of the superior health and longevity of its inhabitants over ours. Without these safety-valves, to vitalize the dense city with its teeming throngs, and living, at our high-pressure rate, the wonder is that we do not suffer collapse sooner than we do. It has been suggested that Madison Square would be an admirable site for the erection of a public conservatory,—somewhat on the plan of the celebrated gardens at Kew, Kensington and Chelsea, in London. We hope the projected scheme may be speedily carried into effect—for nothing could be a greater ornament to the Metropolis, or afford a more delightful place of resort and promenade for its residents. The cost is computed at the moderate sum of five thousand dollars. How much better would such a building be for Horticultural and Horicultural fetes, than the restricted area of a concert room. A general movement is making upward



FIFTH AVENUE.

and northward—old established societies are surrendering their former positions down town, to the eager demands of increasing commerce; and Broadway itself, which has ever been in process of completion, exhibits now but here and there remnants of its modest aspect in days of yore. Even Columbia College—the most venerable of our seats of learning, is, it is said, soon to bid adieu to the classic shades of Park place, and be translocated to the Hosack Botanic grounds, about three miles north of the city. It has been computed that about 1,800 new edifices—many of them of costly magnificence—are now in process of erection, the value of which, when completed, will be over fifteen millions of dollars.

Dr. Townsend's residence, corner of 34th street and Fifth Avenue, is to cost, with the grounds, upwards of \$200,000. The Union Club contemplate erecting a splendid house, which will be worthy of them and the city, somewhat on the model of the Athenæum Club of London.

One of the most noted public benefactions to the city, is the bequest of the late Peter Cooper—of \$300,000 for the establishment of an institution to be known as the "Union," the object of which is to be the moral, mental, and physical improvement of the youth of the Metropolis. The site selected for the building, is bounded by Astor place, Fourth avenue and Seventh street. This noble institution will doubtless prove one of great benefit in educating public taste and morals, and will be an imperishable monument to the memory of the donor. The

establishment will be arranged on the most complete and liberal scale, and will include a conservatory, museum and various scientific apparatus for popular lectures, &c.

There is no lack of places of entertainment in New York, yet another is about to be added to the list—Franconi's Hippodrome, from Paris—the site proposed is to be in the vicinity of Madison square.

New York is head-quarters for Lectures, Concerts, Theatrical and all kinds of public entertainments! The Metropolitan Hall is the most splendid Concert room in the country. The "Broadway" takes the first rank among the theatres, and Barnum's Museum furnishes a medley of marvels for the delectation of the Juveniles. Money is lavishly spent in New York, for entertainment.

Taylor's Epicurean Palace, corner of Franklin street and Broadway, is one of the most splendid and imposing edifices of the city. Everything is here on a most superb scale; the eye is regaled as well as the palate.

Projects are on foot to widen Beekman street—to extend the Bowery in a direct line to Pearl street, near Franklin square—to connect Canal with Walker street, and widen it to the East river—to run Albany street through in a direct line to Broadway—to widen Church street and continue it through to Trinity Place, which is also to be widened and extended to Greenwich street—to cut Madison street through to Gold, which is to be widened to Maiden Lane—to connect Lafayette Place with Crosby street, and to extend it through in a direct line to Chambers street—to continue South street in a

direct line from Roosevelt street, up to the Hook—to build an exterior street on the North River, west of West street—to continue Roosevelt street through from Chatham to Broadway, and to extend Anthony street directly through to Chatham Square.

The New Bible House, occupying the square bounded by Third and Fourth avenues, and Eighth and Ninth streets, now just completed, presents a noble specimen of architecture—simple, but solid and substantial. The American Bible Society takes prominent rank among the beneficent and religious institutions of the country. According to the last annual report, the receipts of the Society for 1852, amounted to \$308,744; and its annual issue was 221,450 Bibles, and 444,565 Testaments; in all, 666,015 volumes. The total receipts of the Society since its organization, amount to \$4,189,285; of which nearly \$400,000 has been granted to aid in the publication of the Scriptures at various missionary stations in Foreign lands. During the same period it has issued 8,288,082 volumes. This noble institution was organized in 1816.

The number of Bible Societies in the world is about 67, the first of which, the “British and Foreign,” was instituted in 1804, since which date, the aggregate number of Bibles and Testaments issued, is 40,726,741. The number of languages and dialects into which translations of the Scriptures or parts of them have been made, is not far from *two hundred*.

There are two other Bible Societies in this city—the

American and Foreign Bible Society, formed by the Baptists in 1836, and a kindred society which has branched off from it, entitled the *American Bible Union*, incorporated in 1850—for the purposes of furnishing more faithful versions of the Sacred Scriptures. This society is preparing to issue a new revised rendering of the Bible. Its office is 350 Broome street. The *Tract Society's* building is situated at the junction of Nassau and Spruce streets. About 250 employees are here occupied in the several departments of printing and publishing. The total issues per annum, average upwards of a million of volumes, eight millions of tracts—equal to nearly three hundred millions of pages. Its publications are sold at a trifling advance above the cost of production, and a vast amount of tracts are distributed gratuitously to the poor. Like the Bible House, this establishment is well deserving a visit.

There are, in addition, the following benevolent societies in the city: the *American and Foreign Christian Union*, 180 Nassau street; the *Seamen's Friend Society*, 82 Wall street, in connection with the *Sailor's Home*, 190 Cherry street, and the *Mariner's Family Industrial Society*, 322 Pearl street. There are also other benevolent institutions for the Sailor; the *Marine Society of New York*, chartered in 1770; the *Nautical Institution and Ship Master's Society*,* and the *Sailor's Snug Harbor*, the *Sailor's Retreat* and *Marine Hospital* at Staten Island.

* It is designed to provide a fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of deceased shipmasters. It was organized in 1770, under a

In addition to the foregoing, there are the *New York Dispensatory*,* situated at the corner of Centre and White streets, originated in 1799; the *Northern Dispensatory*, corner of Waverley Place and Christopher street, and the *Eastern Dispensatory*, at the corner of Lumber and Essex.

The New York Orphan Asylum is situated at Bloomingdale, near Eightieth street, about five miles from the City Hall. It is a handsome building, 120 feet long by 60 feet wide, and connected with about eight acres of ground.

The College of Physicians and Surgeons of the City of New York is a valuable institution, situated on Crosby street, between Broome and Spring streets. It was founded in 1807.

The New York Eye Infirmary is in Howard street, near Broadway. It was founded in 1820; since which time, upwards of 3000 patients have been under treatment in this institution.

The College of Pharmacy was established in 1829, and incorporated in 1831. Its object is to prevent, as far as possible, errors in the preparation of medicine.

The Deaf and Dumb Asylum is located upon a gentle eminence on Fiftieth street, near the Fourth Avenue, three and a half miles from the City Hall. It is surrounded by an extensive plot of ground, a portion of which is

charter granted by George III. and has distributed to the objects of its charity \$156,009.

* The number of patients entered upon the records of this institution since 1790, is 40,835; the Northern Dispensatory, 20,680; the Eastern, 21,226; total, 82,741.

employed in cultivation, and part as grounds for the recreation of the pupils. The main building is 110 feet long, 60 broad, and five stories high, surmounted by an observatory commanding an extensive and beautiful prospect. It has usually about 200 receiving beneficiary aid.

The Institution for the Blind is located on Ninth Avenue, near Thirty-third street, where are 32 lots of land presented to the institution by James Boorman, Esq. The Legislature, in 1839, appropriated \$15,000 towards the erection of the buildings, besides which, considerable donations have been made by individuals. There is a manufacturing department, where they learn basket making, weaving, etc. There are usually about 150 pupils at the Institution. The building is of granite, in the Gothic style, and is one of the most imposing structures in the city.

The medical department of the University of the city of New York, though, as a branch of the University, it is under the general control of the University Council, yet, as a medical school, has a distinct organization.

The New York Hospital in Broadway, opposite Pearl street, was founded as early as 1769, mainly by private munificence; it received its first charter in the year 1776—nine days after the Declaration of Independence. Its systematic activity and efficiency date from 1792. In that year it received 236 patients; and the number has steadily increased until it reached last year a total of 3,715. Since 1821, a separate asylum for lunatics

has been maintained at Bloomingdale, where 3,714 patients have been admitted, of whom 1,715 were cured, 756 improved, 543 discharged by request, and 387 died.

The New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, has relieved 25,762 persons, since the first formation of the society.

The City Alms-house Department, comprising the several establishments known as the Alms-house, City Prisons, Bellevue Hospitals, Penitentiary, Lunatic Asylum, Nursery establishments, Potters' Field, Colored Orphan Asylum, &c., are achieving an immense amount of good, in mitigating the evils of poverty, intemperance and vice. Each of these establishments, especially those of Randall's Island, are eminently worthy of inspection.

New York is liberally endowed with churches; possessing about four hundred religious edifices.

Trinity is the Metropolitan church of New York, it is Cathedral-like in its style, symmetrical and harmonious in its proportions, and also the most lavishly endowed of any in the city. Its history is replete with interest. The first ecclesiastical edifice erected on this site dates as far back as 1696; it was originally a small square building, but was enlarged in 1737. The first rector was the Rev. Mr. Vesey, who was the incumbent upwards of half a century. His successor was the Rev. Henry Barclay, father of the late Thomas Barclay, H. B. M. Consul—an office now worthily sustained by his son Anthony Barclay. The first church was destroyed by fire 1776, and rebuilt in 1790. This second edifice was taken down in 1839

when the present beautiful structure was erected: it was consecrated in 1846. The surrounding cemetery, and vaults beneath the church, would furnish many interesting chapters in the history of the early times of the city. There are many illustrious names associated with the records of Trinity Church,—Bishops Hobart, White, Provoost, etc., are well-known among the number. Associated with *Trinity* are *St. John's* and *St. Paul's*, the latter having been built 1766. Washington attended divine service at *St. Paul's*, after his inauguration. The most notable monuments in Trinity Church-yard are those of Alexander Hamilton, Capt. Lawrence, Lieut. Ludlow, and the beautiful full-length effigy of Bishop Hobart. A magnificent panorama of the city and vicinity may be seen from the summit of the spire of Trinity Church. Trinity is the only church with a chime of bells in the city: divine service is here held twice a day. Emmet's spiral monument greets the eye of the passer-by: it stands in the enclosure of *St. Paul's* Church-yard. Here is also the monument to the memory of the gallant Montgomery, who fell at the storming of Quebec; also another to the memory of George Frederick Cooke, the tragedian.

The church of *St. John's*, in Hudson Square, is a fine edifice, modelled after *St. Martin's*, Strand, London. It cost \$173,000; it was completed in 1807. Trinity Church cost \$400,000.

Canal street, and the vicinity of Lispenard street, to Hudson Square, was originally a dismal swamp; it was

only partially filled up in 1808. It is on record that on the proposal of a grant being offered to the associated board of *Trinity* and *St. John's*, consisting of upwards of six acres, near the junction of Canal street and Broadway, it was deemed inexpedient to accept the donation, inasmuch as the land was regarded not worth the fencing in! The present estates of this corporate body are now exceedingly valuable, and yield an annual interest of over \$600,000; the property itself is of prodigious value.

Grace Church, at the upper part of Broadway, is another conspicuous edifice. It is built of white marble, English gothic in style, and redundant in ornamental embellishment. Although the most ambitious in its pretensions, it is not considered equal to many others in the harmony of its proportions and the beauty of its *tout ensemble*. The dazzling brilliancy of its stained windows, is one of its principal defects, for its interior presents the opposite of that grand effect which characterizes the venerable Westminster Abbey, and other Cathedrals which Milton describes with—

Storied windows richly dight,
Shedding a dim religious light.

The Fifth Avenue is enriched with many new churches, which evince a much purer style of architecture. The Presbyterian Church, recently erected on the corner of 29th street, and those at intermediate distances from it and Tenth street, Fifth Avenue, are instances of this. The Scotch Presbyterian Church, corner of Grand and Crosby streets, is a stone building, 95 feet long and 67

broad, with a fine Ionic portico of six stone columns, and cost \$114,000. The Brick church, corner of Nassau and Beekman streets, built in 1767, is interesting from its antiquity: it has a lofty and well-proportioned steeple. The First Baptist Church, in Broome street, corner of Elizabeth street, is a fine stone edifice, of Gothic architecture, from 88 to 110 feet long, and from 75 to 87 feet wide, with two octagon towers on the front corners, and a pointed window between them, 22 feet wide and 41 feet high. The interior is more imposing than the exterior. St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, in Barclay street, corner of Church, is a large and substantial granite structure, with a very imposing Ionic portico of six granite columns, and a statue of St. Peter in a niche in the pediment. The French Protestant Episcopal Church, corner of Franklin and Church streets, is built of white marble, and has a portico with a double row of fine marble columns of the Ionic order. The Reformed Dutch Church, on Washington Square, is a large and imposing structure of Gothic architecture, and appears well, even by the side of the splendid New York University. St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Cathedral is of stone, 120 feet long and 80 feet wide, but is more distinguished for its magnitude than for its elegance.

The brief limits of the present work forbid any detailed account of the numerous public buildings which now adorn the city: the simple enumeration of the most important is all that can be given. Of the learned institutions, *Columbia College* takes precedence, in point of

time. It was chartered under the name of King's College, in 1750. The *University* of New York, in Washington Square, was chartered in 1831. It is a noble Gothic edifice, built of marble. Here the N. Y. *Historical Society* have their rooms. This society possesses a choice collection of historical works, which include, among other literary curiosities, sixteen folio volumes of MS. Journals of the House of Commons, in Cromwell's reign, (1650-1675,) said to have been presented by the family of the late Gov. Livingston. The *Society Library*, in Broadway, corner of Leonard street, was founded in 1754. Its collections amount to over 50,000 volumes. The new *Astor Library*, in Astor Place, is the most splendid establishment of the kind in the country. The building is in the Romanesque style, and admirably adapted in all its arrangements. The rich and rare literary treasures it contains may challenge competition with most, if not all the great public libraries of the Old World. Its collections number over 60,000 volumes, including many costly works, collected from all parts of Continental Europe. The *Mercantile Library Association* is an admirable institution, specially designed for the use of young men engaged in mercantile pursuits. It possesses a large assortment of standard works in the several departments of literature, together with the current issues of the day.

There are also various other learned associations, such as the *Lyceum of Natural History*, established in 1818; the *Apprentices Library*, in Crosby street, with its 15,000



POLICE COURT—TOMBS.

volumes; the *Mechanics' Institute*, in the City Hall; the Law Library, in the same building; the *Ethnological Society*; the *New York Athenæum*; the *Literary and Philosophical Society*, established in 1814; the *Rutger's Institute*, in Madison, near Clinton street, and the *Free Academy*, in Twenty-third street, which is a noble institution, endowed by the city, and devoted to the higher branches of classical instruction. Here are a set of casts of the celebrated Elgin marbles, presented to this institution by Mr. Leupp, of New York. The New York *Typographical Society*, instituted in 1809, possess a library, and has an endowed fund devoted to the benefit of widows and orphans of printers. The principal institutions of the Fine Arts are, the *National Academy of Design*, 663 Broadway, instituted in 1826; the *N. Y. Gallery of Art*, founded in 1844; the *Society of Water Colors*, the *American Art Union*, &c. The *State Arsenal* is a new and elegant structure, in the constellated style; it is located between the Fifth and Sixth Avenues, and Sixty-fourth and Sixty-sixth streets. Here are to be seen some interesting trophies and relics of Revolutionary times. The *Halls of Justice*, or *Tombs*, as this prison-house is technically called, occupies an entire block between Centre, Elm, Leonard and Franklin streets. This edifice is one of the few specimens of pure style of architecture in the city—being strictly Egyptian. Here are Courts of Justice, Coroner's office, Police courts, &c. The jail contains about 150 cells. The massive style of its architecture, imparts to this building an aspect of

sombre gloom that fitly comports with its interior character, and the associations of sadness and doom which cling about its very walls. If the erection of a prison, as has been affirmed, indicates civilization, New York certainly ought to claim high moral advancement, for this mammoth edifice is not the only one devoted to the correction of offenders. The *Hall of Records*, north-east of the City Hall, was originally built for and used as a city prison. During the prevalence of the Cholera, in 1832, it was converted into a hospital. Subsequently, it has been remodelled and beautified. It is the depository of the Archives of the city, containing the County Clerk's office, also those of the Surrogate, Street Commissioner, &c. This was the old Provost-jail of New York, where the notorious Cunningham exercised his tyrannical rule over the American prisoners captured at the battles of Long Island, Fort Washington, and elsewhere; and from its walls that young martyr, Captain Nathan Hale, was led out to execution on the gallows, which stood where Burton's Theatre now is, in Chambers street.

One of the greatest triumphs of art, in this country, is the *Croton Aqueduct*. The great work of bringing the waters of the Croton river into the city of New York, was commenced in 1825; and the aqueduct and reservoirs were completed in 1842, at an expense of \$12,000,000. The distance from the Croton to New York is fifty miles. The length of the aqueduct, from the dam to the Harlem river, where it crosses that stream and first reaches Manhattan Island, measures thirty-three

miles. To that point, the water flows uninterruptedly through a conduit of hydraulic masonwork, seven and a half feet in height, and seven feet in width, with a descent of about one foot to the mile. The "High Bridge," the structure across the Harlem river, is an object well worthy a visit. The water is first seen at the Receiving Reservoir, between the Sixth and Seventh Avenues at Yorkville, and is there exposed to evaporation and quiet for purification. From this vast tank, it is conveyed in a double line of iron pipes, three feet in diameter, under the Fifth Avenue to the Distributing Reservoir at Forty-second street, from which it is sent to all parts of the city through iron pipes of various dimensions laid under the streets. The water is likewise conveyed to Blackwell's Island, for the use of the city institutions there, through pipes of gutta-percha. The average supply of water is 30,000,000 of gallons daily. This supply may be increased to 60,000,000. Croton Lake, formed by damming that river for the purpose of the water-works, is created by the dam, 250 feet in length and 38 feet in width at the base, which stretches across the stream. This checking of the river has produced a beautiful lake, five miles in extent, and covering about 400 acres of land. Its capacity is estimated at 550,000,000 gallons of water, above the level of the aqueduct, and will allow the discharge of 60,000,000 of gallons daily. The office of the Croton Aqueduct Board is in the Rotunda, near the north-east corner of the City Hall Park. On the west side of the Rotunda, stands a fine fire-proof brown stone

building, three stories in height, and 105 feet long by 72 feet wide, which is occupied by the register of the county, the United States Court, and the Court of Sessions.

The Novelty Works, foot of Twelfth street, East River, and Morgan Iron Works foot of Ninth street, as well as the Ship Yards, constitute a feature of the city handicraft and commerce. Each of these establishments are well worthy inspection. In the first named, upwards of twelve hundred men are engaged in the several departments of machinery and iron works. The various factories and foundries occupy an area of five acres. Some of the finest ocean and river steamers have emanated from the Novelty Works and Morgan Iron Works.

Hoe & Co.'s establishment for constructing steam printing-presses, is also an object of interest, as attractive to the intelligent mind as the medley Museum of Barnum.

The principal markets of the Metropolis, are as follows: the Fulton Market, at the foot of Fulton street, E. R. Washington Market, in Washington street, corner of Vesey and Fulton streets.* Centre Market, Centre street, between

* This market, we learn, is to be considerably enlarged. A space of four or five thousand feet is to be taken from the river and a market, one story high, is to be erected on the ground. The work is at present going on, and nearly one half of the space is already filled in. The revenue derived by the corporation from the market is very considerable, amounting in 1851 to \$34,000, and will be probably more than that for the year just past. Upwards of 20,000 persons are dependent upon this market for subsistence. Few persons could be brought to believe that during the last year sales were effected in this market amounting in the aggregate to the enormous sum of \$28,432,000. Of this sum \$5,900,000 was realized by the meat trade; 2,800,000 by the fruit trade; \$480,000 the butter trade; \$9,000 honey trade; \$648,000 fish trade; \$1,000,000 poultry trade; \$17,500,000 vegetable trade; \$1,000,000 the egg trade; and \$15,000 the nut trade.

Grand and Broome. Clinton Market, between Washington and West streets, and between Spring and Canal streets. Chelsea Market, Ninth Avenue, near Eighteenth street. Essex Market, Grand street, between Essex and Ludlow. The new Essex Market is an ornament to this portion of the city. It is somewhat of the Italian style of architecture. Its cost is said to have exceeded \$50,000.

The *City Hall*, built of white marble, is an imposing structure. It is somewhat in the Lombardo-Venitian style of architecture. Here are the various municipal offices—the Mayor's Office, Governor's Room, Courts of Common Council, Aldermen, &c. The Governor's room is adorned with a series of portraits of historical personages connected with the records of the city. Here is to be seen Washington's chair, also his writing desk, upon which he penned his first message to Congress. The Aldermen's room is furnished with the chairs used by the first Congress, and the one occupied by the Mayor is that in which the first President of the United States was inaugurated.

The Park was beyond the limits of the city until 1780, and was called the "Common," or the "Fields." There military drills were performed; and upon the "Common," between the "Brick Church" and Broadway (now the lower end of the park), the first brigade of the American army was drawn up to hear the Declaration of Independence read, on the evening of July 9, 1776. Fronting the *City Hall*, is a magnificent fountain, the largest

in the country. Its magnificence does not consist in its artistic features; it is the size and height of its central jet; the extreme beauty of its numerous arching jets, when in full play, exhibiting in the sunlight all the gorgeous tints of the rainbow. The jets rise from the flowers of the lotus, or Egyptian water-lily; the basin is surrounded by a white marble rim. This, in turn, is encircled by a row of flowering shrubs and plants, and evergreens; and the whole are enclosed within an iron railing.

The building occupied by the Post Office, belongs to the corporation of the Middle Dutch Church, and was their place of worship from the close of the 17th century until 1844. It is the oldest church edifice now remaining in the city. A great part of the wood-work of the steeple, was brought from Holland: the building itself is of stone.

When the British first took possession of the city in 1776, they used it as barracks for the soldiers. It was afterwards converted into an hospital; and finally, the pews were removed, and it was made a riding-school. In 1790, it was repaired, and again devoted to Divine worship. In 1844, the general government leased it for seven years, for the purposes of the Post Office; and in 1851, a further lease was obtained for fourteen years at \$10,000 per annum.

The Custom House, on the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, is a splendid building, constructed in the Doric order of Grecian architecture. It is built in the most

substantial manner of white marble, something after the model of the Parthenon at Athens. It occupies the site of the old Federal Hall. The building is 200 feet long, 80 feet wide, and 80 feet high. At the southern end, on Wall street, is a portico of eight purely Grecian columns, 5 feet 8 inches in diameter, and 32 feet high; and on the northern end on Pine street, is a corresponding portico, of similar columns. The front portico is ascended by eighteen marble steps, and the rear portico, on Pine street, by only three or four marble steps. It is two lofty stories high above the basement story. The great business hall is a splendid room, 60 feet in diameter. Two-thirds of the entire revenue of the Union is here collected. No other government establishment of the country, is the scene of such large monetary operations. The cost of the building, including the ground, was nearly \$200,000,000. *2,000,000*

The Merchants' Exchange covers the whole space between Wall, William, Exchange, and South William streets. It has a somewhat confined situation, and is seen to less advantage than if it were surrounded by open grounds. It is built in the most substantial form, of blue Quincy granite, and is 200 feet long by 171 to 144 feet wide, 77 feet high to the top of the cornice, and 124 to the top of the dome. The front on Wall street has a recessed portico, of 18 massive Grecian-Ionic columns, 38 feet high, and four feet four inches in diameter, each formed from a solid block of stone, and weighing 43 tons. It required the best application of the mechanical

powers, aided by horses, to raise these enormous masses. Besides numerous other rooms for various purposes, the Exchange, in the centre, is in a circular form, 80 feet in diameter, with four recesses, making the length and breadth, each 100 feet, the whole 80 feet high, surmounted with a dome, resting in part on eight Corinthian columns of Italian marble, 41 feet high, and lighted by a skylight, 25 feet in diameter. On the south side of the roof is a telegraph, which communicates with another on Staten Island; and an hourly report is sent down from the telegraph to the news-room, for public inspection. This building has been erected in the place of the Exchange, burned in the great fire in 1835. The cost of this building, including the ground, is estimated at \$1,800,000.

We now reach the terminus of our city perambulations—the Battery. This section of the city, till within the past dozen years, was the site of many *distingue* residents. The *elite* of those times lived in the houses facing the Battery, which still offers a most delightful panoramic view, and even in its present degenerate state, is, in summer-time, the most alluring of promenades. Its stately shade-trees are the most luxuriant in the city, with an exception, those of St. John's Square, Hudson street;—and the cool sea breeze comes to refresh and revivify the feverish pulse of the *ennuyee* or weary denizen of the bricken city.

The Battery is, moreover, classic ground—it has been for nearly a century the place of embarkation and debarka-

tion. Thousands of fond groups have been severed, as they sighed their sad refrain over these grounds; and warriors, statesmen and heroes of the Old World and the New, made the same spot their place of rendezvous. Washington, Lafayette, Webster, Clay, Jackson, and in later times, Kossuth, with we know not how many more illustrious personages, were here welcomed with civic and national honors. One little historical incident, among many others, might here be referred to. When the British troops had retreated from New York, wishing to leave a parting memorial, they hoisted the British colors on the flag-staff, and afterwards greased the poll. Before their ships, however, had got half down the Bay, a Yankee tar scaled the slippery height, lowered the Union Jack, and in its stead hoisted the Stars and Stripes.

Castle Garden, or, as it was originally called, *Castle Clinton*, is an old fort, erected in 1807; but after the erection of more efficient defences for the harbor, it was ceded to the city, and leased for a place of public amusement and resort. Here it was that Jenny Lind first carrolled to the delectation and amazement of some five thousand eager listeners; and here the annual Fairs and the American Institute are held. The Italian Opera have also used it for a summer Opera house. It is in contemplation to enlarge the area of the Battery—its present dimensions are upwards of ten acres; but by the projected improvements, its measurement will be more than double that extent.

West street is to be continued down to Castle Garden, which will become a part of the main land, and the whole Battery is to be carried out on the line therewith, curving gracefully towards Whitehall, the extension on that extremity being two hundred feet.

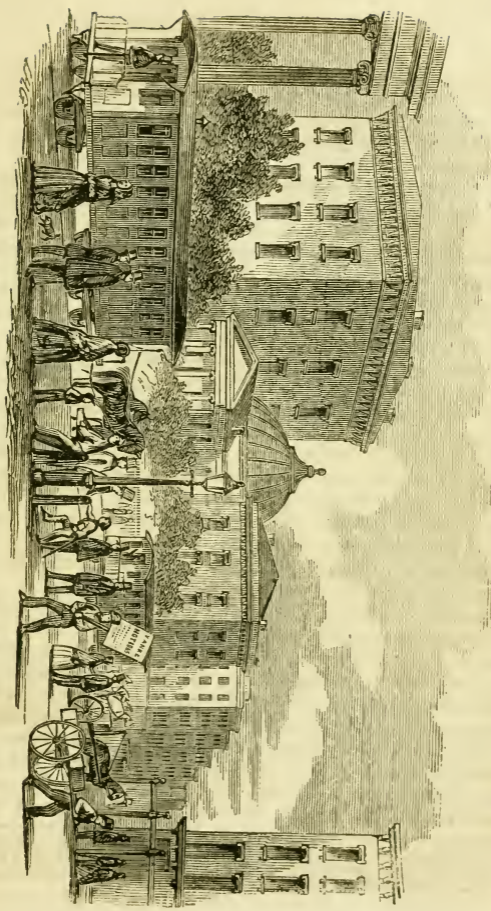
The subjoined view of the Battery in its present state, closes our discourse concerning the men and marvels of the good city of Gotham.



BROOKLYN.

THIS city, the second in importance in the state, dates back as far as 1636, when its name of Breucklyn (broken land), was first conferred by the Dutch. A general patent of the town of Brooklyn appears to have been granted by Gov. Stuyvesant, in 1657. The first European settler in New Netherlands, was Janse de Rapelje, at Waaloon's Bay (Wallabout). The daughter of this pioneer, was the first white child born upon Long Island; she subsequently had a grant of land as a mark of distinction. Successive grants of land were made to various individuals, at almost a nominal value, as will appear from the following: The price paid in 1680, for all the land in and about Bedford, was, "one hundred guilders, in Seawant (Indian money), half a ton of strong beer, two tons of good beer, and three guns," &c. Land in that vicinity is now selling at from \$400 to \$800 a lot. In the city of Brooklyn, lots have sold as high as nearly \$10,000. Brooklyn, in 1805, was a mere village, with scarcely more than a score of dwellings; now it has a population of 130,000; and, during the past year has added to its numerous fine streets and avenues, 2500 new edifices. Brooklyn is fitly styled the city of churches; it abounds in religious edifices. The most important are the Church of the Holy Trinity, the New Dutch Reformed (Dr. Bethune's), the Pilgrim Church, Grace Church, Plymouth Church, and Dr. Cox's Church. Its public buildings comprise the *City Hall*, situated on a triangular piece of ground, bounded by Court, Fulton, and Joralemon streets. It is constructed of white marble, from the quarries of Westchester, and is in the Ionic style of architecture. It is 162 by 102 feet, and 75 feet in height

CENTRE STREET, HARLEM RAIL ROAD,



to the top of the cornice, and is surmounted by a cupola, the top of which, from the street, is 153 feet. The interior contains rooms for the various departments of business connected with the city and county. It cost about \$200,000.

The Brooklyn Hospital and Jail, devoted to moral and physical cure, are situated on the western side of Fort Greene. The Lyceum, in Washington street, corner of Concord, is a fine granite building, with a spacious and commodious lecture room. The City Library contains a large number of valuable literary and scientific works. The Savings Bank is an elegant building, on corner of Fulton and Concord streets.

The new Athenæum, corner of Clinton and Atlantic streets, will constitute one of the ornaments of the city.

The new Market in Fulton Avenue, is also an imposing edifice, and a great public convenience.

The Atlantic Dock, about a mile below the South Ferry, is a very extensive work, and worthy attention. The company was incorporated in May, 1840, with a capital of \$1,000,000. The basin within the piers contains 422 acres, with sufficient depth of water for the largest ships. The spacious warehouses adjacent, present a striking effect from the river.

The United States Navy Yard is situated on the south side of Wallabout Bay, in the northeastern part of Brooklyn, and occupies about 40 acres of ground, enclosed on the land side by a high wall. There are here two large ship-houses for vessels of the largest class, with workshops, and every requisite necessary for an extensive naval depot. The United States Naval Lyceum, an interesting place, also in the Navy Yard, is a literary institution, formed in 1833, by officers of the navy connected with the port.* On the opposite side of the

* This Lyceum contains an interesting collection of curiosities,—geological and mineralogical cabinets which have been collected from almost every country in the whole world, by the naval officers, and

Wallabout, half a mile east of the Navy Yard, is the Marine Hospital, a fine building, erected on a commanding situation, and surrounded by upwards of 30 acres of well-cultivated ground. At the Wallabout, were stationed the Jersey and other prison-ships of the English during the Revolutionary war, in which it is said 11,500 American prisoners perished from the bad air, close confinement, and ill-treatment. In 1808, the bones of the sufferers, which had been washed out from the bank where they had been buried, were collected, and deposited in 13 coffins, inscribed with the names of the 13 original states, and placed in a vault beneath a wooden building, erected for the purpose in Hudson Avenue, opposite Front street, near the Navy Yard.*

presented to the institution. Added to the above, there are superior portraits of a number of our Presidents, and Naval and Military Commanders who have been conspicuous in the most thrilling and interesting events chronicled in the history of our country. There is also a valuable library of several thousand volumes: antiquities, such as an idol from the ruins of the Temple of the Sun, S. A.; a stone from the House of Herod at Jerusalem; an Egyptian tombstone, supposed to be four thousand years old; Egyptian mummy, partly uncovered; specimens of Mosaic pavement, from Pompeii; Lava, from Herculaneum; Jar, from the tomb of Augustus Cæsar; Links of the chain that was placed across the Hudson River, in the war of the Revolution; Implements of Indian warfare; Trophies of war; and various other objects of interest.

* The Tomb is on a triangular piece of ground, which is some twelve feet higher than the street. The vault, which is about fifteen feet high, occupies almost the entire lot. A frame building adjoins the ground on one side, and the wall of the Navy Yard runs along the rear of it. There was formerly an entrance to the ground from the street, but it is now closed up with a rough stone wall, on the top of which is a wooden fence. This, however, did not prevent persons passing along the street from seeing the building and the inscriptions, which we have carefully copied.

The ante-chamber to the Tomb is a small wooden building, on the top of which is a carved eagle, resting on a ball, underneath which is a pedestal, with inscriptions on three sides, the one on the front running thus:

“ In 1778, the Confederation
thirteen British colonies proclaimed as
UNITED STATES
in separate sovereignty.
[Here follows the motto, in a scroll,]

The United States Dry Dock is the leading object of interest at the Navy Yard. It is a stupendous piece of masonry work, the finest, with the single exception of the Croton works, in America. Its entire cost, we believe, was nearly three millions. It will hold 600,000 cubic feet of water. There are usually some ships of

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

In 1789 our Grand National Convention ordained
ONE ENTIRE SOVEREIGNTY,
 in strict adhesion to the equally sacred
STATE RIGHTS.

Such a **REPUBLIC** must endure forever."

On the front of the main building is this inscription :

"The Ante-Chamber to the vault, in which will be arranged the busts or other portraits *insignia* of the most distinguished military men and civilians of the Revolution.

"The Governors and Legislators of the old thirteen states will confer a great favor by their selecting and sending them to No. 21 Hudson street, city of New York.

"In 1803, after thirty years neglect, the corner stone of this Tomb was laid by the present owner, as Grand Sachem of Tammany Society. In the same year, from the great collection of bleached bones of the Martyrs to our Independence, thirteen coffins were filled and interred in the Tomb, in great display of military and civic procession, from the cities of New York and Brooklyn. It was said that full fifteen thousand attendants, without distinction of party, were present."

The above is the only inscription on the main building, but on the little pedestal on the top of it, on the right side, or over the entrance to the tomb, is the following specimen of grandiloquence :

"In the city of New York, 1789. WASHINGTON began the first Presidential career. The wide-spread EAGLE of UNION waited the order, then instantly raised his flight in the heavens, and like the orb of day, speedily became visible to half the globe."

On the opposite or left side, is this :

"The constitution of the United States consists of two parts—the supreme sovereignty, and the unadulterated state rights—one and indivisible.

"These have no parallel, except the sacred decalogue by Moses. Our duties to God and Man one and indivisible."

A small tree bends its branches over the tomb, and at a short distance from it are the remains of a weeping willow. The railing which once protected the building has also decayed or been destroyed by vile hands—the only part remaining has on it the names of Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia—being only five representatives of the original thirteen states.

Any one wishing to view the Tombs of the Martyrs can reach the place in a few minutes, by taking the ferry boats at Gouverneur street, and proceeding a short distance up Hudson Avenue, the landing on the Brooklyn side.

war lying in the Bay, and under process of repairing, to be seen in the Navy Yard, besides sundry and divers things of interest, too numerous to be mentioned here in detail. It is said Brooklyn Navy Yard contains property to the amount of upwards of \$23,000,000.

Brooklyn is soon to be supplied with water. A plan for introducing water from the streams and ponds on the south side of the island, in the vicinity of Jamaica, has been submitted. It will involve, from the estimates of Mr. McAlpine, the State Engineer, \$3,406,650. The removal of the Navy Yard, a hope of which is held out, would be a great improvement to the city, and the sale of lots would enable the government to procure another site. We hope the project will speedily be carried into execution; it is all that is needed to render Brooklyn equal in its facilities with New York. Although it can now be scarcely called a suburban city, yet it possesses much superiority as a place of residence, from the regularity of its streets, its salubrity and picturesque locality. There are few remnants of antiquity existing in Brooklyn—the Jackson farm, between Fulton Avenue and Powers street, is now a school-house. *It was for a long time deserted, in consequence of its having been the scene of a suicide and murder. Cherry farm—from which old deeds reckoned distances, is yet standing, a mean looking dilapidated old shanty, in Fulton Avenue. An old tree always claims our respect—there is a noble buttonwood tree at the junction of Fulton and De Kalb Avenues, that neither the ruthless hand of the leveller, nor the iron teeth of Time, have yet impaired. Its age is conjectured to exceed two centuries. Some old Sachems may have held council under its leafy branches, and many a bright eye that has faded long ago into the night of death, may have gazed upon its magnificent foliage.

Hail! old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail! ye plebeian underwood,—

Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food,
Pay with their grateful voice.

South Brooklyn is especially adorned by numerous costly residences. Fort Greene—once a towering battlement, and still the crowning glory of the city, is now being formed into a city park. We, however, deprecate the grading system so much in vogue, here and elsewhere, which has lopped off all the physical features of this once classic ground. A great deal of battle-story is connected with Brooklyn and its suburbs, which is doubtless familiar to the reader. One little incident we shall here introduce: it is as follows:

“One of the most sanguinary conflicts that occurred on Long Island, was that between Stirling and Cornwallis; the site of the action was near the ‘Cortelyou House,’ near Gowanus. This house is still standing, and is an object of interest, not only for its antiquity, but for its historic associations. The place of severest contest, and where Sullivan and his men were made prisoners, was upon the slope between Flatbush Avenue and the Long Island Railway, near ‘Baker’s Tavern,’ at a little east of the junction of these avenues. Stirling having taken his position near Cortelyou House, fired two guns as a signal for Grant to press forward. That officer immediately attacked the Americans, and in the engagement Col. Atlee was made a prisoner. Hounded in by the foe, Stirling saw no opportunity for escape except across the Gowanus creek, at the dam of the ‘Yellow Mill,’ and other places below Brower’s Mills. To effect this, it was necessary to attack Cornwallis, and while a few—a forlorn hope—should keep him at bay, a large part of the Americans might escape. No time was to be lost, for the tide was rising, and soon the creek would be impassable. Changing his front, and leaving his main body in conflict with Grant, Stirling, at the head of a part of Smallwood’s battalion, commanded by Major (afterward General) Gist, fell upon Cornwallis, and blood flowed freely. For twenty minutes the conflict was terrible. Stirling endeavored to drive the Earl up the Port road, get between him and Fort Bax, and under cover of its guns, escape across Brower’s dam. He was successful; but while with his handful of brave young men he was keeping the invader in check, a large part of his companions in arms, consisting now chiefly of Haslet’s Delawares and a part of Smallwood’s Marylanders, reached the creek. Some passed it in safety, but many sunk into silence in the deep mud on its margin, or beneath its turbid waters. Stirling was obliged to yield, when despoiled of nearly all of his brave men. He became a prisoner, and was sent immediately on board the *Eagle*, Lord Howe’s flag-ship. Thus ended the battle, when the sun was at meridian; when it disappeared behind the low hills of New Jersey, one-third of the five thousand patriots who had contended for victory, were lost to their country—dead, wounded, or prisoners. Soon many of the latter were festering with disease in the loathsome prisons in New

The vicinity of Brooklyn possesses many points of interest; we can but name some of them. WILLIAMS-BURGH—a corporate city, of later years, evidently emulative of the marvellous growth of her neighboring rival. *Flushing, Flatbush, Jamaica, Bath, Fort Hamilton, Coney Island, and New Utrecht.* Near *Guildford*, on a rocky peninsula, is the cave of the notorious pirate, Capt. Kidd; it is marked with his initials.

The principal Cemeteries of Long Island, are the *Cypress Hills*, the *Cemetery of the Evergreens*, and *Greenwood*. A beautiful retreat is Greenwood Cemetery. Nature and art have combined to make this place of sepulture all that a poet's fancy calls Elysian. These sequestered grounds extend over an area of about two hundred and fifty acres, and are singularly picturesque and varied in their aspect. They are diversified with hills, valleys, streams, and serpentine walks, and adorned with a rich profusion of shrubbery, flowers, and every variety of shade trees.

Enter this wild-wood,
And view tho haunts of Nature, the calm shades
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a hymn
To thy sick heart.

On the margin of Sylvan Lake, rises the memorial of the fair, yet hapless girl of the forest—*Do-hum-me*, the

York, or in the more loathsome prisons at the Wallabout. Gen. Woodhull was made a prisoner at Jamaica the next day; and at the close of the summer, no man was in arms against the Crown in Kings, Queens, and Richmond counties. The victors encamped in front of the patriot lines, and reposed until the morning of the twenty-eighth, when they broke ground within six hundred yards of Fort Putnam, cast up a redoubt, and cannonaded the American Works. Washington was there, and joyfully perceived the design of Howe to commence regular approaches instead of rapid assaults. This fact was a ray of light in the midst of surrounding gloom. The Chief had crossed from New York early in the morning, and had witnessed the destruction of some of his finest troops, without ability to send them aid except at the peril of the safety of the camp or of the city, and his whole army. Ignorant of his real strength, Howe dared not attempt an assault, and Washington had time to conceive and execute measures for the safety of his troops."

beautiful Indian, who so soon exchanged her bridal for her burial. In close proximity, is the no less touching memento of poor McDonald Clark, the friendless and neglected poet. A little to the north, stands the richly ornamented oratory, or monument to the memory of Miss Canda, who, in the pride and bloom of beauty, fell a victim to the relentless destroyer. This hallowed place of graves is redolent of poetic and mournful associations. Turn whatever way you will, the eye is greeted by some touching or quaint device or imagery, which appeals with irresistible force to the heart. Here sleeps the hero, who has braved the battle field; here peers up a little sanctuary for some darling infant, whose gentle repose seems to shed the halo of purity and innocence all around; and here again an altar is erected to beauty, whose radiance may no longer shed sunshine on the heart. But we must refrain from loitering in these enchanted grounds; a week of days might be devoted to their description. Some charming views of the surrounding country,—the Ocean, Staten Island, and New York, may be obtained from eminences in Greenwood.

THE HUDSON.

What though no cloister grey nor ivied column
Along these cliffs their sombre ruins rear !
What though no frowning tower nor temple solemn
Of tyrants tell of superstition here,—
There's not a verdant glade nor mountain hoary,
But treasures up the memories of Freedom's story.

The vicinity of New York abounds with places of picturesque interest. The Bay, with its cluster of fort-crowned islets,—the sloping shores of New Jersey, Hoboken, Elysian Fields, Fort Lee, and the bold, natural ramparts of the palisades. The Passaic river, and its romantic cascade, whose silver waters leap some seventy feet over a narrow rocky chasm, also claim the notice of the visitor.

The passage of the Hudson, like the tour of the Rhine, is the great natural attraction to tourists. This magnificent river is redolent of historic associations, and its scenery is highly picturesque and romantic—scarcely surpassed by any of the classic streams of the Old World. The Hudson is consecrated by hallowed memories of some of the most heroic and touching passages in the story of our War of Independence. It was on the Hudson, also, that the incipient experiment of propelling a vessel by steam was first achieved, and ere half a century has elapsed, it bears upon its bosom a thousand floating palaces, whose keels divide the limpid waters with such wondrous speed. The Hudson is also one of the great highways of commerce, as well as the chosen route of thousands of pleasure tourists.

From Manhattanville to Fort Washington a succession

of finely wooded heights, sweep gracefully to the shore. The mounds of the old fort are still to be seen. The view from there is one of the finest in the vicinity of New York. Audubon's residence is situated a little below, at Bloomingdale, at an angle in the road.*

Passing *Dobbs Ferry*, a place of considerable importance during the Revolution, we reach *Piermont*, on the western shore, so called from its pier, which is a mile in length, and which forms the commencement of the New York and Erie railroad. A little beyond the Dearman Station is *Sunny-Side*, the residence of Washington Irving. It is embosomed in rich foliage, and occupies one of the most enchanting little nooks on the river. The house has been restored and beautified by Mr. Irving. It stands on the site of the famous "Wolfert's Roost" of the olden time. It was built by Wolfert Ecker, an ancient burgher of the town, and afterwards came into the possession of Jacob Van Tassel, one of the "race of hard-headed, hard-handed, stout-hearted Dutchmen, descended of the primitive Netherlanders."

The village of Tappan will ever be an object of deep interest from its connection with the history of the conspiracy of Arnold, and the tragic fate of his accomplice, Andre. The site of the execution of the latter, and the place of his burial, is situated about a mile from the town, and is pointed out to the traveller. The story of Arnold's conspiracy is familiar to the reader.

At Tarrytown, which is about a mile beyond Tappan, on the Eastern shore, is a Dutch church, nearly two hundred years old; it is near this place where Andre was captured.

* It is curious to remark that for nearly thirty miles up the Hudson, the western shore presents uniformly either some variety of trap rock-conglomerate or secondary formation, while the eastern abounds in primitive or granite rock, as also the entire island of Manhattan.

Not far distant is "*Sleepy Hollow*,"—a spot which the classic pen of the author of the "*Sketch Book*" has rendered famous for the woes and mishaps that in its precincts fell upon the luckless head of Ichabod Crane, in his pursuit after the broad lands and blooming person of Katrina Van Tassel. In this vicinity is Westchester—the "*neutral ground*,"—the scene of fierce hostilities during the war. Here is to be seen the house in which Cooper wrote his "*Spy*."

Sing-Sing, with its celebrated prison, built of marble is a little beyond.

Here the river presents the appearance of lake scenery. Haverstraw village is on the West side of the bay. This town includes Grassy Point and Stony Point, with the old forts of Clinton and Montgomery, so celebrated in the Revolutionary War. The latter is a bold rough promontory.

West Point is a central spot, for the eye is greeted on every side by an ever-varying succession of beauties. On either bank majestic mountains rear their lofty crests—those of Fishkill, Peekskill, Beacon Hill, and Anthony's Nose; while the blue Catskill range bounds the dim horizon in the North.

This place is consecrated by cherished memories of the heroic patriotism of our forefathers. Some of the severest struggles in our war of Independence took place in this vicinity: and these grand old rocks once reverberated with the booming of cannon and the clash of arms.

The scenery adjacent is highly picturesque; it abounds with rural spots of great beauty. One of the favorite resorts of visitors is a rocky glen, called Indian Falls. These Falls are entirely hid from the view by the thick foliage, until you come directly upon them. They are situated about a mile from Cold Spring.

Undercliff, close by, is the country seat of Gen. George P. Morris, whose lyrics have attained such wide celebrity.

The selection of a spot of such rare beauty, is of itself an indication of poetic taste, and well suited to awaken a poet's raptures.

As you continue to ascend the river, a succession of beautiful views attract the eye, till the magnificent mountain range of the Catskills looms up from the distant horizon.

The echoes that so boldly rung,
 When cannon flashed from steep to steep,
 And Freedom's airy challenge flung
 In each romantic valley deep.
 His councils here, our chieftain breathed,
 Here roved his mild undaunted eye,
 When yon lone fort with thickets wreathed,
 Held captive Britain's gallant spy.

LIST OF FERRIES.

Brooklyn	ft. Whitehall, Fulton, O. tharine, and Gouverneur
Bull's Ferry	ft. Spring, N. R.
Elizabethport	ft. Battery Place.
Fort Lee	ft. Spring.
Hell Gate	ft. 86th, E. R.
Hoboken	ft. Barclay, Canal, Christopher and 19th sts.
Jersey City	ft. Courtlandt st.
New Brighton	ft. Battery Place.
Port Richmond	ft. Battery Place.
Staten Island	ft. Whitehall.
Williamsburg	ft. Grand and Peck Slip.

RAILROAD DEPOTS.

Camden and Amboy	Pier 1 N. R.
Central (of New Jersey)	Pier 1 N. R.
Fall River and Boston	Pier 3 N. R.
Hudson River	Hudson corner Chambers.
Long Island	South Ferry, Brooklyn.
Morris and Essex	ft. Courtlandt.
New Jersey	ft. Courtlandt and Liberty.
New York and Erie	ft. Duane.
New York and Harlem	City Hall Square.
New York and New Haven	412 Broadway.
New York, Providence, and Boston	Pier 2, N. R.
Norwich and Worcester	Pier 18 N. R., ft. Courtlandt.
Paterson and Hudson River	ft. Courtlandt





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