MY MEMORIES OF OLD NEW YORK

By

ELIZABETH STORY PALMER

Nineteen hundred twenty-three

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PREFACE

"Things travel with us from afar.
What we have been makes us what we are."

The contents of this little cluster of memories is meant only to be a suggestion to those who may recall many other circumstances with more picturesqueness. There is hardly any topic in it but could be enlarged upon and developed in many phases. It is just a sketch that he who runs may read.

AUGUST, 1923. E. S. P.

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CHAPTER I

You have heard of Yorkshire pudding and Yorkshire cookies, representatives of that good old county in England, where there has always been a kind of will to do, and an independence of thinking. Yorkshire regiments are noted and the white rose of York you have read about.

Well, one day in 1629, a Yorkshire lad, Walter Palmer, well over six feet in height, with his young wife and three of his friends and their little families, sailed in his own ship for the new England. He came to Stoningham, Connecticut. He had twelve sons. Most of his descendants, breathing this world's air today, are settled in the new York; where some Italians and Russians are now having their twelve sons.

Walter Palmer's sons were farmers and it is a part of "I remember, I remember" how one of them came to town and with the money in his pocket bought a coach and two horses, then starting the first 'bus line in New York city in 1830. Business throve so well that the second brother coached down from the farm to White Plains—a bad road—a hard trip—and reaching town bought two more 'busses with their horses and the business throve. By 1835 Broadway was full of omnibuses.

At nineteeen he married a young Quaker girl, Susannah Sheldon, who for extra work had embroidered gentlemen's silk vests: some all black ones as I have seen, some with roses, daisies and for-get-me-nots in gay colors. After marriage Susannah and the husband settled in a cottage in Orchard street, with the river in the rear and two rows of geraniums down the path in front. The old lady told afterwards how all the wives went to the pump for their water in the morning. In the mansion afterward on Madison avenue, she loved to say the happiest years of her life were in the Orchard street house, as she spoke looking down the long drawing room in the big house of fifty foot front, with its mirrors and bronzes, and marble statue of Washington with his hatchet. A great grandson, aged five, looking at Washington one day said, "I know how to spell that: A, X, ax." These great-grand-children in the front parlor after dinner, always insisted that the life-sized John the Baptist bronze was beckoning for the trolley cars nearby.

As an old lady Susannah always claimed that she should now be the owner of Central Park; that it was her father's farm and that her husband had looked after her interests very badly; and being the kind of a husband that had given her everything she had ever asked for, the real old kind, even the grand-children would broadly grin at this assertion, and the husband would reply, "Aunt Tudy, Aunt Tudy."

As the city grew the 'bus business grew and the "stages" had a line that ran from the Battery, up through Broadway, through West Twenty-third

street to Ninth avenue, and up one block into their stable yards in Twenty-fourth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues. This property was sold to Mr. Pike when he built the so-called "Grand Opera House." The house which Mr. Pike lived in himself being now the Pasteur Institute. The owner of the stage line became a well known bank president.

I can remember seeing the stages go past my home in Twenty-third street, and how they stopped anywhere a passenger would beckon them. On rainy days my little sister and I were taken for a ride to the foot of Broadway, where a turn to the East was made and I could see long stacks of ship masts, thick as a forest, along the water front. I can remember how every afternoon my sister and I were taken for a walk to Madison Square (1864-68). It was surrounded by a six foot iron spiked fence and along the Fifth avenue side near an entrance gate were old men with bunches of printed songs, like a pad, with beautiful borders in black. The nurses bought them for a penny apiece and sang them to us. "Oh, Where and Oh Where Has My Highland Laddie Gone," "Barney O'Keefe," "The Green Grass of Ireland" and "Paddy Malone." The books tell us that Madison Square was first laid out for a public park by May or James Harper in 1854. It being then mostly a pond, emptied by a stream which ran into the East river at Seventeenth street.

In the 60's Twenty-third street had a double row of ailanthus trees between Eighth and Ninth avenues—one row close to the curb and one close to

the house fence. All the neighbors sat on the stoops and balconies in fine weather.

Now this is part of a one-sided memory, for the little girl who lived in Twenty-third street, near Mr. Pike, near Mr. John Hoey (Adams Express), the Spragues, the Carsons, the Peters (George), the Ripleys, had also a mother whose father came to New York. He started a little grocery store, which with time and opportunities caused him to become one of the great spice merchants of the world's markets.. But all that growth took time and money.

While he still owned the little grocery store he married a young French girl. They lived above the store, in happy days. There in Varick street the mother of the writer was born. By the time she was seven, prosperity moved the little family into Delancy street where with an L into Rivington street for the stable, the family carriage and team was kept. Horses, good horses, were the joy of life! Trotters which bore this grandfather and grandmother many a week and many a time up into the far country of the Bronx. Delancy street, always broad and sunny was the Fifth avenue of the time. It drew its name from the farm of Etienne de Lancy, a Huguenot nobleman. Under the middle aisle in Trinity Church was buried his oldest son James, who was Chief Justice of the Colony of New York in 1733, then Lieutenant Governor in 1753, dying in 1760 in his country house at Delancy and Christie streets. Originally the name was "de Lance" but changed in the 17th Century and then in the 18th, and so the name has come to you and me today. My mother loved to tell how

her father took her to Castle Garden to hear Jenny Lind sing "Home Sweet Home" and she herself could sing it well. We all know how Castle Garden changed into an immigrant station, and is now become the Aquarium. In Jenny Lind days Bowling Green had no fence about it and the Battery with its outlook on the water was a very charming place for beaux and belles. My mother went at times with her French grandmother across the Canal, now the street of that name, over a bridge, "to collect rents."

The driver with the two trotters went sometimes up the Bloomingdale road, now Broadway, and tried their speed with others of their kind. Sometimes across the river they rode to the Elysian Fields (Hoboken) and saw fine baseball games. Once or twice they took the plank road from Jersey City to the Kill von Kull (8 miles), each side thickly wooded, all the way. Here on the river bank, opposite Staten Island, the writer's grandfather bought a country house. He loved to tell how starting early one morning to drive to Jersey City, a man jumped out of the woods, onto the step of the open buggy, trying to grab the reins. "And what did you do?" asked the grand-daughter. "I hit him so hard and quick, over the head with the butt of my whip, he fell back, and I stood up and gave his face one good lash and said, 'gee dap.'" If you had seen the sweep of this good gentleman's blue eye and had known his red hair, you would have believed in his quickness of wit and judgment, and realized the light touch he had in driving and the kind of radio that flew along his rain to stimulate and control his favorites.

There was a summer house of lattice work (green) on the high river bank. A garden full of vegetables, flowers down the paths, pine trees in front, trimmed up and up. On the Fourth of July all the children and grand-children helped and complicated the hanging of a huge American flag, between the two tallest pine trees. All the gardens, all the piazas, most of the house infested with mosquitoes. One cannot forget them. One side of the house had three spaces of grass plots 25x50 feet each, bordered by sickle pear trees. Of these all the children ate and ate, and ate; it being a family concept that sickle pears could never hurt any one, and we certainly grew fat those summer days. A pump in the kitchen, and the boiling suds and clothes of the week's wash being set out on the grass to dry one day, one of the second wife's children promptly fell into it, from a kind of careless curiosity. The wild excitement of her awful scalds were never forgotten. She never liked low-necked dresses.

There were two wings to this old house: one a store room with barrels of flour and sugar. The writer remembering well hanging on her stomach, over the edge of the brown sugar barrel, head well down, licking its contents off a big clam shell which belonged within. Do children have such joys now? Of course some of its pleasure was in getting in to this forbidden territory.

The balancing wing on the other side of the house, with its black marble mantle-piece and its dark green shutters, which opened on the piazza, always shut, smelt of cinnamon and pepper and nutmeg. There were ginger jars blue and gray

and horse-hair covered furniture and in the middle a teak-wood inlaid table. We opened the door and smelt and ran away. Only the grown daughters with their "beaux" ever sat there.

There were many children who came to this big house—grandchildren always welcome. No policing of nurses, although a nurse was there. Much freedom with great regularities. Every morning at ten, after the ladies had been to market, the children were sent in a bunch, for a drive in a barouche with old John Donny, the coachman; and we roared to our hearts content "How Johnny Came Marching home," "John Brown's Body" and "My Country 'Tis of Thee," and some of us knew "Shoo Fly, Don't Bother Me." After lunch in the middle of the day, to keep cool and rest, we were all allowed to sit on the floor in the back drawing room and hear my mother read the morning paper to the grown ups, especially the casulty lists of the Civil War. Each name known being well discussed. But the day the Extra came and she spoke out the headlines of the assassination of Lincoln, the dumb "oh" of horror that was heard in the room is not forgotten. Then I remember being taken to New York not quite knowing what for, to sit on a bench, right in front of a bay window, Ball and Black immediately opposite, with the gold eagle, and seeing Lincoln's funeral procession, while a very fat woman who had a seat behind would rush forward into the window and be asked to go back. I heard the music of the bands and I knew Ball and Black's because I had had my ears pierced there, for my coral rings. Everybody had to have earrings and India shawls, with seal-skin coats for the win-

ter. It was rare and magnificent to go to Europe in those days and when Mrs. Phelps returning brought three black Brussels lace shawls it was a family excitement. Three for three women of the family, but which to choose? "Mary, which one do you think is the prettiest, the finest and the best?" Now Mary did know about lace, but she was also honest, and pointed to the handsomest. The questioner replied, "Well, I will take that one."

CHAPTER II

WHEN my grandmother moved from Delancy street, her husband took a house in MacDougal street but soon after bought a home in Eighteenth street—so far up town—above the fine dwellings of real style in Lafayette place, in Broome and Spring streets. My mother could remember in 1849 riding her pony beside her father up to Twenty-third street, where was a circus tent. This was later the site of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Eighteenth street and Fifth avenue was a very choice spot. I can remember the three white marble houses on the northwest corner, set back, with long greensward yards in front, Chickering Hall being built there later. The writer can remember the Goelet's house, dark brown, on the northeast corner of Eighteenth street and Broadway and how she stood trying to poke her bonneted head through the iron fence palings, to call to the cow—a beauty—and it was an extra happiness when the peacock would spread his tail. Little girls wore real bonnets with ruches thick around the face and a tiny bunch of rose buds, tucked up in one corner. Lovely little hoop-skirts, too, always covered at bottom and remounted with a flounce, to make it seem an extra petticoat. The nurses—there were no servants, only "help"—all wore red flannel petticoats. They sewed of evenings or went to church. They were part of the family until they would get married. All the wedding presents from the family,

china tea-set, red blankets, counterpane of marseilles displayed at the last moment, on the covers of the laundry tubs. There were no Italians, Germans, or Checkos here, then, just Irish men and women with their jokes and whimsies and the colored people. No luxuries were made necessities and big silver tea-sets, fruit bowls and tureens were used for New Year's Day and weddings.

When the Seventh Regiment, composed of bankers' sons, brokers and the white stockinged youth were ordered to Washington in 1862, there being no athletics in the New York world, just a little baseball for school boys, these "Seventh" men dropped like flies by the wayside. They had never walked far in their lives and the 69th, the Irish regiment, being ordered en route at the same time, they, being the porters, the truckmen, the drivers, the carpenters, etc., with lots of muscle, just carried those "Sevenths" many a mile on their backs!

Then one day, July 12th, in 1863, the little girl's father came home hurriedly in the afternoon, to the little home in Twenty-third street. The street had been empty—still—all day. No 'busses. An ominous quiet. "Mollie, how soon can you pack a trunk and have me take you and the children to your father's at Bergen Point?" (Now Bayonne). "There have been riots today. Tonight perhaps these houses, surely the omnibus stables behind us in Twenty-fourth street, will be burned. No place is safe. Hurry." The little girl was four, but as an old lady today she can see, in her mind's eye, that sole leather trunk set in front of the mantelpiece. "How can we leave the house?" asked Mollie." I have talked with Margaret, who says she

will stay right here and says, too, 'No Irish boy or riot will hurt me!'" "How will we go?" asks Mollie. "I have been to Johnson's stable. He will let me have a coach and horses, but he says he has not a man he can trust to drive us. They will all shoot at any provocation—but I will sit right by the driver myself." It was dark, now. My mother stepped into the carriage. The nurse carrying the baby sat beside her, with the afghan and a big black and white checked shawl while my little sister and I were opposite. We drove and drove in the dark. I can remember the ferry boat and the pound of horses' feet on the wood. Then a road with bonfires now and then and twice a house in flames—and they hugged the baby tight. Coming off the ferry someone cried my father was "Fernando Wood!" the mayor, as he wore the same kind of beard and a high white hat. The mayor was held responsible by the Irish of New York for the drafts and had to keep away that day, for the Irishmen declared, "they would not go to be shot for a lot of dirty niggers." My mother began to cry and insisted my father should come to ride inside with us, which he did.

Then I remember the grandfather's house, so light, the real welcome—the warm food. Eight miles from Jersey City was that drive on the "plank road." That distance means perhaps twenty minutes now, on the Macadam, but a slow even trot of cab horses made a two hours tramp, then.

The next day my father went straight back to town, on the boat, the Kill von Kull. He was on the gold board, as it was called. This was a group

of brokers, using the Fifth Avenue Hotel as Headquarters, to gamble in gold—it being war times. This work they carried on evenings very late, too, as quotations kept coming over the cable from abroad and next morning a man had to be there in time, or be out of touch and lose much. It was a wearing life, but exciting. That day, as my father starting from the hotel to return home, stepped into a cab to hurry him to a boat, which would take him to Bergen Point, a man started to jump in from the other side. My father pulled his pistol, pointed, spoke to the driver and went on. This day after the riot, the streets were quite deserted except for the roughs and toughs who had joined the rioters. A Mr. Patrick who lived on the corner of Madison avenue and Twenty-eighth street, being known to keep colored servants, had his house entered by a group of rioters who searched the place from top to bottom, even the closets, but found no negroes. The old owner of the premises having safely stowed them on the roof. But any colored man discovered that day was soon found hanging to a lamp post. I have read since that "two million dollars worth of property had been destroyed in the three days and one thousand of the rioters are said to have been killed." (Note—see p. 450 in "The Story of New York," by Charles Burr Todd.)

CHAPTER III

In the early years of the Civil War the federal government needed money. Banks in those days were individual concerns. The president usually owning a controlling part of the stock, letting a few friends be directors and "the boys of the bank" were a sort of family, most of them having started as assistant bookkeepers, waiting for the man above to die, for themselves to be promoted. Deaths were few, but living was quite full of content, for it was respected if one's butter was cut for the size of the bread. Early in the Civil War the New York banks had a meeting in the Chamber of Commerce and agreed to hand out money to Washington, pulling out of their own pockets all they could. Mr. Frederick Tappin, Mr. Francis A. Palmer, Moses Taylor, etc., etc., standing forth with many others.

New York's great patriotism was tried and true, but being a commercial city, it is curious to know that during the period before the shot was fired at Fort Sumter, New York being owed millions of dollars by her southern customers, and knowing if war came. all claims would be a total loss, sent all kinds of suggestions to Washington, to ward off such a fatality. Mayor Fernando Wood even made a speech, spread all over in printed slips, contending New York city had a right to secede and make a free state of herself. Saying the import tariffs could more than support her government and the

citizens need pay no taxes at all and have cheap food besides. So much was the secession theory in the air. But the Sumter shot rang loud and the telepathy of the crowd responded.

It was a great day in New York when the first words came over the first cable. Mr. Morse, the inventor, was backed by Cyrus Field, certainly a man of vision, who dared to do and whose neighbors wondered "how he could be such a fool, to throw all his money away, that way." His daughters went to school with the writer's mother, to Mrs. McCauley's. Girls then learned to write a fine Italian hand. They learned arithmetic through division. They wrote compositions on The Rain, Autumn, Why I Love School—and a little geography. They learned Bible chapters by heart and forced the same on their children. How I hated the twenty-third psalm and Solomon's chapter in Proverbs about the tongue. The memorizing was served as a punishment, when I was impudent. I certainly admired Daniel but did not dare express the thought that Moses was tiresome.

Those little ladies who read Godey's Ladies' Magazine, who had little book learning, grew up to show the world that "wisdom is better than knowledge." They could sew, so beautifully, they could keep "help," they knew how to have babies and they understood husbands. Their short-comings we know all too well, but at that time women made the standards and clung severly to some fundamentals. The ten commandments counted a lot, and the "quality of mercy was not strained," by women. Their husbands were doubtless as disil-

lusioned as necessity always causes, but they put up with the wives' short-comings, as the wives did to them. Women did not have rights, more's the pity, but oh, the privileges! We do not know them.

Well, the telegraph was a great thing—a miracle, no doubt, but it made trouble, too, for Rufus Story, who held the coffee market of the day; his own ships, too, had practically a corner in the product. Now, he had paid certain prices for his cargoes in the East Indies. The ships were bringing the goods to New York, to sell at certain prices. The cables brought in lower and lower quotations, before the vessels reached port. He must sell at a great loss. He appealed to a smaller rival, who refused all help. The merchant "failed"—a terrible disgrace in those days. He lived to pay up every cent he owed in gold and to see the disobliging rival die in much poverty.

CHAPTER IV

WHEN my father was married in 1859, the wedding trip was by ship to Savannah, and the little red-haired bride could not stand the close air of the cabins, so she had a sofa on deck all the way and in every year of her life afterward she would tell of the utter desolation of such an experience to one who could ride any horse and who was used to a lot of her own way, since she had no mother from the time she was twelve.. This same little wife went at the age of sixteen to visit an uncle in New Jersey, at Spring Valley. He was what the family called "a gentleman farmer." This was always spoken in a derogatory tone, since real men were supposed to be in some active business, in a real centre. However, he loved horses and showed some at a county fair at Goshen. One especially frisky and beautiful mare, to win a prize, must be ridden by a woman. But no one could, so the young visitor rode, and so well that the county Gazette gave a long description of it and the girl's father hearing of it, sent word for her to come home at once. "It was such a disgrace for a girl to do such a thing in public, like a circus person." When she was seven this child was allowed to visit her only aunt, who resided in Brooklyn, and kept fine chickens. The little girl wanted a specially sporty rooster, so they let her carry it home to New York in a parrot cage. The rooster stuck his

neck through the wire to crow and could not be taken out of the cage. A dilemma!

I always wondered how my father liked his wedding trip! On the return from the depressing honeymoon, the bride and groom took possession of the old people's country place at Ravenswood, now a part of Astoria, on the east side of the East river, right opposite Blackwell's Island. It was all gentlemen's places there, then. The Poillons, the Underhills, the Palmer's, etc. The last of this group of houses with its gabled pointed roof was only pulled down since 1917, to make room for coal pockets. In the old times of 1859 the alms house and prisons were low wooden structures, some of them mere sheds and the prisoners had quite the habit of making a dash for the river, swimming over, running quite naked usually, across the lawn to a woods, behind my father's house. Then the family threw after them clothes and food and they were seen no more. But the house was thoroughly robbed twice that first year of married life and the young people moved to Twenty-third street.

These were the days too, when an old doctor told me, that in his sympathy with the sick and dying in an upper so-called ward of Bellevue, he sent several bottles of whiskey to them. On his arrival the following morning he saw the three attendants stone drunk on the floor, while the snow, which had fallen in the night, through the shattered shingles, was in mounds and drifts on the beds where some of the occupants lay dead. (See p. 35, "An Account of Bellevue Hospital," by Robert J.

Carlisle, M. D.). There is an old Bellevue story that once the men from the morgue coming for a body found the screen around the wrong bed and so carried off a well narcotized subject, who certainly seemed "gone" to them. But in crossing the old time lawn, they let the green box with the rope handles down with a thump, so they might light their pipes. This jolted the patient, who throwing up the two sides of the top, which parted in the middle, called out, "Where air ye takin' me?" "Lie down, ye're dead," say the morgue men. "I'm not!" "Who knows best, you or the doctors?" What happened at the morgue to that patient I never knew. (See p. 37, 38 and 44 of "Account of Bellevue Hospital," by Robert J. Carlisle, M. D.).

Old Bellevue is always swamped in tragedies and if the doctors who live by this Niagara of misery did not cultivate a sense of humor, they would have to give up the work and become depressed and useless. It was an old saying among physicians that any man who could work through Bellevue, could live through anything.

The author has often wondered if the average female who needs doctors, ever has an idea of the discipline these men sustain—and if any proportion of the city's population realizes how the Academy of Medicine has stood for generations as a great bulwark against chicanery and fakes and humbugs of all sorts. Weighing evidence for new nostrums and accepting with open minds and hospitable justice all new things of any real value. Certainly the doctors of New York, as a group of

professional men have stood for the highest and best, in honesty and self-sacrifice, in a very high percentage of the whole. As to their wives, what do we know of the one who told the truth when she said, "My life is one of waiting. I am always waiting for the doctor to come back, and then always waiting for him to go."

CHAPTER V

From 1867 for at least ten years, the private schools in New York started on September twenty-first and closed on June twenty-first. It seems to be the impression at present that the children of "The Innocent Age" were mostly prigs and dullards. In any case during the 70's and 80's in New York all children were allowed to play "on the block." The Vanderbilt children, who lived then in a big double, brown-stone house, the southeast corner of Fortieth street and Fifth avenue, came to Thirty-eighth street to play with the G. G. Havens, the Lockwoods, the Secors and the Griswolds, etc. They played tag, rang street door bells and ran away, and sometimes have been known to sing,

> "Take a piece of pork,
> And stick on a fork,
> And give it to a curled headed Jew, Jew, Jew."

In the Fortieth street Vanderbilt house the dining room had three sides covered with black walnut shelves—glass cases—holding rows of silver trays, dishes, etc., just like a shop.

Many families went for a change to summer hotels. West Point "Cozzens" was a favorite spot and also "Garrisons" on the Hudson. This old hotel has been destroyed. The Vanderbilt family went there, that is the wife of William H., and her eight children. As they stood in a group near the entrance door, one Saturday afternoon, the chatty

dowagers sitting by were commenting on the question if they would really ever be accepted! That meant then if Mrs. Astor would know them finally and have them first to her huge receptions or after that, the greatest honor, go to her house for a dinner.

The two big Astor houses, the John Jacob and the William Waldorf, occupied the block on Fifth avenue, west side, from Thirty-fourth to Thirty-third streets, while a great white marble palace was built by A. T. Stewart on the northwest corner. This became the Democratic Club, where I remember going to a lunch party, in a private dining-room where Mrs. Croker sat on the right of the host, Jefferson M. Levy. I was a bit younger than the rest of the party and was surprised to realize that Mrs. C. was so very well mannered, as the newspapers, Harper's Weekly and Puck, were handling Mr. Croker rather steadily and were full of funny pictures about the chieftain, making him out a bit rough scuff.

It is quite a notorious fact in New York that all people who have worked steadily for A. T. Stewart made good and every one who ever worked, in any steady capacity, for the Astor estates became rich —butlers, contractors, doctors, etc.

In the 1870's the groups of people who now go abroad so regularly and easily, went to Saratoga, a city of hotels. Commodore Vanderbilt, tall, white-haired and handsome, a connoisseur of fine horses and all enjoyments of life, was a noted figure. A man who has left his imprint of a family likeness on succeeding breedy generations, who so appar-

ently came of good stock, and who started his fortune by running a small sail boat as a ferry from Staten Island—where his family burying ground still is—to New York. Daniel Drew began his career the same way, but branched out running steam boats later up the Hudson. In those days if a man found a job at hand he took it, a ferry boat, a stage line, a fur shop, just as now we find an Italian doing furnaces in winter, running a shoeblack stand in summer and buying real estate for an ultimatum. At that time as now the average New Yorker spent some after dinner moments in growling about the city government and disputing about the New York Central gobbling up the streets. In fact as a little girl in the 70's, it was an outing to go with one's nurse from Thirty-eighth street to call upon an old Irish woman, with a white fluted ruffle cap and a pipe, who had a white shanty on what is now the Madison avenue end of the Roman Cathedral ground. Sitting with one's back to the shanty nothing but a vista of tracks were before me, some so close we were afraid of the engines on them—but the old woman told us of her Tom. I know now he must have been her eldest, for a "great and only" was he.

In those days Chauncey Depew went to Albany for the New York Central and has done well ever since. He fathered the Vanderbilt interests with a loyalty that was personal. The old commodore had no faith in his oldest son, William H.—thought the younger Cornelius was more like himself, with the snap and go. William was quiet—but the supreme ability of his wife, Miss Kissam, the daughter of a Hudson River clergyman, achieved

all things and recognized Mr. Depew from the beginning. It is the children of William H. Vanderbilt who have been representative New Yorkers. The women have always stood by and for the decencies and honor of living. New York has always had a leading family, Astor, Vanderbilt, the Goulds for a while, certainly the Rockefellers are stepping up methodically. And always New York has had a leading maiden lady, in whom all the club men take an interest and all the shop women read about. Miss Catherine Wolfe till she died, Miss Helen Gould till she married. Some Standard Oil lady will have to fill the next place. In 1920, according to the World Almanac, there were 63,341 single women in the city.

New York has always had her prize jokers. It is said Americans (United States) laugh more than any other nation. They have a real sense of humor and use it to overcome difficult situations. If you go to the library and look up joke books, you will find the champion stutterer—Bill Travers, a man of manner, style and breeding. In the old Saratoga days of racing, you could see the group of Chauncey Depew, Judge Brady, Bill Travers, Wm. H. Choate. What a coterie, and what fun! One could write more than one book on their achievements.

CHAPTER VI

THE geology of New York, I mean just its under strata, is old and interesting. The real estate men know all about it, but they do not always tell a client of springs in the cellar through Sixty-fourth street and Forty-seventh street, of the sewers flushing back, as they lie below the river level on sandy bottom between Thirty-third and Twenty-seventh streets, Madison avenue to the East River. Of Potter's ancient field lying under Washington Square. We do not hear much of how some of the old wooden drains are still in streets around Greenwich Village and below there. Of Water street, well named, of Front street, of land down town where only deep sunk caissons can support the buildings, of Yorkville's filled in lots. Many streets have been built of solid rock. Fifth avenue and Forty-seventh street was a pond for skaters many years, then the Windsor Hotel was built there by John and William H. Daly. This building was a nightly rendezvous for the stock brokers and Patti, the singer was one of its celebrities. On March 17th, 1899, it was burned. This was one of the city's most exciting catastrophes, for lives were lost, many jumping from windows, many trying to slide down on ropes of towels tied together, which cut the flesh off their hands, so they fell. Many injured were taken into churches nearby and a large group to the house of Mrs. James R. Jesup at 555 Fifth avenue. This lady is the daughter of a cele-

brated Wall street banker, Mr. Charles Lamont, and today occupies this same house, where she was a little girl. It is the only remaining private house in that section of the city and is full of real New York antiques, among them being a most artistic portrait of her ancient Dutch ancestor, Daniel Carter Pentz.

The red flames extended quite across Forty-seventh street and licked the whole side of the Jay Gould's house, where the hose played. This house was built first and occupied by Mr. Ogden, a wholesale dry goods merchant, a real aristocrat in his day. Henry Bergh, who lived next door on Fifth avenue, founded the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and lots of people used to wish "he would mind his own business." But society was very individualistic then and Harper's Weekly and Puck made caricatures of him.

CHAPTER VII

CRIMES.

NEW YORK from ancient times has always born her quota of excitement and crimes—the seeming necessary occurrences when any group of many minds and many ways are rooted. "In the early autumn of 1655 when peaches were ripe, Hendrik VanDyke shot to death an Indian woman, whom he found stealing peaches in his orchard, lying just south of Rector street, on the North River shore. Fortunatley warning came to the townsfolk, and crowding their women and children into the Fort (just below Bowling Green), they were able to beat off the savages; whereupon the savages being more eager for revenge, fell upon the settlement about Pavonia and on Staten Island; where the price paid for Hendrick VanDycke's peaches was the wasting of twenty-eight farms, the bearing away of 150 Christians into captivity, and one hundred Christians outright slain." (See p. 20, in "Old New York," by Janvier.)

"In 1842 the St. Nicholas Hotel was at Broadway and Spring street and on the ground floor John Anderson kept a tobacco store, to which the attention of the entire country was directed in July, 1842; because of the murder of Mary Rogers. This tragedy gave Edgar Allan Poe material for his story, 'The Mystery of Marie Roget,' into which he introduced every detail of the actual happening. Mary

Rogers was a saleswoman in the tobacco store, and being young and pretty she attracted considerable attention. She disappeared one May day and soon after her body was found drowned, near the Sybil's cave at Hoboken. The deepest interest surrounded her evident murder, and much interest was taken in attempts at a solution, but it remained an unsolved crime." (See p. 146, of "Nooks and Corners of Old New York," by E. C. Piexotto.)

The Burdell murder was a curious affair which took place at 31 Bond street on January 3rd, 1857. A Mrs. Cunningham with her two daughters kept house for a successful dentist, Dr. Harvey Burdell. He was found really butchered, stabbed in fifteen places. Mrs. Cunningham claimed she was his widow, that she had married him a few months previous, so her claim was investigated but the facts discovered led to her arrest. She was tried but acquitted. Then, "beware of widdies," she made more claims, saying she had given an heir to the dentist. Then some honest doctor told the District Attorney, A. Oakey Hall, how the woman had gotten the new baby from Bellevue Hospital. The death mystery was never solved and the claimant disappeared. Oakey Hall was a very famous man in his day, and the public papers before whose eyes his oratory, ability and charm constantly appeared was greatly surprise dand shocked on his death, to hear he was poor and had left no estate. His only child. a daughter, Margaret, wrote most attractive books for children. Some one ought to write a life of Oakey Hall, if such an author would have the courage to display in openness the politics of his day and of Tammany Hall. Could any member of the Democratic Club of New York achieve it?

In 1867 New York woke up one morning to meet headlines in the Herald announcing the murder of Mr. Nathan. The Herald was supposed to be in those days more sensational than the Times and the Sun. Think of its grandfatherly attitude now. Each home in the city responded to a real shock. The Nathan family was unique in its way.. It was liked and accepted. There were four sons, one of them known to be in stress at the time. But the old father was found in the home on Fifth avenue, just below Twenty-third street, by his chair in the library on the second floor. With long investigations and lengthy publicity, the case closed as an utter mystery. The house seemed deserted ever afterward. As a little girl I remember being told the old gentleman walked there alone, his spirit haunting the old home, which was rebuilt for Gunther's fur shop later.

The Union Club was located many years in a brown stone mansion, the southwest corner of Twenty-second street and Fifth avenue.

People were very clannish and individualistic in every way then. The old aristocrat's and hypocrite's outlook on life of "I am better than thou" was not left to God or St. Peter to decide, but was the natural expression and breadth of manners. The Jews were looked down upon, but the Nathan's were the one exception. They were Wall street men and real Wall street people know that a broad kindness, a justice of fair play and your word is as good as your bond belongs to them. The outsiders do not know that. The Jews themselves were very markedly divided, for those who drew their lineage from the old Spanish Hebrew families considered

themselves much better and finer than any others. Many of them had had grandfathers in the army of Washington and the Philips, Lazarus, Nathan, Levy and Hendricks families sat in lonely grandeur in the synagogue in Eighteenth street, just west of Fifth avenue.

Mother Mandlebaum was called "The Queen of the Crooks." She lived at Rivington and Clinton streets and was an agony always to the police. She understood "the boys" and made a good thing out of them all—putting the right men in the right job. But in 1884 she was at last driven from the city. What one can do, and what one can not do in New York is at times a subtle proposition. Strange to say, for "straws show which way the wind blows," in her time there were as many "Found" notices in the papers as there were "Lost" ones.

The trial of Henry Ward Beecher filled pages of the daily news. People were so interested that the questions and answers of counsel and witnesses were printed each day in long columns and the mental impression of my mind is of a fat Irish nurse, in a big caned rocking chair, with mahogany arms to it, reading it all aloud to the second nurse, "Quh, are ye goin' to Greenwood?" "Oh, I dun no." That is all I know in reality of that trial, although I saw Henry Ward Beecher in 1874 in a tent one Sunday morning, outside the Profile House in the White Mountains. He repeated the Lord's prayer, in a way a real arch-angel might have known how to do. People told me then, that Booth could say that prayer of Christ, and bring tears to people's eyes.

CHAPTER VIII

CEMETERIES.

ST. PAUL'S burial ground on lower Broadway is full of history and Trinity churchyard is hurried past by so many thousands every twenty-four hours that it must become a mental impression of Jerseyites, on their way back and forth, and of Wall street people every day. In fine weather bunches of stenographers gather on and around the tombstones to eat their lunch and shed a little of their condescension, for food relaxes creatures. But there are some out of the way places of the long ago dead. Many of the inscriptions and mottoes on these stones are worth looking up, and to our minds they seem sometimes uplifting, sometimes humorous. Mr. John A. Hance, a descendant of the Lawrence family has given me the following obituary notice of his ancestor, Samuel Deall, taken from the Royal Gazette of New York City, March 28th, 1778. This shows how things were done in those days.

OBITUARY NOTICE OF SAMUEL DEALL.

(Taken from the Royal Gazette, New York City. March 28th, 1778.)

Samuel Deall, on Saturday last, died at his home in Broad Street in the 65th year of his age. Mr. Samuel Deall, merchant, who justly merited the character of a loving husband, a tender father, a sincere friend, a worthy citizen and in all things else, the upright, honest man. His remains were very decently interred on Monday evening in Trinity Church Yard.

The above is also published in the New York Historical Society Collection, 1870, page 293.

There is the marble cemetery on Second street, between First and Second avenues, established in 1832. Robert Lenox was an original owner and was a member of the old First Presbyterian Church at 16 Wall street. This is the church which is now at Fifth avenue and Twelfth street.

In 1681 there was a Jewish cemetery just south of Chatham Square, which was changed to Sixth avenue and Eleventh street. A tiny triangle of this remains today, to be seen behind an iron fence, just back of an apartment house on the southeast corner.

The really oldest so-called Marble Cemetery is so hidden in the heart of the block inclosed by the Bowery, Second avenue, Second and Third streets that it is utterly forgotten and unnoticed. There is an entrance on Second avenue, between two tenements with an iron gate, always locked. Another gate within hides all and the people who look down upon it see only a wild spot, covered thick with brambles. Will the great city press and press with its urgent population upon Greenwood and Woodlawn some day, too? Is that the way and why the old Romans had to accept cremation? Pere la Chaise is so crowded that Paris is starting new places. Do New Yorkers realize that the whole lower end of Westchester County is checkered with cemeteries all the way to Mt. Kisco? Where is Babylon the great that it "is fallen?"

CHAPTER IX.

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

NEW YORK has a famous advertisement of "The Gold Dust Twins," but the real twins who have held sway over this great city are called Change and Progress. At present the necessary effect and evolution caused by these two potent personalities are the tearing down of buildings of all kinds, to put up in their place business structures and apartments, anywhere from twelve to twenty-six stories in height. When the first apartment houses were started, people called them privately tenement houses, and were quite supercilious about them, in fact, felt they were an experiment that could be smiled at. Now even lower Fifth avenue is being invaded by them and even American home lovers are glad to frequently use the community kitchen of some of them, for what else is the accompanying restaurant of these buildings? Our practical communism comes slowly and surely.

Some few spots have not yet been done over by the wily twins. Washington Square is a great exception and holds a history of its own. It was the Potters' field for many a year and as late as 1822 criminals were hung there, the gallows being about where the Washington Arch is now, the poor fellows being buried on the spot. (See p. 14, in "Nooks and Corners of Old New York," by Charles Hemstreet.) In 1823 Potter's field was moved to

Bryant Park at Forty-second street and Sixth avenue.

Around the corner from Washington Square, in MacDougal street, the entrance on Spring street, was a handsome mansion in beautiful grounds, which was Washington's headquarters in 1776. Aaron Burr lived in this same house in 1797, entertaining lavishly, and rode out of the gate to kill Hamilton July 11, 1804.

Washington Square has its own atmosphere. It is a spot of sunlight and neighborliness.

Greenwich Village is just west and south of Washington Square. It was just an Indian village when the Dutch India Company first built their stockade at the Battery. Then in 1744 Sir Peter Warren married Susannah de Lancey and buying three hundred acres made it his home and farm. This land was fertile and had a natural drainage. Some of it was sandy hills, a hundred feet high. When cholera epidemics came and the great yellow fever contagion of 1822, all who could leave the city flocked to the healthy spot of Greenwich Village, and in that year it became a thriving suburb. Twenty thousand people settled there and corn fields and lanes changed into streets and dwellings, banks and public offices. I can remember being taken to dine with some old family friends (1872) of my parents in Mortimer street, where all the doors on the parlor floor, were shiny solid rose wood. In those days gentlemen and their wives made calls in the evening, on their friends. The back parlor was a more intimate spot than the front room. The front basement was the dining-

room in all houses during the Civil War—even on Madison and Fifth avenues. I can remember my mother not keeping our cook because she would sing so loud always, while we were at meals.

CHELSEA.

Washington Square is one spot in New York which is a neighborhood, but there is another. That is the part of Chelsea Village which lies around the Theological Seminary. How mysterious that place seems. Do they really think they understand, in those high places of the learned all about Divinity and miracles? But the little red houses in the sunshine on the south side of Twenty-first street seem very cheerful about it—have always had good up-keep and the kind of white window curtains that belong to the well-bred bourgeois of good taste and good judgment, who like to feel they are really aristocrats. When the Rev. Dr. Hoffman was Dean of the Seminary, his married daughters lived in some of these cozy brick houses which had no furnaces but a big drum connected with a stove in the basement floor. Chelsea was a separate village in its day, two or three miles from the city—was in fact one great farm.

All of Nineteenth and Twentieth streets up to Twenty-fourth street belonged to the father of Clement C. Moore, who wrote for us "'Twas the Night Before Christmas." London Terrace became a part of this property, the houses still extant on the north side of Twenty-third street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues. If you should go to the rear of houses in Twenty-second street between Ninth and Tenth avenues today, you can find, here

and there, parts of the old stone walls of the Moore farm, between the yards. The yards here are lovely in the spring, having old trees and bushes, old wisterias and bird-houses. The homes here are all on leased land, the taxes almost the lowest in the city, and the tenants the old American sort, full of smiles and independence. The Cushmans have large holdings in Chelsea and around it. The story of that family from its beginning with the Cuban great-grandfather, would make a book in itself.

CHAPTER X.

TRAVEL.

DURING the 80's and 90's Americans grew more wealthy and steamships becoming an ordinary vehicle, many of them began to travel and go abroad for vacations and business. Just as machinery and steam changed the industrial and economic conditions of the world, so this tripping across the Atlantic changed slowly and surely many American ideas and ideals. The well paved streets of Vienna were a contrast to the cobble stones here. Finger bowls and hair dressing became necessities. Flunkeyism is a real pleasure to an average mind, willing to pay for it and service was forgotten when the servant was a mere negation. Home life became less simple—more expensive. Evening parties, receptions and dances were given in private houses. I can remember in 1870 Delmonico's chef sending most wonderful light brown candy and nut castles and ships, all decorated with sugar, as well as partridges and pheasants, covered with the natural feathers, all wired in their shape, to be lifted off when the jellied meat beneath was served. Plenty of punch and champagne made merry and the older generation disapproved in just the same way as we look at flappers, today. It was even whispered with awe that Boss Tweed's daughter wore a pair of real diamond shoe buckles.

About 1895 Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish gave the cele-

brated monkey dinner at Newport. This lady was by nature a real personage, but loved eclat above everything. She was never known to go back on an old friend. That was her creed. After all the monkey in the household, made a little fun, but the newspapers exploited it far and wide and the West took it all most seriously.

The class of debutantes who came out during the 90's were swung finally into the whirling pace of all the great capitals of the world before the Great War. They are the generation reaping the harvest of divorces and progressive polygamy. Just as only children believe in having fair sized families, so the orphans of divorce are apt to think marriage may be something more than a contract. Even regular communists agree now that institutional children are backward in initiative, judgment, and ability. In the 40's and 50's poor relations were taken into homes and tolerated most comfortably. Patience was not considered an attribute of donkeys, rather of angels. In the latter 19th and beginning 20th centuries, unable uncles, tiresome grandfathers and old maid cousins were not recognized. In fact one family shedding great social light, at that time, hailing from New Orleans, paid all relations just so much a year, on the proviso, that they should not put their noses in New York.

CHAPTER XI.

THEATRES.

NEW YORK always had its theatres, from the days of Jenny Lind and the great Rachel to the times of Booth and Barrett, MacCready and McCullough, with hosts of others whose histories would make a book in itself. In the late years of the 70's and 80's, the city being smaller, the public belonged to the stage and the stage to the public in a personal way. It was not a literary question or one of propaganda. It was an affectionate relationship. The young felt a glamour like an aureole around the heads of the leading stage people. When the play of the two orphans was presented, people went over and over again to see it, with enthusiasm. Kate Claxton was the blind orphan and married afterwards Charles Stevenson. Charles Thorne was a matinee idol. It was worth while to be an idol then, for the responsiveness of the audience was deep. Many can yet recall Augustin Daly and Ada Rehan, his leading lady, so charming and strong in Shakespeare's plays, doing so many parts, making such perfect pictures. She was the natural red-haired type of woman, that old Irish grannies say are born trouble makers. Miss Rehan lived at one time in a top floor flat, on the southeastern corner of Thirty-eighth street and Sixth avenue, with old lady Gilbert, who would scold her well if she felt cross and then forgive and understand all her shortcomings.

There was a benefit performance of Pocahontas given one night at the Fifth avenue theatre, then located in a side street. I think Twenty-sixth street. Every box and seat was crowded with Wall street people. The jokes of the play were twisted to fit the occasion and hurled at prominent brokers, across the house, to be met with howls of glee and great clappings. Toward the end came an Indian dance—it was all farce. The head-dress of the chorus being sort of feather dusters, bizarre and comical. The dancing was so hard and fast that towards the end Mrs. Gilbert, like the celebrated "Betsy Bent, who kicked up her heels and away she went," sat flatly down upon the floor, her ankles touching her brow, then jumping up quickly. The audience thought it an accident, so clapped a lot and called "more." She did it three times for them, and she was not young..

Then Boucicault in "The Shaughran" in the old Wallack's at Broadway and Thirteenth street! Can you forget the wink over the edge of the coffin at the audience, while the whiskey went down his throat. The way he worked the surprise of the tailor's thimble, it having no top so the thimble full of good stuff poured on! Some of us today can remember Mary Anderson. Such beauty with ability, such sincerity of goodness with her grace. When one left the theatre those nights one felt good, prayerful and normal. Hope was in hearts not pessimism, nor a cynical outlook.

In that era my family went once a year to the minstrels, taking the younger members, as we now do to the circus. This pleasure came as regularly as lent or taxes and usually the country relations were invited to town for it, too.

Joseph Jefferson was reverenced. Every girl and boy had to see Rip Van Winkle, as part of his education. As a cavalier or a courtier, or singing "Over the Hills and Far Away," who can do it the same? Where are such hearts with the intelligence, such spirit with the understanding? The old is not always the best in all things and progress means growth which must equal change. It is the law in nature. Even stones may crumble, but standards count.

CHAPTER XII

NEWSPAPERS.

NEW YORK'S first newspaper was the New York Gazette which had its birth in 1725 and was printed on a half sheet of foolscap. Nine years later came the Weekly Journal. It was during and just before the Civil War that the city papers made their startling growth. The papers of those days stood for individuals who were proud of their identity. Dana, of the Sun, was a strong character and the first to inaugurate the Hoe presses. The descendants of that great inventor and printer have many living branches today in the hills around South Salem in Westchester. Old Bennett of the Herald, not afraid of any one, catering to the sensational, winning his way in his own methods which included many a damn. The Times was started in 1851. The Tribune in 1841 and the World in 1860.

About 1878 the papers were full of the case of Story versus the Elevated road. The inauguration of this transportation and the offering of its stock in Wall street was an interesting event. Lots of people considered it a foolish idea, anyway and "sure to have nothing but accidents." On the other side, for every penny has two, people saw a chance for a successful gamble. David Dow pushed it and helped it, then slid neatly out, early in the game. It has had more ups and downs than any street railroad, and has not yet fallen down or had

many killings, but it cut off the light and air in Front street and the court of last resort gave its decision for damages against it. It is now hinted that the future will surely do away with its grinding noises, by burying it, thereby making Sixth and Ninth, Third and Second avenues fine boulevards, connected with tree bordered cross streets that will lead to a concrete viaduct all around the river edge! This same Rufus Story, loving a good fight, had an interesting lawsuit, too, against the Jersey Central, 1878, for allowing a pipe line to go beside its tracks, to bring Standard oil to Jersey City. The old gentleman did not believe in it and in those times one stood up for one's beliefs. Where are our convictions today?

When I was a little girl in Thirty-eighth street (1870) we attended church at the Broadway Tabernacle, on the northwest corner of Thirty-fourth street and Sixth avenue. It was a Congregational church, presided over by Dr. William H. Thompson. He was a forceful, earnest character, a real follower of the Christ philosophy and a student, trying to follow St. Paul's advice of "prove all things, hold fast that which is good." But when he stood up in the pulpit and preached that the days of the first chapter of Genesis were not twenty-four hours, but real and extended periods of time, explaining the birth and growth and stultified latter meaning of the Hebrew word Day, the congregation gasped and presently forced him to resign his position. He then wrote a life of Christ, which if still in print, is worth while today and up to date in its concepts. He certainly was brave and ahead of his generation. He was succeeded by a Scotch-

man, very orthodox and truly eloquent but very sure that if you had not been baptized in just his way and converted just so, there would never be any heaven anywhere for you..

EPITAPH.

A LONG ONE.

HERE lies a great city, started from so small a seed, grown greater and greater. Just as the flowers in one's garden come and go, some early, some late, some on the high plane of loveliness of the Easter lillies and the great roses, some like the marigolds, geraniums, and coreopsis in the middle ground, some like the hardy pinks along the borders, so the people in a great city, the states of the nation, too, are in different planes of development, in the growth of their wisdom, of their opinions. Some reach different developments from others. They all grow from the same earth. They share life with each other. They share it, too, with the bees and the earthworms. The garden is worthy of their love, if they have any to give it. So the citizens of a great city owe some civic pride, some indulgence of affection towards it, that it may live on to finer flowering and a fuller perfection.