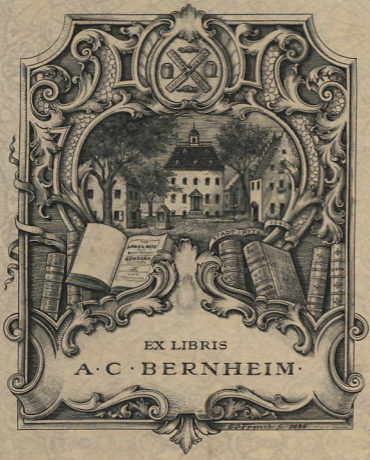
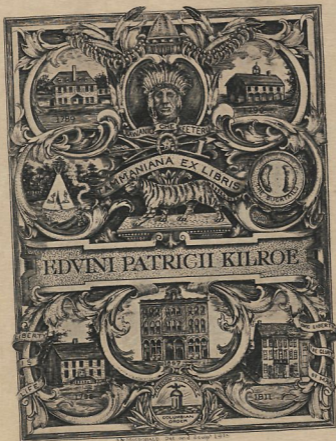




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# THE OLD MERCHANTS

OF

## NEW YORK CITY.

BY

WALTER BARRETT, CLERK.

- The harvest of the river is her revenue, and she is a mart of nations.
- Whose antiquity is of ancient days.
- The Crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth.

— *Isaiah xxiii.* 3, 7, 8.

VOL. III.

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# THE OLD MERCHANTS OF NEW YORK CITY

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## CHAPTER I.

Some time ago when I wrote about John Jacob Astor, and stated that at one period of his life he peddled cakes for old German Dieterich, and also that at one time he kept a store in Pearl street, just above Franklin square, and that a great deal of the history of Mr. Astor, in the "Life" of Mr. Irving, was fabulous, I stated what was true. The idea that Mr. Astor came out here with property, is not true. He came a steerage passenger in a ship commanded by old Captain Stout, who has not been dead many years. As late as January 10th, 1789, I find one of his advertisements:

J. JACOB ASTOR,  
AT No. 81 QUEEN STREET,  
*Next door but one to the Friend's Meeting-house,*  
has for sale an assortment of  
PIANOFORTES OF THE NEWEST CONSTRUCTION,  
made by the best makers in London, which he will sell on reasonable terms.

HE GIVES CASH FOR ALL KINDS OF FURS,  
and has for sale a quantity of Canada Beaver and Beaver Coating,  
Raccoon Skins, and Raccoon Blankets, Muskrats Skins, &c., &c.

The Friends' Church Meeting-house alluded to was a substantial Meeting-house erected in 1775 on Pearl

street, between Franklin square and Oak street. It was taken down in 1824.

He commenced advertising early. It was long after this date before he became the great merchant, and sent his ships to India. What a row he kicked up in this city in 1808! It was at a time when the embargo of Mr. Jefferson was in full blast. Not an oyster boat was allowed to go outside of Sandy Hook. Every merchant did the best he knew how, under the circumstances. Fancy the astonishment of the ship owners of this city, who had ships lying in the docks rotting and idle, when they took up the *Commercial Advertiser* of August 13th, 1808, and read :

Yesterday the ship "Beaver," Captain Galloway, sailed for China.

There was at that time 80,000 people in this city, and good old Marinus Willett was Mayor, and his grandfather had been the *first* mayor of New York before him in 1665, nearly 200 years ago. Every one knew that the ship "Beaver" was built and owned by John Jacob Astor.

By the way, how funny things turn up! For more than three years I have bought my tea and coffee of Lynch, who keeps the great Chinese establishment, corner of Greenwich and Spring street. I have become more attached to this reliable coffee depot, where you can get real Java, since the rye poison humbug. I was on my way thither not long ago *via* Canal street; it rained as I stepped into Burleigh's Auction Store. The first thing I discovered was two ships painted in oil. One was lying at anchor at Whampoa, China. I

knew the place. On the margin was "Beaver" in gold. I looked at the back frame. I saw it was more than fifty years old. It was Astor's ship "Beaver." How that painting came there was a question. Were his heirs short of funds and making a raise upon what should have been as sacred as the Astor family Bible? A ship made immortal by the pen of Irving — and her misfortunes for sale in Canal street! I seized it. I had but three dollars, as \$1.20 would be required to pay Mr. Lynch for four pounds of coffee.

I hated to ask the price for fear it would involve a walk back for a borrow of the needful. Authors are never flush, and I never like to borrow for two good reasons. One is, that I do not know any man who will lend me, and the second is I am opposed to borrowing. But I find books cost money, as I have no conscientious scruples, when they are concerned. It was not needed in this case. "How much, Mr. Burleigh?"

"A dollar each."

"Could you not say 75 cents each?"

"As you are a regular customer, I will."

I started with the paintings, went to Lynch and bought the coffee. Shortly after, in Carmine street, I was obliged to drop my coffee or pictures; and I respected the memory of old Jacob, and ground coffee was in abundance for a short while. I have got the picture of John Jacob's ship "Beaver." Now to return to 1808.

There was trouble among the merchants and ship-owners, when it became known that the ship of Mr. Astor had actually gone to sea on a long India voyage. Why should he be favored, and no one else? Finally it was ascertained that John Jacob was too smart for or-

dinary merchants. He had obtained a *special permission* from the President of the United States for his ship "Beaver," navigated by thirty seamen, to proceed on a voyage to Canton, for the ostensible object of carrying home to China a great Mandarin of China.

John Jacob Astor had picked up a Chinaman in the Park, got up the story, got the Presidential permit, and got his ship to sea before other merchants smelt the mice.

A rival house then wrote a letter to the President (Jefferson), and told him that the great Chinese personage was no Mandarin — that he was not even a Hong merchant, or a licensed Security merchant — that he was only a common Chinese dock loafer, that had been smuggled out of China. It was stated that his departure from China was contrary to laws of that country; that when he arrived in China he would be put ashore privately from the "Beaver," and very likely that his obscurity and low condition of life might afford him his only chance of avoiding a summary death. It was hinted that if the Government had been surprised at giving this permit by the representatives of Mr. Astor, that the error could be corrected, and that the transaction could be vindicated and the honor of the Administration be maintained by arresting Astor, and putting him through a course of sprouts.

It is not likely that a Secretary of State in the time of Jefferson could have had his hands greased. At any rate, it is well known that Mr. Secretary of State Madison was a great friend of Astor's, for he furnished him with copies of the letters and the names of his mercantile calumniators.

It was a hard case. Whatever may have been the motives of the President in granting the permission, there was no doubt that it was a dodge of Mr. Astor, though he would not have accepted of all the property of all the Chinese in the country as a compensation for the voyage of his ship "Beaver." It was also known that Mr. Astor had offered a month before to make contracts with other merchants to bring home goods from Canton, or freight; and there was not a shadow of doubt that his object, as owner of the ship, was to make a Chinese voyage at a time when all other merchants were restrained by the embargo.

Then the old *Commercial Advertiser* came out and pitched into Mr. Astor. It said editorially, in reference to the strange permission of President Jefferson:

"The time of granting this permit for the "Beaver" to sail is remarkable. It is when a general embargo is imposed on all commerce with our nearest neighbors; when the exchange of domestic produce with Canada, New Brunswick and the Floridas is interdicted by an armed force; when the intercourse of our citizens in our own bays, rivers and harbors in small boats incapable of a sea voyage, is subject to the most vigorous control of the Custom House; nay, more — this permission has gone into effect, when on account of some new, or unknown political necessity, all other permission which have not been carried into effect, are rescinded. The ship "Beaver" is one of the most valuable, the number of men exposed to peril the greatest in any merchant's service, and the voyage not to the West Indies, but to the antipodes.

Let us observe the progress of this affair; if the trade is safe, and can be prosecuted consistently with the public interests, let all who are willing engage in it, otherwise let all be restrained. Let there be an embargo or no embargo; but let us not countenance partial dispensation from the operations of genial laws."

Next day old John Jacob Astor got roused up. He addressed the following letter.

*To the Editor of the Commercial Advertiser: — I observed in*

your paper of the 13th instant, an article inviting public attention to a transaction (as you state it, of a most extraordinary character) relative to the ship "Beaver," and the Mandarin. If whoever wrote that article will give me his name, and if he is not prejudiced against any act of the administration, nor influenced from envy arising from jealousy, he shall receive a statement of facts relative to the transaction in question, which will relieve him from the anxiety under which he appears to labor for the honor of the Government, and the reputation of all concerned. He shall be convinced that the Government has not been surprised by misrepresentations in granting permission, and that the reputation of those concerned cannot be in the slightest degree affected.

By giving the above a place in your paper, you will oblige, sir,  
Your humble servant,

NEW YORK, Aug. 15th, 1808. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

Twenty years had elapsed since the old German sold fancy goods, and even rose to the dignity of pianos, in Pearl street, near Oak. He could now control a vast matter. He never made any explanation, and the journals of the day did not spare him; but he was realizing gold, and he knew it. He could afford to laugh. His friends called upon him that night at his house, No. 223 Broadway, about the middle of the block, where the Astor House now stands, and congratulated him upon his note.

The New York philosopher, 92 Broadway, was a celebrated advertising genius, John Richard Desbough Huggins. From 1801 to 1809 hardly a day passed that he did not have a humorous poetical advertisement in the leading papers of that day,—*Evening Post*, *Commercial Advertiser*, *Gazette*, *Morning Chronicle*, and *American Citizen*. He took all the titles of Napoleon, styled himself Desbough I, Autocrat of Fashion, Empereur des Barbieres, Frizzing Palace, 92 Broadway. His advertisements were the wittiest productions of the day, and it is said that some of his writers were among

the most eminent names published. A book of his cleverest pieces was published in 1808. It was called "Huggineana." A copy is now so rare that \$50 is freely given for one.

The "Beaver" then left this port in August, 1808, made a great voyage. She returned here with two hundred thousand dollars more than she left with. She made a Canton trip in 1809, and again in 1810.

In the year 1811, Mr. Astor despatched his favorite ship of 490 tons ("Beaver.") He freighted her with a valuable cargo for his factory at Astoria, Columbia River. Her captain was named Sowle. She sailed from here, 18th October, for Sandwich Islands. She made a short trip. She arrived at the mouth of Columbia River, May 6, 1812. She left Astoria on 4th of August, 1812, for the Russian establishment of New Archangel. On the 1st January, 1813, she reached the Sandwich Islands. She reached Canton when he (Captain Sowle) was offered \$150,000 for his furs, which had only cost \$25,000 on goods in New York. He refused the offer — furs fell. He borrowed money from Mr. Astor on the "Beaver" at 18 per cent. and laid up the "Beaver" until the news of peace reached him in 1815. My picture of her was taken when she was laying up at Washington. Her future history I do not know. I wish I did. I believe Astor sold her to Thomas H. Smith, and that he employed her in the Canton trade for one or more voyages.

## CHAPTER II.

A correspondence has taken place in London between William Brown, of Liverpool, who has recently been created a Baronet (Sir William), and W. H. Russell, the correspondent of the London *Times*. The letter of Mr. Brown is published in the London *Post* of January 28th, 1863. The head of the house of Brown Brothers denies the truth of a passage contained in the "Diary" of Russell, where he says :

"In the year 1812, one of the Brothers Brown was about sailing in a privateer fitted out to prey against the British, when accident fixed one of them in Liverpool."

Sir Wm. Brown in his letter pronounces all this false, and he demands a public contradiction of the charge. Russell makes what is required, but states that he received the information from a nephew of Mr. Brown, and that "the part which relates to the sailing in a privateer was told him by a gentleman on board, who said that the father (old Alexander Brown) was implicated in the Irish Rebellion of 1798, and emigrated in consequence to the United States." Mr. Russell offers to make any reparation that Mr. Brown may prescribe.

Curious as it may seem, I have facts and papers in my possession that may clear up the statements of both parties. It will show how Russell's statement originated.

I have written a pretty complete history of old Alexander Brown's family, and the houses that originated from the old Baltimore house. I have stated what a splendid old specimen of the Irish gentleman he was ; I might add the opinion of one of the sons : " Put us all together, and we could not make one such man as father was."

Before the War of 1812, William Brown was located at either Liverpool or Belfast, I cannot say exactly which. Up to that time the business of Alexander Brown & Sons, of Baltimore, had been exclusively with the North of Ireland. Before the war they had exported a large quantity of goods, such as suited the English market, from Baltimore to England. The consequence was, that when the war broke out there was a large sum of money due in England and Ireland to the Baltimore house. James Brown was at the time a young man. In the latter part of the war, a cartel was sent out for an exchange of prisoners between England and the United States. Young James Brown went out in the last cartel as a passenger ; he had some nominal position, but really was a passenger. Of course he could not carry out letters to young Brown from his correspondents, for they might get lost ; but James had positive instructions from Alexander Brown as to the course he was to pursue as soon as he reached the other side, during the continuance of the war and when it was over.

*First.* " Tell William Brown, your brother, to collect and turn into money every pound sterling that is due us, and invest every pound and shilling of it in Manchester goods, and have them ready for shipping at a month's notice."

“To use every pound of our capital and buy Manchester goods, and as soon as the war was over, to ship at once for New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore, without any further orders: as soon as all our capital, and what is due us, is thus invested and ready; then,

*Second.* “Obtain credit to the utmost limit possible, and order all you can. No matter how heavy the amount payable when peace is declared, then pay and ship as fast as possible.”

The result was, the Browns made over 300 per cent. profit on all their transactions. Other large merchants ordered out immense quantities of goods *after* the war was over. They failed by the dozen in 1816 and 1817, when the grand crash came from over-trading. Old Alexander Brown knew when to go in, how long to stay in, and when to go out. He coined money.

I made an error in one of my statements in regard to James Brown. He married immediately after his return from the above successful trip in 1815. His wife was Louisa Benedict, a daughter of the Rev. Joel Benedict, of Plainfield, Conn., and it was previous to the opening of the Philadelphia house, and while James was still living in Baltimore, that his father became so attached to her as to require him while at Philadelphia to change off with John A., and return to Baltimore about 1824.

This wife died in New York in 1828. He afterwards married the daughter of another reverend in 1831, or thereabouts. Her name was Eliza Coe, and her father was the Rev. Doctor Coe, of New York.

If Russell did meet a man who was on board of a vessel with one of the Browns in the late war, it was

probably this cartel upon which was Jas. Brown, and he mixed up *cartel* with privateer.

Without any risk, and with merely the exertion of long headwork, Mr. Brown made more money by this one transaction that I have narrated, than he would have made by a dozen privateers. Still there would have been no great crime if old Alexander Brown, or any of his sons in America, had gone largely into the privateer business. They had left Ireland in the last century — had settled in a city in the United States — had made large sums of money. Baltimore was a place to build fast vessels; why not use them against the foes of our country, the British? At that time there was no probability that one of the Browns would ever be an English Baronet. It is quite refreshing to find that our merchants of the olden time were soldiers in the War of the Revolution, and that when it was over they returned to business.

Here is the military record of Colonel Marinus Willett, who commanded at St. John's, in 1775 and 1776; at Fort Constitution in 1777; desperately defended Fort Schuyler, or Stanwix, in the same year; fights at Monmouth in 1778; with Sullivan's expedition in 1779; commanded in the Mohawk Valley in 1780, '81, and '82; distinguished throughout the Revolutionary War.

When it was all over, and a few years later, if some old soldier's comrade — stopping at Sam Fraunces Hotel, No. 49 Great Dock street (Pearl), corner of Broadway — had met another, and had asked "where is Colonel Willet?" the reply would have been, "Come, let's look in the paper, and see where his store is." They would have read, in 1788:

FOR SALE—At No. 36 Water street, 4 chests of very fine Hyson Tea; 15 hhds. St. Croix, and 10 hhds. Antigua Rum, high proof and excellent flavor, and 3 hhds. Barbadoes Rum, cheap; a few bags of Pimento, and sundry articles of Dry Goods.

MARINUS WILLETT.

Fancy the old hero treating his crowd of visitors out of one of these old rum casks. It was not liquor that poisoned, but good old rum.

He was sheriff from 1784 to 1787, but a sheriff had not much to do in those days. When he came into power, there was an old law, that if the criminal was condemned to be hung, the penalty would not be enforced if any young unmarried woman would go to the gallows with nothing on her but her *chemise*, and then and there agree to be married to him. This happened in May, 1784, during the sheriffalty of Mr. Willett. A woman claimed a culprit who was about to be hung on the hill west of the Tombs. Judge Daly had a religious book in his possession, containing an account of the actual carrying out of the law, in 1784, at the above execution.

Colonel Willett was Mayor in 1807. All of us young men went to his funeral, up near Corlears Hook, where he was buried in 1830. His body was dressed for burial in the old-fashioned clothes, and a three cornered hat. All New York went up to that funeral.

During the early part of the career of the merchant Willett, there were two kinds of money in vogue in the city. Colonial paper money, before 1774, and Continental paper money after 1775.

It will be interesting at this time, when greenbacks have become depreciated from a dollar to sixty cents, to notice the gradual decline in the value of Continental

money in the early period of our history. In all human probability, the fate of this old money will be repeated in the new. The decline of Continental was gradual. So it will be with greenbacks. Nobody will lose, and they will gradually go out of existence, and only be valuable as curiosities, under a new and happier state of affairs.

In June, 1775, \$2,000,000 of Continental paper dollars were issued. It was the first emission. Before the close of the year 1775, \$3,000,000 more were issued, making \$5,000,000.

This money for a year kept up at par — longer than did the greenbacks. It was then five millions of paper money, about the amount of the specie that was held in the colonies.

In the spring of 1776, \$500,000 was issued; in the summer \$5,000,000, and in the fall 5,000,000. This was \$20,000,000 — an immense sum for the period — greater than \$100,000,000 now, when we take into consideration the small population and the greater value of money.

People began to get scared, and gold rose — no, in 1775 they called things by their right names. They did not say “Gold has risen,” but that paper money has declined. The value fell rapidly. In the meantime the power of taxing was denied to the Confederation; they could only recommend the measure to the States.

The amount of Continental money issued during the war was \$400,000,000, but the collections made from time to time by the Continental Government cancelled about one-half of it; and of this issue at any one time, there was not \$200,000,000, and its issue did not reach

the sum, until its depreciation had compelled Congress to take it in, and pay it out at \$40 for one in specie.

Congress, in 1780, exchanged forty paper dollars for one in gold, by giving the holders loan certificates at par; and offered to redeem the whole Continental money in the same way, at a thousand paper dollars for one dollar in gold, when it was down at that price.

The campaigns of 1778 and 1779, with an army of 30,000 to 40,000 men, were sustained by emission of paper money to the amount of \$135,000,000, thus making it by "wagon loads." In the same space of time, the amount of specie received at the public treasury was but \$151,666, a weight of about a ton of coal, if all put into a cart for its carriage.

Old Samuel Brick, of the Philadelphia Philosophical Society, wrote comfortably about it as follows: "It has been said that so great a sinking of paper money was not so injuriously felt among the people as might be imagined; and it has been reasoned thus, viz.: The largest sum by which they could have been affected, might be estimated at \$300,000,000 paper money at twenty for one, which is only half the rate fixed by Congress. This would give \$15,000,000 of sound money; and this having been a currency for six years, gives an annual average of \$2,500,000, which to a population of three millions would make, in point of fact, a poll-tax of about one dollar to each."

## CHAPTER III.

Cornelius Kortright was a merchant in New York City as early as 1730. About that time he married Hester Cannon, born in 1706, a daughter of John Cannon. They had six children, two sons and four daughters. The fate of the old merchant was melancholy. About 1743 he died, leaving his widow in the prime of life, with these six small children.

He got up in the morning, and went down to Kortright's wharf, called by his name, on the East River, where he had a vessel lying. He found that all the crew belonging to her had deserted, it being a holiday (Easter Monday). The wind was blowing very fresh. He found the cabin windows in danger of being stove to pieces. While endeavoring to secure them, his head and body being out of the window, the brig was driven so violently against the wharf as to dash his brains out. He was taken home a lifeless corpse — in less than one hour's absence from perfect health to a silent, mangled, lifeless corpse! This affected his wife so terribly, that her health was in danger. She became very melancholy from this sudden and untimely death of her husband. Her friends, dreading the consequences, prevailed upon her to open a retail dry goods store, about a year after the old merchant's death. She opened the store, and by that means not only regained her health and spirits,

but supported her children in a very genteel way. She continued to do this business until all her children were grown up, educated and married, without diminishing the property left by her husband. She was devotedly attached to him and to his children. She was a beautiful woman, but for their sakes she rejected many good offers of marriage. All her happiness seemed centered in the welfare of her children. She was permitted to live and see them all comfortably married and settled in life, and to see her great grandchildren also. She died in 1784, aged seventy-eight years, greatly beloved and greatly lamented.

She was a daughter of John and Mary Cannon, who flourished in 1697.

When Mary Cannon died, in 1752, she left one-eighth of her property to Hester Cannon. The latter was sister to John Cannon, the great merchant who died in 1762.

The manner in which Mrs. Kortright brought up her children, fitted them to occupy important positions in the world. It will be a curious research to follow down from the date of her birth, about 1706, to now.

Her sons were named Cornelius and Lawrence. Cornelius married Miss Hendricks, of Santa Cruz, a lady of great wealth, and the owner of the so-called "Golden Rock Plantation" in that lovely island. He died there in 1773.

He left four children, two sons and two daughters (twins).

One of the daughters married Doctor Stevens, of Santa Cruz, and the other married William James Yard, of Philadelphia.

The two sons went to England with their mother, who, after the death of their father, had married a Mr. Newton, of St. Croiz, and then went to England.

After the death of Mr. Yard, the widow married Thomas Willing (a cousin of her first husband, Mr. Yard.) Miss Willing, the issue of that marriage, became the wife of Mr. Baring, of the house of Baring Brothers & Co., London, afterwards Lord Ashburton.

Lawrence Kortright, the second son of old merchant Cornelius Kortright, of 1740, was a merchant in New York for many years. He married a Miss Aspinwall.

He was one of the executors of the rich John Schermerhorn, who died in 1768. He was associated with Luke Van Ranst, an old merchant in 1753, and also with the famous Isaac Sears, who was a merchant too.

I have before me original letters of Lawrence Kortright to his sisters.

SISTER—Be pleased to send me the bottles which the wine was in, as they belong to Mr. Taylor.

You will likewise be pleased to communicate to my sisters, that at a decent time I shall administer on the estate of my deceased father and mother, which will prevent a division of the plate and furniture, but shall not be any hinderance to my giving my part thereof, as I have promised.

From your brother,

LAWRENCE KORTRIGHT.

NEW YORK, 22d January, 1785.

There is no doubt that the old lady had kept the property undivided until she died, about 1784, after the British evacuated New York. Her husband had been dead forty years; yet see with what respect he speaks of administering upon the estate of “my deceased father and mother!”

Very likely the old lady had given occasionally to the six different children. No wonder they respected

her. She was a heroine, as I shall show. She was not only so when her husband was killed, but when lying upon a sick bed, the British soldiers burned the house over her head.

The town of Kortright, in this State, was named after him. He originally intended to have a manor of Kortright, and for that purpose, bought large tracts of land in what is now Delaware, in imitation of the Livingstons, Van Cortlandts and Van Rensselaers. Under the British rule, before 1775, these manors had many rights. One was a seat in the Colonial Assembly. The lord of the manor represented himself. I do not see however that *the* Kortright attended any of the sittings.

Lawrence was one of the original incorporators of the Chamber of Commerce in 1770.

He left five children; one son, Captain John Kortright, and four daughters.

Captain John married Miss Catherine Seamen. After the death of Captain Kortright, 23d May, 1810, she married Judge Brockholst Livingston, as his second wife. He was originally known as Henry Brockholst Livingston. He had three children by this wife. A daughter, named Louise, married Morris Power, Esq., of Cork, Ireland. He was a member of Parliament. Judge Livingston died in Washington in 1823.

Captain John Kortright, in 1789, was a member of the St. George's Society.

Captain John left six children. There was John; died on Staten Island a few years ago.

Edmond married a Miss Shaw. He is dead. The widow is still alive, and has one son and three daughters. One of the daughters married a Mr. De Luze, merchant of this city.

Old Mrs. John Kortright Livingston died only a year or two ago. She had been ill for a long time, but was kindly nursed by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Edwin Kortright.

Robert Kortright, another son, was a doctor. He died unmarried.

Gouverneur Kortright, another son of Captain John, is alive, and lives at Madison square. He married Miss Allaire of the Winchester family. They have two children.

One daughter of Lawrence Kortright married James Monroe, who afterwards became President of the United States.

A second daughter married Nicholas Gouverneur, a merchant of the city, and one of the great commercial house of Gouverneur, Kemble & Co. This house started immediately after the war of 1787, at No. 26 Front street. Nicholas lived for many years opposite the store, at No. 27 Front street. That house did business in all parts and ports of the known world. Gouverneur street and Gouverneur lane were named after the founder.

These Gouverneurs were here before 1700. Abraham married the daughter of the celebrated Jacob Leister, who was hung for high treason in 1691.

Nicholas Gouverneur had three sons and three daughters. Isaac was killed in a duel with William H. Maxwell, the brother of Hugh Maxwell, who is still alive.

Samuel L. Gouverneur, the next son, who married his cousin, the daughter of President Monroe, we all remember. He was once Postmaster of our good city, and a great politician. He lives somewhere in Mary-

land now. He is one of the old school of New Yorkers, now almost forgotten. His cousin, James Monroe, I meet occasionally. He is a monument of the old stock, and a most worthy gentleman. May he live a century more.

Nicholas Gouverneur, the third son of old Nicholas, died in June, 1854. He had never married.

Of the three daughters, the eldest married Johnson Verplanck, another Robert Tillotson, and the third Mr. Cadwallader, of Philadelphia.

Mr. Tillotson was appointed U. S. District Attorney by his relative, Monroe, in 1820; and held it until General Jackson came into power in 1829.

Johnson Verplanck was a son of old merchant Gulian Verplanck. He edited the *New York Daily American* in 1820. He died early.

Old Nicholas Gouverneur died 14th July, 1802. A third daughter of old Lawrence Kortright married Thomas Knox, an eminent merchant of the city, as early as 1793, at No. 45 Great Dock (Pearl) street. A few years later he moved to No. 46 Wall street, where he remained until 1816. That year he removed his store to No. 101 Front street; and his dwelling to No. 56 Greenwich street. He was in business at No. 17 Broad street as late as 1828. I think that year he left it. He died, I think, at No. 56 Greenwich street, in 1834. He had a son, I think, who was called Gouverneur Knox. He died 7th August, 1812, aged seventeen years.

His only daughter married one of the most promising young men of that day, being no less than Alexander Hamilton, son of the celebrated General Hamilton,

who died the 12th of July, 1804, aged but 48. The widow, a splendid old lady, died only a few years since.

Alexander Hamilton is still alive. Had he been the son of a John Smith he would have been one of the most eminent men of the day. A great father is a heavy load for a son to carry. The sons of Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Van Buren, and others I could name, were above, or at least equal to the ordinary run of men, but the contrast with their fathers placed them as below the mediocrity, in the opinion of mankind.

Mr. Hamilton's children are, of course, descended from the old Kortright race.

The Kortrights came to New York in a different way from the old Dutch settlers. That and other Dutch families, such as the Romaines, went to Rio-Janeiro, in Brazil, with Prince Maurice. They expected to remain and hold that country. They built forts, but finally they swapped off with the Portuguese, for Surinam and Curaçoa. Some of the Dutch would not remain, but came to New York.

The fourth daughter of Lawrence Kortright married a Captain Heyleger. They had a daughter. She married John Durant, a gentleman of leisure, and had two sons and two daughters. The eldest daughter married a son of Lorenzo Da Ponte, who is dead. His widow lives in New Orleans. The second daughter, Sarah, is in Florence, with her mother. They have joined the Roman Catholic Church. The two sons were living in New Orleans.

I have finished with the sons of the old merchant, Cornelius Kortright, who was killed in 1743. I now return to his daughters. His eldest, Helen, who was

born 11th April, 1739 (O. S) old style. At fifteen years old she had her growth, and was a large, rosy-cheeked, lovely girl. She had between that time and the day of her marriage several beaux, but they were kept at a respectful distance, and never allowed familiarity of any sort. Mothers were indulgent in the old times, also affectionate, and never attempted to deprive daughters of what was called the genteelst amusements in 1756. They loved to see their daughters dress well, and to be well attended. Girls were not allowed then to spend the day in idleness, visiting, or walking the streets. Their mornings were devoted to domestic work. Every branch of housework was not only inspected, but really performed by the daughters of a family. The afternoons and evenings were deemed sufficient for visiting and receiving visitors, and all other amusements. Ladies and gentlemen generally met every evening at each others' houses, and passed their time in innocent chat, or some pleasing pastime. One of this young lady's brothers had, as I have stated, gone to St. Croix, and got married, and the other was married in the city of New York. So she always selected some beau that she could adopt as a sort of brother. The first of her beaux was a Mr. Bryon, a young law student. At that time the celebrated Mr. Whitefield was expected in the city, on his way to Boston.

Mr. Whitefield first visited New York, in 1740. He was invited to preach at the Presbyterian Church in Wall street (north side, between Nassau and Broadway.) His preaching was a blessing to many. Thousands flocked to hear him. The church was erected in 1719. Whitefield's preaching forced them to build

galleries, and to enlarge the church one third in 1748. He was here several times between 1744 and 1748. The pastor of the Wall Street Church was the only one in this city that invited this great preacher to preach for him whenever in town. It was ten years before the Methodists got regularly started, in 1766, under old Parson Embury, in John street. Young Bryon was a great admirer of the goodness and great power of Whitefield as a preacher.

When the distinguished preacher arrived Mr. Bryon let his sweetheart know it. She went out to tea, and requested him to call for her to go to hear Parson Whitefield. She did not want her mother to know that she went to such a place. At that time religion was taught in Dutch. The talk in the Kortright family was in Dutch, although they spoke English. She did not wish to shock her mother's Dutch prejudices, or get refused permission to go and hear Whitefield. When she went into the meeting place, she for some time could not prevail upon herself to open her eyes. When she did so she found the audience composed of some of the first people in the city. This was in 1756. Whitefield preached in the Wall street church several times to a crowded house.

Her next beau was a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, who came from Charleston, S. C., and was attached to Trinity. Whitefield had given her a great fancy for clergymen. But her new beau, after preaching in St. George's Chapel, then recently opened (1748) in Chapel street (Beekman,) one afternoon, offered himself, while escorting her home. She refused him: she thought a good merchant as good as any of

the learned men ; and a few days previous, a Mr. C. D., who had just left the counting-house of one of the eminent merchants of this city in 1756, having served seven years, and being twenty-one years of age, and his father dead, and he entitled to it as an only son, began to pay his addresses to Miss Helen. He courted a year, and then went to Europe. While abroad he did not write. Meanwhile she refused six very eligible offers before she was 18. In fact, a young man would not pass muster in the city unless he had been refused by the beautiful Miss Kortright. All this while there was one beau that the mother liked. The daughter did not, and avoided him whenever she possibly could. If he called, she was busy and would not come down. Still he came. Then she began to wonder at his loving patience and forbearance under her scorn. One morning he caught her before she could escape from the reception room.

“Helen, why do you always fly from me ? Why will you not give me an opportunity of declaring my attachment to you ? Let this morning decide my fate.”

“Very well, sir. I do not wish to keep any gentleman in a state of suspension. I cannot encourage your addresses. I esteem you, but I will tell you frankly, that I feel a preference for Mr. C. D., who is in London ; and if he returns with the same sentiments for me as when he left, I shall probably marry him.”

“Are you certainly engaged to him ?”

“No, sir, not engaged verbally, but mentally.”

“Then, my dear Miss Helen, suppose you continue to be verbally engaged to me, and mentally to him.”

“Would you marry any young lady under such circumstances ?”

“Yes, *you*, with all my heart and soul.”

“Would you risk your future happiness, and marry a lady who prefers another?”

“Miss Helen, I will risk anything to obtain you, and I will be amply compensated for every risk, and it shall be the study of my life to make you happy.”

The ice was broken, and they talked freely upon this subject. The lover in London did not come home. The New York lover was here, and finally consent was obtained, and on the 13th of July, 1758 (new style), Abraham Brasher, son of Luke and Judith Brasher, was married to the lovely Helen Kortright, by the Rev. Doctor Barclay, of Trinity Church.

Old Luke Brasher was born December, 1697. He married Judith Gasherie, in November, 1723, and Abraham was their only child surviving out of seven. He was born December, 1734.

Miss Helen Kortright had made conditions with her beau that as soon as they were married he should take her to New Rochelle, where her two youngest sisters, Margaret and Elizabeth, were at boarding school.

I ought to mention here, that Mary was left at home. She afterwards, January 29th, 1763, married Captain John Wilkinson Hanson. He was at one time Governor of the Danish Island at Santa Cruz. He so pleased the merchants, that when he resigned, they purchased a turreen of solid silver. It weighed 100 ounces. He died May 6th, 1785. His children both died early. Martha died in Santa Cruz 3d November, 1792. Robert died in 1796. Widow Mary lived at 50 Wall street as late as 1799. She died about 1826, aged 89.

Margaret, another sister, who was at the boarding

school, married Colonel Richard, a brother of Thomas Willing, of Philadelphia. They left no children, but were very wealthy. She left her money to her niece, Mary Van Cortlandt. She married a gay, dashing spendthrift, named Montross. He spent every dollar of her large fortune, and then enlisted in the war of 1812.

The other sister, Elizabeth, who was at school when Helen was married, afterward, January 3d, 1765, married William Ricketts Van Cortlandt. He was a large merchant in this city from 1760 to 1775. He kept his counting room in Beekman slip. He dealt largely in indigo. He lost so tremendously in the Revolutionary War, that it affected his mind. He left numerous descendants (Martha above mentioned,) who went up the river at Cortlandt manor. I now return to Helen, who married Colonel Brasher in 1758. On their way out from their bridal tour to New Rochelle in 1758, they met her old beau, C. D., galloping into town. He stopped, and bowed to his old flame, but as soon as he discovered that she was married, he started his horse, and flew to New York. In after weeks they tried to make a friend of him, but it was of no use. He never married, took to drink, squandered his large property, and died a very sot, whether from disappointment or weakness, is doubtful.

Abraham Brasher who secured the prize, became eminent when the Revolutionary War broke out. He was one of the "Liberty Boys." He was a member of the Provincial Congress, and a member of the Assembly that met at Esopus, during the war. His family quit New York when the British came here in 1776. A

price was set upon his head. As Colonel Abraham Brasher, he was the friend of Washington. He was one of the principal inciters of our Independence by his verses and his speeches. He died at Morristown in 1782, and a few months later, his family, then consisting of his brave wife, her venerable mother (who was the wife of the merchant Cornelius, killed on board his own vessel in 1740), came back to their home in this city. She started a dry good store at 88 William street, near Maiden Lane, and she kept there for many years — as late as 1792.

She followed the brave example of her mother in 1743.

Colonel Brasher left five children. Two sons and three daughters. One son, Gasherie, born 3d July, 1773, married Miss Abeel, daughter of Garrit Abeel, also an eminent merchant for many years, and founder of the Abeels in this city.

Gasherie, named after his mother Judith's family name, was a merchant of note in this city after the war. He was in business in 1795, at Pine street wharf. His dwelling was at 37 Pine. Garrit Abeel, his father-in-law, kept at 13 Pine street. Gasherie did a very good business up to 1802. He owned small vessels. He saw a way of making money more rapidly, and he left the city in his own brig "Ceres," Captain Collins, March, 13, 1803. He was never heard of afterwards. His wife Jane, lovely and amiable, lived along many weary months, hoping the vessel or her husband might be heard of again, until the 13th March, 1807 — the very day she last saw him, and then she died, leaving five orphan children. One son, John, and four daughters, Mary, Ellen, Jane and Julia.

Colonel Brasher left another son, Abraham, who was born the 19th December, 1778—a few hours previous to his house being burned by the British, at Paramus, and he himself escaping by the firmness of his wife, who, after Major Byles was shot dead and the house was on fire, requested permission to carry out her sick mother (wife of old merchant Kortright, who was killed) into the yard. It was granted, and Col Brasher crawled out as the bed was slowly removed into the yard, in presence of 200 British Soldiers, and escaped after they had left.

This son, Abraham K., grew up to command a vessel out of this port. In 1812 he had a vessel out of London, and died at Drontheim in 1813.

Colonel Brasher left three daughters. Judith was born in May, 1759. She married Colonel Fitch Hall, of Boston. They had five children. Fitch, born 25th January, 1785. He married Miss Mitchell of Nantucket, and died in 1807. Benjamin, born 27th July, 1786, died young. William, born May 1, 1790, died about 1820. Helen married Mr. Levins of Boston, both dead. Emily married Mr. Nathaniel Curtis of Boston. Their daughter married Mr. Mixter of Boston. Mr. Curtis is the only survivor of the children of Colonel Hall. Judith, the mother, died in 1811.

Elizabeth, a second daughter of Colonel Brasher, married Mr. John Pintard, of this city. She had a daughter, Louisa H.; she married Thos. L. Sevoss. They had sons. Elias Boudant Sevoss married Miss Henry, and has children. George was another son of Mr. Sevoss. There were two daughters, Isabella and Elizabeth. The daughter of Col. Brasher was born

Sept. 2, 1765, and died Oct. 13, 1838, aged seventy two years.

Helen, a third daughter of Colonel Brasher, was one of the loveliest girls in New York. She had offers every day of her life from the time she was sixteen years old, in 1793, until she married, May 16th, 1808, Samuel D. Craig, a lawyer of New York. He was born 19th December, 1777, and was twin to Abraham K. Brasher. She died 5th March, 1853; her husband, 2d March, 1856. They left a son, Benjamin Davis Craig.

Thus I have rescued many more names from being forgotten, and many of the present generation will know more of their ancestors than they ever did before.

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## CHAPTER IV.

There are hundreds of Cannons in this city and in the State. It will, doubtless, be a very attractive article that will tell all of this grand old race and mercantile name, and where they came from. In other years they were great merchants among us, and the blood runs in hundreds of the best families of our present day.

Old Jan Cannon was a merchant in this city as early as 1693. In the month of September, 1697, he married Maria Le Grand. She was a daughter of merchant Peter Le Grand, who in 1686 lived with his wife in (Paerl straat) Pearl street, between State and Whitehall streets.

In 1703, Jan (John) Cannon was doing a large business. I do not know in what year he died, but he left a large property, principally to his widow. He had a son, who in 1720 succeeded to his business, under the name of John Cannon, and seven other children. His wife outlived him, and lasted until 1751.

John, the eldest son, above alluded to, married his first wife, Jerusha. She had five sons and two daughters, named Mary and Sarah. A lady, named Elizabeth Compton, who had been adopted by the husband and wife, when quite young, died in 1745, and left these two young ladies a very large property.

John Cannon, Jr., or Captain Cannon as he was then called, afterwards married in 1759, the widow Henrica Swan. She was the daughter of Thomas Sickles, an old New York merchant, and her first husband was Nicholas Swan.

The eldest daughter, Janetje, in 1718 married John Goelett, the founder of the merchant race of Goeletts, of whom I have several times written, viz. Peter, John, Robert, &c.

Maria Cannon married Evart Byvanck in 1728. The old race in this city comes from this stock.

Abraham, who married Maria Leonard in 1728.

Peter, in 1732, married Miss Witmyntje Schermerhorn. He died a few years later, and before his mother Mary, leaving John Cannon, Aerout Cannon, Mary Cannon and Catherine Cannon.

One daughter, Helen, married Cornelius Kortright in 1730, and was the founder of that race.

John Schermerhorn married Sara Cannon, another daughter, in 1741. They have numerous descendants.

Another daughter, Cornelia Cannon, married Cornelius Van Ranst, in 1743.

Old Mary Cannon divided her property up among her children, and grandchildren.

It was in those days, under the English laws, necessary in every will to go into a form of depriving the eldest son of all extraordinary claims, which the good lady did in this manner :

“ *Imprimis*, I give unto my well-beloved son, John Cannon, the sum of ten shillings, current money of the Colony of New York, to be raised and levied out of my real and personal estate, where-with I do hereby utterly exclude and bar him from all other or future claims on pretence as being my eldest son and heir at law.”

John Cannon, the second, was a very remarkable man. He commanded vessels that he owned, and made voyages in them in the early part of his career.

He owned a dock, and his store faced it. I thought it was somewhere near Pine street, on Water.

He left two children when he died, in 1761, and two grandchildren. The eldest son was the celebrated Le Grand Cannon. He went up to Stratford, Conn., where, I believe, he lived for many years, and died there. He had a son, Lewis Le Grand Cannon, and the race and named are still living in this city.



## CHAPTER V.

Some one once asked John Jacob Astor about the largest sum of money he ever made at any one time in his life. He said in reply that the largest sum he ever missed making was in reference to the purchase of Louisiana, in connection with De Witt Clinton, Governor Morris, and others. They intended to purchase all of that province of the Emperor Napoleon, and then sell it to President Jefferson at the same price, merely retaining the public domain, charging  $2\frac{1}{2}$  commission on the purchase. It fell through, for some trifling cause or other. Had they succeeded, Mr. Astor estimated that he should have made about thirty millions of dollars.

He was bold in his operations. He often surprised men by his financial acts. When the getters up of the present National Bank, in 1828, were hard at work for takers of stock, they went to Mr. Astor. The entire capital was \$75,000. He asked what quantity of stock had been taken. They replied a large amount was wanted. Mr. Astor agreed to make up the deficiency if they would give him the naming of the president. The commissioners joyfully acceded, and Mr. Astor named the celebrated Albert Gallatin. He continued to be the president for many years. The old Astor had an immense account with that bank. In the

difficulties of 1834, William B. Astor drew out a balance of \$10,000, and placed it in the United States Branch Bank, Mr. Gallatin never forgave it.

Those sales of the American Fur Company, entirely owned and controlled by the Astors, used to bring crowds of fur dealers from all parts of Europe to this city, in the spring and in the fall, to attend them. William B. Astor was the president at one time, and at another, Ramsay Crooks.

The American Fur Company must have received a charter from the State in 1809 and '10.

By August 14 of the latter year, 1,000 shares had been subscribed for, and the stockholders were called to meet at Mechanics' Hall, to elect nine directors.

The commissioners to arrange this matter were John Jacob Astor, James Farlie, and Edward W. Laight.

Mechanics' Hall stood at the corner of Broadway and Robinson street, opposite the Park.

William B. Astor never made a dollar in his life. He always stood by his father. William B. is the best man in the United States to have charge of a colossal fortune. In that respect he is even superior to the late Marquis of Westminster in London, who owned a large part of that city, as Astor does of this. William B. is prompt, untiring, and liberal to tenants, although systematic. He still keeps up certain charities that old John Jacob, his father, sustained.

Old Jacob had a country-seat out of town, at Hurlgate (the Twelfth Ward) Eighty-sixth street now, to avoid the heavy Water Tax. I suppose the family now owns six hundred acres of lands on this island.

Mr. Astor frequently made voyages to Europe, but I did not know that he ever went so far as Asia.

I think that Thomas H. Smith must have bought the "Beaver" from Mr. Astor. He also owned the "Huntress," and the "Tonquin," that made such a time when she was lost in the East Indies. "An account of the loss of the 'Tonquin,'" was in a book I have not seen for thirty-five years, and I should be very glad to procure a copy, either as a gift, a loan, or a purchase.

Mr. Smith did an enormous business until he failed, about 1827. He then lived in Beekman street. He was a generous, liberal-hearted man, and associated with any one he liked on terms of intimacy. He was very fond of taking the captains of his ships, on their return to port, through the city, and showing them all the sights. A ship from China, at the time (1820 to 1828), paid \$200,000 to \$300,000 in duties. I have given a full account of the tea operations of Thomas H. Smith in Chapter XI. At the time he died, he had just returned from Savannah, where he had been for his health. He was very intimate with Benjamin Hart, a brother of Peter G. Hart. The note on which this great house of Smith stopped was a very trifling one. I wish I knew the post-office address of his son Thomas, who has retired from city life. In the same Chapter XI, of Volume 1, page 87 of "Old Merchants," I alluded to another East India tea house that was mixed up in the difficulties with the Government — as Tompson, of Philadelphia. I stated that when his enormous frauds were discovered, he was locked up in a Philadelphia prison, where he died. I was in error in so saying. Mr. Edward Tompson was a great East India merchant as

tea importer in that city, but he did not end his career in prison. During the war of 1812, he was the head of the house of Tompson & Maris, dry good importers and dealers in Market street. They made money, divided a handsome sum at the close of the war, when they dissolved partnership, Mr. Maris going to New Hope, where he became President of the celebrated New Hope Delaware Bridge & Banking Company, that exploded several times, but was galvanized into life twice by our remarkable Wall street brokers.

Mr. Maris did not succeed in finances, but finally went to the Island of Madeira, and did a wine business there for some years under the firm of Wm. Maris & Co. His agent in this city, at one time, was the house of Scoville & Britton. His family now live in Philadelphia, poor. I believe his son is a barkeeper in one of the hotels.

His partner, Edward Tompson, embarked largely in the East India trade after the war, and owned several ships. Among them was the "William Savery," "Thomas Scattergood," (named after Philadelphia Quaker preachers,) "Wooddrop Sims," and others. The "Wooddrop Sims," formed one of the celebrated stone fleet that was sunk at the mouth of Charleston Harbor. For several years, the success of Mr. Tompson was very great. In 1820, he was worth \$800,000, and he lived in a style corresponding with his importance as a merchant. He had a magnificent city residence in the centre of the aristocracy, and a fine country seat on Turner's Lane. His carriage and horses were splendid. His daughters were wooed and won by the Hon. M. Read and Joseph P. Norris, son of the President of

the Board. Norris died 31st of January, 1862, aged 69. A son of Mr. Tompson, was the Hon. John R. Tompson, who settled in Princeton, N. J. He was a Senator from that State in the United States Senate, when he died, September 13, 1862. He married a daughter of Gen. Aaron Ward of Sing Sing, and who had just returned from Holy Land, and is about publishing a work upon the subject. The General had at one time several very lovely daughters. One of them married Senator Tompson, another married George Brandreth — a son of the celebrated Dr. Brandreth, formerly a Senator in this State, and who has paid more money to newspapers than any other man in the United States. Mr. Bennett, of the *Herald*, has repeatedly stated that his paper could not possibly have lived through its first year (1835) but for the princely aid of Dr. Brandreth, of Brandreth House. In fact, there has never been a newspaper started in New York, for the last third of a century, whether daily, weekly or monthly, successful or not, but what has received a large patronage from Dr. Brandreth. If he had known it, I do not think that the worthy Doctor would have allowed his relative by marriage, old East India merchant Tompson, father to Hon. John R., and father-in-law to John R. Read — who, by the way, must not be confounded with Hon. William B. Reed, late Minister to China — to have been in need.

Another son of old merchant Tompson, Alexander H. Tompson, is treasurer of the Trenton Railroad Company.

In 1826, when old Edward Tompson failed, his business was so great that it occasioned a panic. It was

that year he committed the fraud that led to his arrest and imprisonment. The Custom-house officers could not have been deceived by forged permits, as I once stated. Mr. Tompson had the confidence of those officials, and he would present them with a permit, say for 260 chests, and get their permission for his clerks to attend to the shipping of it. The clerks would remove from the warehouse three times the quantity of cases of tea that the permit called for. This was successfully repeated, until a comparison of papers showed empty tea stores where teas should be, and the fraud was discovered. Mr. Tompson was imprisoned, and lay some months in jail. Most of the friends of his prosperity deserted him. Few called to see him in prison. To one, however, who did call, and urged him to make greater efforts to get released, he replied; Sir, you are very kind, but you do not know what a cold, icicle kind of man this President John Q. Adams is. Why, sir, there is no avenue to his heart."

Mr. Tompson was released within a year, and he lived in moderate comfort for twenty years, occupying a house in Sixth street, Philadelphia, till he died. He lived there alone, his family, to their discredit, neglecting him. We often saw his fine, manly form, neat attire, and powdered hair, till curiosity being awakened, inquiry led to a knowledge of his name and history. It was his custom to amuse himself by dropping pennies about his chamber and on the stairs, thereby testing the honesty of his servants; for he knew how much he dropped and expected and required exact returns made to him by his servants, of which he then kept only three. He also took delight, in walking along in

the vicinity of his residence, when he saw an interesting child sitting or playing on the door steps, to stop and pat it kindly with encouraging words, and the bestowal of a few pennies. Of course, he became a favorite with these children. He was, in fact, a well-bred, courtly gentleman, of pleasing manners and dignified deportment.



## CHAPTER VI.

Luman Reed was a merchant of this city, of an extraordinary goodness and character. He did good with his money; he made it easily, and he spent it freely. He was a benefactor of the city. I will try and give a brief sketch of his career. It will be an honor to himself, and a model for others who come from the interior to make a fortune in this city.

Mr. Reed was from Coxsackie. His father was pleasantly called silver-head Reed. He was a merchant, and had his son Luman as a clerk with him. The limited sphere did not suit the ambitious son. He therefore left his father, and hired out on a sloop that traded up and down the river. He attracted the attention of Roswell Reed, who was in the grocery business about 1812, and he got his smart nephew in as a clerk. He managed to get Roswell Reed's assistance.

In 1815, Luman started business under his own name, at No. 5 Coenties slip, and lived at No. 3 Bridge street. Next year he moved to No. 14 Coenties slip.

In 1821, R. & L. Reed moved up to 125 Front street, above Wall. This was considered a bold move for a grocer, for it was not supposed that a grocer could do any business out of Coenties slip. Luman still resided in Stone street.

In 1822, Roswell left the house, and it became Reed

& Lee. He had taken in David Lee. It made an admirable partnership. Reed was dashing, bold and liberal; he would take a country customer in a frank manner: "Now, sir, this is our price; you just go and take a walk around among other grocer houses, and if you can get the article less, buy it. If you can't, then come back and get it of us."

Lee was close, sharp, a good accountant, and not afraid of work. Sometimes he would stop at the store until long after midnight, writing up the books. He attended to the in-door business, and Mr. Reed to the out-door.

David Lee had been in partnership with David Leavitt as early as 1815, under the firm of Leavitt & Lee, at No. 133 Front street. David was of the celebrated Bethlehem Leavitts. John W. and Rufus had been in the dry goods business at No. 181 Pearl street before 1813. In 1820, Lee & Leavitt moved to No. 127 Front street. In 1822, when Leavitt and Lee dissolved, Leavitt kept on alone for some time.

In 1826, D. Leavitt gave up the store 127 Front street, and I think Reed & Lee took it.

David Leavitt was President of the old Fulton Bank.

In 1827, they took into partnership Charles Y. Hempsted, and the firm became Reed, Lee & Co.

In 1827, Mr. Lee went out of the house, with the distinct understanding that he was never to go into the grocery business again. His health was broke down. He had almost lost the use of his eyes, when Elliott the Eye Doctor undertook his case. He used calomel and other powerful medicine until he cured the eyes of Mr. Lee, but lost him the use of his limbs. Mr. Reed had paid him liberally for his share of the business. He

was horror-struck a few months after when he found that the greediness for gain of his old partner had made him go back again into business.

When Mr. Lee retired, Mr. Reed formed, in 1828, the house of Reed, Hempsted & Sturgis. He had taken in other than Sturgis who had been a clerk with him. Mr. Sturgis had married a Miss Cady, a very accomplished lady.

Mr. Hempsted was a bachelor. He died at Rochester, of scarlet fever, in 1829.

Mr. Barker was taken into the concern, and was a partner when the house was Reed & Sturgis, until 1835, when Mr. Reed died.

The house then became Sturgis, Roe & Barker. The latter was a nephew of the wife of Mr. Reed.

The house brought up a great many clerks. Some of them became partners of the house, and some of other distinguished houses. I cannot begin to remember them all. One was Lora Nash, of the firm of Herriman, Nash & Co., 54 Front street, large grocers. His partner was Wm. H. Herriman. I think he now lives in Brooklyn.

Another was Daniel S. Miller. He went into the house of Lee, Dater & Miller, and the history of this last great house is as follows: When Mr. Lee left Mr. Reed to make a new connection, it was as head of Lee, Dater & Miller.

In 1823, Philip Dater who was a customer of Reed & Lee, lived at Troy, where he was doing a large business. Mr. Reed noticed that he was eminently fitted to success, and advised him to come here. He took this advice, and in 1824 came to this city and started

at 48 Water street. The next year, he took in Daniel S. Miller, who was one of Mr. Reed's boys — had been brought up with him. This was a severe blow to Mr. Reed. He felt it to be ungrateful. Another of Mr. Reed's clerks was James H. Voorhes. He was of the firm of Voorhes & Scrymson, grocers.

Another was Mr. Fleming, a son of John Fleming.

Mr. Lee always paid his clerks good salaries, and he made excellent merchants of them.

After his death, in 1836, the house became Sturgis, Roe & Baker, and finally Sturgis, Bennett & Co. They still occupy the same ground as did the old stores that stood upon Nos. 123, 125 and 127 Front street. A new store is erected, as different from the old ones as is the business. In the old times, the house of Reed & Sturgis bought groceries wholesale, by the cask or package, and jobbed them out again to the country merchants in broken packages. They also received in exchange all sorts of country produce. They kept the store, No. 123, filled with this part of the business.

Now, in 1863, the successors of the house Sturgis, Bennett & Co. buy immense cargoes of teas, coffee, sugar and spices, and some one told me that the estimated profits of this house for a part of the year 1862, was over \$800,000. How worthy old Luman Reed would open his eyes at such stupendous operations! Yet, he was deemed a very large operator in his day. He was good to young beginners. Many owe their good fortune to him. A merchant told me a few days since, that his first great success was owing to Luman Reed. He came out from France as the agent of a large brandy distiller. He brought with him a part of a cargo

He went to Mr. Reed, who bought largely, and then took him to several other large dealers, who also bought, and thus he made rapid sales of a large invoice. Not only that, but Mr. Reed continued his friendship for years, telling him what grocery houses he might safely sell to, and who not.

When Mr. Reed was in partnership with Mr. Lee, in 1822, he lived at 106 Greenwich street, but was preparing to build that grand old house at No. 13 Greenwich street. That last house was the wonder of its day. The doors were of solid mahogany. He had a gallery of paintings in the upper story. It was considered superior to any in the city of New York. The marble was the purest Italian. The mahogany was the old, black, costly St. Domingo, now so rare. After Mr. Reed died, the house was sold to Amos R. Eno, formerly of the house of Eno & Phelps, and the owner of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. I have often wondered what could have become of those doors when the costly house of Mr. Reed was torn down. His house was next to the Atlantic Garden, famed in the olden time, 1767, as having been the spot upon which stood the City Arm's Tavern, kept by George Burns. It is more familiarly known as Burns' Tavern. It was a great place for political meetings in those days. In 1765, two hundred merchants of the city of New York met there and declared they would do no more trading with Great Britain while the Stamp Act remained. The meeting-room was the large room on the second floor of the building.

There, too, in that room the belles of the city went with their gallants to the assemblies, held a hundred years ago by the then fashionables.

To a later generation it was known as the Atlantic Garden, and so continued until 1860, when the Hudson Railroad Company got possession of it. For years Mr. Reed enjoyed the luxury of listening to the choice music in the summer time, and witnessing the happiness of hundreds of couples who, at one time, made it a place of regular resort to get their ice cream and talk sweet things. In front of Mr. Reed's grand house were immense sidewalk stones, that were the wonder of the day. We all used to stop and admire their great dimensions; each cost \$250.

Mr. Reed left three children. One was a son; the other two were daughters — one is dead, the other married Dudley B. Fuller, who at one time was a partner in the celebrated firm of Varnum, Fuller & Co., dry goods merchants, No. 165 Pearl street. Joseph B. Varnum was the founder of that house.

I think Mr. Fuller was afterwards in the nail business, and had a manufactory in New Jersey. The firm was D. B. Fuller & Co. They had a great success. He lives in a handsome house in Fourteenth street.

The widow of Mr. Reed is still alive. She is a most excellent lady, and very much respected and beloved by all who know her.

Luman Reed was a great patron of the Arts and of old Michael Paff, who had a gallery in a house that stood on the block where the Astor House now stands. It was then the rage to get paintings by the old masters, and Mr. Paff gave Mr. Reed a good supply.

Mr. Reed did not confine himself to old masters. He was fond of patronizing young masters as well, and I believe he sent Cole out to Europe, and contributed

liberally to his education. He was one of the founders of the gallery of paintings in the Park.

The gallery at his own house, No. 13 Greenwich street was opened once a week to every one. Mr. Coles had painted for Mr. Reed those celebrated pictures, the "Course of Life." He gave them to the Historical Society, or at least they are up at the buildings of the Society.

He was very fond of his business, and he never gave it up until he died, in 1836.

He was a thoroughly honest man. He would not have wronged any one out of a cent, if he could have become a millionaire by so doing. He was so honest himself, that he could hardly suspect dishonesty in others.

He was a pew owner in Grace Church, that stood at the corner of Broadway and Rector street, of which Doctor Wainwright was Rector. He was also a pew owner in the Unitarian Church in Chambers street.

Robert Hystop is dead. He was an old merchant of New York. He died March 18th, 1863. He was born in 1787.

He was first in business with Irving & Smith, auctioneers, at 142 Pearl street, as early as 1812, when the firm became Irving, Smith & Hystop. His partner was a brother of Washington Irving.

They afterwards changed their business to hardware importing. Mr. Hystop did a very heavy hardware business for many years, under the name of Robert Hystop & Son. He was much esteemed by every one who knew him. For twenty years he was a vestryman of Trinity Church. He had a fine family of children.

I believe there were four sons and five daughters. The sons, unless I am mistaken, are all dead.

The daughters are married. One married Milton Berger. One married Mr. Brush. One married Edward S. Mesier, a son of old Peter A. Mesier. After his death, I think she married a Mr. Livingston. One married lawyer Graham, David, I think. Mary married Eugene Thorn, a son of Colonel Herman Thorn.



## CHAPTER VII.

Looking over the deaths, I discovered this :

“CURTIS.—In Paris, on Monday, February 16, Augusta Curtis, wife of J. D. B. Curtis, Esq., and only daughter of Catharine Lawrence and Baron Alfred Roubell, of that city.”

How few of the present day, among the million that now inhabit this city, would think that there was anything remarkable in that, and yet what a train of ideas and of recollections the names will call up to many an old New Yorker.

It carries the minds of old men and women back to the days of the beautiful Kate Lawrence, and her beau, the dashing Captain Roubell, who, by the death of his father or uncle, became a French baron.

It carries back the recollections of still older people to the times when Captain Roubell's father, General Roubell, was aid-de-camp to the Prince Jerome Bonaparte, who was obliged to put into the port of Baltimore to escape the English fleet. Jerome, afterwards King of Westphalia, fell in love with Miss Patterson. His aid, Roubell, was not to be outdone, and he fell in love with her friend, one of the three beautiful Miss Paszaults (pronounced Pa-ko), of Baltimore City. Their father was a Frenchman, or rather a native of St. Domingo, who escaped from the negro massacre of 1798, and reached Baltimore with considerable property.

Jerome Bonaparte finally married his flame, Miss Paterson, and so did General Roubell, who succeeded in marrying his sweetheart, the lovely Miss Pascault.

Another sister married General Columbus O'Donnell, of Baltimore. The O'Donnell girls were all beautiful, and some of them married in New York. C. O'Donnell is the richest man in the "Monumental City," save one.

Those dashing and clever Generals (Stuart) of the Rebel service are Baltimore people, and the eldest Stuart was a beau of the youngest Miss Pascault. He, at that time, was a lawyer; had founded the free school system of Baltimore, and commanded the regiment in that city that ranked a pet one, as does our Seventh Regiment in this city. He was defeated then by James Gallatin, of our city, who fairly cut him out, and won the lovely prize, and she is now Mrs. James Gallatin. Her sisters were charming and extremely lovely, but Mrs. Gallatin was really beautiful. To see her, gaze on her beauty as she passed through the streets, was actually food for many persons. She was in the streets every day of her life, as was the case with all of the splendid women of Baltimore of that day, many of whom are now duchesses and countesses in Europe. They were in the streets two-thirds of the time while the sun shone, and not shut up in unhealthy but magnificent parlors, as is the case with our pale-faced, handsome women.

The other Miss Pascault, who married General Roubell, was also a magnificent creature, though not perhaps so regally beautiful as the one who married James Gallatin. By the way, I often use that word, and I will tell what my idea is of its meaning, and what it

used to mean in the good old times a hundred years ago. There is a great difference between the words *handsome*, *pretty* and *beautiful*. It is their fate to be used indiscriminately in the present day, when applied to the female sex. Yet there never were three words that had a more different meaning. By a *handsome* girl, I understand one that is tall, graceful, and well-shaped, with a regular disposition of features; by a *pretty* one, I mean one that is delicately made, and whose features are so formed as to please; by a *beautiful* girl, like Miss Pascault, a union of both *handsome* and *pretty*.

A girl may be *pretty* and *not handsome* — *handsome* and *not pretty* — but to be *beautiful*, she must be both *pretty* and *handsome*.

Many a *handsome* woman has a forbidding countenance.

Many *pretty* women have been crooked and deformed.

One may walk Broadway for six weeks without meeting one such really *beautiful* girl as was the youngest of the Miss Pascaults (Mrs. Gallatin.) A beautiful woman is rarely to be met with. The reason is nature is too much interfered with. A "tom boy" (as a natural girl is called,) ought to be the glory of the sex. If a girl is running, romping, riding and exercising in the sun ten hours a day, she is doing what God intended she should do, and to become perfect, beautiful, and fit to be the mother of a healthful and a glorious race. What matters the other silly, half acquired, forlorn accomplishments? It would perhaps conduce more to her real happiness as well as health, if she could not write. Then she would not be compromising herself and getting into all sorts of scrapes by writing love letters in after years.

A *pretty* girl, like the word *prettiness*, conveys an idea of simplicity, *handsomeness* of nobility and *beauty* of majesty.

The General Roubell went back to France. He had several children. One of them was Captain Roubell, who, when he became of age, came out to this country and city, where his aunt, Mrs. Gallatin, a daughter-in-law of Albert Gallatin, moved among the first of our then distinguished social circles. He had not been long in the city before he fell in love with one of our loveliest girls. Catherine, a daughter of Augustine H. Lawrence, one of our oldest merchants and brokers.

He was in business in this city as early as 1795, at No. 40 Wall street, under the firm of Augustus H. Lawrence & Co. He kept his office there until 1801. In that year he took his residence at No. 23 Robinson, and there he kept it for many years — until long after that street was called Park Place; he died in 1828, and then his widow moved away to 40 Hudson.

Park place was during all that long period — 1800 to 1828 — the Fifth avenue of New York, and what a prince of a man Augustus H. was! Large figure, fine, full face, hair nicely powdered, a queue and white top-boots, he was a good representative of the New York merchant of the olden time. And such a lovely family of lovely daughters as he had! They were all beautiful. He was a brother of William Lawrence, who was of the firm of Lawrence & Van Zandt as early 1790. They kept at 26 William street in 1798, next door to John G. and Henry A. Costar, at 28. In after years, Augustus H. kept in the same store, No. 26.

Lawrence & Van Zandt existed until 1809. They

kept at 35 Pine, where William lived at the time. He did not marry until very late in life. Then he married Miss Lynch, a daughter of the old Dominick Lynch, an Irish merchant, and partner of Don Thomas Stoughton, the Spanish consul in the time of President Washington (his accomplished descendant of the same name is now.) The original Irishman, Lynch, had several children. Dominick, Henry, James (Judge Lynch,) Alexander, Louisa, Sarah (who married Mr. Lawrence,) and a young son whose name I forget. He married a daughter of Dennis McCarthy, who lived so long at the corner of Broadway and Leonard street. She died.

William Lawrence left but one child, Dominick Lynch Lawrence. He died a short time ago, leaving an immense property, which goes to his cousins, the children of Augustus H. Lawrence.

One of these daughters as I have stated, married Captain Roubell. She was a superb creature. Her name was Catherine. On horseback she was unequalled. She had many admirers, and among them was Rupert J. Cochran, the great New York beau of a former age, and who was considered a great match. He was a perfect gentleman, an extensive merchant, and a man of refinement and education. The Frenchman won the day. Augustus H. Lawrence, the father, used to take his daughters to the church of Dr. Matthews, that then stood in Garden street, a few doors from Broad street. Such a lovely trio were rarely seen. They took all the young gallants from the other down town churches, and drew a full house. It was a treat to look at these girls. Dr. Matthews sometimes preached too

long. His friend Augustus H., in such a case, would deliberately draw out his watch, and hold it up menacingly to the worthy doctor. How the daughters of Mr. Lawrence would blush at the boldness of their father! Then, too, what superb dinners H. Lawrence gave at his residence in No. 23 Park place. There was only one man in the city who could rival him. That one was Philip Hone. He entertained delightfully. Both endeavored to secure all the lions of the town, and all distinguished foreigners that came here. Mr. Lawrence, with his charming dinners and still more charming daughters, had no difficulty in outshining his rival, Mayor Hone.

Such an equipage, too, as Mr. Lawrence had! There was nothing superior to it. His carriage and his horses were sublime.

No man or citizen could count himself as really a great man in this city, fifty years ago, unless he had been either Alderman or Assistant of one of the Wards. Augustus H. Lawrence had been both. He was assistant Alderman of the Third Ward from 1809 to 1813, and Alderman of the same Ward from 1814 to 1816.

In 1816, he was among the first to start the Board of of Brokers, and his firm of Augustus H. Lawrence & Co. was one of the original signatures. His partner was Samuel Adams Lawrence.

Mr. Lawrence was a trustee of the Leake and Watts property.

He had a son, Augustus N., who was also a broker in Wall street at one time, and lived at Park place. He married a Miss Champlin. Her father was one of the great firm of Minturn & Champlin. Young Lawrence

was a great beau in his day. I think he is now in the City of Washington.

I am not certain, but I think one of those Roubells married Miss Coster, a daughter of John G. Coster of this city.

I do not remember the names of all the daughters of A. H. Lawrence. Joana married James McCrea. He was a merchant at 101 Front street, before 1830. After he married Miss Lawrence, they lived at 42 Broadway for a few years. He died about 1834. They had several children, and they were splendid specimens. One was Joana and one was Augustus. He was a handsome fellow. The last time I met him was in 1844, in Washington. I think at the time he held some important appointment in the War Office. The widow, I think still lives in this city, at University place, No 15.

Here, by the way, is a good chance for me to correct an error. In the volume of "Old Merchants" published by Carleton, I alluded to the great Philadelphia merchant, John McCrea, on pages 45 to 55. He was a brother of James McCrea, who married Miss Lawrence. I alluded to John as a curious man. He is a man in ten thousand, and is still living in the City of Philadelphia, and at the age of seventy-five is full of activity and vigor. He is better than half the men of the present day at forty. Except a partial deafness which he has labored under for many years, he is in full possession of all his faculties, and as keen in driving a bargain as the next man. For many years, he has done nothing in the shipping business, or as a regular merchant. His operations have been confined to real estate, and to building good, substantial dwellings, in which he has been very

successful, having realized a handsome fortune, and being no longer beholden to any one for assistance, as he used to be to the old United States Bank for his million dollar operations.

Mr. McCrea took up a large breadth of ground out in West Spruce and West Pine streets, an excellent part of Philadelphia for genteel residences, and by excluding from the neighborhood all inferior buildings was able to get good prices for those he erected. He is small in size, but great in worth, and deserves success. I have had heavy operations with him in my time, and I regarded him as a prince of ship owners and a true merchant.

When he first failed as a merchant, it was in April, 1828. I think that he then involved his brother James pretty heavily. At that time he owed a large amount to John A. Brown & Co., of Philadelphia, and a branch of the Baltimorean house of Alexander Brown & Sons, as is Brown, Brothers & Co., of this city. Mr. McCrea gave up to the Browns the splendid residence he had just erected for his own use, but had never occupied, on the south-east corner of Chestnut and Twelfth streets, which John A. Brown has occupied himself from that time to this — thirty-five years. John McCrea was a skillful merchant. He is now worth more money honorably acquired by his own abilities, than the joint fortune left by both of the partners who are now dead, of the great firm of Bevan & Humphrey, to whom he was so often obliged to go for the means to set his ships afloat, and give activity to his business.

Another daughter of Augustus H. Lawrence became the wife of Commodore Jewett, of the United States Navy. They both died long ago, and, I believe, left

no children. I think she was privately married to Mr Mactier. He died. Another daughter married a Benson, one of our old Knickerbocker families. After his death she married a Doctor Taylor, and, I believe, is yet alive in the City of Brooklyn. Her first husband was a brother of Mr. Benson, of the firm of March & Benson.

Mr. Lawrence, when he died, left his family rich.

They will now come into a large property by the death of their cousin, Dominick Lynch Lawrence.

I will now return to the announcement of the death in Paris, that led to this article. A daughter of Kate Lawrence and Baron Roubell, equally as lovely as her mother, married a Mr. Curtiss. Her health broke down. She went to Paris to recover it, and there died. There are some very melancholy facts connected with her death.

## CHAPTER VIII.

One day, nearly a year ago, an aged man came to me with a Directory in his hand. He had called twice before I saw him. He had a Directory for 1811. He wished me to exchange with him. I asked what year he would like. He replied, "The year I went into business in the City of New York — 1807." "I have it at my house; if you will leave 1811, I will look up 1807, this evening, and send it to you." He folded up 1811 very carefully, and said, "I will give you mine when I have the other." Then he wrote his address in the old-fashioned bold, mercantile hand, as follows:

GEO. B. RAPELYE,  
No. 4 West Thirty-second street,  
(4th story) Corner Broadway.

I read it with some surprise. The face was familiar; but I could not reconcile the shrivelled up old man before me with the fine, portly gentleman I had known a third of a century ago. He was then a vestry-man of St. Thomas' Church, in Broadway.

It was the same person. When I got home, I looked up some old papers, and found some of his handwriting, written in 1804. I took it up with me, thinking it would please him, and went to the address he had given me. The door was open. I kept on up to the fourth

floor. I knocked at a door. It was opened by this aged man. The room was about twelve foot long, by ten wide. In one corner was a cot bed, partly concealed by a paper screen. There were lots of books and papers, a table covered with books and dirt. A stove, about the size of a sugar loaf, that, in its best days, could never have cost over twenty-five cents, had a few live coals in it. A wretched tin lamp stood near it. Over the mantle was a picture of Doctor Francis. I never saw more squalid poverty, or more signs of it. Still it was odd. The chairs were old, and apparently valueless. Yet, to my eyes, they appeared like the old leather-bottomed Dutch chairs of 1662, and I wondered if the old gentleman knew it. He thanked me for the specimens of his handwriting nearly sixty years old, and appeared very much gratified. I must here mention that I found out I had but one copy of 1807, had had a copy of 1811, and did not want his 1811; and I had also an extra copy of 1810, which I had with me. This he wanted badly. I would not sell it, but offered to exchange for "Goodrich's picture of New York," and some other book that he volunteered to give me.

All this while I was bothered, and I did not know how to treat him. He was evidently extremely poor, and probably lacked a meal of victuals; yet he showed me a collection of Revolutionary autographs, and when I observed that I had a good many, he expressed a desire to have them, and I gave him some afterwards. In attempting to move about, I upset an inkstand upon his carpet. Heaven only knows how many inches of dirt the ink had to run through before it reached the carpet! Such a scene as followed! He lit his one-

wick lamp, got down upon his knees, and with the aid of old papers tried to remedy the evil I had done so carelessly. I looked on in amazement. I would have given him two old carpets, although probably not one so old and dirty could have been picked up in any second-hand shop in this city. I offered to do anything, but there was nothing I could do. I thought of offering him a five dollar bill, but something kept me from it.

This was my second interview with him. Then he proposed that I should do some joint publication with him, employing Carleton as the publisher. I called at this old room several times. Once he complained of such weakness that I went and got a bottle of Brandreth's Lactonah for him to try.

One day I called and was horrified to find he had had a fit, and was speechless. Still the plucky old gentleman did not seem discouraged. He wrote on a slate that he had had an epileptic fit, but could hear what I said. I asked if I could do anything for him. He thanked me on his slate, but replied "No." When I left him I went down stairs to a druggist store facing on Broadway. There I saw a nice young man, and I gave my address, saying, "If the old gentleman up stairs wants any help in any way, I stand ready," &c.

"What, old Rapelye?"

"Yes."

"Why, he owns all the houses and lands between Thirtieth and Fortieth streets, from the Eighth to the Eleventh avenue."

"The deuce he does? Where are his friends? Who will get all his land and money?"

"He has made his will. His safe is in the back room. He has left his property to Mrs. Wetherbee."

“ Who is Mrs. Wetherbee ? ”

“ She is the wife of Doctor Wetherbee, who used to own this drug store. She is now travelling in Europe. Her husband is the manager of the anatomical museum arrangement in Broadway. She will come in for all his property. He has connections, but he has cut them all off.”

A few days after, I called again, and went up to the attic on the fourth floor. It was closed. I called in the drug store again, and was told “ Mrs. Wetherbee has got back from Europe. She at once came here, and took the old man Rapelye off in a carriage to her house in Fourteenth street.” So I went away, and determined to wait patiently for the *denouement*.

On Friday I heard he was dead. I went around to the old attic. It was in the hands of the Public Administrator, safe and all, for he kept an iron safe.

Here was the notice :

RAPELYE. — On Friday, March 27th, Mr. George B. Rapelye, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, on Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, from Grace Church, Broadway, without further invitation.

I understand the funeral service and arrangements were made by his life-long friend, Hugh Maxwell, formerly Collector of this port.

Mr. Rapelye, when well, always dined every Sunday with Mr. Belden, a great friend. He is said to own an immense amount of stock, and also to have valuable papers in the Manhattan Bank. In that institution he is said to be a stockholder to the extent of \$20,000.

I am satisfied that there must have been a very great

romance connected with Geo. B. Rapelye. I think I have the key to it. In one of my articles I spoke of Jacob Sherred, who was, fifty years ago, one of the largest painters and glaziers in the city of New York. He lived at No. 35 Broad street, and his shop was next door. I said: "He had no children; but died in 1820, leaving \$60,000 to the Theological Seminary."

Mr. Rapelye corrected me, and said, "He had no children when he died. He lost a daughter, a very lovely girl." The manner in which he said this made an impression upon me. Not long after I met an aged lady, and I asked her about Miss Sherred. The reply was, "She was a very lovely girl, but died suddenly the very night that she was to have been married to a young merchant named Rapelye."

All this is very curious, and affords food for reflection, and to romance upon. The old man is dead. He was once an energetic, ambitious merchant. He was a clerk with Isaac Heyer, from 1802 to 1806. The Rapelyes are an old race. The first girl born in this city it is said, was of this family. The head of this family was Jorem Jansen de Rapalie, a Huguenot, from Rochelle in France. He came to this city in 1623, in the ship "Unity." He lived in New York city until his first child was born, and there he bought of the Indians, in 1637, 335 acres of land over the river, now Brooklyn. His daughter, Sarah, was the first born in the colony of New Netherlands, June 9th, 1625.

The earliest marriage, too, in this city, was that of a Rapelje named Maria, who married a Mr. Paulus, in 1640. She was sister of Sarah, the young lady first born in the Colony, in 1625, above alluded to.

George B. was a grandson of a George Rapelje, who was drowned while coming to New York from Communipaw, in March, 1781. Previously, his son, George, had been knocked overboard by the boom of a vessel in the East River, in May, 1799. The last left two sons ; one named George, who was also drowned in the harbor, in 1795, making a father, son, and grandson drowned within a few years. Old George of Communipaw had another son named Bernard. He was named after Bernard Bloom, whose daughter Mary he married. Bernard was born in 1769. He married, in November, 1783, Deborah, a daughter of Joshua Gedney. He had two sons. One was George Bernard, born in 1784, who died quite recently, and a son named Charles, who is also deceased.

Old Bernard did a large grocery business in the city immediately after the war. His store was at No 12 Cruger's wharf, for many years.

George B. Rapelje knew every man of note in the city for the past fifty years. He was extensively engaged in business for many years in Front street.

He was a great friend of John Pintard, and narrated many traits of the kind-heartedness, of that worthy citizen.

All the Rapeljes are of course relations of the deceased merchant, and very likely they will come into possession of his property.

When I find curious matter I write it down, although it may not belong to the immediate subject of my chapter. I have often spoken of the old Irish merchants that were here soon after the war. Among them noble old Daniel McCormick. When John McVickar

afterwards one of our largest ship owners and merchants came out to this city, he was placed under the guardianship of old Daniel, and the latter called him "John" to the end of his life, much to the astonishment of strangers. When John McVikar was in his greatest mercantile glory, doing an enormous business, he had among his clerks two smart young brothers named John and Philip Hone. He brought them up in his counting-house and gave them credit in after years to establish themselves in business; and John Hone often said that the success of himself and brother Philip was owing to John McVikar.

In an article respecting the late Luman Reed, I stated that Elliott, the Eye Doctor, cured his partner, Mr. Lee, of disease of the eye, but used so much calomel in effecting the cure, as to bring on paralysis.

When I wrote that statement I did so upon a careless statement made some time ago in reference to Mr. Lee by a person who had occupied intimate relations with him. Since then I have heard the facts stated differently.

It seems that Mr. Lee was taken to Dr. Elliott by James McCall, President of the Metropolitan Bank, whom he had cured a short time previously of a disease of the optic nerve. Mr. Lee was at that time 64 years old, and paralyzed in his extremities. Dr. Elliot at once pronounced his disease "*ramollissement rouge*," the softening of the brain and spinal cord, very common in his country, which had created paralysis of the optic nerve as of the extremities. The disease is incurable. Dr. Elliott stated that he could not do more than keep him alive, but thought he could remove the disease of the eye. He attended him and kept him alive, by very

strict dieting, for eleven or twelve years, and cured the eye disease, but never used any calomel. His decease was finally caused by his using wet sheets or the cold water system, his system not having the power of reaction. On his death a post-mortem examination was made by Drs. Mott and Carnochan, who found, as Dr. Elliott had years before stated — softening of the brain



## CHAPTER IX.

I have written in reference to a very singular fact, that occurs very frequently in these chapters. It is this: In many cases there is entire unconsciousness, apparently, of a continuation, or, more properly, a succession of mercantile houses from generation to generation, even among those most interested. All who are familiar with the large merchants of the present generation, know that now, and for forty-two years past, the house of Aymar & Co., (it was B. Aymar & Co. in 1821, and until 1840) has been one of our largest commercial houses. They do not know that almost forty years previous to that, the same house was in existence and did the largest business of any firm in New York city. Yet such was the case, and I shall be able to show, probably to the astonishment, as well as for the information, of a great many who think they know all about the Aymars. The British left this city in November, 1783. Not long after, the house of Shedden, Patrick & Co. was established. In 1785, they kept at No. 206 Water street. They did an immense business, importing goods from the West Indies, owning ships, agents for West India estates, trading to St. Petersburg, in Russia; they founded, or originated the business that Aymar & Co. succeeded to forty years after.

They were the largest merchants in the city, by all odds, in 1788.

The brig "Commerce" belonged to them. She was in the Malaga trade, and brought to the house cargoes of fruit, raisins, grapes, lemons, oranges, &c.

The brig "John," of 130 tons, was their vessel. The brig "Capello," Capt. Tyrie, was one of their regular packets between St. Petersburg and this port. She would arrive with her cargo of clean Petersburg hemp, Russia sail cloth, Russia sheeting, cordage, tallow and casks, assorted bar iron, and Ravens' duck. The owners sold what they could, and stored the balance of the cargo. I think Aymar & Co. have now the same correspondents, Messrs. Brandt & Co., in St. Petersburg, that S. P. & Co., had eighty years ago.

They imported Manchester goods; they sold silks; they had a large business from the West Indies; they sold Jamaica spirits of 1783 brand, and puncheons of Grenada rum of the 1787 crop.

They sold immense quantities of Madeira wine, in butts, pipes, and quarters casks, from London, and Red Catalonia, Old Mountain, and Malvoisin, pure as crystal.

The ship "Minerva," whenever she came into port from New Castle, not only brought them coal, but large lots of Crown window glass, flint glassware, and cream-colored and brown earthenware.

The brig "Diana" they kept in the regular trade between New York and Dominica.

This house bought an immense quantity of American produce to ship to the West India Islands.

They kept all sorts of "iron mongery," as it was

called then, meaning nails, brads, tacks, carpenter and broad axes, narrow hoes, and hawk's bills.

They were also in the India trade, and sold largely of teas.

They sent off vessels every month to James River, to load vessels with tobacco for European ports. There were few houses, if any, that did as large a business as the house of Shedden, Patrick & Co.

William Shedden was the head of the house. I think he was Scotch. He lived at No. 10 Water street. One partner was named John Patrick, and the other was W. B. Todd.

Shedden, Patrick & Co. kept on several years. In 1797, I think, William Shedden went out of the house, and it then became Patrick & Todd. I am not certain but that Thomas Shedden was for a short time a partner. He was a brother, I believe. About 1800, John Patrick had the whole of the immense business of Shedden, Patrick & Co. in his own hands. His store was at 4 William street, where he also lived. He moved his counting house to 38 South street in 1802. At that time, he did an enormous business to the West Indies, and had cargoes of rum, sugar, etc., in every week. He had several clerks. Robert H. Stewart was one. Benjamin Aymar was another, and his brother John Q. Aymar, was another. The two last, were sons of old John Q. Aymar, who was one of the last of the cocked hats. He was a block and pump maker as early as 1790, on Theophyacht Bache's wharf. I remember the old gentleman with his queue, knee-buckles and short breeches.

In 1802, John Patrick moved his store to No. 38

South street. In 1809, he took Benjamin Aymar into partnership, under the firm of John Patrick & Co.

John Q. Aymar went to Norfolk, where he graduated from the counting house, and then he married a Miss Dixon, and went into partnership with her brother, under the firm of Aymar & Dixon. The concern did not make out very well, and afterwards he returned to New York and joined brother Benjamin. In 1812, John Patrick & Co. moved into the store No. 30 South street, and there they continued until some years. In 1815, the firm became Patrick, Aymar & Co. I think John Q. had come back from Norfolk, and had become the inner partner.

Old Patrick had removed to 23 Bridge street, and Benjamin Aymar lived at 42 Greenwich street.

Patrick Aymar & Co. kept on until 1821, when John Patrick went out of the house, and established business at 7 Washington street. He lingered along in that place until 1827, when I think he died. It would be curious to trace his descendants. I think Richard M. Patrick, the iron safe manufacturer, is one, but I am not certain.

That same year, 1821, Benjamin Aymar established the house of B. Aymar & Co. his brother John Q. being his partner. In 1825, the store was removed to 34 South street, and there it has continued from that day until this. In 1814, John Q. moved into Benjamin's old house No. 42 Greenwich street, and the former moved to 6 State street, where he resided many years. Those Aymars are all energetic and smart business men. I believe the old block and pump maker had two sets of children. I think Benjamin, John Q. and one

who was a sea captain, were the elder set. I think William and Samuel, the ship chandlers, were another set by another wife. William is of the firm of William Aymar & Co., and he and his sisters live up at the corner of Beach and Varick streets, opposite St. Johns' Park.

The old house of B. Aymar & Co. has brought up large number of clerks, and some of them have become partners. Thomas Andrews, who now lives in Jersey, was a clerk for a long time, and for a short time a partner in the house of B. Aymar & Co.

Thomas Pott, a son of Gideon Pott, formerly Graham & Pott, merchants here thirty years ago, was a clerk with Aymar & Co. Young Pott went out to St. Thomas, West Indies, and then become one of the firm of I. F. Penniston & Co. I believe he is now in the city.

Another of the clerks of B. Aymar & Co. was James A. Williamson, now of the house of Bishop & Co., 3 Beaver Street, largely in the South American trade.

Another was John T. Rollins. He is now of the house of Rollins Brothers, stock brokers.

Major Stevens, who had been an old merchant, was bookkeeper for many years with B. Aymar & Co. So, too, was Mr. Goddard. He left, and went with Phelps & Peck; and when their new store, corner of Fulton and Cliff streets, fell down and killed so many persons, the old bookkeeper was among the victims, a third of a century ago. He was the author of "Goddard's Treatise on Bookkeeping."

Fred Stagg was another clerk of B. Aymar & Co. Who does not remember Fred, with his short neck set deep into his shoulders, and so stiff he could not turn his

neck, but had to turn his body when he looked around Fred was a brother of John and Jane Stagg, and was as proud as Lucifer. Well, the Staggs are an old race, and at one time were all rich. Fred had reason to be proud. Aymar & Co sent him to St. Thomas, Santa Cruz, and other West India Islands. I met him out there, on board the brig, belonging to Aymar & Co., in which Fred was a passenger from St. Thomas, there was a Spaniard. He could speak very little English. He had a row with Fred on the quarter deck, and some high words. Fred Stagg was plucky, but after he went below the Spaniard uttered some bad threats. Another passenger thought he would help Fred out of the scrape. He says to the Spaniard, "You had better have no difficulty with the man Stagg. He is dangerous."

"I will him kill; I have a knife," said the Spaniard.

"Do you know who he is? Look out for him," said the passenger.

"No; who is he?" asked the Spaniard.

"They call him, in New York, the great 'American Butter.' He has killed four men by butting them to death, and that is the way his head got drove down between his shoulders."

The Spaniard kept clear of Fred during the remainder of the voyage. Fred did not escape. He was nicknamed the Butter for a long time after. He has been dead over fifteen years. He, like the rest of the Staggs, was fond of high living, and it killed him early.

James G. Stacy was made a partner about 1832. He was from Delaware. I believe he had been in business in the city of Philadelphia, where I think he failed. After that Aymar & Co. got him one house with them.

He used to reside in the lower end of Greenwich street. He was a partner of B. Aymar & Co. for many years, and retired with a fortune about 1841. He married a Miss Weyman, a daughter of the Weyman who kept the great clothing warehouse, corner of Maiden lane and Nassau street. Mr. Stacy was treasurer of the unfortunate Parker Vein Company. That affair killed him. He died a year after it closed up. He was a smart, energetic business man, and was extremely useful in a great concern such as was Aymar & Co.'s.

Another partner was John Dash Van Beuren. He was a son of old Michael Van Beuren who lived up in Bleecker, and kept store in Dey street. John D. was educated for law, and in 1835 had up his shingle at 25 Pine street, as an attorney-at-law and notary public. That year he married the eldest daughter of Ben Aymar, and the next was taken into the concern of Benjamin Aymar & Co. I think he went out of the house about 1850. He has several children, and resides at a place called New Windsor, near Newburgh. He was a most excellent merchant, which is a rare thing. Merchants always make good lawyers, when they change professions; but it is rare that a lawyer makes a merchant. He thinks that he knows too much at the start. John D. Van Beuren is no connection of the Kinderhook family. If he had been the Chamber of Commerce would not have elected him its secretary from 1841 to 1843.

Another partner was N. D. C. Moller. At one time he was of the firm of Moller & Openheimer. They did immense Porto Rico business. The house failed, and Aymar took him as a corresponding clerk. Short-

ly after he was admitted a partner. He brought an immense business to the concern from his old West India correspondents. I think he was admitted about 1839. He was the Consul of Venezuela. Of course all his correspondents at Caraccas, Laguayra and Puerto Cabello, were transferred to B. Aymar & Co.

Mr. Moller is a very extraordinary person, and a clever merchant. I believe he was originally from Bremen. I think he left B. Aymar & Co. in 1845. He bought land, and built a country seat up near Summit, New Jersey. He has a fine family. He is now of the house of Moller, Sands & Rieva, steamship agents.

Joseph Gaillard, Junior, who married the second daughter of Ben. Aymar, was taken in as a partner in 1844. He was a son of J. Gaillard, of Gaillard & Embury, importing merchants. Old Gaillard commenced in this city about 1827. They are all from Charleston District, about twenty-five miles from that city. There are ten of these Gaillards engaged in the present rebellion, from Monk's Corner alone.

I think John Aymar left the house in 1840. That year the style of the firm was changed from B. Aymar & Co. to Aymar & Co., although Benjamin did not leave it until about 1845, when there was in the house Augustus Aymar, a son of Ben, Van Beuren, Moller, and Gaillard.

Samuel S. Sands married a daughter of Ben Aymar. She died, and he married afterwards another daughter.

After Augustus, a son of Benjamin, was taken in; he and John, junior, his brother, went to Europe. About that time John junior died, as did Mrs. Benjamin Aymar; then Mrs. Sands, and then Mrs. Gaillard.

Joseph Gaillard afterwards married a daughter of John Aymar, who had no sons. He had one daughter, a very fine girl, who is not yet married.

Augustus Aymar went to Porto Rico after he had been in the house of Aymar & Co. a few years, and there he married the daughter of the mayor of one of the towns, and he has continued to reside there ever since, though I believe he is still a partner of the house of Aymar & Co.

Young Ben R. Aymar, the third son B. Aymar, was a clerk with the firm of Aymar & Co. for some time. He thought he might die, like the rest of them, if he kept in business, so he went and bought a farm and turned farmer. He afterwards became a partner with his brother-in-law, Sands, under the firm of S. S. Sands & Co., in the brokerage business, but I do not believe he attends much to business.

Ben Aymar lived at No. 6 State street as long as he could stand it. There is no such residence up town, no such view of the bay, no such delightful sea breeze; but fashion required him to sacrifice what money cannot purchase up town, and in 1849 he moved up to No. 84 Fifth avenue. Then John Q. Aymar moved from 680 Broadway to 102 Fifth avenue, at a later period.

The house of Ben Aymar & Co., did business with all the ports of the world. To all parts of the West Indies. They were agents for estates in the Islands, and for merchants who shipped goods here. They had the "Emily," the "John W. Cater," the "Orbit," the "Try," "The B. Aymar," and I do not know how many more packets and vessels he had in the trade between Jamaica, Santa Cruz, and other ports. They

supplied all these islands with American produce. They did business with all parts of Central America. As I have said before, they did a heavy Russia business with Wm. Brandt, of St. Petersburg and Constadt.

They did a large brandy business with John Durant & Co., and also sold to the grocers immense quantities of Burgundy Port.

Old Ben Aymar was as keen as a briar. He used to get up as early as half past five in the morning, and go from the house where he resided so long at No. 6 State street, up along the stores in Front and Water streets where all the principal grocery business was done, and where his customers were located. He would see what stores were open, notice the quantity of goods, talk with the clerks while the merchants were asleep and had not got out of their beds. From these observations in the morning Mr. Aymar would draw pretty correct conclusions as to the goodness of this and that house, when they came to make purchases of him. He would go along the docks and notice what ships and vessels had come up, and notice what cargoes were discharging and going on board.

As a little instance of his shrewdness, I will tell this story of him. B. Aymar & Co. used to receive cargoes of mahogany and logwood. These he used generally to sell at auction. On one occasion he had a cargo to be sold at Jersey City. William F. Pell was to be the auctioneer, and all hands were to start from Pell's store, in Coffee House Slip, and go over to the ferry. When they reached the foot of Courtlandt street, Mr. Aymar noticed that one of the largest buyers slipped through without paying on the boat. He told Mr. Pell not to

receive a bid from such a man. Mr. Pell expressed surprise, observing :

“ Why, I thought he was good.”

“ So did I ; but I have changed my mind, and I will not trust him a dollar.”

Not long after the merchant failed, and did not pay five cents on the dollar. B. Aymar was one of the best salesmen in New York city. He would sell two or three West India cargoes of a morning, while other merchants were selling two or three casks of rum or sugar. He would see two or three principal buyers, and get them to run off a cargo, dividing it up into lots, having the best names in New York,— John Johnson & Sons, Suydam & Reed, Reed & Sturgis, and others.

Ben was a Director in the Merchant's Bank for twenty years, and frequently acted as President when the President was away.

The Aymars were both Episcopalians, and attended Grace Church, corner of Rector street, in the days of old, when one knew where people went to church.

Ben Aymar must be nearly 76, if not older. He does not show it much. He was a regular business man. He started with an ordinary education, and excepting to eat and to drink and to sleep, he never cared for anything else, except business. Still, he and his firm have done as much as any one house to build up New York city.

Shedden, Patrick & Co. commenced when the population was about 20,000, in 1784. What a growth ! Yet this great growth in population, wealth and commercial grandeur is owing to just such men as these Aymars. All honor to them.

## CHAPTER X.

There are few old New York citizens, whether they have been engaged in commerce or otherwise, but who will remember the house of P. & J. S. Crary & Co. It is not many years since the two brothers, Peter and John S. Crary, died. The house existed many years. For many years its capital was very large, and its credit unquestioned. It did business with almost every part of the world. They were largely in the dry goods trade. They were large dealers in silks, and they imported largely from China. The Crarys were large speculators, and operated extensively in every article of merchandize, when they thought that money was to be made.

The father, old Peter Crary, was in business in this city as early as 1802. At that time his store was at 36 Old slip, under the firm of Peter Crary & Son. I think the name of the son was John. Old Peter lived at 77 Water street. He had several other sons. Peter, Junior, was of the firm of E. & P. Crary, at 107 William street. They were largely in the dry goods business as early as 1801. Edward was an elder brother. Peter Crary, Jr., had been a clerk for some years with Mantin & Soulier, French importing merchants, at 76 William street, as early as 1796. This house imported French

dry goods at an early period, when very few articles were imported from France except brandy and wine. They had in their store, ribbons, gloves, crape, &c. I think Mr. Mantin lived until within a few months, and died at the residence of Dr. Stelle, in Bleecker street. The venerable old merchant was a bachelor.

Peter Crary & Son dissolved in 1808. He continued to live in Water street until 1818, when he moved up to 359 Broadway, next door to his son, Peter, Jr. I think he died, in the year 1823, in that house.

E. & P. Crary continued in business together until 1812, when he went out of the house and united with his brother, John S. Crary, under the firm of P. E. & J. S. Crary, at 237 Pearl street. Peter remained in business at 172 Pearl, under the firm of P. Crary, Jr., & Co. The company was Benjamin F. Babcock. He was a Rhode Island man, and must be yet living — at least I think I met him in the street a few days ago. About this time John S. went to housekeeping at 164 Greenwich street.

In 1816, all the brothers were in partnership together, under the firm of Crarays & Babcock, at 172 Pearl. Peter moved to 361 Broadway, where he lived many years in great style.

In 1818 the house dissolved. Edward Crary retired from business well off. I believe he never engaged in it again. He is yet alive, a bachelor aged 80, if not more than that.

The firm became P. & J. S. Crary. In 1822 the house moved to 177 Pearl, corner of Pine. It was the store occupied by John Jacob Astor for many years. About 1824 they took in a partner named Oliver Ells-

worth Cobb, and the firm became P. & J. S. Crary & Co., and so it continued a long time, until it failed in 1837.

Young Cobb, who was a partner for some years, was a young man of great promise, he was a son of the celebrated O. Cobb, the fishmarket man in Coenties slip, for so many years. Aaron Clark, who died last year, and who at one period of his life was mayor of this city, as well as the largest lottery dealer in it, used to say of O. Cobb, that he was the last of the cocked hats, from the fact that he wore a *queue* and powdered hair long after they had been given up by our oldest citizens.

Young Cobb died long before the troubles of P. & J. S. Crary came on.

Young William A. Lawrence, who was afterwards Lawrence & Munsell, was a clerk for a long time with P. & J. S. Crary; I am not certain that he was not a partner.

This house of P. & J. S. Crary not only did a large business, but both partners were very much esteemed. Both had families. A daughter of Peter Crary married James L. Morris. Another daughter married a Mr. Franklin. He was formerly a hardware merchant in this city, but now lives at Flushing, Long Island.

A son of Peter Crary was named Edward C. Crary. He was at one time in business in Liverpool, and did a very large business there. That house failed at the time of the crash of the New York house. This Edward C. Crary married one of the daughters of the celebrated Robert Fulton, to whom the world is indebted for steamboats. Another of the daughters of Mr. Fulton married Mr. Blight, of Philadelphia. He was at one

time a large ship owner, and among other vessels had one named the "Robert Fulton." Edward C. Crary is still living in this city.

Peter Crary was a steady business man. His misfortunes were very heavy, and he felt them deeply. On one occasion, not long before his death, he met in the street one of our wealthy men, whom he had known for forty-five years — in fact, they had been clerks together. One had had great success, with few chances, while the other, with great chances and enormous facilities, had become very poor. It was too much for Peter Crary, and he broke out into violent weeping. "Why, Peter, what is the matter?" said one. "Meeting you brings to mind so forcibly the memory of old times, and the heavy transactions of other years, and my present miserable condition, of which you can have no conception. Never mind, I shall soon be in my grave." The other tried to cheer him up, told him not to get disheartened, and asked him if he could do anything for him? The reply was in the negative. Not long after, Peter Crary died at a cottage near Belleville, New Jersey, in 1843. John S. died in 1839 or 1840.

John S. Crary was a very different man from his brother. He was a thorough merchant, and prided himself upon his perfectness in everything. Peter was plain matter of fact; John S. was the pink of politeness. His wardrobe was perfect, and his dress unexceptionable. He was the financial man of the house, and he engineered their immense operations. He was a Director and a prominent man in the Phenix Bank. He was at one time in the Stonington Railroad, when it was so famous. I think he was its Treasurer. He would go

into any kind of operations, no matter how foreign it was to the supposed regular dry good business of the firm. I remember on one occasion there was to be a large *salé* of skins. John S. Crary hired a man who was temporarily out of employment to go and buy the whole cargo. When he had completed the purchase, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Crary, he gave him \$50. That was considered as wonderful liberality at that time.

John S. Crary would have been an idol to printers, if they had lived in his day. He wrote a handwriting that fairly surpassed copperplate engraving. It was beautiful. I remember once reading a letter of credit given by the Crarys, but written by John S., that surpassed any writing I ever saw.

He lived at 34 Varick street for many years. He had a fine family of daughters, but I believe had no sons. One of the daughters married young Dr. Leo Wolf. Another married a Mr. Detmold. I believe he is a brother of the clever doctor of that name.

John S. Crary was a very sensitive man. He never held up his head after his failure. He, who was so particular about his appearance, became careless and negligent. He could be seen almost every day at Tom Riley's Fifth Ward Hotel. From 1825 to 1835, when St. John's Square or Park was in its greatest glory, and surrounded by the residences of the most fashionable merchants, there was no house more splendidly furnished than that of John S. Crary. In that house he and his colleagues projected the Stonington Railroad.

Peter was more morose than his brother. At that time, the old Quaker Church stood in Pearl street, just above Franklin square, in front of it in the very middle

of the street, stood a pump that was famous for its cold water. It was called the Quaker meeting pump, and the citizens would travel long distances to get water from that pump. There was one store on what was called the Quaker block, that Peter used to frequent of an evening. In the rear of the store was a room, where on one warm summer night, some Quaker friends had met. They had a pitcher of this very cold water, and they had a decanter of very excellent brandy. It was about eight o'clock. One of the Quaker clerks of Peter was present. They heard his step, and at once out with the lights thinking that as soon as he discovered that there were no lights, he would go away. Not so. He deliberately took his seat, and kept it until eleven o'clock, and not one of the party dared move. Whether he suspected what was going on or not, they never knew.

John S. Crary was one of the most prominent men in the old Presbyterian Church in Wall street.

In one of my chapters I alluded to Henry Toland, who died in this city on the 23d of January, 1863. He was in business in this city for about twenty years as a stock broker. I think a son was his partner, under the firm of Henry Toland & Son. When he died the elder Toland was 78 years of age. I mentioned him as having been in Philadelphia, and largely engaged in the East India trade. He commenced business in that city as the partner of Thomas C. Rockhill, under the firm of Toland & Rockhill. The house did a large and successful dry goods jobbing trade in Market street. The partnership was dissolved in 1820, and each of the partners continued business under his own name. The trade of Mr. Toland to the Western country was very

large, and he soon added to it a large East India and Mexican business. He was a finely educated, well-bred man, speaking Spanish and French fluently, and was so much esteemed by the Philadelphians, that they placed him at the head of the popular branch of their City Councils.

The East India business was greatly overdone about 1828, and Mr. Toland was obliged to fail. He made an honorable settlement with his creditors on the basis of fifty per cent. A few years afterward he came on to this city. His partner, Thomas E. Rockhill, was one of the best dry good merchants that ever did business in Philadelphia. His father was a farmer in New Jersey. Young Rockhill went to Philadelphia a poor lad, and became a clerk in the auction store of good Silas E. Weir, where his assiduity soon recommended him to favor, and upon arriving at manhood he was selected by Mr. Toland, who had capital, as a partner. His popularity with Western merchants was very great, and his off-hand, prompt manner of doing business gave him a very high standing. After he separated from Mr. Toland, he continued the Western trade, particularly with Kentucky, with marked success, and in a few years his paper was rated and quoted as gilt edged — a reputation kept up until his death, which occurred in March, 1855. He was one of the founders and a first Director of the Girard Bank; and his intelligence and fairness in all of his transactions, and intercourse with men of business, made his service and advice sought after upon all occasions when keen sagacity and singleness of purpose were valuable. He left a respectable fortune to his family.

## CHAPTER XI.

The Stout family descended from the two old ship captains, Jacob and John, were numerous; but at this day the race is nearly extinct.

Captain Jacob Stout had several children. In 1798 he lived at Amboy, where he had the yellow fever. He was so near death that his family felt justified in ordering his coffin.

Jacob, Jr., was a son by his first wife; so was John.

Catherine, his daughter, married Asher Marx, Oct. 8, 1808. They were married by Rev. Doctor Beach. Mr. Marx was a very eminent merchant for years, under the firm of Marx & Linsley, at No. 74 Queen street, where he kept for over twenty years, or until he died, in his house, No. 673 Broadway, in 1824. He married a second time, I think, a Miss Carroll. She lived many years after his death, and left several children.

Asher Marx was no connection of the great firm of Jacob & Phillip Mark. They were largely in the Holland trade as early as 1785, and, perhaps, before that. This house was German. They had a brother abroad, named Frederick N. Mark, who used to send largely of foreign goods to the New York house. Fred had a son named Lewis Mark, who was born 1st April, 1788. Jacob & Phillip kept together until 1793, when they dissolved

Phillip went with Joseph Strelitz, under the firm of Mark & Strelitz, until 1806, when I think Phillip Mark died or went abroad. They were at No. 205 Pearl. Joseph Strelitz kept on business in the store for many years, or until about 1825. In 1830 he was out of business, and lived at No. 168 Walker street, where I think he died.

Jacob Mark, after he left Phillip in 1793, took into partnership John Speyer, and the firm was Jacob Mark & Co. They kept their store at the corner of Stone and William streets, now occupied by Westray, Gibbes & Hardcastle.

In 1799 Jacob Mark & Co. failed, and out of their failure grew an immense lawsuit, that occupied our lawyers many years. James J. Roosevelt and John R. Murray sued the assignees of Mark & Speyer. The suit was in the Court of Chancery for twenty years, and was not decided by the Court of Errors until the month of February, 1820. The two suits amounted to \$300,000. The Court of Errors affirmed the decrees of the Chancellor in each case. The assignees gained the cause. John Speyer went into business at 27 Wall street, in 1804, and kept there until 1813. Jacob Mark, his partner, moved to 64 Greenwich street, as early as 1830, and was there as late as 1821. His store was at 65 Washington street, in the rear. I suppose at that time he received his money from the lawsuit, and then he went to Germany, I presume, for I hear no more of him or the house in New York. When I get interested in a house so old, that has so many romantic matters connected with it, I feel as anxious to know more as many of my readers do; and should this article fall

under the eyes of any one who has additional information, I trust that they will send it to me.

In the days of their prosperity, 1789, Jacob and Phillip Mark had the brig "Eliza," in the trade between this city and Amsterdam. They dealt mostly in dry goods, and kept a very heavy stock of Flanders bed-ticks, chintzes and calicoes, buckrams of all colors; muslins, plain, striped and sprigged; Flemish thread and sewing-silk, Dutch lace, kid gloves, white and colored shawls of all kinds, handkerchiefs of linen and cotton, combs of ivory and horn, Piermont water; oilcloths, black, green and figured; fine table-cloths of all sizes.

Mr. Asher Mark was an Israelite, but in order to marry Miss Stout, he was obliged to become a Christian, and renounce the religion of his forefathers. At that time, there was a prejudice against Israelites intermarrying with Christian girls. The first Mrs. Mark did not live a year. She died in child-birth. He married a second time, and then it was Miss Carroll. The issue of the last marriage was Henry Carroll Marx and three daughters. They lived up at 673 Broadway until Henry died, in 1848 or 1849. The mother died the next year. Young Harry Marx was known in this town for many years, as Dandy Marx. This name was given him by a set of young fellows who were envious of his superior accomplishments in the dressing art. Dandy surpassed all the beaux of his day. He dressed the best. He was the originator of the waxed moustache. At one time he was the only one who wore it in the city. Dandy's was the style precisely as it is now worn by the Emperor Napoleon.

All the fashionable tailors of the city were anxious

that Marx should wear clothes of their make. They did not care whether he paid or not. If he would only say, "This is one of Wheeler's," it was enough. It is a very curious fact, that Henry C. Marx was very little understood. He was a young man of superior ability. If he had had any great purpose, he would have carried it out. If he had lived until to-day, he would have been one of the successful military commanders. He would have been in the Northern army at the head of the cavalry service, and would have performed more feats of daring than the famous Colonel Ashby or Stuart of the South. As an instance of his perseverance, I will relate that when he took it into his head to get up a Hussar company in this city, he went to work as follows: He went to Canada, and mixed with the cavalry officers in the service of her Majesty, and studied for several months. He spent thousands of dollars in getting up the Hussar regiment, but it was a success. We never had any thing like it before the time of Marx. I think Colonel Charles succeeded to the command, after Marx gave it up. Mr. Marx was not at all effeminate, as was supposed. He belonged to No. 5 Hose Company, that had its place in Mercer street. One night, all hands were at Niblo's Saloon, when an alarm of fire broke out. The leading members of the company, with Marx, started down with the concern. It had rained heavily. Mr. Marx had on patent leathers (then in their infancy,) with his kid gloves on, dressed in the extreme of fashion. Purposely they took the truck through every mud puddle down to Broad street.

It was a false alarm. The boots of Marx were spoiled, and so were his clothes. He never flinched or shirked,

but good-naturedly went through with his part, and treated his companions to a supper at Nim's afterwards. He was a prince of a fellow in many respects. He was liberal and generous with his money. There was nothing mean about him. He would have the finest horses in town, and once traded a saddle horse with our chief, Clancy, and one of them got the best of the bargain by \$200 or \$300; and as Dandy regarded himself as perfect in horse-flesh, I suppose he got the best of Clancy; but as the latter knows a horse as well as he does a newspaper, it is more than likely that Dandy lost in the trade.

There was, and is now, in the city a Freemason Lodge, called the Albion. The meetings twenty-three years ago were held in a building corner of Howard street and Broadway. It was a crack lodge then, and I suppose is now. The most clever men of New York belonged to the Albion Lodge at one time; in fact, a man could not be admitted unless he had originality.

Francis B. Cutting, the Satterthwaites, the Seixas, the Harts, and I do not know how many hundreds of well known names are on those books. Alderman Chipp was Treasurer when I was admitted, and is so now. By special permission, Henry C. Marx and myself were admitted the same night to all degrees up to Master Mason. No others were admitted that night. Our papers ought to have been signed by Morgan Lewis. Mine were sent to Holland, where I went shortly after, and I never received it; consequently never have been in a lodge since, and lost sight of Marx for a long time.

I now return to Mark. He had a large property from his father, the old merchant. He spent enormously, and I believe, spent the property of his sisters.

They moved after his death, from Broadway to Amity street. They were as original in their way as he was in his. They would walk in Broadway, leading King Charles spaniels, Italian greyhounds, or some rare and costly breed of dogs, with a silver collar and silk strings. They dressed tastefully always, but pleased themselves. Their dress, like their brother Harry's, was faultless. They loved him tenderly. They used to attend Trinity Church, and of late years the Chapel. Leases have fallen in, and I am told they are now rich again — have recovered from the effects of the folly of Harry. They were never exactly poor, for I believe an uncle in London allowed them a handsome income, with but one condition required, that the Rector of Trinity Church should send a letter annually to London, stating that they used their money properly, and not extravagantly, as Harry had done.

It is pleasant to write about those familiar faces of Broadway years ago, the Marxes. One of the sisters is dead.

The second wife of Capt. Jacob Stout was a Miss Carpenter. Before he married her — or in 1796, when he quit sea life — he went up to Westchester, and bought a place at Yonkers. It was the old Stone Mills. He afterwards sold it to Joseph Howland, the father of G. G. Howland. Old Captain Stout was, as I have said, an Englishman by birth. He sailed first from London in one of the East India Company's ships, the "Sampson," from Ostend to Calcutta. He was taken a prisoner in the French war. He had charge at that time of a letter of marque. He was a prisoner on board the flag-ship of the Court de Grasse, when Admiral Rodney took the French fleet.

His second wife was a daughter of William Carpender, a ship-master. The latter married a daughter of William Grant, the first person who ever imported potatoes from abroad. He used always to be found at King's Coffee House. King was father-in-law of Billy Niblo. He had a son, Captain William Carpender. His son was Jacob S. Carpender, who married a daughter of Doctor Neilson, a famous physician, who lived on the north-west corner of Greenwich and Liberty street, where Carpender courted the pretty Cornelia. The house is still standing. Jacob S. was once a partner of Frederick A. Tracy, a heavy broker in Wall street. He had a brother Edward, who was a captain in the navy; another, John. Then there was Benjamin; he lies in Trinity churchyard. There was William and Arthur. There were sisters Lucy and Kate; and there was Charles P. He was as nice a little fellow as ever lived in New York. He was a clerk for many years with Francis Rhodes & Co. Charles D. Rhodes married a daughter of Doctor Matthews. Charles was considered a great catch at the time he married Miss Matthews. He was in some way connected with the great house of Ballestier Brothers, at Singapore, East Indies. Charles Carpender afterwards went into the brokerage business, but he has been dead many years.

Capt. Jacob had by his second wife, Miss Carpender, the following children: Matthew White Stout, named after old Henry White, a great merchant as early as 1769, before the war and afterwards. His daughters, the Miss Whites, I have already written about. The next son was Aquilla Giles Stone. He was named after Col. Aquilla Giles, who was a very celebrated man in

his day ; lived for many years at 54 Broadway, and had a country seat in the upper part of Greenwich village. Another son was William Carpenter, named after his mother's father, Capt. William Carpenter, who married Miss Grant.

Capt. Jacob Stout's fourth child was Sarah Ann. She died young. The fifth was Charles Raintaux Stout. He was named after an old merchant Anthony.

Frances Hogan was the sixth child. She married Captain Breeze of the navy.

The seventh child was named Lenox Stout, after old Robert Lenox, who was an intimate friend of old Robert.

The eighth was Arthur Breeze Stout. All of these children are deceased, except Capt. William Carpenter Stout and A. Breeze Stout.

Old Capt. Jacob Stout, after he sold his mills at Yonkers, purchased a place at Belleville, where he put up a flouring mill. He ground for the city and for the country. He had two mills. He bought of Doctor Ogilvey, the Episcopal minister. He lived out there in the summer, and resided in the city in the winter. He died about 1823.

Jacob, the eldest son of old Capt. Jacob, married a daughter of Arthur Breeze, of Utica. They had two children — a son and a daughter. The son entered the navy. He married a daughter of Commodore Aulick. He was a lieutenant, and lost in the Levant. He left a widow and two children. They are in France.

Aquilla G. Stout left a son, Francis A., who is still alive. Also a daughter, Sarah Morris. She married a Monsieur De Veatt Gringues, of the French Legation.

Consul Ridgway, of Santa Cruz, married the widow of old Captain Jacob Stout.

Captain W. C. Stout married Miss Henry, daughter of old Captain Henry, one of the oldest ship captains out of this port forty years ago. Old Captain married a Miss Harved. She was a daughter of Jonathan Harved. They lived in Pearl street. Mr. Harved was 100 years old when he died, and his wife ninety-three. They lived together sixty years. He died in Charles street.

Captain Henry had three daughters. He always said that they never should marry sailors. Yet all did. One married Captain Stout; another married Com. Montgomery, U. S. N., now in command at Boston; another married Dr. Hosea Edwards, of Bridgeport, a Surgeon in the Navy. Old Captain Henry was in the Liverpool trade.

Captain Stout I have given a full history of in another chapter. He has a place at Huntington, Long Island, where he spends his summers; and in the winter he stops at the New York Hotel. He has no children.

Nearly all of the Stout family descended from old Captain Jacob are dead. There were descendants from Captain John, but I believe they are dead, too. That family lived in Courtlandt street. One son was Ben Stout. He was lost in the West Indies. His body was buried in Trinity Churchyard.

Amos Butler, who was one of the owners of the *Daily Mercantile Advertiser* thirty years ago, married one of the Miss Stouts. I believe his descendants are living in the city.

## CHAPTER XII.

In my chapter relating to the Broome merchants in 1769, I said that I could not discover what became of them during the war. In an old newspaper of Oct. 5, 1775, I find the following :

## SAMUEL BROOME &amp; CO.

Having removed their store to New Haven, desire all those indebted to them to call and settle their accounts, either with them at New Haven, or Mr. Daniel Phoenix living in New York, nearly opposite where said Broome & Co. kept their store. They have still on hand a small assortment of goods, suitable for the approaching season, to be sold for cash or short credit, on the usual moderate terms.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5, 1775.

That was a very commendable prudence — to get out of New York city before the British came into it.

It is a very curious lesson to read in the old journals of the trying times of our first war, the manner in which they managed those who did not think much of the Continental Congress. The citizens of New York had several Committees : one was called the Committee of Inspection and Observation. It evidently held great power, but used it mildly. For instance, they had up before the Committee Obadiah Seely, Gideon Lounsbury, and Lemuel Bower, three merchants of the day, for speaking disrespectfully of the “Honorable Continental

Congress, and in many other instances acting inimically to the liberties of America." The parties were found guilty, and the Committee accordingly held up Seely and Lounsbury to public view, as enemies to the liberties of their country, and recommended all to break off all commerce, dealings and connection with them. Mr. Bower was let off from this excommunication upon coming out in the journals with the following card :

" I acknowledge that when I have spoken disrespectfully of the Honorable Congress, and against the measures pursued by America to procure redress from the laws of Taxation, and have thereby justly merited the displeasure of my country, and for which I beg forgiveness, and do solemnly promise to submit to the rules of the Continental and Provincial Congress, and that I will never speak or act in opposition to their orders, but will conduct according to their directions to the utmost of my power; and this I publish in the public prints.

" LEMUEL BOWER.

" NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 5, 1775."

This was the ancestor of the numerous and highly respected family of Bower and Bowers, now extensively scattered in this State.

John Broome, at this time, was chairman of a committee to consider a mode for employing the industrious poor of the city. He had associated with him Garrit Abeel, Comfort Sands, Theophilus Anthony, and such men. They made a report Nov. 10, 1775. It recommended a Society to be established and called "The Mercantile Society for Employing the Industrious Poor, and Promoting Manufacturing."

The capital was to be as much as they could raise at ten pounds a share. It was to have twelve directors, a secretary and a treasurer. It was to manufacture wool-

len, linen, cotton and nails, as soon as 200 shares were subscribed.

There was to be a store called the "Manufacturing Store." Of course, it did not have time to succeed, for the British got possession of the city, and kept it for many years.

The subject was not brought up again for fourteen years, or until March 17th, 1789. Then it was taken up in earnest, and after several preliminary meetings, the Society was organized and styled "The New York Manufacturing Society." Its subscribers numbered all the leading men of the city.

The election for twelve Directors and a Treasurer was held at the Coffee House on the 26th of March, 1789, and the following officers were elected, viz :

DIRECTORS. — William Maxwell, Nicholas Cruger, White Matlack, Jacob Hallett, James Watson, John Lawrence, John Murray, Jr., James Renwick, Matthew Clarkson, W. W. Gilbert, James Nicholson, Henry Ten Broeck.

The Treasurer was Alander Robertson, a merchant at No. 15 Queen street.

I now return to John Broome. In 1775, Dec. 15th, he made a report recommending that military night watch be kept up, as it had done good service, and times were getting more critical and insults offered every night to citizens; he recommended in the name of the Committee that the inhabitants "continue with willingness and punctuality their turn of duty."

Gideon Lounsbury found that his business was getting ruined, and came out with a card begging that his sentence might be revoked, given under the impression that he was an enemy to American liberty. "I

hope I may be received and looked upon as a true friend of the grand American cause ; and whereas, it has been alleged against me that I have publicly said, that I could raise 500 men to join the King's forces against the American troops, which expression I do not remember ever to have made use of, I do hereby declare my aversion to any such measure. I ask the forgiveness of my bleeding country for what I have done."

Among others who went off to New Haven was Thomas Hazard, who did a very large business in this city. He kept a large and universal assortment of imported ironmongery, saddlery and jewelry, and the best double and single battle powder and double strong ; also, shots of all sizes, from mustard powder to goose ; also guns, swords, &c. ; horns, and leather powder flasks. His store was corner of Fly Market and Queen street (Maiden Lane and Pearl). He rented it and went off to New Haven, occupying there the house of the late Widow Noyes. He requested all who owed him by bond, note or book debt, to pay him in New Haven, or Ebenezer Hazard who kept a book store near the Coffee House, in this city. I have no doubt he was ancestor to A. G. Hazard, the great powder dealer, who is the head of the Hazard Powder Company, and curious enough, the company keeps now where E. Hazard, the bookseller, kept in 1775.

A. G. Hazard, I believe, resides at Hartford. In 1789 Nathaniel Hazard did a very heavy business at 51 Water street. He sold American woollens, twilled coating, Hartford serge, bottle green, Hartford gray, all from the manufactory of Hartford. He had one condition of his business : he did not merely sell for cash, but "cash to

be paid at the time the goods are delivered to the buyer."

I have written much of John Broome. I have said that in these chapters I feel a great pride, that when I get any new information about an Old Merchant I publish it, although I may have already said much. I find a very interesting fact in 1802. On October 18th, in that year, he made a very important report as Street Commissioner relative to the Fresh Water Pond, which he stated drained four hundred acres of the land covered, or soon to be, by the increase of the city. The inadequacy of the measure heretofore adopted, or proposed, was pointed out, and the alarming evils feared, and since realized, was fully stated. He recommended an open canal, in part, from the East River, through Roosevelt street to the collect, and to the Hudson River, which would be operated upon by the tide, constantly under a head of sixteen inches of water.

Posterity will ever regret that this plan, or some other efficient one, was not adopted at that time — (6,830 feet) — from East to North River as above, at twelve feet nine inches rise of land.

I have stated that the two merchants, each named John Glover, agreed to change their names by adding one letter. One was called Irish John, and the other English John, up to 1789. That year the following notice appeared in the Journals of the day :

The subscribers inform the public that they have respectively agreed to add a letter to each of their names, for convenience and distinction ; and request the attention of their friends to the same.

JOHN G. GLOVER, No. 40 Broaddway.

JOHN J. GLOVER, No. 24 Queen st.

*March 23, 1789.*

Previous to that date it was not of so much importance, as John Glover, of No. 24 Queen street, was a partner of the firm of Pearsall & Glover. March 21, 1789, that firm dissolved. Thomas Pearsall took in his son, and the firm was Thomas Pearsall & Son; while John J. Glover carried on business alone, each one, however, fully authorized to close up the old concern. Mr. Glover carried on business at 24 Queen street, in the store that had formerly been occupied by Embree & Shotwell.

William Shotwell, of the last firm, carried on the hardware business alone at the corner of Beekman, Ship and Queen streets, where he kept a general assortment of iron-mongery. He dissolved with Laurence Embree, 2d February, 1789.

#### DIED.

On Monday morning 27th inst, at the Bond street House, in this city, Thomas Bolton, in the ninetieth year of his age.

Funeral services will take place at Trinity Church.

On Wednesday afternoon (April 29th, 1863,) at 4 o'clock, tens of thousands in modern New York will read that notice without having the slightest idea of anything beyond the name of Bolton, and that he was an old man.

Not a newspaper has a line, for he was a man of great note in this city before any of the present race of New York editors were born.

He was born in Broadway, in 1773. His father was Anthony Bolton, the great shoemaker of the city before the war of the Revolution, and before boots were worn. He lived at No. 118 Broadway. His son Tom was named after his Uncle Thomas, who was a house carpenter in Frankfort street, in 1792.

In 1795 old Anthony moved to No. 20 Broadway. In 1806 Thomas was admitted to the practice of the law as attorney, and did business at the house of his father, where he resided. He continued to reside in the house until 1836, over a third of a century. Then he moved to No. 39 Broadway. He was a partner of Gabriel Winter, under the firm of Winter & Bolton, at 44 Pine street. Mr. Winter died a few days ago.

He was a Master in Chancery, and the old journals are filled with his advertisements. He did a very heavy law business. He was assistant alderman of the First Ward from 1818 to 1827. In 1831 he was made president of the Phoenix Fire Insurance Company. He retained that responsible position until it was obliged to close its affairs in consequence of the great fire of 1835, and heavy losses. He succeeded Jacob Morton as clerk of the Common Council. His deputy was David T. Valentine, who succeeded Mr. Morton about 1838.

## CHAPTER XIII.

John W. Russell was a partner of the house of Post & Russell, and celebrated for many years as a merchant. They commenced as early as 1802. The store was corner of Pine and South streets, (69 South.) Henry Post, junior, his partner, had been in business on his own account as early as 1798. His father Henry Post, occupied two buildings, 49 and 51 Partition (Fulton) street, west of Broadway.

In 1806, H. Post junior, married Mary, the daughter of William Minturn, who was a partner of the great house of Minturn & Champlin.

Post & Russell did a very heavy business for some years.

In February 19th, 1807, John M. Russell, then a most promising young merchant, was married by the Reverend Mr. Hobart, (afterwards bishop) to Fanny Talman, a daughter of old merchant Samuel Talman. The Talmans are an old New York race of merchants. Old Samuel was in business with his brother Peter, under the firm of S. & P. Talman, before 1792. Their store then was at 59 Water, and they kept their accounts in pounds, shillings and pence. Peter lived in Cliff street. In about five years they moved their store to 171 Front street. They kept together until 1803,

when they dissolved. Samuel kept on the business in the old stand, where he sold tea, spirits and groceries.

Peter immediately formed a partnership with John H. Talman, in 1803, under the firm of Peter & J. H. Talman, at 105 William street. In 1805, they removed to 214 William.

In 1812, John H. Talman was alone. That year, old Samuel died, and his widow still lived at 53 Beekman for some years after. Peter lived in Broadway.

John H. Talman was assistant Alderman of the Ninth Ward in 1815. This venerable old man now lives in this city at No. 12 West Nineteenth street, who was a merchant of note as early as 1802, where he did a large business at 105 William street. In 1804, he was joined by Peter Talman, who had previously been of the firm of Samuel & Peter Talman, 171 Front street, before 1798.

Cyrenius Beers was a clerk with Samuel Talman from 1804 to 1806, and was his book-keeper in 1807, when Samuel Talman took into partnership his son, and the firm became Samuel Talman & Son.

When in 1805, P. & J. H. Talman were in business at 214 William, they sold goods to Joseph D. Beers, who was then in business at Newtown, Connecticut.

As I shall have occasion to allude to the Beers merchants, I may as well give a sketch of them. Those that I shall allude to are all descended from the famous Andrew Beers of Newtown, Connecticut. He afterwards removed to Danbury, I suppose about 1776. He was a man of extraordinary scientific attainments, and for more than a quarter of a century, supplied the country with "Beer's Almanacs." How many Con-

necticut boys, now old merchants, will remember the very type, for word "Beers" on that extraordinary almanac, that hung upon a nail by the side of the great fire-place. Andrew had a brother, Oliver. He was a surveyor and was father to the Cyrenius Beers, who was a clerk with Samuel Talman. Cyrenius was born February 10th, 1778. His widow is still living in New York. He began as a clerk with Josiah Beers in Woodbury, Connecticut. God bless and prosper the old place, for there in that old church yard, quietly repose our own mother's remains and our own ancestors for two hundred years back. Josiah Beers was an extensive country merchant in Woodbury.

Josiah had several children. One was the Honorable Seth P. Beers, who is yet alive at Litchfield, aged 82 years. He is a wonderful man, and has a large fortune. I alluded to him in a late chapter as having done business for Governor Broome as early as 1804. Seth P. has several children. George (recently deceased,) Alfred, boys, and Julia Perry Beers (a lady of extraordinary cleverness, who joined the Catholic church, several years ago, and devotes her whole time to religion.)

Seth P. Beers was made Commissioner of the School Fund, many years ago (40 or 50,) and by his extraordinary good management has made it a solid fund of great value. It amounts to almost enough to give a collegiate education to every child in Connecticut. The house which he owns and resides in at Litchfield, was once occupied by John C. Calhoun, when he was a student at the celebrated law school in that place.

Josiah had other children besides Seth P. One was

Frederick. He was a lawyer, but died in 1828. Another son was Henry P. Beers. (The middle name of all these children was Perry, their mother having been a Perry.) Henry went to Boston as a clerk. In 1812, he came to New York and started the wholesale dry-goods business at 99 Chatham street. In 1814, he took into partnership Mr. Booth, of Newtown, Conn., and the firm was Beers & Booth until the spring of 1816, when Booth went out and Augur Clarke, of Huntington, Conn., came in under the firm of Clarke & Beers. In 1819, the house removed to 434 Pearl street. The house in 1823 became Beers, Westcott & Co.; Reuben Westcott being the partner.

Henry P. Beers died February 5, 1825, at the Franklin House, corner of Broadway and Dey street, where he had lived for twelve years. He was somewhat in the military line, and at the time of his death was commander of the Governor's guards of this city, a famous company in its day. He was a very popular man, and very much esteemed. A sister married Mr. Sherman of Woodbury. They had several sons, George, John and Henry Beers Sherman. The latter is rector of the Episcopal Church at Belleville, New Jersey. The old merchant, Henry, and the young clergyman were both bachelors.

I now return to Cyrenius Beers, the son of Oliver Beers, of Newtown Conn. I said he was a clerk with Josiah Beers, in Woodbury. He afterwards went as clerk to Peter Sherman, of Washington, Conn., who had been a fellow-clerk at Josiah Beers' store.

Cyrenius finally went to New York, and met with Samuel Talman, who had been in the habit of selling goods to Josiah Beers, and of whom I have spoken.

Cyrenius clerked it with Mr. Talman until 1808, when he went into business on his own account at 4 Cliff street. He resided there for some years.

In 1811 he formed a partnership with Samuel Woodhull, under the firm of Beers & Woodhull, wholesale grocer, at 175 Front street, a few doors from Talman's old store, 171. In 1816, Beers & Woodhull removed to 160 Front street, and the next year (1817) he dissolved with Woodhull, and carried on business under his own name. In 1823 he removed to the handsome house No. 235 William street; it was then a fashionable quarter of the town for grocers. The house is still standing. Cyrenius Beers had sisters. One of them was a maiden lady, named Emma. She lived in Dey street in 1832. She was a great Christian — a great favorite of Dr. Milnor, — a teacher in the Sunday School of St. George's Church, and what was called in those days a mantua maker. She moved to Cincinnati in 1833. I called upon her in that city in 1834, as I was passing through on my way to New Orleans.

Another sister of Mr. Cyrenius Beers, about 1817, married Hezekiah Wheeler, who at that time was a merchant tailor at 48 John street, under the firm of Wheeler & Robinson. He afterwards, as H. Wheeler, became the most famous clothes maker in this or any other city. He lived in the great yellow house No. 96 Broadway, opposite Trinity churchyard. His store occupied the first floor, and his family resided above. He trusted, as was the custom of those days, enormous sums. He lost heavily. He moved to Staten Island. He had a fine family of children. One only daughter, and I think she was named after her Aunt Emma. He had

several sons, who are now in business in this city. The daughter married a Mr. Roome. Cyrenius Beers was a man greatly respected in his day and generation. I now return to Joseph D. Beers, the son of Mr. Andrew Beers, the famous almanac maker, and a cousin of Cyrenius. He was born November 26, 1780. He married Mary Chapman, a sister of the Hon. Asa Chapman, of Newtown, Connecticut.

They had but one child, Eliza. She married Lewis Curtiss, of the firm of L. & B. Curtiss, heavy Fench importers in this city for many years. She is dead. As I stated, J. D. Beers was a merchant at Newtown, Conn. From there he went to Delaware county, and kept a store in what is now called Hobart. In 1815 he came to this city and lived at 22 White street. That year he formed a partnership as Beers & Curtiss, at 161 Broadway. His partner was Benjamin Curtiss. They dissolved in 1818, and Curtiss carried on the business alone. I suppose that Curtiss was the father of L. and B. Curtiss, one of whom married the only daughter of Mr. Beers. In 1817, Mr. Beers formed a partnership with Rufus Bunnell, under the firm of Bunnell & Beers, at 39 Wall street. In 1826, I think, Bunnell died. Mr. Beers had his residence at 17 State street, opposite the Battery. The office was at 20 Wall street. There was a branch in Mobile. The St. Johns were partners. In 1827 the firm became J. D. Beers & Co. He brought up William Chapman, a nephew of his wife — afterwards Chapman & Co.; and Joseph A. Perry, afterwards Leroy & Perry, his own nephew. He taught them the brokerage business, and they had careers in Wall street.

He brought up some other young men. Among them,

William H. Hayes, who became a heavy broker, and is now President of the Dry Dock Bank. He has several brothers in the brokerage business. Wm H. Hayes must have been a clerk with J. D. Beers & Co. for many years. Few have had a greater financial experience. One of the daughters of Mr. Hayes married a son of Minthorn Tompkins, and the firm is Hayes & Tompkins, in Wall street. There are several Hayes Brothers, and they are sons of the renowned old New Yorker, Jacob Hayes, who was one of the most remarkable men that the city ever produced. Superintendent Kennedy keeps his portrait at the headquarters, even to this day, as a model for an energetic officer.

The firm of J. D. Beers & Co., was maintained until 1846.

He was a clever man and a merchant. Quick as a steel trap, and as affable as a good prince. He was always very popular. He is a man of great wealth. He has been married three times. His first wife was Miss Chapman. His second was a sister of the wife of Bishop Wainwright. He was 75 when he married. She did not live long, and in 1857 and '58 he married again — then 78 years old. His present wife was a very accomplished young lady of the name of Terrell. He is one of those men that will last to be a century old — always green and fresh. Mr. Beers had no children by either of his last wives. Coming up in the Sixth avenue cars, a few days ago, Mr. Beers was seated next the venerable J. H. Talman. They chatted merrily of old times, until the cars reached Fourteenth street, where Mr. Beers resides. They bade each other good-bye, and after Mr. Beers left the cars, a friend

of Mr. Talman asked: "What is the name of the gentleman who has just got out?" "Beers — Joseph D. Beers. He is a young man I used to sell goods to when he kept a store in Newtown, before he went to Delaware county."

His daughter, who married Dr. Curtiss, left several children, sons and daughters. So that the old young man, though he has no young children of his own to cheer him up, has a goodly number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

J. D. Beers is a high-toned Episcopalian, and was once a great friend of Bishop Hobart. He always liked live preachers. Doctor Hawks was his man for many years, and he used to attend Calvary Church.

There was another Beers from Newtown that came to this city, and had a great success. He was named Henry J. Beers. He was in 1828 a clerk with David N. Birch, wholesale grocer, at No. 2 West street. At that time West commenced at Cedar street, and No. 2 was only a few steps from Albany basin.

In 1829, Birch took into partnership Charles L. Nichols, under the firm of Birch & Nichols. Mr. Birch was a very worthy man. He did not live but about two years after his partnership, and Mr. Nichols succeeded to his business. The latter is still alive, and largely engaged in the tobacco business. He has two sons — Charles E., at 19 Wall street, and George, who is his brother.

Henry J. Beers, when he left Birch & Nichols, went over to the east side of the town, at No. 178 South street, and did a very large wholesale grocery business under the firm of Beers & Bogart. Twenty years ago

he boarded at the Franklin House, corner of Broadway & Dey streets (as Henry P. Beers had done in 1812 to 1824,) then kept by Hays & Tredwell. When Tredwell took the St. Nicholas, Beers & Bogart supplied him with his wines and liquors, and made a large fortune. Beers & Bogart moved over to 34 Broadway, and only gave up business a few years ago, retiring with large fortunes. Henry J. retired to Fairfield, Conn., where he has resided ever since.

I now return to the house of Talman. Peter died in 1814. John H. continued business on alone at 214 Pearl street for some years, or until 1826, when he took into partnership William B. Farlies, under the firm of Talman & Farlies, at 220 Pearl street. In 1829, they dissolved. Mr. Talman took in John North, and it became Talman & North. In the cholera year of 1832 that house dissolved, and Mr. North became the senior in the house of North, Manning & Hoyt, No. 31 Exchange place. Mr. Talman kept on business alone many years in Pearl street. Then he went into the commission business at 50 South street. He was in active business until within a few years. For nearly thirty years, he lived at 55 Walker street.

I now return back to the eminent merchant, John W. Russel, who married Fanny, the daughter of Samuel Talman. In 1808, he went out of the firm of Post & Russel, and Mr. Grinnell became a partner at the old store, 69 South street, under the firm of Post & Grinnell. In 1809, his brother-in-law, Minturn, became a partner, and the firm was changed to Post, Grinnell & Minturn.

In 1808, when John W. Russel went out of Post &

Russel, he took the store No. 70 South street, next door above that of Post & Minturn, and formed the house of John W. & Gilbert Russel. That house did an enormous business for years. They had the ship "Minerva" in the Liverpool trade, 280 tons burden. The Russels owned the ship "Olive Branch." Gilbert went out of the house in 1814, and John W. kept on in his own name doing a very heavy business for years. In 1822 there were few merchants who did more. He was then at 73 South street, and lived at 70 White street. He had the brig "Favorite" trading to Liverpool. He sold oil and candles of the New Bedford brands in large quantities. He owned the brigs "Hero" and "Abigail." He had a line of packets to New Orleans. One was the armed brig "Fanny," Capt. Packard (they armed vessels in those days for fear of Gulf pirates.) Another was the armed brig "Edward," Capt. Hallett; brig "Washington," brig "Belvidere," ship "William," brig "Anna Maria," brig "Wm. Thatcher." He afterwards had a ship line of New Orleans packets; among them was the ship "Virgin," and the ship "George," Capt. Barstow.

He was receiving constantly cargoes of cotton and rice and New Orleans sugar, Kentucky tobacco, molasses, ravensduck, wines, raisins, spices, indigo, and cochineal. Mr. Russel was a clever business man. He was tall, spare, and very active. His splendid business was cut short about 1828, by his death. Whether he left descendants, I know not. I wish I did. He was an honor to the city.

His old partner, Henry Post, as I said, went with Grinnell, and after with his brother-in-law, Minturn,

under the firm of Post, Grinnell & Minturn, in 1809. This store was 69 South street, corner of Pine, and they did a heavy business. They received cotton by 200 and 500 bales. They had vessels for sale and for freighting.

In 1812, Mr. Grinnell left the house, and it became Post & Minturn. Up to that time old Preserved Fish had lived in Cherry street. But that year he took a store at 486 Pearl street, and Joseph Grinnell went with him; but it was not until 1815 that the firm of Fish & Grinnell was formed — a house that has grown steadily for fifty years (now Grinnell, Minturn & Co.) How many partners in it since then have made vast fortunes? How many clerks have become eminent merchants that have graduated in that house? But now I will go back to Post & Russel, in 1802 — sixty years ago. In 1810, branched out to John W. & G. Russel, 70 South street, and Post, Grinnell & Minturn, 19 South street, corner of Pine.

Then in 1815, Grinnell goes with Preserved Fish (who was picked up at sea when a boy, and nicknamed Preserved Fish,) and Fish & Grinnell, in 1815, and at 87 South street, where they started. Two years later, Post & Minturn dissolved. In 1812, they loaned the Government \$50,000! Henry Post, Jr., became one of the founders of the board of Brokers. In 1818, he became cashier of the famous Franklin Bank, and was so until 1826, when he was chosen president. About that time the bank failed. Fish and Grinnell, in 1822, as well as John W. Russel, had become founders of lines of packet ships; and it is curious to see their names attached to one advertizement, viz.

FOR NEW ORLEANS — ONE OF THE LINE OF PACKETS.—  
The new and elegant ship “George,” having a large part of her cargo engaged, will have prompt dispatch. For freight or passage apply on board, at Murray’s Wharf, or

JOHN W. RUSSELL, 73 South street or  
FISH & GRINNELL, 136 Front street.

Such are some of the changes in mercantile names and firms. They merit a prominent record.



## CHAPTER XIV.

There is a rich mine of romance, as well as solid reality, in the history of the merchants of the olden time. It takes considerable labor to dig out the crude treasures, but they are worth it all.

Cast your eye over a directory for 1863, and you will find 160 of the name of Hogan, commencing with Abby, widow of Thomas, and ending with William Hogan. In these same lists are ten Michael Hogans.

Now look back forty-eight years ago to 1805, and there was but one Hogan in New York. This name was Michael Hogan, and he had only landed in the city a few months, but what attention he received from all the leading men of that day! Robert Lenox at that time lived in good style at 157 Pearl street. He sent an invitation to the distinguished stranger the second day of his arrival. He was such a man as did not arrive in the then small city of New York every day. Michael Hogan brought with him in solid gold sovereigns £400,000, equal to \$2,000,000, and he had a wonderful history! What would I not give if I could write it all out! All these 160 Hogan families alluded to above, mostly Irish, are kith and kin of the great nabob, for such he was when he arrived here in 1804, with his dark Indian princess wife. Michael Hogan

was born at Stone Hall, in the County of Clare, Ireland, September 26th, 1766. So he was thirty-eight years old when he landed in New York, with his dark skinned lady and his fabulous amount of gold. But what scenes he had been through in these eventful thirty-eight years! He had been a sailor; he had commanded ships bound to ports in every quarter of the world — in Asia, Africa, America, and Europe; he had been to North as well as South America; and he had voyaged to the West as well as to the East Indies; he had made successful voyages to the almost then unknown land of Australia. In the East Indies he had married a lady of great wealth. This was the story that was talked about when Captain Michael Hogan came here. He expressed a wish to deal in dry goods. At once a store, No. 225 Broadway, where Astor House now stands, was offered him; he bought out the store, and filled it with such a costly stock of merchandize as was never seen here before. He kept it two years, and then he sold out the store. He had lived in the house above it. Then he moved down to 52 Greenwich street, where he bought the house. He was in a rich neighborhood then. Next door to him was the great merchant, Thomas W. Satterthwaite, who had married one of the daughters of Theophylacht Bache. At 48 lived the Rev. John Henry Hobart, then the most gifted young preacher in the city. He was twenty-nine years old, recently married to the lovely Miss Chandler, and still more recently appointed assistant minister in Trinity Church. He was then the most celebrated preacher of the day. He was fervid and he was eloquent. He soon became intimate with

the new comer, the remarkable Irishman, M. Hogan. Is it wonderful that he soon attached the latter to Trinity Church, where a monument to the memory of Mr. Hogan was erected in the old Trinity, and when that was about to be torn down, it was removed to the new Grace Church in Broadway, near Tenth street.

The amount of gold brought out by Mr. Hogan seems incredible. The sum may be exaggerated, and yet there is no doubt that he brought to this country immense wealth. When he first reached here, in 1804, his family went to Staten Island to reside. The larger part of his fortune was acquired in the East Indies, probably by his marriage.

As I have said, after he gave up the house and store at No. 225 Broadway, he moved his residence to No. 52 Greenwich street. He had his counting-room at No. 82 Washington street, where he seems to have changed the character of his business, and went largely into the ship owning, general commission, and shipping business. He imported heavily from the West Indies, and was largely in that trade. He had for neighbors the great house of Le Roy, Bayard & Mc Evers, G. G. Howland at No. 70, and Melick & Burger at No. 75 Washington street. Mr. Hogan was also a large importer of Spanish and other brandies. Here is one of his advertisements :

BRANDY, ETC.

13 Pipes 4th proof Valentia Brandy, of superior flavor.  
130 Tons of Fustic,

For sale by M. HOGAN,  
82 Washington street.

He did an immense business, and was a man that

commanded universal respect. At this time he gave the grandest dinners that ever were given in the city. They were attended by all the leading men, and by all the foreigners of distinction. Copenhagen Jackson, the celebrated British Minister, used regularly to be there; and when his carriage drove up to No. 52, with the grand turn out and servants in livery, the boys of the vicinity used to congregate, and regard these things with wonder.

Mr. Hogan was one of the most delightful, as well as desirable of acquaintances. He spoke different languages. He could tell of almost unknown countries, and he was the perfect Irish host and gentleman. His large operations, after he reached New York, were not profitable. He lost large sums of money.

I must here state that he had many clerks, but one of the principal ones was named Henry Cary. He resided at the house of Mr. Hogan, and, as was the custom of those days, lived with his employer. There he acquired that fastidious taste, and the love of good living that he was known to possess, for many years. Mr. Hogan was also a literary man, and contributed many pieces to the *Churchman's Magazine*, which his neighbor Parson Hobart, started in 1808. Here it was that Henry Cary first saw that a merchant could be a scholar as well as trader, and that the two pursuits were not incompatible with each other.

Mr. Hogan had one son and three daughters. The eldest daughter was named Frances. She never married, and I think lives somewhere on Staten Island at the time of my writing this. Harriet was the second daughter, and she married a physician of note in this

city. I wish I knew his name, and hope I shall before this article goes into book form, as well as other interesting particulars of Mr. Hogan. The third daughter was named Sophia. She married a person named Donnelly, I think. He was as gallant a fellow as ever lived, and showed it in the last act of his life. He was a passenger, with his family, on board the ill-fated ship "Mexican" that was lost on Rockaway Beach some years ago.

The son-in-law of Mr. Hogan had saved his wife, his child, and could easily have saved his own life, but the nurse of the child was in danger. He saved or tried to save her, and was drowned.

I wish some one would write and tell me if I am right in the name, and what became of his child. His name deserves to be preserved among the names of heroes. The son of old Michael Hogan was named William. He was a man of good mind, and had received an excellent education. He devoted himself to the profession of the law. He married one of the daughters of John Clendening, the old merchant of the house of Clendening & Adams, that I wrote about some time ago. Mr. C. had sons and daughters. One was Mary Ann, a very lovely girl, that died April 15, 1807. One married a Mr. Bulckly, an importer of Irish goods. Another married Mr. William Hogan. The latter moved with his family up to Franklin county, in this state. In 1823 he was elected a member of the Assembly. Hogansburg, a small town with one Catholic church, a large lot of mills of different kinds, several hundred houses and families, is named after him. From 1831 to 1833 he represented that district in Con-

gress. He was very popular. He was afterwards a Judge up in St. Lawrence County. He ought to have received a large property by his wife, for John Clendenen died very rich; but I believe the heirs quarrelled about the division of the personal estate. Finally it was agreed that it should be invested in United States Bank stock. I think \$200,000 was so invested. The United States Bank smashed up, and there was nothing more to quarrel about, for it was all lost. I do not think things went well with the Honorable William Hogan, for he was evidently reduced to the necessity of accepting a clerkship in the State Department at Washington; and I think that it is about as low and as desperate a position as a man can reach to hold an office in any one of the departments at Washington, unless it be the New York Custom House. Still I have known respectable and capable men holding such positions, conferring honor upon the office but not getting any back again, and very little change either.

The old father of William Hogan, was a prince of a merchant. He kept his carriage, and was a fine old Irish gentleman, until about the close of the war with England. Captures of property and of vessels ruined him. He failed, but was not disheartened.

He was appointed U. S. Consul at Valparaiso, in South America. He went there, and carried a part of his family with him. His wife, as I have said, was a dark-looking lady, and might have been an oriental princess in some part of British Indies. She died only a short time ago.

The old merchant did not succeed in South America. He returned, and was accompanied by his family.

He died in the city of Washington, March 2d, 1833, near his son William, whose term as a member of Congress expired on the 4th of March, of the same year.

Michael Hogan had several clerks, but the most prominent among them was Henry Cary. He figured largely in our city in after years. He was with Mr Hogan, as his clerk, from 1808 to 1812, and lived in his house, No. 52 Greenwich street, as was the custom with clerks in those days. He resided with Mr. Hogan, even after he went into business on his own account, in 1812, at 18 Mill street.

Henry Cary went to housekeeping himself at 61 Stone street, in 1816. From 1812 to that date he had done business under his own name. He now took in his brother Lucius, under the firm of L. & H. Cary. In 1818, I think Lucius died early. Henry then took in W. F. Cary, and made the firm Henry Cary & Co., and he moved to the house his brother Lucius had occupied, at No. 92 Greenwich street, near Rector. The next year, 1820, he moved to Chambers street.

In 1812, William F. left Henry, and went in with another brother, under the firm of Thomas G. & W. F. Cary, at No. 100 Front street, and, in 1827, Henry went there too, and moved up to No. 113 Hudson street, opposite St. Johns Park, where he lived so many years.

In 1830, the house went to No. 90 Pine street. Thomas G. lived near Henry, at No. 129 Hudson street; and William lived in Laight street. That year the firm was changed to Cary & Co. Henry was made President of the Phoenix Bank in 1834, but did not go out of the firm. He continued as President of the Bank until 1838, when he was succeeded by Moses H. Grinnell.

Mr. Henry Cary was absent in Europe some time. He has been dead a few years, but the house founded by the clerk of Michael Hogan over half a century ago, still exists at No. 90 Pine street, as it has for one third of a century, under the same style of Cary & Co. William F. Cary is yet alive, and the company is his son, W. F. Cary, Jr.

Henry and Thomas G. Cary were both members of the New York Hospital Society.

They were also prominent members of the Chamber of Commerce.

It is a curious fact that one of the partners of Cary & Co. was Samuel T. Carey. He spelt his name with an additional *e*, and was no relation of the *Carys*. He was a partner from about 1831, and was an Englishman. He joined the St. George's Society in 1835. He was killed by falling into the hold of a ship.

The other Carys were all from New England. One married a Miss Thorndike.

The business done by the Carys has been immense for many years. It is a purely commission business, and they are agents for many of the leading East India merchants in Boston. Consequently they sell largely and principally East India goods, and have consequently of East India men.

Henry Cary was a writer well known to the readers of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, when its editor was Lewis G. Clark. Mr. Cary's articles, both poetry and prose, were signed John Waters. They extended over many years. He wrote well. It is a feather in our merchant's cap. He wrote two or three articles for each number that suited him. He did not want any pay for

his voluminous performances: that exactly suited the treasury of the *Knickerbocker* which was never known to be flush.

I think he married late in life, and to a Miss Pyne. I am not certain. The exquisite taste that was undoubtedly his, both in cookery and poetry — for he was a lover of good things — was probably first excited at the almost Oriental table he enjoyed in the family of Mr Hogan.



## CHAPTER XV.

Henry White was a very extensive merchant before 1768. His store was on Cruger's wharf, and was filled with goods of great value. He dealt largely in teas, and received goods by every ship from London.

March 6th, 1769, he was honored by being appointed one of His Majesty's Council for the Province of New York.

An attempt was made to rob his store in August, 1768, by forcing the front and rear doors and windows at the same time. He had several clerks in his store. They were provided with firearms, and the villains, as soon as they were discovered, made a hasty retreat.

He was honored by being named as one of the Incorporators of the New York Hospital in 1770. He was from that time to 1784 one of the Governors of the Hospital. I think he died that year.

He was also one of the Incorporators of the Chamber of Commerce of this city in 1770, and he had been one of its originators in 1768. He was a Vice-President from 1770 to 1773.

Honorable Henry White, as he was called (from having been in the Council). His associates in the Council were Henry Cruger and Hugh Wallace. They were also Incorporators of the Marine Society in 1770, and are styled "our well beloved."

There were two families of Whites, immediately after the war.

There was the widow of Honorable Henry living at 50 Wall street in 1798.

One of the children was an Admiral in the British Navy.

There were three girls, who lived to a great age. I spoke of them in a previous chapter as follows :

C. P. White managed the business of the celebrated Miss Whites for many years. They were not relation of his, but I believe selected him purely because his name was White. So they had everything about them white. Their house was white. Every article of furniture was white, and they at one time lived in White street, when it was first opened.

The old widow, Ann White, had been a grand dame in her day, and during the Revolution lived at No. 50 Wall street. She had two daughters, Charlotte and Amelia, great belles in their day. They were at one time regarded as the most beautiful girls in the City of New York. Charlotte was courted by a British peer. She discovered that he was an impostor, and, from that day, swore hatred to all suitors. In 1793, the family moved to No. 33 Wall street ; there they lived until 1824, when she moved to 17 Murray street. I do not know but White street was named after those Whites, as White street was projected in 1807. At 17 Murray, the Widow White died in 1831. The sisters kept house at that residence until, I think, Charlotte died, about 1839. Amelia continued to reside in that spot until 1844, when she moved up to Waverley place. I believe all are dead now.

Thomas White was a brother of old Honorable Henry White. He married Ann Hinson, May 7, 1760. They had several children.

Thomas White was in business in 1792, at the corner of John and Nassau streets.

In 1797, he was at 85 Water street. He committed suicide by drowning himself in the Collect about 1803.

There was still another Henry White, but of an entirely different family. He was a Henry White also. He was a member of the St. George Society in 1789. He lived at 8 Broadway, and I think his mother lived at that time, next door, at 6 Broadway. In 1792, Henry White moved to No. 9 Broadway, a little house, afterwards Atlantic Garden. He was a thorough Englishman. About 1795, he moved to 21 Broadway, and lived there until 1805. That year he died, and his widow, Eve, moved to 11 Broadway.

That Henry White, May 13, 1761, married Eve Van Courtlandt. They had several children.

One married Peter Jay Munro. He was a celebrated lawyer, and resided at No. 36 Broadway. He had a place at New Rochelle. He was buried there Sept. 22, 1833, and was born about 1767.

There was a son, Harry White, who lived at No. 21 Broadway in 1804. That was the house which Robert Ray afterwards bought and lived in — the house with the lions at the side of the front door steps.

Dr. Edward Libby married one of the daughters.

Another married a Captain Bailey. This Captain was assassinated at Fordham, where he had a country seat. The row commenced about a pig, that belonged to a neighbor. It came to the Captain's grounds. He

kicked its owner. The latter waited for a short time, and then shot Captain Bailey.

Another daughter married Peter Schermerhorn. He lived at No. 68 Broadway, and was of the house of Peter Schermerhorn & Son.

Old Mrs. White owned Nos. 9 and 11 Broadway, where the Atlantic Garden stood. She died in one of those houses.

Since the preceding was written, we have lost one of the oldest as well as most respected merchants. I allude to John I. Boyd. His death was announced as follows:

BOYD. — On Saturday, May 16th, 1863, after a lingering illness, John I. Boyd, in the 74th year of his age.

The funeral services will be held at Trinity Church on Tuesday, 19th instant, at 2 o'clock, P. M. The remains will be interred in Greenwood.

Mr. Boyd was born about the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1789. When fourteen years of age he entered the counting house of the celebrated firm of Le Roy, Bayard & McEvers, then in its greatest glory, and doing business with all parts of the world. The office was in Washington street, near Carlisle. Old William Bayard used to say that he never had a more efficient clerk than John, although at the same time Iselin was a fellow clerk, and afterwards a partner in the house of Le Roy, Bayard & Co. It was a great school to learn business. Mr. Boyd remained there for many years. In 1822 he went into business under his own name as agent for the then new line of Havre packets, consisting of the "Marmion," Capt. Hawkins; "Bayard," Captain Van Dyke; "Cadmus," Captain Wm. Whitlock, (she brought out General Lafay-

ette a short time after), and the ship "Paris." This was the first regular line between this port and France. The ships sailed from each port on the 1st of every month. It was established February 10th, 1823.

There had been other ships trading to Havre, but irregular. Dias & Crassous were agents for the ship "Baltic," Captain Thomas G. Bunker.

The firm of Dias & Crassous, composed of Dominick Crassous & Joseph Lopez Dias, was in business as early as 1800, and kept at Frankfort street (two doors above *Leader* office). He was a Frenchman and a merchant of standing. I think he was a bachelor. He dissolved with Mr. Crassous, December 31, 1822, and formed a partnership with G. Merle, who, I think, is still alive. The firm was Dias & Merle. They kept at 138 Pearl. Joseph Lopez Dias was uncle of Alexander Lopez Dias. The latter was a clerk with Dias & Crassous. Old George Merle in his younger days had been a clerk with John Jacob Astor. He was a Swiss. I notice that he was nearly killed the other day. His horse ran away. He lives in Brooklyn and is very wealthy.

Alexander L. Dias was at one time in the house of Porter & Co. After Porter died, he went with W. B. Draper (consul at Paris), and they formed the house of Draper, Dias & Warren (one of them is now a partner of the house of Van Wyick & Co.) Previously to going with Porter, A. L. Dias was a partner of H. Chevrolat & Co., French importers. They were ruined in 1837. This Dias went with Porter. While with Draper he made money, retired, and went to France, intending to live there upon his income the rest of his life. Unfortunately he fell in with a sharper, who put

it into his head to go into the manufacturing of a new style of pins. He lost every dollar, came back to the city poor, and died at Delmonico's, when it was at the corner of Morris street and Broadway.

I now return to Dominick Crassous. When he left Joseph Dias, he formed a partnership with John I. Boyd, under the firm of Crassous & Boyd, at the corner of Wall and Pearl streets. At that time, 1823, all the French people in town called Boyd Metternich, after the celebrated diplomat, Prince Metternich, to whom he was almost the counterpart.

Dominick Crassous was from Martinique. In August, 1808, he married in this city to Miss Eliza Wilkie, a daughter of Edward Wilkie, who was a branch pilot out of the port, and lived in Water street. He and Mr. Boyd kept together as partners a great many years. He was a worthy old Frenchman, and was very much respected in this city. He left a fine family of children when he died. One son was named Joseph: he married and left a daughter when he died. Another son, Louis, is dead. Ferdinand Crassous was another son: he is a broker in this city. A daughter of old Dominick married Eugene Thebaud, a son of old Joseph Thebaud. They lived in California.

John I. Boyd, in 1834, was elected Assistant Alderman of the First Ward. He was a Whig, and a very popular man. He killed his popularity by proposing that houses of ill-fame should be licensed and placed under the legal control of the city, the same as is done in France. Thousands of fine fellows, now dead, would have been alive, had such a merciful regulation been adopted thirty years ago. It was not to be, and it killed

Mr. Boyd politically. He was in the Board with Isaac L. Varian, and they were great friends, though politically opposed.

After Crassous & Boyd dissolved, Mr. Boyd took into partnership Mr. Edward Hincken, under the firm of Boyd & Hincken. Mr. H. had been with Mr. Boyd as clerk many years. The firm was in active ship brokerage business, 161 Pearl street, at the time of Mr. Boyd's death. He married late in life, and has sons who were in business with him. He was a regular attendant of Trinity Church.

He was a man universally respected. He was energetic, and generally succeeded in all of his undertakings. He has added greatly to the wealth of the city. He was of the old-school class of clerks, as well as of merchants. They are rapidly passing away.

## CHAPTER XVI.

A hundred years ago, one of the heaviest commercial firms in this city was that of Greg, Cuningham & Co. Their store was in Hunter's Quay, between Old Slip and Wall street, where the present west side of Water street now is.

They did a heavy foreign trade, and I am inclined to think but one of the partners resided here, but the others remained in Europe.

There was a David Gregg who signed the address to General Howe in 1776, but his name is spelt with two gs' while in the many years of Greg, Cuningham & Co., the one g was never added to.

The junior partner who acted here in this city was named Robert Ross Waddell. He was an Irishman.

For many years, the great house on Hunter's Quay, dealt in Hyson, Green, Souchong and black teas, that they received in their vessels from London. They also sold English cheese, Taunton ale and Bristol beer, Wear's Scotch snuff, pipes, nails, woolens, Manchester goods, Irish linens, mess beef, Linseed oil, Irish butter and gunpowder. That gunpowder came very near getting the house into a serious scrape once. They kept the article in large quantities. Besides their large store on Hunter's Quay, they had another large one

from 1763 to 1768 in Petticoat lane, that they hired on the 28th of March, 1768. Early in the morning, there was a large fire broke out in Petticoat lane. It burned the store of Greg, Cunningham & Co. It could have been saved, but everybody declared it was filled with gunpowder, and kept clear of it. Considerable excitement was got up about it. Afterwards, it was discovered that some malicious enemy of the great house had started the report among the crowd at the fire in order that Greg & Co's. store should not be saved. Robert Ross Waddell also went before old Alderman Dirck Brinkerhoff, and took his solemn oath upon the Holy Evangelists, that there had been no powder stored in that store for many years, although they kept large quantities of the article.

They were largely in the Irish trade. At one time they had up four vessels (Dec. 26, 1768) for Irish ports. For Dublin, the ship "Countess of Donnegal," Capt. John Pym (a famous captain of those days;) for Belfast, the brig "Hibernia," Capt. William Henry (an old shipmaster who died in New York forty years ago;) for Newry, the ship "Elizabeth," Capt. Charles McKenzie; for Londonderry, the ship "Prince of Wales," Capt. Patrick Crawford. These were regular liners between New York and Irish ports. But they were not all. Thompson & Alexander had another line, consisting of the ship "Daniel," brig "George," and ship "Jenny," regularly in the Londonderry trade. They had also an opposition line to Newry. Hugh and Alexander Wallace had also the brig "Experiment;" brig "Havana," Capt. James Nicholson; brig "Venus," regularly trading to Cork and to Dublin. Here

were twelve or fifteen regular traders to Irish ports in port at one time, when there was but one vessel up for London. Greg, Cunningham & Co. were also consignees of ships from London, Bristol and Liverpool. They sold everything that could be sold in this market — Irish beef, butter, salmon and tongues.

This house kept on steadily doing business on a large scale during the years of trouble and anxiety, from 1768 to 1775, when the British took possession of the city. They then had the ship "Grace" in the Newry trade.

I suppose this great house got broke up during the long seven years of the Revolutionary war, and that the firm was changed. Mr. Robert Ross Waddell resided here during all that long period, and went into business when the war was over, in 1784. He went into business under his own name, at 61 Queen street. He afterwards moved to 45 Pine street, and resided in that house about twenty years — at least until 1818. I think he died that year. He was one of the founders of the St. Patrick's Society, and was secretary of it from 1789 to 1808, a period of nineteen years. He was treasurer of the Chamber of Commerce from 1780 to 1784. I do not know whether he left any descendants.

There was another family of note of the same name, though English. It was that of Captain John Waddell, who married Miss Ann Lirton, November 30, 1736. John Waddell came from Dover, in England, and he named a ship which he had built on the shore of the East River, where Dover street now is, "The Dover." That circumstance gave the name to the street.

That old immigrant had an ancestor named John Waddell, who was granted arms and honors, for great naval victories gained by him, as a hero in the time of Charles the Second. His descendant, Captain John Waddell, who came out here from Dover, was one of the first subscribers to the fund that started the old New York Society Library, about 1764. His wife Ann, above alluded to, is made memorable as being the only female named in the document of incorporation, emanating from George the Third, in 1770, and it was an unusual honor.

Her husband, Captain John Waddell, was also named as one of the first members of the Masonic Society of the City of New York. He was one of the original 33, whose certificates of membership are all dated the same day, viz. : January 8, 1770.

He was a member of the St. Andrew's Society as early as 1756, when it was founded in this city. There was also a Robert Waddell, who was also a sea captain. I think he was related to Robert Ross Waddell, who was also a member of the Marine Society, as was William Waddell, the son of Captain John or Anson. Captain John Waddell had no brother, and but one sister.

William Waddell was a prominent merchant here for many years. In 1773, he did an immense business. That year he lost his wife Geesie. She was only thirty-three years old. He married her April 3, 1761. She was a daughter of Alderman Francis Filkins, who was an extensive New York merchant, and an Alderman for twenty years. Geesie was one of the loveliest girls of

the City of New York when she became Mrs. William Waddell.

This amiable lady left two children, Henry, hereinafter referred to, and Ann, who married the Honorable Lucas Elmendorf, a prominent member of the bar, of Kingston, Ulster county, New York. He represented that district in Congress from 1797 to 1803. He was in the Assembly from 1804 to 1805, and he was in the State Senate from 1814 to 1817. He was also a member of the famous Council of Appointment, which had the dealing out of the loaves and fishes of that day. I have heard ex-President Van Buren say, that he regarded Mr. Elmendorf as his political preceptor.

Old Captain John Waddell built a ship, or *snow*, named the "Thomas & Waddell." His son William Waddell, the merchant alluded to was Alderman of the North Ward in 1774, at the commencement of the Revolution. He retained power during the possession of New York by the British. He was Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment of militia — the only regiment in this city at that time. Mrs. Ann Waddell, his mother, widow of old Captain John, was very wealthy. She carried on the large business of her husband after his death, in 1762. She was a woman of remarkable business qualifications. She left her property by her will — on file in the Surrogate's office in this city — equally among her five children (except William,) but the four who remained in this country took all the property, to the exclusion of Alderman William, the eldest son, after he went abroad in the Revolutionary times. Two of her daughters married John Taylor, a prominent

citizen of those times, from whom are descended the Taylors and the Winthrops of the present day. A third sister also married a Mr. Taylor. A part of the property of their mother, Widow Ann, was a mortgage from William, Earl of Stirling, on his lands in the then Province of New York, the Minisink, Cheesecock's, Richbills, Provoost, and Hardenburg patents. The consideration of the mortgage was £5,043 6d. sterling; an immense sum in those days.

The life-size portraits of Captain John, and his wife, Ann Waddell, and his sword, and their wedding suit of furniture, and many relics of the olden time are in possession of the family in this city.

Their son, Alderman William Waddell, retained power after the British were here, for I find at the foot of the famous loyal address the following :

We, William Waddell, one of the Aldermen of the City and County of New York, Esq., and James Downes, of the said city, gentleman, do hereby certify that we attended the signing of the foregoing representation, and that the subscribers hereunto attend voluntarily, as witness our hands the 24th day of October, 1776.

WILLIAM WADDELL.

JAMES DOWNES.

This famous loyal address stated: "That we bear true allegiance to our rightful sovereign, George the Third, as well as warm affection to his sacred person, crown, and dignity; that we esteem the Constitutional Supremacy of Great Britain over these Colonies as essential to the union, security, and welfare of the whole British Empire," &c., &c. It went on, hoping that He "would be pleased the City and County to His Majesty's protection and peace."

It is astonishing how many of the old leading merchants signed this document. Yet, it is not strange either; they were merchants engaged in foreign trade; the British had the city, and it was much better to be loyal to the "powers that be," and keep on business quietly, than to be disloyal, have their property confiscated, and be banished from the city to parts unknown.

Col. Wm. Bayard, of the old mercantile house of W. Bayard & Co., signed it. So did old Henry Brevoort, a market gardener and ancestor of the rich Brevoorts. So did Thomas Buchanan, of the celebrated firm of Thomas & Walter Buchanan, the great importer and shipping merchant to whom was consigned the tea ship that was returned to London with its cargo by the people of New York, in 1774. The tea came in the ship "London," Capt. Chambers. Robert Murray, of the house of Murray, Samson & Co., signed it. His place of business was in Queen (Pearl), between Beekman and Burling slip. He had an elegant mansion at Murray Hill.

Alderman William Waddell died in London, about 1819. When the British troops evacuated the city, in 1783, he accompanied them, and never returned to this country. He retained his loyal feelings towards his king and the British Government to the last, always terming the *new* Government "the Rebels."

His son, Capt. Henry Waddell, went into business as early as 1799, in Front street, at 199, under the firm of Waddell & Taylor. He removed to 58 Wall street, and afterwards to No. 53, where he lived, and the house

was continued some years. From 1806 to 1809 he was absent from this city. He had been captured at sea by a French privateer, under the famous Berlin and Milan decrees of Napoleon, because his vessel had allowed herself to be boarded by a British man-of-war, which the decrees of the Emperor did not admit of. He married Miss Eliza Daubeney, a daughter of Lloyd Daubeney, and Mrs. Mary Daubeney, formely Miss Mary Coventry, a daughter of Alderman William Coventry, a nephew of the Earl of Coventry. Mr. Coventry was Alderman of the Dock Ward from 1756 to 1758.

Mr. Daubeney was of a very ancient descent. He was in reality entitled to the dormant English peerage of Baron Lord Daubeney, and which descended by the patent to heirs general and not to heirs male, and is now therefore in the family in this country. After Mr. Daubeney's death, Mrs. Daubeney lived in Wall street, No. 53, for many years. After Capt. Waddell married a daughter, he took up his residence, in 1809, with his mother-in-law. The old lady was very much respected. Her history must have been very interesting. When Congress was here, some of the most distinguished men of the nation resided at her house. She was at the upper end of Wall street, near Trinity Church, until 1792. Among those who resided with Mrs. Daubeney in 1803 was Colonel Nicholas Fish, father of Governor Hamilton Fish in after years. He was a handsome man, and Miss Charlotte Daubeney, another daughter, who was extremely beautiful, became desperately in love with the handsome Col. Fish. He, too, was in love with the charming Charlotte, but jilted her. She was

as passionate as proud, and went up to the foot of Herbert street, North River, and threw herself in the water. She was drowned, and her body was found where the water was not deep enough to cover her face. Her body was placed in a carriage, and taken down to her mother's residence in Wall street. The excitement was very great, of course. The Rev. Mr. Hobart, afterwards Bishop, was one of her admirers. The sad event did not break the heart of Col. Fish: he afterwards married Miss Stuyvesant.

There was a brother of the two Miss Daubeney's. He was at one time Captain Lloyd Daubeney, of the famous ship "Melpomene." He married a Miss Titford, a niece of Governor John Jay, and moved out to New Rochelle. He had a place near that of Peter Jay Munro, who married Miss White. Captain Daubeney had no children. His widow is still alive.

Both daughters of Mr. Daubeney were very beautiful, and not the least of the two sisters was the one that married Captain Henry Waddell. They had children; four sons and no daughters. One son was named William Coventry Waddell, the second John Henry Waddell, the third Francis Lucas Waddell, and Lloyd Saxbury Waddell, who died young and was unmarried. It was intended that John Henry should be a clergyman. He studied for the ministry but afterwards finding it not congenial to his mind, he relinquished it as he was of a gay and lively disposition. He entered into mercantile pursuits, and died at St. Thomas, one of the Danish West India Islands. The next brother, Lloyd Saxbury also studied for the ministry, and died during his novitiate.

Bishop Hobart had a bosom friend named How. He used to visit the family of the Daubeney's in company with the Bishop. He was married and had children. His fate was a singular one. How had had a serious flirtation with his wife's chambermaid. The Bishop issued a circular about it to all the leading men in Trinity parish. How confessed the wrong, was forgiven, left the church and went West to study law. In those days clergymen used to attend parties, soirees, private balls, and do a little flirting, and nothing whatever was thought of it. It was all innocent. Bishop Hobart always attended parties, flanked by his two *aid-de-camps* the two handsome young clergymen of Trinity parish, Berrien and Onderdonk; and when the New Year's time came, the Bishop did not make his calls on the particular day, but waited a week before he paid his welcome visits. Then such a reception as he met, and such a sideboard set out! Wine of the choicest kinds — cordials of all kinds — cherry and raspberry brandy — krullers — honey cakes or cookies — were handed around in the olden times. In fact they were offered on all occasions when a visitor called. They used to have crab and lobster suppers at 10 o'clock at night, and people lived to be ninety and ninety-four who had thus indulged all their lives. Then people slept until 10 in the morning and enjoyed themselves.

But to return to the Waddells. Captain Henry Waddell died in 1819. He lived at 53 Wall street many years. His son William Coventry in 1827 was regarded as one of the most promising young men in the city. That year he was made Secretary of the

Pacific Insurance Company. He held it until 1829, when he was succeeded by Russel H. Nevins. Mr. Waddell was called to the City of Washington after the accession of Gen. Jackson to the Presidency in 1829. He was made financial agent of the State Department. Thomas Morris was United States marshal at New York ; when General Jackson came into power in 1829. He failed to pay over to his assistants in 1830. This knowledge came to Mr. Waddell, who was, as I have stated, in the State Department. Edward Livingston who was then Secretary of State, had a strong personal attachment to Mr. Waddell, having been in early days a frequent visitor and beau to the beautiful Miss Daubeneys. He directed Mr. Waddell to inform President Jackson of the defalcation by Mr. Morris, and from the intimate relations which existed between young Mr. Waddell and General Jackson, for he was also confidential financial agent of the General in the disbursement of the Secret Service Fund, he found no difficulty in procuring the appointment from General Jackson direct, before any other applicants were aware of the vacancy, and in 1832 W. C. Waddell came back to New York as U. S. marshal. He held the place many years. He was frank and generous, and always displayed a liberal hospitality. He was a prominent member of the Democratic party, and a friend of the other leaders.

When the Bankrupt Law passed in 1842, Mr. Waddell was made the general or official assignee of bankrupts for the city. It gave him a large property.

He at one time owned a beautiful residence at the upper end of Fifth avenue, upon Murray Hill.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Hardly a week elapses that some of our old citizens does not pass to his long home, thus severing one by one the human links that bind the present to the old New York. Soon all will be dead who are old enough to remember our city as she was at the commencement of this century.

At that period (1800) one of the most extensive commercial houses in the city was Wm. Neilson & Co.'s, composed of William Neilson, Sr., and William Neilson, Jr. Both store and residence at that period was at 80 Pearl street.

The senior William went into business in this city over a hundred years ago. In 1768 he was one of the largest merchants of that day, and did business in Dock (Pearl) near Coenties Market. He owned the brig "Conway," Captain Alexander Leith. She traded between New York and Newry, an Irish port. When Alexander McDonald failed in 1798 he assigned to William Neilson. McDonald was at that period one of the largest merchants in the city. His store was near the Merchants' Coffee House (Wall street). He kept goods of every description—dry goods, wines, snuff, and assorted hand organs of one, two or four barrels.

Old William Neilson married twice. His first wife

was the mother of his son William Jr. His second was Lady Catherine Duer, widow of William Duer. They were married by Dr. Rodgers, September 19th, 1801. Lady Kitty was a daughter of the celebrated Earl of Sterling, the famous Brigadier General of our armies at the time of the Revolution. His name was William Alexander. He was born in this city in 1726. He succeeded his father as Surveyor General of New Jersey, and also went into business as a merchant. When old Alexander (the Hon. James) died, his wife, Mary Alexander, mother of Lord Sterling, went into business in the city, and become one of the most distinguished merchants in the city. She died in 1760. Her stock of goods was sold off at auction in the last month of that year. In 1762, her son, the Earl of Sterling, was made one of his Majesty's Council for this city. Previous to that time, when merely Surveyor General Alexander, he lived at a magnificent house, No. 69 Broad street, afterwards occupied by General Gage. In 1756 Lord Sterling went to Europe with General Sherley, as his aid and secretary. Lord Sterling fought in almost every battle of the war. He died the year it closed (Jan. 15, 1783), at Albany, aged fifty-seven years. Judge John Duer, of this city, and President William Duer, were grandsons of the brave old nobleman.

I suppose the title of Earl of Sterling was assumed by Mr. Alexander, and perhaps he really was or would have been entitled to it, had he not been a rebel. That trifling fact would have debarred him in England, of course. He had rendered good service to our cause, and we were perfectly willing to allow him to call him-

self Emperor of Morocco, if he had wished to do so. It was harmless to call himself Earl of Sterling.

The son of old William Neilson married a daughter of Alderman John B. Coles, also an old merchant. That son many of our readers will remember as the venerable old President of the American Marine Insurance Company — at one time and afterwards of the Merchants' Fire Insurance Company.

In 1774, just before the war, William Neilson, the elder, was doing a magnificent business. He had the ship "Needham," Capt. William Chevers, as a regular trader between Cork and New York. She made regular passages, lay at Lot's wharf, carried passengers, and always brought a supply of white slaves, who were advertised thus: "The times of a few servants for sale on board of said ship. Also, Irish beef, in tierces, of the best quality; with a few firkins of butter. Apply to W. Neilson."

He also had the ship "James and Mary," Capt. Workman, in the Irish trade. He was also one of the largest importers of blue, white and enamelled china, from England, before the war. He sold Irish clover seed. He imported and sold largely of Hibernia pig metal. Also, 150 tierces new rice; lard and dry goods of all kinds; and, what was most agreeable to our citizens ninety years ago, he took "every kind of produce in pay at the highest market price." Why not? What a trade Stewart could do, if he would take chickens and turnips in pay for his merchandize!

The pet vessel of William Neilson was the ship "Mary and Susanna," Capt. John Thompson. She

traded direct to Dublin, and always lay at Robert Murray's wharf. I think that Capt. Thompson was the father of Capt. Thompson who was so long an inspector for the Mutual Insurance Company, and his son is now Vice-President of the Neptune Company.

That was a common fact about selling white slaves. They were redemptionists. Some of our best families in this city came over to this country under these circumstances. For instance, the correspondent of William Neilson at Dublin, said to an Irishman who was poor, "Well, Michael, you wish to go to New York, but have got no means. Now, I will advance you £100, and give you your passage and for your family also."

The result would be that Michael would accept, and work out his £100, whether it was for one, two, or three years, according to the terms of the agreement. As soon as Michael landed in New York, his *time* was sold by Mr. Neilson. This did not apply particularly to Ireland, but to Scotland and England. There is not a great family in Philadelphia, whose first head on his arrival in that city was not sold as a servant.

Without knowing the fact, I presume from the nature of his business that William Neilson was an Irishman born. He was one more to those Irish names that have been distinguished as merchants in the olden time.

I alluded in my last chapter to the number of vessels trading from this to Irish ports a hundred years ago. I forgot to mention that the principal cargoes they carried out was flax seed.

I do not know how William Neilson managed during

the seven years of the war. He was not a son of liberty, did not belong to the famous "Committee of 100," nor did he sign the loyal address to the King in 1776.

After the war he opened again at the Great Dock street (Pearl, between Hanover Square and Broad street.)

He was one of the first elected Aldermen after the war. He was Alderman of the Dock ward in 1784, and was re-elected until 1787. James Duane was Mayor, and Richard Varick Recorder.

In 1788 he seems to have been doing as large business as ever. He was chartering vessels and sending them to the West Indies. He also owned a ship called the "Ann and Susan," Captain Anthon Seeds. She traded regularly to Bordeaux and carried freight and passengers. William Neilson did a very heavy business for several years at the old stand, 40 Great Dock street. In 1794 it became 80 Pearl street, when the names of streets were changed. He was an honorary member of the Marine Society in 1770. He was a subscriber to the Tontine stock in 1792, and named Edward Neilson Munday, a son of Amos Munday. His wife was born in 1789 and was alive not long ago.

He had a son named James H. Neilson. In 1797 he took in his son, William Jr., and the firm was William Neilson & Co. Their head clerk at that time was John Abeel; so was James H. Neilson, who, July 25, 1804, was married by Dr. Rodgers to Sarah Coles, a daughter of General Coles, of Dosoris, L. I.; Thomas M. Harvey, afterwards Thomas Harvey & Son, 1804 — and Thomas S. Fanning. W. Neilson & Co. received cargoes from

Bristol, from Hull and other ports, in the ship "Joseph," 1797, ship "Attala" 1799 to 1804 — several voyages from Bristol — ship "Charlotte," ship "Enterprise," ship "Susannah," ship "Adamant," ship "Phocion." In 1807 the firm was changed to Wm. Neilson & Son. Up to this time from 1800, the store had been at No. 46 Water street. In 1810, Wm. Neilson & Son removed to No. 1 State street, and Wm. Neilson, Jr, resided in State street. The old gentleman resided in the country. It would be where the New York Hotel now stands on Broadway. He was buried from that house about 1821. His son, Wm. Neilson, Jr., afterwards bought it. It was on the corner of Broadway and Greenwich lane, afterwards called, in 1817, Art street.

As early as 1794, John Neilson — famous for many years as Doctor Neilson — was in practice in this city. For many years he lived in Greenwich street.

He came to this city from New Brunswick, and married a Miss Bleecker. One of his sons, A. B. (Bleecker) Neilson was named after his mother's name. The Doctor was no relation of the William Neilson of whom I am writing.

I presume James H. Neilson, the son, moved out of town, and did not go into business in this city.

In 1810 Wm. Neilson & Son were doing as large a business as any other house in New York city. They owned the ship "Niagara." She came in that year with a large cargo of sugar, hides, fustic, and 4,000 bags Rio coffee.

One of the most remarkable facts is the connection of the Neilsons, father, son, and son-in-law, with Marine

Insurance. When the first Insurance Company, the Mutual, was started in this city before 1789, Wm. Neilson, Sr., was one of the Directors. He continued a Director until 1797, when the New York Insurance Company was established, with Archibald Gracie as its President. He was one of the first named Directors, and continued to be until 1802, when the Marine Insurance Company was incorporated, March 16th. The capital was \$250,000. William Neilson was elected its President and Monson Hoyt, Secretary. It did not fairly get into heavy operation until about 1805. Then its Directors were such men as Robert Lenox, Jacob Stout, Henry J. Wyckoff, John Hone, and William Neilson, Jr. In 1807 the latter became Vice President, but the father was succeeded as President by Samuel Ward.

In 1810, W. Neilson, Jr., became President of the Marine Insurance Company, and his father, old William, became Director once more. Monson Hoyt still retained the secretaryship, and so continued until 1814, its office at 45 Wall street, when its affairs seem to have collapsed ; and in 1815, a new company called the American Insurance Company, was chartered with a capital of \$500,000. Its first President, 1816, was William Neilson, Jr., and among his Directors were such names as Nathaniel Prime, Jonathan Goodhue, Edmund Morewood, Jonathan Ogden, Goold Hoyt, James G King, and that class, worthy Monson Hoyt, still remaining its secretary. In 1821, the worthy old William died, and William Neilson, Jr., as he had been known for the third of a century, became William Neil-

son, the President of the American Insurance Company. He held that office until 1842, when its renewed charter expired, and then he left it and became President of the Merchants' Mutual Insurance Company. A. B. Neilson, his son-in-law, was also many years connected with the insurance business. He died about 1860.

William Neilson, Jr., as he was called, gave up business some time before the death of his father, in 1821, although the firm of W. Neilson & Son was continued at No. 1 State street to the day of his death — probably in liquidation during the later years of his life.

William, Jr., was the father of twelve children ; he had two sons and ten daughters. His eldest son was named William H. Neilson ; he is a broker in Wall street. He married a daughter of Philo L. Mills, one of the most finished and accomplished of gentlemen. He was of the firm of Mills & Minturn. Philo L. married a Miss Kain.

John Neilson is another son. He is a clerk with an Insurance Company in Wall street. He married a daughter of Doctor Neilson.

Susan, the eldest daughter of William Neilson, Jun., married Robert Gracie, son of the old merchant, Archibald Gracie. Robert had but one child, a son named Archibald Gracie. Emily, the second daughter, married A. Bleecker Neilson, son of old Doctor John Neilson, who died in, and was buried out of the magnificent old palace in Chamber street. A. B. Neilson was a famous man among insurance people, and died in 1860, while President of the "Sun Insurance Co." He was an amiable man, and universally respected. He left six

sons and two daughters. Emily married Hobart Onderdonk, and Elizabeth married Dan Messenger. He was a popular New Yorker; went out with General Burnside, and is now, I think, a Quartermaster-General in his camp. John, one of A. B. Neilson's sons, is of the firm of Neilson & Nichols. Three of his sons, William, Edward, and Bleecker, are in China. Charles is of the firm of Bird & Neilson, and Hud, another son, is dead.

Catherine, a third daughter of William Neilson, married W. F. Beekman. They have children. Mary the fourth daughter, married Dr. Van Rensselaer Ten Brook. They have no children, but reside at Fairfield, Conn.

Eliza, the fifth daughter, married Benjamin R. Winthrop. They have children, and there is a large property from P. G. Stuyvesant.

Charlotte, the sixth daughter, married Doctor McVicker. They have children, and live in Seventeenth street.

Julia, the seventh daughter, married Wilson F. Bailey. He is brother to the distinguished Bishop Bailey of the Catholic Church, New Jersey.

Fanny, the eighth daughter, married Charles E. Borrowe, once a merchant in Broad street twenty eight years ago. I met him in Pearl street only last week, looking younger and handsomer than he did a quarter of a century ago when he and Charley Davis (Davis & Brooks), now dead and gone, used to be gay young men on the town. Splendid fellow, that Charles Davis! I do not mean Charles A. Davis, also Davis & Brooks, an

old Silver Gray in politics nothing of himself, but shines as coat tail to Frank Granger or Millard Fillmore, both real Silver Grays. However, Charles Augustus thinks he is really a great man, and is happy in his blissful ignorance.

Cecilia, the ninth daughter of W. M. Neilson, Jr., — married Alfred F. Kemp.

The tenth daughter is Margaret. She never married.

Now one may be justly proud of such a race as this and I have no doubt the old merchant, William Neilson, of 1763, would be if he could come upon earth. And the family, too, numerous as the descendants will be one hundred years hence, will pick up a volume of "Old Merchants" and find nothing there about their illustrious merchant ancestors that they may not be proud of. William Neilson, Jr., was one of the most honorable and high-minded merchants that ever lived in this city. Every one respected him. His fine open countenance will never be forgotten by those who ever saw it. He was the senior warden of St. Thomas' Church for many years.

He was a member of nearly all of our great public benevolent institutions.

He died at No. 1 Le Roy Place, about 1853 or 1854, and was buried from there.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

What curious feelings and recollections it calls up to write about old merchants named Bruce — Robert Bruce, too ! It carries us back to our verdant days of long ago, when we read that most interesting of all books, the “ Scottish Chiefs ” — and particularly about Robert Bruce, and the seven attempts he made to succeed after seeing the spider fail six and succeed on the seventh. Then our early singing days when we practised with

“ Scots who hae wi’ Wallace bled,  
Scots wham Bruce has often led,”

&c., &c. Aside from the fact that the name of Bruce, like that of Stuart (spelt as is that of R. & A. Stuart, the sugar refiners), is a royal name ; it has always possessed a deep interest to me. When I first heard it in this city, it was in a printing-office that I used to haunt for months.

I do not know whether the Bruces of this city are directly descended from Robert Bruce, King of Scotland ; but this I do know — the Bruces that first travelled on Broadway, a hundred years ago, were from Scotland.

Robert Bruce came out to Norfolk as a protege of the Earl of Dunmore, who was then Governor of Virginia.

The Governor was about to visit the province of New York in an English man of war. "Robert, I want you to accompany me to New York, Norfolk is too small a sphere for your mercantile operations. New York will be the great commercial city; you must anchor there," were the kind words of Lord Dunmore to Robert Bruce.

Accordingly, the young Scotch merchant accompanied Gov. Dunmore to this city. Here he introduced Robert in the most cordial manner to Gov. Colden, who became his patron and friend ever after.

What a shrewd old Governor was Lord Dunmore, to foresee the future commercial greatness of New York!

After Robert had been in the city a few months, and had determined to make it his permanent home, he sent for his brother Peter to come over from Scotland. At that time Broadway did not extend up to where Chambers street now is, though Peter Bruce bought a spot of ground on the south-east corner of Broadway and Duane street, where James Gemmel, the watchmaker, lived for years, and where he died.

Mr. Bruce sold his place for \$9,000. It was held by Mr. Gemmel at \$100,000.

The brothers Robert and Peter were in this city previous to the Revolution, probably about 1768. Robert was a Tory and Peter was a Whig in the war times. It is a wonder to me how a merchant of that day could have been anything else than a Tory — particularly in the case of Robert Bruce, who had been the protege and received the warm personal friendship of two royal governors. Probably it was a little bit of policy that

made Peter a Whig. After the war was over they kept their store, in 1784, at No. 3 Front street, and as late as 1795, when they moved to 120 Front street. Peter lived in the house : Robert lived at 125 Water street.

There was a William who was in the grocery business at 129 Front street. He too was from Aberdeen, Scotland. He died in 1798, of the yellow fever. He was of another family.

Both Robert and Peter died in 1796, within a short time of each other. The widows of each lived for several years in the same locality, having large families to bring up. That house occupied by widow Robert Bruce, is now occupied by George W. Brown, and has been many years. Robert Bruce built the house No. 125 Water street, in which Geo. W. Brown has made several fortunes. I wonder Geo. W. does not have a statue of Robert Bruce placed in front of his premises, to commemorate the event and the memory of the builder.

Robert Bruce was a leading member of the Scotch St. Andrew's Society. He joined it in 1784. Peter joined it in 1786.

In 1789, the firm of Robert & Peter Bruce owned a little vessel called "The Friend's Adventure." She was commanded by Peter Parker, and traded to Shelburne.

At the time John Jacob Astor arrived in this city from Germany, he found Robert Bruce the richest man in the city, as Mr. A. frequently stated.

Robert Bruce left several children. The eldest was named William. He married Mary Hamilton, a daugh-

ter of Capt. Alexander J. C. Hamilton, of the British army, and a titled nobleman. Captain Hamilton had a sister who married Lord Cox, an English nobleman. After Capt. Hamilton's reverses, his sister allowed him an annuity, and he lived in this city like a gentleman, until he died.

A second son of Robert was named Robert Bruce. In Dec., 1806, he married Miss Ann Ledyard, a daughter of Doctor Isaac Ledyard, of Newtown, L. I. Our Governor Seymour's mother was a Ledyard.

A third son of old Robert was named John. When young he fell from his nurse's arms, and was injured. He has never married — inherited property, and lives at Stratford, Conn.

Peter Bruce married a Miss Langley, of Virginia, as did Robert. The Langleys are an old family in the South. Peter left two sons and one daughter, Mary. William Bruce, son of old Robert, went to John Jacob Astor, and asked him to take the two sons of Peter Bruce into his employ. He did so, and William Wallace Bruce still continues with the son of Astor.

George was in the counting-room of Mr. Astor when he died. He had been to China several voyages in Mr. Astor's employ, as supercargo. He was one of the handsomest men in the city ; in that respect he did not particularly resemble the present William Wallace Bruce. It is a wonder that Peter and Robert Bruce did not select William Wallace Bruce as the nominee for a share of the Tontine stock, he having been born in 1791. Had it been done, that share would have been worth many thousand dollars, as W. W. will live to be 100 years old.

John Hagerty was very intimate with both Robert and Peter Bruce.

Robert and Peter Bruce were among those who tried to establish manufactures in the city after the war, and took several hundred pounds of stock. They originally, as I have seen, came from Scotland. Their father was Bailey William Bruce, of Inverary. Peter made him a visit before he died. William Bruce, a son of Robert, was said to be an exact likeness of Lord Elgin, as much so as if they had been cast in the same mould.

When Peter and Robert Bruce were in their glory in this city as merchants, it used to be a common custom here for the merchants to go on board the vessels that arrived bringing passengers, and invite them to their nouses. There were few hotels in the city at that time. It was good old hospitable custom.

William, the eldest son of Robert Bruce, went into business in this city as early as 1798, with Peter Morrison, under the firm of Morrison & Bruce. The house kept at that time at 120 Front street. They dissolved in March, 1805, and then William took into partnership his brother, Robert L. Bruce, under the firm of William Robert Bruce, in the same store. They were the heaviest dealers in dry codfish, pickled salmon and mackerel, sounds and tongues, in the city.

Peter Morrison, after the dissolution, moved to 114 Front street, and kept on the same kind of codfish business.

Wm. & R. Bruce did not confine themselves to fish alone. They also dealt largely in beef, pork, butter, oil, indigo, nutmegs, pepper by the cargo, saltpetre,

brandy, Jamaica rum, and teas by the cargo. The house owned several vessels. They did a large shipping business until the time of the embargo in 1808. They were then heavy traders to Nova Scotia. They were also heavy shippers to the Mediterranean. The Berlin and Milan decree, and the British Orders in Council, ruined W. & R. Bruce. Their merchandize was perishable, and thousands of dollars' worth of fish were flung into the ocean. They were effectually ruined. In 1814, they gave up business. At that time William was living at No. 139, and Robert L. a few doors above, at No. 145 Broadway.

The three daughters of old Robert Bruce were all married. Two married William L. Vandervoort, who was in business in this city as early as 1798. The other daughter married P. L. Vandervoort, who was of the house of Vandervoort & Flanders, very celebrated dry goods dealers in their day.

William Bruce was born the 25th November, 1799. The firm of Robert & Peter nominated his life on the share of Tontine Stock in 1792, to which I have already alluded.

Wm. Bruce left six children. One is the Rev. Vandervoort Bruce, the Rector of an Episcopal Church at Hoboken. He married a Miss Stanton, of Albany. He is an excellent scholar. He is much respected, for he is a faithful pastor. He has two children, a son and a daughter. David Floyd Jones, the present Lieutenant Governor of the State, married one of his wife's sisters, Miss Stanton.

The second son of William Bruce is Hamilton Bruce.

He is named after his grandfather, the old British Captain. He married a daughter of Joseph Bame, of Columbia county, one of the most energetic business men in the city, and niece of James T. Van Alen, of this city — old Dutch stock. His son, James H. Van Alen, is a Brigadier General, and chief of Hooker's staff in the last great battle of the Potomac. Hamilton Bruce is a Deputy Collector of the Port, and has been connected with the Custom House since 1838, being the first clerk Collector Jessie Hoyt appointed. Mr. Bruce has four children.

A third son of William Bruce was named Langley, after his Virginia ancestors. He also married a Miss Stanton. He is a man of merit, stands six feet high, is a whole-souled, generous fellow, and worthy of the best of the old Bruce race.

Robert Bruce, the partner of W. & R. Bruce, had but one child — a daughter — who married John Howard, Secretary of the Manhattan Gas Company. They have several children.

## CHAPTER XIX.

I do not know of any nobler sight on earth, than that of a fine gray headed old man, walking about our streets, poor and obscure, but of whom can be said, "He was born here in the last century, was an eminent merchant for many years, was unsuccessful, and now, in his advanced age, though poor, has a conscience at peace with God, and all mankind." Such a merchant, and such a man was Elias Nexsen. He was born here in 1740, and lived among us until he was 91 years old.

Elias Nexsen was owner of a vessel before 1765. It was the schooner "Harmony." In those years an owner became captain and supercargo, went abroad in his own vessel, and was a merchant when he reached his own port. He united all these professions. Young Nexsen was one of the most promising men in the city in 1768. That year his favorite schooner, "Harmony," was up for Curaçoa. He lived in the house that had formerly been occupied by Christopher Fell until he died. It was opposite Robert Murray's.

Occasionally Capt. Nexsen brought in a negro, and he did not hesitate to put him up as follows: "Capt. Nexsen has an excellent negro fellow to dispose of. He is 20 years old. He has had the small pox. He is a very good cook. He understands all sorts of house-

work, and he can be recommended for his sobriety and honesty. Likewise has for sale, choice Madeira, particular, and New York wines, in pipes, hogsheads, and quarter casks; a parcel of choice lime juice from Curaçoa; a parcel of raix ginger; some lignum-vitæ of Porto Rico; also, a good foresail for a sloop. He traded steadily to West India ports for some years, and must have made a fortune, and been prosperous. He married May 18, 1770, to Mary Pels. I presume she died, for I find that Oct. 3, 1775, he married Mary Waldron. He must have married a third wife, for I find that Sept. 9, 1807, he lost his wife Jane, aged 48 years. At any rate, he was father of twenty-one children. In 1775, just previous to the breaking out of the war, he did a very heavy business at his store in Burling slip. It was in a frame house. He owned two brick stores adjoining, 18 and 20. Of late years the stores have been rebuilt, and one of them has been occupied for many years by Lucius Hart, maker of Britannia ware.

In 1775 he still kept up a trade with Curraçoa, and owned the sloop "Charity," Capt. Drugal. She always lay at Cruger's Wharf.

At that time, while living in the slip, he gave notice that his store was suited for weighing logwood, Nicaragua, and all other kinds of dye woods, and that he had provided himself with materials to weigh iron, sugar, cocoa, tobacco and hemp, and every other article usually bought or sold by weight; and he pathetically stated that he would be much obliged to all gentlemen who would favor him with their custom, and he would en-

deavor to give all possible satisfaction, and he promised that he himself would duly attend the scales.

In those days weighmasters were not known. Every merchant weighed his own goods, unless some brother merchant of integrity would get the proper scales, &c., and weigh himself. Such was the case with Mr. Nexsen. The future first Collector of the port of New York after the Revolution was Elias Nexsen. He was not afraid to do any kind of legitimate business.

At that time, 1775, the Military Club met every night. On Wednesday night, August 23, 1775, Mr. Nexsen and several of the citizens determined that the cannon should be removed from the Battery. They collected and went thither. They were joined by a part of the City Artillery, who stationed themselves on the Battery where they could prevent the landing of men from the "Asia" man-of-war that lay off the Battery. When the men reached the Battery, they found one of the barges of the "Asia" lying there, a short distance from the shore. She fired a musket at the citizens on the Battery. They returned it with a constant fire. Upon this the "Asia" fired 30 guns loaded with grape-shot. Nexsen and his friends were not killed or wounded, but carried off 21 pieces of cannon mounted on carriages.

Elias Nexsen was the first Collector of the port of New York, under the Continental Congress. At that time, or thereabouts, the British fleet arrived in the bay, from Charleston. It was under command of General Clinton. There was an agreement made by the New York authorities to supply them with fresh pro-

visions, and on that condition, they agreed to leave our market boats unmolested, while conveying their proceeds to the city. Elias Nexsen, under this arrangement, had occasion to see General Clinton, who requested him to be the bearer of a letter to Governor Tryon. He agreed to do so, but on putting the letter in his vest pocket, he slipped his finger under the edge of the paper, so as to loosen the wafer, which was yet moist. On reaching the city, he carried the letter to General Washington, who read, and then re-sealed it. The General's headquarters were at Marketfield street, corner of Broadway. The house is standing still. The letter gave notice to Governor Tryon of the projected battle at Long Island, and enabled General Washington to arrange accordingly.

When New York was occupied by the British after the battle of Long Island, Mr. Nexsen took his family, and left the city. He left all of his property behind. He located himself and family in New Jersey, on the Passaic River, then called Second River, and he remained there until the peace of 1784. During his exit from the city, after two or three years absence, feeling very desirous to hear of some friends, who were left in the city of New York, he ventured the risk of coming here. He was taken up for a spy, and put on board one of the prison ships. He, however, was soon released, and finally arrived safe in New York, without shoes to his feet. He was more successful in returning, and got safely back to his family once more. On his return to New York, in 1784, after the war, he went to his home, in Burling Slip, and found it occupied by the

paymaster of the British troop, whose name was Nixon. He told him that he had occupied his house so long, he thought it but just that he should pay him some rent, which, contrary to the expectations of Elias Nexsen, he made no objections to do. He asked him what rent he required, and paid the amount asked. The sum was about 150 guineas.

Shortly after this, in 1784, he purchased an Albany sloop, to send to Canton. She was commanded by Captain Deane — and here I have to relate a very curious fact. The celebrated Isaac Sears, known as King Sears, during the Revolution, went out as supercargo of this vessel. He had recently come to New York, from Boston, and was very poor. By the treaty of peace, all debts due to English merchants were secured. To repair his fortune, Capt. Sears sailed from this port in the sloop commanded by Capt. Deane, in 1784. On their way out to Canton, the sloop put into Batavia. There old Captain Isaac Sears took a fever and died. John Pintard's life and papers, which are now being carefully prepared for publication by me, says: "I have seen a picture descriptive of the funeral of Capt. Sears, at Batavia." The sloop belonging to Mr. Nexsen proceeded to Canton, with a cargo of ginseng and specie. As I have stated, it was the first voyage direct to China from any port on the continent of America. Captain Deane was unacquainted with the customs of the port of Canton. He did not know that the "Cumshaw" duty was as large on a sloop of 100 tons, as on a ship of 1,000 tons. The \$5,000 duty paid by the sloop used up all the profits of the voyage, and she returned to

New York, making her owner poorer than when she started, except what Mr. Nexsen gained by a knowledge of the high tariff in China.

This is the true fate of old King Sears. One of his daughters, Hester, married Paschel N. Smith, February 14, 1774. He was a sea captain before the war, and commanded the sloop *Speedwell*, that traded between this port and Boston. He was mixed up with his father-in-law, all through the war. Paschel N. Smith became one of the most eminent merchants in the city. When the Columbian Insurance Company, with \$500,000 capital, was chartered in 1801, Paschel N. Smith was its president. He died about 1805. His daughter, Hester Henrietta, in 1812, married Doctor S. A. Walsh.

There seems to have been some confusion about the name of Isaac Sears. I have seen a paper from high authority, stating that his fate was unknown. That doubt may arise from seeing that Isaac Sears was elected a member of Assembly from this city in 1784 and 1786. He was probably re-elected as a compliment, or thinking he would be back by 1786.

The 1784, or 7th Session began January 21st, and ended May 12th, 1784. It met in New York city. Mr. Sears was present undoubtedly.

The election was held in 1785. The 9th Session began in New York city, January 12th, and ended May 5th, 1786. Though Isaac Sears was elected, yet he could not have been present, for he had died in China in 1785, though his fate was unknown, until the ship "Empress" returned. Captain Deane who commanded

the ship belonging to Elias Nexsen, lived at Westchester until 1838.

The experience gained by Elias Nexsen with his little sloop, that first exhibited the stars and stripes in the Chinese seas, led him to continue in the China trade for many years, and to send out larger ships, one of which was the "Empress," Captain Green.

In 1789, he had his old store at 8 Burling slip. He had the sloop "Catherine," Thomas Snell, trading to Charleston, carrying freight or passengers. She lay at Lupton's wharf. He had also sloop "Beaufort," Captain Salters, in the Charleston trade. She lay at Brownjohn's wharf. He still kept up the American trade. The sloop "Experiment" was owned by him for many years. George Douglass had a vessel called the brig "Betsy," in the Charleston line. She was commanded by Solomon Salters, brother of the Captain of Mr. Nexsen's vessel. In 1789, Elias Nexsen was one of the Alms House and Bridewell Commissioners.

In 1794, he built a fine house at No. 12 Liberty street, where he lived many years, or until the spring of 1826.

Mr. Nexsen had a daughter named Susan. In the month of May (10th), 1796, she was married to George J. Warren, who was a clock and watchmaker next door to Mr. Nexsen, 10 Liberty street.

Dr. Abeel performed the ceremony at the house of Mr. Nexsen. He then lived at 12 Liberty street, near William. About fifteen years after Warren moved up into the Bowery, near the two-mile stone, and I do not know what became of him. Finally he had a large family of children.

There was another George Warren in the city at that time. He was the most celebrated sailmaker in the city, and kept a sail-loft in 1795 at 86 Wall street.

A few days after the marriage of George J., the other George's son, just 21 years old, named Effingham Warren, died. The funeral was Oct. 3d, and was attended by crowds of young people, his companions and friends.

One young Miss placed a poetic wreath upon his coffin. It read as follows :

Fair was the flower and bright the vernal sky,  
With joy elate, we deemed no danger nigh;  
But e'er bright Sol had lent his cheering ray  
Pale death had snatched young Effingham away.

He had other sons. One named Samuel B. carried on the sail-loft, after the old gentleman moved up to 325 Bowery, where he died, I think in 1826. He had sons that were lawyers. He had also another son that he named Effingham. He was in the drug business in Maiden lane, about forty years ago, under the firm of Warren, Prall & Co. I think he is dead. The descendants of those two George Warrens would fill up a page. He was a Member of Assembly, and Vestryman of Trinity Church, and was very much respected in this city.

At the time Elias Nexsen moved into his house 12 Liberty street, he stood high among our citizens.

Uncle David Valentine, in his "Manual" for 1863, has honored Elias Nexsen by giving his autograph, written in 1795, in the place of honor, being the first in his signature of residents in the olden time in New York, between pages 768 and 769.

Elias Nexsen was a member of the Marine Society in 1770.

In 1798 his fellow-citizens elected him to the Assembly of this State. His colleagues were such names as Aaron Burr, D. D. Tompkins, John Swartwout, James Fairlie, and others. Mr. Nexsen was re-elected in 1799, 1800, 1801, and 1802. He continued to do a large business.

He had in 1798 taken into partnership his son Samuel W. Nelson, and the firm was Elias Nexsen & Son. They did a heavy business at Burling Slip for some years, in stores Nos. 18 and 20.

I had forgot to mention that Elias Nexsen had a brother named William. He was born in 1742. January 29, 1765, he married Catherine De Graff. He had several children. One was named George W. Nexsen. His eldest daughter, Polly, died November 14, 1812. Old Captain William Nexsen died in 1823. He also had a son named William, who was an auctioneer. The son George W. Nexsen is still alive, and resides in Brooklyn, although engaged in active business in the city of New York, and has been for many years.

Elias Nexsen, sen., was Alderman of the Second Ward in 1805. Of his twenty-one children, eleven lived to maturity. He had one son named Elias W. He now lives in Detroit with his daughter, who married Mr. S. P. Brady, a son of the late General Brady. Elias W. was for many years one of our most esteemed city weighers. Thirty years ago I used to sit down with him, and discuss the Prophecies in Revelations, and we disagreed mutually in regard to those he thought related to Napoleon.

Old Elias had a son named John.

Another named William. He was in the Custom House.

Walter was another son. He was of the house of Nexsen, Carter & Co., ship-chandlers, at No. 160 Front street, six years ago.

Samuel was another son.

John was a son.

Margaret, a daughter, married Garret Bogart. Susan, who was Mrs. Warren, had three children. She afterwards married a Mr. Maybee.

Catharine, another daughter, married Mr. George W. Nexsen, a son of William. Jeanette, another daughter, married Mr. King, and, after his death, W. R. Thompson.

Mary, another daughter, married Colonel Thompson. He was killed in the Florida war, at the battle of Okee Chobee. He was second in command to General Zach. Taylor, afterwards President.

Frances, another daughter, went South, and died there.

In 1809, Elias Nexsen was made one of the Port Wardens of the Port, and was associated with such men as Thomas Farmer and Samuel Gelston.

In 1826 Elias Nexsen gave up his old house at No. 12 Liberty street, and removed to No. 415 Washington street, where he died June 10, 1831, having just completed his ninety-first year. He was methodical, even in his way of dying.

His descendants, in children, grand children, and great grand children, are very numerous. They may all be proud of the mercantile founder, Elias, of whom

I have given a brief sketch. He was one of those names, nearly forgotten, that added to the wealth and greatness of our city, when it was but a small town, with a few thousand inhabitants. Such names should not be allowed to perish from the commercial annals, and I have saved the name of Elias Nexsen.



## CHAPTER XX.

One of our largest merchants after the war was John Roiz Silva. In 1786, he kept at No. 1 Beekman street. He was evidently a Portuguese. He sold large lots of 50 to 100 bales of Carthagenan cotton at a time.

He was also engaged in the Madeira and Cape de Verde Islands trade, and sold immense quantities of Madeira wine. He also received by a little schooner that he owned, the "General Washington," cow hides and goat skins in quantities.

He sold Holland gin in cases, and tobacco. He was a large indigo dealer.

He constantly received cargoes of Turks Island salt; and whenever the famous ship "Notre Senora de Patrosimo" came to this port, she was consigned to Mr. Silva. She brought cargoes of Mediterranean produce, sweet oil in barrels, white wine vinegar, almonds, drugs, and figs in frails.

Every few months he received a cargo of white and red port wine, direct from Oporto, of the vintages of 1781 and '82. His place of business was on Cruger's wharf, corner of Old slip. He did a large business for many years.

About 1795, there was a very fascinating New York widow named Anna Dumont. Her husband was a

brother of old Doctor Peter Dumont, who kept a drug store at 25 Little Dock street. The fair widow, Anna, lived at No 12, and there the Senor courted her. He was a successful suitor, and the fair widow surrendered. She not only consented to become Mrs. Anna Silva, but as he was a Catholic, agreed to give up her own faith. So on the 20th February, 1795, they were married in St. Peter's Catholic Church (old one, but where the present one stands), in Barclay street, corner of Church, by the Rev. Doctor O'Brien, who was pastor of St. Peter's. After the ceremony he conveyed his bride to a magnificent residence he had fitted up at No. 9 Beaver street.

He afterwards moved his residence to 28 William street, and kept his store at 79 Front. He was doing a magnificent business, and would have become one of the richest merchants in any country, but in the year 1798 his career was cut short by the yellow fever, that used in those days to ravage New York every few years. He was buried from 28 William street. His funeral was a hurried one, but attended by the Catholics and all of the foreigners. Most every one had gone to the country, and those who had seats, to their country seats. It is a singular fact that as far back as seventy years ago, 1793 to 1830, every merchant was anxious to have a country seat (a place a few miles out of the then city below Chamber street.) It was a good old custom for merchants to live over their stores and places of business. Many suppose that to have a place in the city, and a place to which they could resort out of it in the summer months, was the motive of the merchants. It was not so. It was to get rid of yellow fever that in 1793

committed dreadful ravages in the city -- again in 1797, 1798, 1803, and 1822. The country seat seemed a sort of Home of Refuge, and the feeling did not subside until seven years after, 1822 fever, when property became valuable in every part of this island. It was fashionable to have a country seat. There was safety in it, and it did not cost much. The price of a house, cottage, stables, &c., and a few acres of ground, varied from \$3,000 to \$9,000. Many such places with 100 acres of land and from home not five miles from Trinity steeple, sold for inside of \$9,000. Of course such merchants or their heirs as held such country seats a few years, or until 1830, became possessors of vast wealth.

I now return to Jose Rosa Silva. Notwithstanding his immense business, it did not settle up very well. The widow Anna waited with patience for three years, until his affairs were closed up, and then she found she had furniture and lots of acquaintance, but no friends. So she started a boarding house at No. 132 Greenwich street in 1802. What a blessed heavenly gift it is that a stricken widow has this to fall back upon, and keep respectable and be able to get food for herself and little ones, by furnishing food and lodging to others. Merchants when they fail cannot fall back upon a boarding-house -- they can die in the almhouse ; for the rich merchants of New York, those that luxuriate in prosperity, defy God, and say we can't fail, and so they make no provision for such a calamity. As I have often said, the vilest and most degraded of all classes, sexes, and colors, have homes or asylums provided. The only one who has not an asylum is the noble old merchants who have built up the commercial greatness

of the city. Blackwell's Island poorhouse, where many old merchants are now lingering out an existence, is the only "Asylum" until they get a pine box and a pauper's grave. It is not so with the widow of the merchant who becomes poor. She then starts a boarding-house — and, oh! how many lovely heads they have covered — how many daughters have been saved from the pangs and the consequence of poverty — and how many helpless boys has an energetic widow mother been able to bring up to be good wives and mothers, and good, prosperous merchants. Those who rail out at a boarding-house should look behind the curtain, and see what blessings have flowed from them. Oh! could the history of 10,000 boarding-houses started and maintained by such helpless widows since sixty years ago widow Anna Silva started hers at 132 Greenwich street. She gave it up in 1807. What become of her afterwards I never knew. There were children by her first husband Dumont, as well as by the second, Silva, but what became of them I do not know. There are many of the name of Silva in the city now. Some of them are merchants. I often wonder whether they are descended from my grand old merchant Jose Rosa de Silva. If there are any such, I should like to know the fact.

At the time Mr. Silva died, in August, 1798, his principal clerk was Thomas T. Gaston. He afterwards became bookkeeper for many houses, and died in 1804. His widow, too, had to fall back upon a boarding-house to bring up her children. She kept in Pearl street for many years, and will be remembered well by many who are now living.

In March, 1799, Thomas T. Gaston married Miss Elizabeth Ludlow, of this city.

Page 113, in Volume I, of "Old Merchants," I had a sketch of Hicks, Lawrence & Co., the great auction house. I find I made a mistake in saying that Joseph Lawrence quit it, after Cornelius W. Lawrence did. I should have stated that he quitted it before, and joined the house of Alley & Trimble, making the firm Alley; Lawrence & Trimble, afterwards Lawrence & Trimble — still later Lawrence, Trimble & Co.; then Lawrence, Clapp & Co., and again Lawrence, Woodward & Co.

Cornelius W. Lawrence afterward retired from the firm of Hicks, Lawrence & Co., with so much popularity that his fellow-merchants invited him to a public dinner, which he had the good sense to decline. Then he became Mayor, Member of Congress, President of the Bank of the State of New York, and Collector of the Port. When he left the house, the partners in Hicks, Lawrence & Co., were old Willet Hicks, Richard Lawrence and Algernon Sidney Chase, the latter gentleman being at present a partner in the respectable firm of Rice, Chase & Co., of Baltimore and New York. These were the partners when, as I wrote, the firm went to smash in 1837.

The breaking of the old firm about used up old Willet Hicks, and stopped his usefulness as a Quaker preacher, in which capacity he was very widely known by his travels in Great Britain and this country. He was a fine, portly, dignified man; dressed well, and travelled in his own equipage with his own servants. He spoke often and fluently. He was called the Bishop of the

Quaker Church, he always had so much attention shown to him when he went to the Quaker City, and his appearance was more grand than preachers generally made. He went to England in 1819, to purchase goods for his firm and to preach the gospel, and he made a great stir in both lines, for his goods turned out to pay a good profit, and he had his own carriage and servants to ride over England in to preach. The Quaker Society in this city feared he was going too fast, and checked him up; but when he got home he found that his goods had been well sold, and it all passed off smoothly. He was perhaps a little ostentatious, but he was liberal and kind-hearted. I recollect a poor Quaker who was struggling against misfortune and doing his best to support a helpless family. On one occasion his wants were very pressing, and he was in the utmost despair, not knowing which way to turn. The letter-carrier called upon him with a letter. It was from Willet Hicks, and contained fifty dollars, with the expression of solicitude for his welfare so kindly worded that the act itself and the spirit of it infused new life into him, and substantially relieved him. Such acts as this go far to extenuate even the enormous crime of failing.

I am not certain, however, that it is a sin to fail. On the contrary, the Bible decidedly declares that no rich man shall enter the kingdom of heaven; consequently, in a heavenly point of view, the wisest thing a merchant can do who is very rich, is to fail and become poor.

The large majority of those who are connected with the press will not be troubled with a weight of gold and silver so heavy as to disgust or dishearten the angel who will convey them to the abode of the blessed, and to the

bosom of Abraham, as was the case with Lazarus, who, though poor in coin, was clever, and from the name I should judge had been connected with the Jewish press.

In looking over the first volume of "Old Merchants," published by Carleton, I find frequent errors, that are easily discovered. For instance, I frequently wrote G. G. & S. S. Howland. Although the firm was composed of Gardner Greene and Samuel S. Howland, yet the firm was G. G. & S. Howland.

On page 115, First Series, I spell Austen with an *i*, which I know very well that family never used. I also was wrong in stating that when David Austen parted from John Haggerty he formed the house of Austen, Spicer & Co. He formed the house of Austen, Wilmerding & Co., and that house did a large and successful business for many years, until Mr. Wilmerding left the concern, the better to bring forward his own sons, and he formed the firm of Wilmerdings, Priest & Mount — afterwards and to this day — Wilmerdings & Mount. Then David Austen formed the house of Austen, Spicer & Co. That house drove a heavy trade and made liberal advances on mills and machinery to get consignments by which they lost enormously and ended by a very large and a very bad smash up.

The firm of the Brothers Hone also was never P. & J. Hone, but J. & P. Hone, and J. & P. Hone & Co.

I also err in stating J. L. & S. Josephs. It was J. L. & S. Joseph & Co.

These errors will all be corrected in the printed volumes eventually — that is if I live long enough. I expect the Old Merchants will be chiefly valued by mer-

chants, lawyers and others, who are familiar with business; to those classes it will possess greater interest than to any others. They value accuracy very highly, even to the spelling of names exactly. This is sometimes difficult to do, when people spell their own names differently at different periods. I have frequently in my researches found this to be the case.

A mercantile house of great note in the city for many years was that of Robert Jaffray. He came out from Scotland to this city about 1820. His father was a clergyman. That year he opened a lace store at No. 5 Old Slip.

About 1823, he moved to 158 Pearl. The firm was Robert Jaffray & Co. He had a partner named David Brown Crane. Mr. Crane had kept a store in Fayetteville, North Carolina. He afterwards came here and in 1828 went into partnership with Mr. Jaffray, in the hardware business at 181 Pearl street, under the firm of Jaffray & Crane. The dry goods or lace business was kept at the same time under the firm of Robert Jaffray & Co.

Mr. Crane lived at a fashionable Broadway house, Mrs. Mann's, next door to Grace Church, corner Broadway and Rector street. He had no children.

Mr. Jaffray came to this country from Edinburg very poor. For some years he made a living by selling goods by sample in the Southern States. In this way, he laid the foundation of an immense business in after years.

His partner was Edward S. Jaffray, his nephew. He married Miss Phillips, a young girl of remarkable beauty, a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Phillips, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Wall street.

Robert Jaffray had several sons. One named William, was Secretary of the Park Fire Insurance Company. Robert, another son, married a Miss Dexter, Boston. He is a clerk in the Manhattan Bank.

Eliza is dead. Mary is married. The partner of old Robert was Richard W. Jaffray. He married a daughter of Alderman Sommerville of the British Navy, and lives in London. He is very rich.

The firm is still continued as Edward S. Jaffray & Co. Old Robert Jaffray has been dead about twelve years. He died at the Carlton House, north-east corner of Broadway and Leonard street. He had only left business two weeks when he died. He had just bought a farm up the river, and was busy making preparations to go to farming.

His successor in business, Edward S. Jaffray, is very wealthy. He gave \$100,000 for a country place at Irvington, near Moses H. Grinnell's.

The partners in the firm are Arthur W. Jaffray, a brother who resides in London, and John Wiley Barrow.

Edward S. Jaffray is a very liberal man, and gives away several thousands every year in charities.

Joseph Davis Beers (of whom I quite recently wrote a lengthy sketch), died on Tuesday morning, the 23<sup>d</sup> inst. Some years ago, his death would have created a sensation in this community. He was for sixty years an eminent merchant, and also a broker in Wall street. His age was eighty-two years.

## CHAPTER XXI.

There are few merchants in this or any other city whose grand, noble, and venerable appearance can at all compare with one who, though now retired from all active business, yet whose towering form, very much resembling that of General Scott, can occasionally be seen in our streets when he comes down from Harlem, where he resides. I allude to Thomas L. Servoss, who at one time did a large business in the city, and was concerned in a line of packet ships between this port and New Orleans.

Mr. Servoss was born in Philadelphia, October 14th, 1786, consequently he is of the same age as General Scott. His father, Jacob Servoss, was also a merchant, and traded between Albany and Philadelphia. His wife Isabella died in 1793, and the husband, Jacob, of yellow fever in 1798. Young Thomas L. Servoss, his son, when he became old enough, in 1802, was placed in the counting-house of the extensive concern of Daniel W. Coxe, in Philadelphia. This house did the largest trade between what is now Louisiana and the North. His partner was the celebrated Daniel Clark of New Orleans, better known as the father of Myra Clark, who, as General Gaines' widow, contested for the great property in that city, as the daughter of Daniel Clark.

Mr. Clark was an Irishman, and came out from Sligo when he was about sixteen years of age.

Clark & Coxe owned over forty sailing vessels. Most of them traded to Fort Adams—a place on the Mississippi, where the Spaniards allowed us to make a place of deposit before we became possessors of the country, and founded New Orleans. Mr. Clark, when he became wealthy, sent to Ireland for his parents, as do many other sons and daughters of the Irish people. When the Clark parents reached this country, it was assigned to young Servoss to attend to their wants — to receive them from the ship, owned by Clark & Coxe, and forward them to their distinguished son in New Orleans.

Fort Adams, the depot, was about fifty miles below Natchez, and vessels passed New Orleans without stopping.

Daniel Clark was one of the noblest specimens of a great man and merchant that ever lived. His life, if it could be written, was richer in important events than any romance could be.

Mr. Clark stood six feet four inches in his stockings. He was a gem of a man, and very powerfully built. He had a daughter, a sister to Mrs. Gaines, who was in Philadelphia. At Natchez, Mr. Clark patronized and gave his business to a merchant named Thomas Wilkins, who was very poor. It made him, and Mr. Wilkins became afterwards very rich. He owned one plantation, only a few miles from Natchez, that produced above 500 bales of cotton every year. He was a bachelor. He was grateful for the friendship of Mr. Clark, and made a will in his favor at the time, and

gave it to Mr. Clark, who took it as a joke, and, on his return, stowed it away among some old papers. Twenty years passed, and from some cause Mr. Wilkins became as deadly an enemy of Mr. Clark as was possible. All this time he had visited a family in Natchez — dined with them for years — told what he would do in his will — told the daughters how much he would give each. He was playing cards one night with a merchant, when he had a fit and died. His dining acquaintance was sure that he was his heir, and hired a common dray to cart the body home. After some delay, no will was found. At last Mr. Turner, of the firm of Turner & Servoss, recollected the will he had, as a compliment, given his old friend, Dan. Clark, twenty years before. He wrote to Mr. Clark, at New Orleans. He had a hunt among the old papers, found the will, went up to Natchez, had it recorded, and took possession of the enormous property of negroes.

That fact puts me in mind of the late George B. Rapelye. He had dined with a much esteemed lady of the city every Sunday for two years. He had petted the children as they grew up. He had no near relatives, and he doubtless would have left his property to his nearest and most esteemed friends; but he did not make a will. He postponed it until too late.

Thomas L. Servoss clerked with the house I have mentioned until 1808. That year he married the accomplished Miss Eliza Henderson Courtney, daughter of Mrs. Sarah Henderson, and youngest sister of the wife of Peter H. Schenck, of this city.

In the year 1809, Mr. Servoss went out to Natchez, under the auspices of Daniel W. Coxe, and there com-

menced business on his own account. In a short time after he had reached Natchez, he became a partner of Henry Turner, of that city.

In the winter of 1810 and '11, Mr. Servoss took his wife to Natchez, via Pittsburg, and went down the river. He had made a promise to her family and friends that he would bring his wife back as soon as he made money enough in Natchez to justify him in commencing business either in Philadelphia or New York on his own account.

At that early period he was very intimate with his brother-in-law, Peter H. Schenck, of this city, and was devoted to his interests, carrying on an active correspondence. Mr. Servoss was his agent afterwards in New Orleans, and when a difficult time arose, he once wrote to Peter H., "If any one of us must fail, let it be me." He bought immense quantities of cotton for Mr. Schenck, and he sold hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of his Matteawan goods, out of which Mr. Schenck realized the large fortune he left when he died.

Mr. Servoss became one of the most popular men in Natchez. Frequently he had occasion to visit Warrenton, near the Walnut Hills, where he had large interests. He became intimately acquainted with Mr. Vicks, after whom Vicksburg was named. Old Mr. Vicks was a Baptist clergyman, but his son attended to the business concerns.

Mr. Servoss remained at Natchez until about 1816—six years or more. He then brought his wife and child back to New York, and here she died in the year 1817.

Thomas L. Servoss, after her death, returned to the

Mississippi River, now the scene of such deep interest ; but instead of going to Natchez he went to New Orleans and settled. He was doing a large commercial business in that city for nine years, or until 1826. In the year 1824, seven years after the death of his first wife, he married Louisa H. Pintard, the youngest daughter of the late John Pintard, of New York city.

The New Orleans paper says :

“On the 4th of April, 1824, was married to Thos. L. Servoss, Louise H. Pintard, in the city of New Orleans, by the Rev. Mr. Hull, of the Episcopal Church in that city.”

T. L. Servoss owned four lots on Amity street, on one of which was a neat two-story brick house. These lots and the house were vacant when the Rev. Louis Pintard Bayard arrived in New York from Genesee, O., which place he left after putting his wife and children on board of a canal boat for New York city.

Rev. Mr. Bayard arrived at the house of T. L. Servoss, in Broome street: it was his practice always to stop there. In the course of the evening, T. L. Servoss proposed to sell him the house and lots on Amity street *at cost*, provided he could obtain from his father \$5,000 on account ; and after a day or two he returned from Princeton, with the consent of his father. The property was very cheap, and nothing more was required. T. L. Servoss was to build a church, and let the whole amount remain on bond and mortgage, and depend on the sale of the pews for final reimbursement.

The insurance stock which was sold to raise the afore-said \$5,000, became worthless in consequence of the great fire.

The church was built, and the house occupied by the Rev. Mr. Bayard, but his father afterwards thought it

best to retain *a hold*, and thus relieved T. L. Servoss from all care.

In the result, however, there remains over \$3,000, with interest, due to T. L. Servoss by the Rev. Mr. Bayard, and there is a lien on the church now.

The Rev. Mr. Bayard had determined to visit the tomb of the Saviour, and for this purpose he went to Jerusalem by the way of England. There he arrived, but on his return he took the fever of the country, and, before reaching Malta, died on his passage. He was buried at Malta, where his remains are now.

His popularity as a preacher in the Amity street church was such as to insure a speedy removal of his bones to his family and friends. But this remains yet to be done.

T. L. Servoss had suffered by the failure of Jeremiah Thompson. He lost 500 bales of cotton by him, which, with losses by others, amounted to a large sum.

In 1831, Mr. Servoss kept his counting-room at 67 South street. He was the agent for building a new line, called the "Louisiana Line," of five packet ships, to run between this port and New Orleans. They were all built, and commenced running regularly, sailing from this port the 13th and 28th of each month.

They were all large fine ships, as will be recollected by many, when they read the names of the ships and the captains :

Ship	Louisville,	Captain	Price.
"	Nashville,	"	Rathbone
"	Natchez,	"	Reed.
"	Creole,	"	Page.
"	Huntsville,	"	Stoddart.

In 1833, Mr. Servoss handed over this line to E. K. Collins, who managed it some years.

Mr. Servoss was duly elected, after the year 1833, a Trustee in the Old Bank for Savings; also a Manager of the American Bible Society; also a Trustee in the Public School Society, and a Vestryman in St. Thomas's Church.

After the loss by Thompson, in 1827, the friends of T. L. Servoss consigned him from New Orleans much cotton and other produce, for sale on commission; and this kind of business continued until the Louisiana line of packets was built and regularly running.

Mr. Servoss did not leave New Orleans finally until 1827.

In 1830, Mr. Servoss was elected a Director in the North American Trust and Banking Company at its organization, when Anson G. Phelps, his partner, Mr. Peck, and other highly respected citizens of New York, were elected. Joseph D. Beers was its President. The capital was five millions of dollars. Mr. Beers died recently.

Those packet lines to which I have alluded were important affairs. Thirty years ago there were no less than four lines, each five fine large ships.

C. & Z. Barstow were the agents of the "Old Line."

John Barstow had been a shipowner; a Captain Caleb was his partner. He figured largely in the proceedings of the Chamber of Commerce. The New Orleans agent of the house was Gilbert E. Russell, brother of John E. Russel, who started a line in 1810, and was at one time a partner of John W. & Gilbert Russell, of this city. I wrote a lengthy sketch of the Russels a few weeks ago.

Silas Holmes was agent for the new line. He had been a captain. His vessel was the brig "Phœbe Anne." He made the quickest voyages of any other captain, but got aground on the Tortugas, and afterwards no insurance company would take risks upon vessel or cargo that he was connected with. He was about the city of New Orleans, almost in despair, with nothing to do. Thomas Barrett, an eminent merchant of New Orleans, and Mr. Servoss, agreed to give him a vessel, and load her. He refused, returned to New York, and established the line of packets for which he was agent many years. He died a few years ago, leaving a wife and family. He lived in Bond street. Captain Holmes was a man that everybody liked and respected.

Mr. Servoss has reached a very advanced age. He has two sons and two daughters. They are all married, and doing well. He will probably live many years longer, as he is one of those old fashioned style of men who take care of themselves, and live to be ninety-five or a hundred years of age, as any man can do if he is so minded.

## CHAPTER XXII.

John Wolfe came to this city about forty years ago, from Richmond, and established himself in business. His younger brother followed him two years later, and became a clerk; but in the year 1828 went into business on his own account at No. 63 Wall street.

There are three distinct species of the mercantile Wolfes in this city. One family is the hardware Wolfes, Christopher and J. D. Wolfe in Maiden lane. They came from Rhode Island. Another family Wolfe is that of N. H. Wolfe, who was so largely in the flour business. I think he was from the South.

Joel and Udolpho are of a Virginian family, and were both born in Richmond. That family, 100 years ago, was a German Wolfe. The son of that Wolfe was named Benjamin, and was born in London after his German father had removed there, about 1774. Soon after, in 1776, the Revolutionary war began, and Benjamin Wolfe entered the American army under the command of General Washington. He went through the seven years war, and reached the rank of Major. After it was over, he resigned his commission, and engaged in mercantile business in Richmond. Soon after the war, he presided at the meeting when James Monroe was first nominated for Governor of Virginia. He

was then Mayor of Richmond. He belonged to the Republican party led by Mr. Jefferson, now called the Democratic party. When the war broke out in 1812, Mr. Wolfe again joined the army, and had command of all the troops in Richmond.

Benjamin Wolfe had eight children, one daughter and seven sons. Udolpho was the seventh son, a circumstance, I believe, that used to be regarded as giving some wonderful gifts in the medical profession. The daughter married Mr. Raphael. She is still alive and resides in the city, where her son, B. J. Raphael, has attained celebrity in his profession, and is one of the Professors in the Medical College. Mr. Raphael has other children.

Of the eight children, four are still living. Mrs. Raphael, Nathaniel Wolfe, ex-Senator, and the most celebrated criminal lawyer in Louisville, Kentucky, where he resides. Brought up in a State that has produced such orators of the Kentucky school as Clay, Crittenden, Morehead, Breckenridge and that set, Wolfe is not inferior to any of the last named, as those who have heard his eloquence in this city can testify. These three brothers, Nat, Joel, and Udolpho, are of about the same size as the late Stephen A. Douglas, and if the four had been weighed individually, when the lamented statesman was alive, there would not have been a pound difference in the weight of either.

The parents of the young Richmond Wolfe's died when they were quite young. Nat. and Udolpho were sent to school at Charlottesville, Virginia. Nat. afterwards graduated at the University of Virginia, and Udolpho Wolfe went to New York, and afterwards

graduated from the counting-house of his brother, Joel Wolfe.

While the two Wolfe's were at school in Charlottesville, General Lafayette came out to this country, and, of course, was invited to visit the home of his old friend Jefferson, at Monticello, near Charlottesville. Wm. C. Rives was appointed to receive him on his entering the county. Mr. Jefferson wished the children at the school to form a military company to receive Lafayette. It was done, and they were regularly drilled, Udolpho Wolfe being the captain. A stand of colors was presented to them. At the grand dinner given to Lafayette in the rotunda, the *soldiers* were invited to be present, and they sat directly facing General Lafayette, his son George, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, Gov. Barbour, Rives, Gordon, Southall, and all the chivalry of Virginia. Fancy such a sight! Three men who had been President of the United States in succession!

This is a very pleasant episode in the life of a New York merchant.

In 1828, as I had said, Udolpho, who had been a few years with Joel, where his business qualifications had ample room to develope, and his energetic perseverance full play, went into business on his own account.

In 1832 he took in a partner, and his firm was Udolpho Wolfe & Co.

I forgot to mention that there was a brother named Samuel. He is dead. He left children. One of them is Hudson G. Wolfe, who lives in this city, having just returned from London, where he had been to establish an agency, now in successful operation at No 10 Rood

lane, under charge of Marshall F. Benton, formerly U. S. Consul at Bremen.

At that time, 1832, Joel and Udolpho lived at 122 Houston street, then a fashionable part of the city. They still own the property. In 1834, Udolpho Wolfe & Co. had their store at No. 7 West street. At that time it commenced in Abbey Basin (Cedar street).

A third of a century ago, New York was not so large but that live business people all knew each other. If not by name, they would know each other by sight. Even now, I suppose, I can pick out hundreds of people, now advanced in age, and probably eminent merchants, whose names I do not know, but of whom I can say with truth: "He used to be a clerk with Goodhue & Co. in 1827;" or, "he was the outdoor clerk of G. G. & S. Howland;" or "he was bookkeeper to Aymar & Co.;" or "he was custom-house clerk to Fish & Grinnell." So it was with Udolpho Wolfe. I saw him paddling about the lower part of the city for some years, but I did not know him except as one of the descendants of Adam. I shall never forget my first knowledge of him. I was chief clerk in one of the largest houses of the day. About the general business I had more to say than any of the partners, for only one was in New York. One (who is now a minister of Napoleon) was in Paris, another was in Richmond, another was in Marseilles. The partner here never troubled himself about details. He managed the finances, and they required a first-rate financier to manage. The payments sometimes amounted to millions of dollars a week. Single checks were given for \$200,000. That was more than two millions would be now. This house

had sometimes seventeen to twenty ships in port at one time. Some were loading for outward voyages — some were discharging inward cargoes. On one occasion, the old ship “Mary,” Capt. Furber, from Canton, was discharging a cargo of teas at one pier; the “Dorothea,” from Batavia, was discharging sugar at another, and we had no stores ready. Nine that we had on Washington street were full. So I walked along up Washington street, finding no stores, until I reached Cedar; then I turned to West street, then on the water side above, as Washington was below Cedar street. I found I could get the lofts of Mr. Wolfe’s store. That was the first time I knew his name or business, and that was a long time ago. Yet what changes have occurred! Misfortune kept by me so close that I could not shake her off, while I kept company with merchandize. I had to earn a living by penny-a-lining. On the contrary, with Udolpho Wolfe, Fortune never frowned, and he has gone on step by step doing an immense business, until now. But I am getting on too fast with my chapter.

Udolpho Wolfe kept in business by himself, as did Joel, until 1841, when they joined together under the firm of Wolfe & Co.

Joel did a large business from 1828, in liquors and wines, importing very largely for several years, but he did not make a specialty of gin until 1839. That year he went to Holland and established a distillery. He visited it again in 1843. He had been burned out at 109 Front street, in the great fire of 1835. Wolfe & Co. were again burned out in Beaver street, in the fire of 1845, and then the two brothers dissolved partnership.

Gin, from 1784, was imported in small quantities by

almost every house of note. All kept a few pipes. Frederick Gebhard was the first house that imported it in such quantities as to make it a leading and a special business. He imported thousands of pipes of Swan gin, and it was the foundation of a line of packet vessels that he kept up for many years between this port and Amsterdam.

In 1848, Udolpho Wolfe carried the gin trade to a greater magnitude than had ever been reached by even Mr. Gebhard. Almost every vessel that came to this port from Rotterdam brought 200 or more pipes of gin, and vessels and cargoes came consigned to Mr. Wolfe, and this continued until 1860, when his gin was sent to every part of this country, North and South, and to every part of the world. He had changed the trade. He imported his celebrated Schiedam Schnapps in pipes, and then bottled it, the bottles so put up amounting to millions every year.

The new tariff, and cutting off the trade between New York and the Southern ports, thus depriving Mr. Wolfe of his enormous trade, made it necessary that he should re-arrange his business. With that energy and prompt decision that has characterized all his undertakings for many years, he took his brother-in-law, Colonel D. H. Burke, of New Orleans, and crossed the Atlantic. He made his arrangements in London, increased the resources of his distillery at Schiedam, and went to Hamburg, where he had facilities for bottling and shipping to Australia, South America, and China, and every port in the world. His bottling warehouse in Hamburg is 300 feet long and 100 feet wide, and Mr. Burke still carries it on, only having returned here once

since 1860, and then to come home and marry the daughter of worthy Doctor Henschel, in Fourteenth street.

Mr. Wolfe is the first large merchant in this city, that I have written about, who has ever been an extensive advertiser. He has advertised judiciously, systematically, and widely. He has employed the pens of some of the cleverest writers in the city. He has paid more than a million of dollars in advertising not only in the columns of the widely circulated and unchangeably priced *Herald*, to the hundreds of ephemerals that were glad to get any price and have only lasted a few weeks. No man of his rank has so extensively advertised; no merchant has been more magnificently recompensed than he has for his liberal advertising. It has rolled up a fortune that is no longer counted by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands.

Udolpho Wolfe is a credit to the merchants. He is a Democrat in politics; has been a Tammany Hall man for many years, and frequently in the General Committee. He never held any office. In 1860 he was nominated to Congress from one of the districts of the city. He resigned his nomination in favor of General Ward, who was elected as the Republican candidate.

Owing to the warm friendship that existed in life between President James Monroe and the father of Mr. Wolfe, the latter took a very active part when the remains of the venerable statesman were removed to Virginia.

When the Seventh Regiment of this city, that had escorted those remains to Virginia returned, Mr. Wolfe published a handsome volume at an expense of several

thousand dollars, giving a full narration of all the events connected with the removal, and also a history of the Seventh Regiment. Governor Wise in person presented several hundred of these volumes in Richmond. Udolpho Wolfe married Miss Burke, of Mobile. She died only a few years ago, leaving eight children — one boy and seven girls, the same number of children his father left when he died, except that there were seven boys and one girl left by the father, and the son has seven girls and one boy, whose name is Joel. He with three others of the children of Mr. Wolfe, are now in Europe being educated.

Joel Wolfe has been married twice. His first wife was Miss Marx. His second wife was Miss Van Schoonhoven, of Troy. She had two daughters. One married Mr. Thorne. Joel Wolfe is rich, and has retired from active mercantile business.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Hoffman, Son & Pell, the great auction house in Coffee-house slip, No. 65 Wall street, forty years ago, in 1823, brought up many clerks who made good merchants afterwards. I ought rather to say M. Hoffinan & Son, and W. F. Pell & Co. — that grew out of the first named house.

Great efforts were made in those days to get a young man in as clerk with them or any other auction house. The idea was that these houses had an immense amount of "business paper" pass through their hands, and consequently knew the standing of all the firms. Consequently, a clerk with Hoffman & Co. would know the standing of every grocer in the city, and therefore would be well fitted to go into business upon his own hook. At that time auctioneers did not endorse the paper they received. They took a list of the notes to the owner or consignee of the property sold. He looked over the list, and if he liked the paper, the goods were delivered, and he received it and took the risk himself. If he did not like the paper, he informed the auctioneer, who in turn told the rejected purchaser that he must give a satisfactory indorser, which was generally done. At that time some auctioneers would cash all the notes they sold. The secret reason why they did so was this :

They would have behind the curtain a wealthy man who would buy all such paper. Such a man was Lawrence Salle — old Salle, as they used to call him. He bought all the paper that Philo L. Mills and Mills & Minturn took. When Salle died he left in business paper over \$600,000, and every dollar of those notes was taken up at maturity. Peter Remsen & Co., in those days, was an immense house. Their business amounted to thousands every year. They were largely in the Calcutta trade. The firm had an immense store in Hanover square, and old Peter lived at No. 2 Broadway. He, too, was a good judge of paper. Every Saturday Hoffman & Son would have a great drug sale at auction — sometimes a large portion belonged to Peter Remsen. He was in the Turkey trade, and dealt largely in opium. On one occasion when Hoffman had such a sale, young John C. Morrison was a large buyer. The list was a heavy one. It was taken to Mr. Remsen, who looked it over. His quick eye caught the name of John C. Morrison for \$5,000.

“What — what — what — Morrison — \$5,000 — that’s heavy. Who is he? I can’t take that note.”

“He is a young druggist, Mr. Remsen, at 188 Greenwich street. Enterprising — considered very safe by Mr. Hoffman. He thinks him very prudent.”

“*Prudent?* — damn his prudence! A young druggist, and buy \$5,000 worth of opium in one line. No, no. *That* note must be made satisfactory,” said Mr. Remsen.

Subsequent events justified this caution and prudent foresight. Some of the merchants of those days, and also of the present, could tell almost as if by instinct whose notes would be paid, and whose would not be.

I remember among the clerks of Hoffman & Son, at that period, one named John Lewis, as late as 1827. Hoffman sold largely for Archibald Gracie, and I used to see Mr. Lewis frequently. He had been a merchant at Derby, Conn. He was born there. He came to this city and went with the Hoffmans for the sole purpose of acquiring a knowledge of business paper. At that time Elijah Humphreys, also a Connecticut boy, was doing a very heavy business as a grocer, at 171 Front street. He lived in Murray street, near Broadway. He was anxious to see Mr. Lewis go into the brokerage business, then a different business from now. John Lewis did go into that business from Hoffman's, and took an office at 53 Wall street. It was in the basement, and rented then for \$50 a year. Probably now it would be \$3,000.

I must say something about Elijah Humphreys. He was originally from Connecticut, as I have said. So was Stephen Whitney, who was born in the same town of old Derby as was John Lewis, and they used to go to school together. In 1803 Elijah Humphreys formed a partnership with Archibald Whitney, at No. 22 Burling slip. They did a large grocery business. They had a large Connecticut business. Among their customers was Joseph D. Beers, at Newtown, and John P. Marshall, at Woodbury, Conn.

I omitted to mention that Elijah Humphreys had been brought up by Theophilus Brower, the great grocer of his day, at No. 5 Burling slip. Brower started after the war, and in 1789 was doing a large business. Elijah was with him in 1795 to 1803. At that time the accounts of grocers were kept in pounds, shillings and

pence, and I have before me some of the accounts of Mr. Brower, made out in the neat business handwriting of Elijah Humphreys. At this period, and as late as 1805, his cousin, David Humphreys, was a clerk with Oliver Wolcott, then doing a large business in the city, and president of one of the banks. He was afterwards Governor of Connecticut.

Elijah Humphreys was a partner of A. Whitney for many years, or until the war of 1814. He afterwards continued alone, and became quite rich. He was a bachelor, and boarded at Washington Hall when it was kept by McIntyre. There a very romantic matter occurred. He had boarded there several years. He was worth \$60,000 — a great sum in those days. He was a director in the Fulton Bank. Prosperity in business could not save him from a severe attack of bilious fever. He came very near dying — probably would have died but for the careful nursing of the sister of Mrs. McIntyre. She nursed him as tenderly as if he had been her brother. She saved his life. After he recovered his health, Mr. Humphreys felt grateful, and offered the young girl his hand in marriage. He was accepted, and shortly after they went to housekeeping in very handsome style, at No. 4 Murray street, near Broadway. He was out of business some time. He had a good income, and would have had for life; but he began to reflect that he was married, that he should probably have a large family, and that he should want more. So he decided to go into business again. The Erie Canal had been opened. That was in his favor. Still, he had been out of business three years, and was out of the traces. He had to pick up a new set of customers. He

soon found them in the West and upper part of this State. They came to New York as greedy as sharks: they would buy your whole store, if you would let them. Mr. Humphreys sold heavily. There could be but one result: he himself stopped payment. He was in the habit of going daily into the office, 53 Wall street, of his friend John Lewis, who had made a great success. He borrowed money nearly every day. The morning that he failed, he called and said to Mr. Lewis: "Here is a note I owe — I have stopped payment." Every one was surprised, and every one was sorry. It is a pitiable sight to witness a man retiring from commerce after a success — then returning for more, and eventually losing all that he had made in thirty years.

John Lewis made a success. He kept an account in the Bank of America, and then he aided his old townsman, Stephen Whitney. His father was a farmer, and Stephen lived in Derby until he had grown up.

The firm of Mr. Lewis was John Lewis & Co. At one time his nominal partner was Gabriel Lewis, who was a son of Francis Lewis, and a grandson of the great Francis Lewis, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Gabriel Lewis had married Miss Champ-  
lin, a daughter of John Champlin, of the firm of Min-  
turn & Champlin. Gabriel Lewis was at one time  
clerk to the Board of Brokers. He died a few years  
ago, and left two children. One married a Mr. Mur-  
dock.

The office of John Lewis was No. 53 Wall street, near Pearl. It belonged to Gulian C. Verplanck. Mr. Lewis rented it from Jonathan Lawrence, who was president of the Insurance company that occupied the

first floor. Mr. Lawrence used to collect the quarterly rent of \$12 50, and would jokingly offer to let the rent lie over until next quarter. Mr. Lewis afterwards left business in 1840, with an ample fortune of \$100,000. At that time he was at No. 12 Wall street. He retired against the protestations of every friend. They advised him to stay in the street and get rich.

Among the friends who so advised was old Benjamin Stephens, of the firm of Lippincott, Stephens & Co., grocers, at 52 Front street. Benjamin was the father of Stephens, the great traveller in Arabia, South America, &c. I believe Harper Brothers & Co. paid the young Stephens \$20,000 for one book — more probably than they ever paid for any other copyright. Old grocer Benjamin, his father, was a good business man. He lived in Murray street. Some of my readers will recollect a block of old wooden shanties front of Murray street, between Greenwich and Church streets. Benjamin noticed that they did not pay the owner six per cent. interest, and he offered \$1,000 a lot. There were probably ten or fifteen lots. Every lot probably rents now for \$7,000. Mr. Stephens was a large man, with coarse features. He died a few years ago, very rich.

John Lewis was originally in business at Darien, Conn. He married Miss Bishop, a Quakeress. She has been dead many years, and when she died he bought a place at Clinton, Middlesex county, Conn., where he now resides. He is now seventy years old.

At Darien, in 1819, his employers had two vessels in the trade between that place and New York City.

I notice in the list of the *Herald* of 1837, John Lewis, as among the list of names Mr. Bennett published of houses that could not fail.

John Lewis had a favorite, object for many years, and he used to travel at his own expense between this and Albany to get it carried out. I allude to the New York Free Academy. He was a warm advocate for the advancement of the highest educational facilities. He, before and since that time, had advanced substantial means, and as high at one time as \$20,900. As he never aspired to riches, he gratified himself in spending his money in that way, and it was very laudable. I do not know among the list of names I have rescued from oblivion any one who has done more good in a quiet way, and added to the prosperity of our city, more than John Lewis.

I see that he, many years ago, paid taxes on more than \$200,000 real estate in the city.

In another page, I allude to the store No. 33 South street, occupied by H. W. & L. Phillips. Two doors from them, at No. 29, was Charles N. S. Rowland, who died in this city July 10th, 1863. He was an eminent merchant at the time of the fire, and was burned out, losing a large amount of property. P. I. Farnham & Co., who occupied a part of No 29, lost \$50,000. The firm of Mr. Rowland was for many years Rowland & Braine. They commenced as early as 1815, and dissolved about the year 1820. His partner was James H. Braine. In Volume 1., I mentioned that he was a brother of Daniel Braine, and that he married Ann Musgrove, a daughter of Thomas Musgrove, a swamp merchant. In that volume I spell the name Roland, instead of Rowland. I mention that Rowland & Braine were in the flour business and shipping trade to Nova Scotia, and that Mr. Braine went to England with his

father-in-law, Musgrove, and that he, (James H. Braine) left several children.

I now make a more lengthy sketch of Charles N. S. Rowland. He was a heavy merchant, and he was one of our most distinguished and useful citizens. He was largely in the Southern trade, especially to Norfolk, Virginia.

Up to this week he was President of the Fireman's Insurance Co. at 33 Wall street. He was Treasurer of our Sheriff's jury for thirty years or more. For fifty years or more he has held important offices. As early as the year 1823 he was elected a vestryman of Trinity Church.

His father was the Rev. John H. Rowland, who preceded Bishop Richard Channing Moore, and the Rev. C. C. Moore, of Staten Island, N. Y. He had three brothers,—Geo. Rowland, John H. Rowland and William Rowland. George went to Norfolk, Va., in 1801, and commenced business in 1806, and yet lives. John H. went to Richmond, Va., where he died in 1832. William followed the sea, afterwards settled in Norfolk, and died in 1858. All during their lives were connected in business together. The firm in Norfolk now is composed of four brothers, all sons of George, who continue the same business as established by their father, and did, before this present war was commenced, number among our correspondents in this city some houses of forty years standing, and very many houses of twenty years and more, and then living. The house in Norfolk is still Rowland & Brothers.

C. N. S. Rowland seemed to be engaged in every good work. He held offices innumerable. He was

Treasurer of the Episcopal Diocesan Convention up to the time of his death.

He was Treasurer of Trinity School, and of the Board of Trustees of the Aged and Infirm Clergy fund. He was buried from the Church of the Annunciation, in West Fourteenth street, Sunday, July 12.

Mr. Rowland must have left a considerable property, for many years ago he paid taxes on personal property to the extent of \$50,000



## CHAPTER XXIV.

There are several families of De Forest in this city, though spelt Deforest. There have been many of the name who were merchants. One of the earliest was Theophilus Deforest, who kept a grocery in the Fly Market seventy-five years ago.

The next of note was Benjamin Deforest, who commenced in this city about 1803 — sixty years ago. He rose to be a man of note, and of him I shall write. There was another Deforest, the founder of the house in South street, still in existence. Of that house I shall have a full and a separate sketch.

The name of Deforest has had to me a charm for many years. There is a mystery about one of the name, and it has never been solved.

It is more than forty years ago since I was at New Haven, getting learning. I was a stranger to everybody in the place when I went there. On the east side of the "Green" were two stately houses. One was occupied by Nathan Smith, U. S. Senator, and the other and the more stately mansion was the home of a stern man, called "Don Deforest." He had black-eyed, lovely girls for daughters, and one only son, called Carlos. He was handsome, but effeminate looking. From those years to now I never heard of them. I

know that there were some stories rife about the fierce old Don. I never saw him that I did not dream of bloody decks, fierce sea fights, a pirate's doom, and I had a general idea that his cellar, instead of containing barrels of cider, metheglin, and bins of apples, was filled with kegs of Spanish gold coin, diamond necklaces, finger-rings, and breast-pins, in barrels. To me the Don was a mystery never solved. Whether he was the founder of the New York house, and was only guilty of being peaceably in the South American trade, as Deforest & Co., I never knew.

Benjamin Deforest was from Fairfield County, in Connecticut, near Danbury. He was an uncommon man, and, like Roger Sherman, who signed the Declaration of Independence — also a Connecticutonian — Benjamin learned the shoemaker's trade, and a most excellent trade it is. Still, young De Forest was not content to make shoes all his life. He had a brother who had gone over into York State, where he had got into business, and had succeeded. I think it was South East, or Markeytown, where the brother of Ben lived, and had a store. I am not certain whether Ben went into partnership with his brother or not. He clerked it with him, and used to come to the city of New York to buy goods in the last century. He became ambitious to be a merchant in the city. How grandly he succeeded, this sketch will show. In 1803 he opened his store at No. 31 Peck slip, under his own name. He had a large lot of country acquaintances, who were storekeepers, and upon them he relied to lay the foundation for a successful city wholesale trade. At this time Mr. Deforest was not a chicken, and was deemed

by all the girls an old bachelor. He thought it quite time to get married, and he fixed his affections upon Miss Mary Burlock, the most beautiful girl in the city of New York. Her father was Thomas Burlock. He had been a grocer up at Corlear's Hook. The young couple were married by the Rev. Mr. McKnight on Saturday evening, September 29, 1804. Old Mr. Burlock was a character in his way. He had a brother William, who opened a livery stable in 1806, at Nos. 22 and 36 Nassau street. He died in 1807, and then Tom took the horses and establishment up to 14 Bancker.

In 1809 Benjamin Deforest made another partnership, and founded the firm of Deforest & Smith, at 45 Peck slip. His partner was Gershon Smith.

It is curious that Mr. Deforest first saw Miss Burlock up in the country, when she was on a visit. He was struck with her beauty, but above all her charms he admired her skill in riding a horse. She would ride the wildest horse without a saddle. Country folks called her a tomboy, but Mr. Deforest was a man of sense. He knew that tom-boys make the best of wives and mothers, and breed a healthy race of children. He courted and married her as above stated. She remained many years without bringing him any children.

Mr. Deforest was anxious to have his house and name continued. So he got his nephew, Alfred, to come to New York and live. He was the son of his brother, Benjamin, who was a merchant upon the line between the State of New York and Connecticut. Alfred had been classically educated. Ben had got rid of his partner, Smith, and he was doing a large business then. In 1811, he took in Alfred, his nephew, and the firm be-

came B. Deforest & Co. Alfred resided with his uncle. Mrs. Deforest had a brother, named Henry Burlock. He was as handsome as a picture. He was wild, too. He was a good judge of horses. At that time horses were sent out largely to the West Indies, and taken out by horse jockeys, as they then called such adventurers. Who shipped the horses I don't know. Old Burlock was alive, and it might have been him, but it is more probable, from subsequent events, that the capital was furnished by Benjamin Deforest. At this time, old Ben had no connection with the West Indies, except to buy rum and sugar of the importers, but how singular events worked. This young fellow, Henry Burlock, reached the Danish Island of St. Croix with his cargo of horses. Here his manly beauty attracted the attention of the richest young girl on the Island. She married him. The produce of her estates were shipped annually to Benjamin Deforest & Co. Then the Danish Mrs. Burlock died, without leaving any children, and her enormous wealth she willed to her handsome and devoted husband. He became owner of several plantations. Then he died, and this property became his sister's, Mrs. Deforest, or at least, it all got into old Ben.'s hands. He had vessels regularly in the trade to St. Croix. One was named the Alfred, his nephew and partner. Before that time old Ben. had merely been a jobbing partner. He loved Alfred. He lived in his house. This was in 1819, and Mr. Deforest then lived at 20 Beekman street, opposite Dr. Milnor's church. Old Ben. was lucky in anything. His wife, who had been barren for fifteen years, presented him with two fine daughters in two successive years. His neighbors, in Beekman street,

were Jacob Barker, Isaac Wright, and other notable merchants. Alfred Deforest married the only daughter of Augustus Wright, who was very wealthy. He was, in 1800, a sailmaker, and kept a store, where he sold sail duck.

He afterwards took into partnership Stephen Allen, the famous Tammany leader and Mayor. The firm was Wright & Allen. Here follows a curious fact. Augustus Wright died, leaving a large fortune to his only daughter. She died in child-birth, and in a few hours the child. The heirs at once claimed the large property of Augustus Wright, but luckily Alfred Deforest proved that the child lived after its mother was dead. He was the heir of the child. His wife died of consumption. At her funeral he asserted that she had given it to him. At any rate, he died just after the courts had awarded him the property; and, as he had no children, his large property went, all of it, to old Benjamin Deforest. His brother died before his nephew Alfred. Benjamin did an immense grocery business for years, and then he became one of the largest shipping and importing merchants. I never knew of his deviating from the strict truth. Consequently, upon one occasion, when he informed me that he cleared annually from \$40,000 to \$50,000 a year, in his bland manner, I did not think it a stretcher. On the contrary it was true. He received cargo after cargo every week in 1828. He rolled up wealth. He talked of his West India possessions, and said that they paid him twelve per cent. annually upon a valuation of a million. He died in 1855 or 1856, and I believe he was worth a million and a half of dollars. So old Mr. Adams, of the Fulton Bank, said.

He was, as I have said, very anxious to perpetuate the house of B. Deforest & Co. So he sought out George B. Deforest, one of the younger branches of another family. He had been in the dry goods business. I think he was a son of Lambert Deforest. At any rate, he became one of the firm of B. Deforest & Co., and he married one of the daughters of B. Deforest.

Mr. George Deforest carried on the house of B. Deforest & Co. for some time after the death of his father-in-law. After he gave up business, he went to Europe, and travelled for some years.

The St. Croix property must have gone down in value very greatly, for I believe it was sold to an Englishman not long ago for \$150,000.

Another daughter of Mr. Deforest married a Mr. Hart, of Troy. He was the head of a great grocery house, and bought a large amount of groceries every year of B. Deforest & Co.

Charles Deforest married one of the beautiful Miss Bullocks, and a sister of Mrs. B. Deforest. He was a distiller and a sugar-refiner. He was a great politician in the Eighth Ward. In 1836 he was Assistant Alderman of the Ward, and in 1838 he was elected Alderman.

About 1837 his credit was so great, that he bought cargo after cargo of sugars. The house of Rogers & Co. sold him \$40,000 worth of sugar, and he gave his own notes for that sum, payable in six months. They were indorsed by Thomas Darling, of the firm of McGregor, Darling & Co., then considered undoubted. The notes were never paid. I believe the Ex-Alderman went off to the wilds of Pennsylvania, where he may be living

now for all that I know. It is a wonder to me that these who have been Aldermen, Assistant Aldermen, or Councilmen of the city of New York, are not kept the run of. Uncle David has a list of all of them, both living and dead, but when they died is not made a note of.

I believe the Burlock family are all dead. I think Thomas went to New Haven. He was the only survivor: he was younger than Henry, who captivated the Danish heiress.

There have been several distinguished merchants in the city, at different intervals, of the name of Phillips.

As early as 1796, Henry W. Phillips did a large commercial business in Water street. In 1799 he took his clerk, James Ludlum, into partnership, and the firm became Phillips & Ludlum. They had their store at 33 South street. The principal clerk was Lewis Phillips, a brother. In 1803 Phillips & Ludlum dissolved partnership: Mr. Ludlum went out of the house, and went into business at 27 Albany pier, forming the house of Ludlum & Johnson. Mr. Phillips took in his younger brother, and the firm became H. W. & L. Phillips. Their names were cut into the stone cross-work above the door, and so remained until the store was burned in the great fire of 1835. At the time of its destruction it was occupied by John S. Bagley & Co. and others.

This family of Phillips came from England. The first comer was the Rev. George Phillips, who came out with Gov. Winthrop to Boston, in 1660. He was from Suffolk, in England.

Moses Phillips, one of his direct descendants, was born in New Jersey, the 8th March, 1742. He died Dec.

29, 1819, in the 76th year of his age. His was an eventful life. About 1766 he went to the County of Orange, State of New York. There he married Sarah Wisner, a daughter of Henry Wisner, in 1768, and settled in a place that took his name ever after as Phillipsburg. It was organized in 1788.

Moses Phillips had seven sons and two daughters, viz: Gabriel Norton, George, Henry Wisner (named after his grandfather, and afterwards a New York minister), Moses, William, Sarah, Lewis, Samuel and Elizabeth.

Moses Phillips went to Phillipsburg from Morristown, N. J. He was a farmer. He had a brother, Jonas Phillips, who was born March 12, 1735. One of the daughters married Daniel Phoenix, of New York, and the son was the Hon. J. Phillips Phoenix, who married a daughter of the late Stephen Whitney. Moses Phillips, when he left New Jersey, bought a mile square of land on the Walkill, in Orange County — now Phillipsburg. It is a curious fact that, in 1863, not a rood of land is owned in Phillipsburg by a Phillips.

The eldest son of old Moses was named Gabriel Norton. He became a physician, went to North Carolina, married and settled there. He afterwards died in Phillipsburg.

George was a manufacturer in the country. Henry Wisner Gale, when he came to the city, went into the store of his uncle, Gabriel Wisner. The latter had a son named Henry G. Wisner, who was a lawyer in the city as early as 1803. In 1805 he married Miss Talman, a daughter of Samuel Talman. Gabriel Wisner was father of Gabriel Wisner, who was of the large gro-

cery house of Wisner, Gale & Co., Nos. 68 and 70 Front street, burned out in 1835. Both partners were bachelors. The other sons of old Moses died early, except Lewis; he went, as I have said, with his brother Henry W., under the firm of H. W. & L. Phillips, as early as 1803. They did an immense shipping business. They owned vessels. Some of these vessels were captured under the Berlin and Milan decrees of Bonaparte, and the house became ruined about 1810.

Henry W. Phillips was twice married. His first wife was a Mrs. Basden. She had a son named Benjamin Basden. Henry W. had no children by his first wife, but by his second wife he had a daughter. She is now living near Cleveland, Ohio, where she married Doctor Elbert Brush, and has a large family of children. After his failure in business, H. W. went to Mount Hope, in New Jersey, to take charge of the iron mines, and there he died in 1811. His brother Lewis was out with him, also engaged in getting out iron ore. All the children of Lewis were born out there. He had three. Lewis Wisner was born in 1821. He is a large coal-dealer in the Sixth avenue, and has several yards. He married Miss Oakley, a daughter of Richard Oakley, and has children.

Another son was Theodore F. He married his cousin, Miss Brush, a daughter of Henry W. Phillips.

Louisa, a daughter of Lewis Phillips, married Richard D. Van Waggenen, a son of William Van Waggenen.

When Lewis Phillips received from France a small portion of the indemnity to which he and his brother were entitled, he acted in a very praiseworthy manner. He hunted up all the creditors of the old firm, and he

paid them *pro rata*, their proportion, amounting to about \$18,000. Some names he could not find, and their shares, about \$3,000, he paid to the daughter of his brother Henry.

This was as late as 1837, when they had no claim upon him. This he did to satisfy his own conscience, and to do what he regarded as right. However, such sacrifices and such high honor is not appreciated now. Even then, I doubt if the honorable and high-minded merchant, Lewis Phillips, had wanted a meal of victuals six months after, whether those creditors had got money so unexpectedly would have returned him a shilling of it. Lewis Phillips died in 1854, aged seventy-one years.



## CHAPTER XXV.

In the last chapter I alluded slightly to Isaac Wright, who was of the firm of Isaac Wright & Son, and were among the small band of pioneers who established a regular sailing packet communication with the old world. To this class also belonged Benjamin Marshall, Francis Thompson and Jeremiah Thompson. These merchants were the originators and first proprietors of the old black ball line of Liverpool packets that still survive all the storms of the ocean and of commerce.

These ships were the first in importance in this sphere forty years ago, and it is pleasant now to record their importance in the trade between England and this country. It is not behind that of the more modern steamships.

The ships of the Black Ball line numbered eight. They were well manned and equipped.

The line established afterwards by Fish & Grinnell, and Thaddeus Phelps & Co. numbered four; good vessels all of them, but not quite equal to the others. Their names were the "Leeds," Capt. William Stoddart, master; "Robert Fulton," Henry Holdredge, master; "Cortes," Nash De Cost, master; "Corinthian," G. W. Davis, master. They were 400 tons each. They sailed on the 8th of the month.

Byrnes, Trimble & Co. had another line in connection with old Samuel Hicks. Their ships left on the 24th of each month. Their names were the "Manhattan," Roland Crocker, master; "Panther," Thomas Bennett, master; "Meteor," N. Cobb, master; "John Wells," Isaac Harris, master.

So that in 1823, forty years ago, our good city had four packet ships to leave this port each month for Liverpool, viz.: 1st, 8th, 16th, and 24th days of each month, and they were always punctual to sail on these fixed days, the Black Ball Line leaving on the 1st and 16th, and one of the other lines on the 8th, and the remainder on the 24th. Of all the persons named, only two survive. Joseph Grinnell, of the firm of Fish & Grinnell, long since retired to New Bedford. The Honorable Moses H. Grinnell was not the original Grinnell, of this house.

George T. Trimble, of the firm of Byrnes, Trimble & Co., is now living the life of a private gentleman, in this city, on his honorably earned fortune. The influence of those merchants in their day I cannot now do justice to. They were a grand old race, now rapidly passing away. Where, too, are all those noble old sea captains of that day? What a popular set of men they were in their time. It was a happiness to know them. Charles H. Marshall still survives, to stir up the Chamber of Commerce and keep it moving along. A captain of a steamer is a great man in modern days, but he cannot hold a candle to one of those old liner captains. They were monarchs forty years ago, and second in rank only to General Jackson or John Quincy Adams, the two great rivals for the Presidency at that time.

The influence those old and eminent firms had in building up this city was so truly great, that I regret my inability to do them justice by handing their names down to posterity, and give even a faint idea of their popularity when they were in active mercantile glory. I have wrote much about Fish & Grinnell.

The firm of Byrnes, Trimble & Co., forty years ago, consisted of Thomas S. Byrnes, George T. Trimble, and Silas Wood. They were flour and grain merchants. Mr. Wood was by birth a New Yorker. He resided, however, at the city of Fredericksburg upon the Rappahannock, not then so well known to the world by its great manufactures as it has since been by its terrible bloody slaughters. He influenced heavy shipments of flour from all parts of Virginia to his house in New York.

On the death of Mr. Byrnes about the year 1828, Mr. Wood returned to the city of New York, and the firm became Wood & Trimble, who so long acted as the agents of the Liverpool line of ships. Samuel Hicks, the worthy old Quaker merchant to whom I have so often alluded and whose sterling character I have often complimented, was largely interested in this packet line as owner. He afterwards took his sons, John H. Hicks and Henry W. Hicks into copartnership, under the firm of Samuel Hicks & Sons, and up to the time of the old gentleman's death, about the year 1830, no house engaged in the shipping business in New York had a higher reputation for means and honor. After the death of old Samuel, the firm became Hicks & Co. They did an enormous business for many years, until about 1847, when, owing to heavy entanglements

abroad, this house was obliged to succumb. John H. Hicks, one of the firm, retained such a strong hold on the confidence of their correspondents, both at home and abroad, that he continued to do a heavy business in filling orders. He died very suddenly in October, 1855, his sensitive feelings being highly acted upon by the very numerous failures of his neighbors in that month.

Silas Wood afterward became the head of the large house of Wood, Johnston & Burritt, of whom I have written. He died in 1852.

Isaac Wright and William Wright, forming the firm of Isaac Wright & Son, are both long since dead. They were Quakers of great intelligence, and of a high character. After the death of his father, Isaac Wright, the son, William Wright, established a house in Liverpool, under the firm of Roskell, Wright & Co., and for some years did a large and successful business.

Benjamin Marshall, one of the owners of the line, was a wealthy Englishman, and he lived to an advanced age. He was brother to Joseph Marshall, who established those great cotton works, the "New York Mills," at Troy. Both are wealthy. They have been dead many years.

Francis Thompson as well as his brother, was also an Englishman. He had good connections in Yorkshire, who made large consignments to them, and they both did a very large business for many years. They were Quakers, and Jeremiah Thompson was esteemed so highly in the society, that he became clerk of the New York Yearly Meeting — a position of great prominence, corresponding to the position held by Archbishop Hughes in the Catholic Church.

Jeremiah Thompson was a bachelor, but kept house and entertained in the most hospitable manner. He was certainly a very smart man, doing a vastly extensive business, for in addition to being one fourth owner of the original black ball line of eight packet ships, he owned several ships and traded all over the globe. He was by far the largest shipper of cotton from this country to Europe, and had his agents in every Southern port to attend to his ships, purchase his cotton, and draw on him for payment. He was also the heaviest importer of British cloths, having special agents in New York and Philadelphia to effect sales for him; and the shipwrights of New York no sooner fitted out one vessel for him than he laid the keel of another. Yet so systematic was he in his accounts, that with all this large business he had but one clerk. Next to Brown Brothers & Co., and Prime, Ward & Sands, he was the largest bill drawer in America. But like many others, he pushed the thing too hard, and the crash in the autumn of 1827, extinguishing his career as a merchant as suddenly as you extinguish a gas chandelier. He lived but a short time afterwards.

Francis Thompson was his elder brother, and after trading several years in his own name with success, associated with him his nephews, Messrs. Francis Thompson, Jr., and Samuel Thompson, under the firm of Francis Thompson & Nephews. They too failed about the year 1829, but Samuel Thompson afterwards retained a large Liverpool trade until his own death, and his business is still successfully going on under the firm of Samuel Thompson's Nephew. Francis Thompson, Jr. went to Liverpool, and established the firm of Thompson & Midgley, now in business there.

I have said that Jeremiah Thompson was one of the most enterprising of our New York merchants forty years ago, and that he was one of the famous pioneers who opened a regular communication with the old world, by the establishment of a double line of packet ships between New York and Liverpool, sailing punctually from each port on the first and sixteenth of each month; but whenever the days of departure fell upon Friday, it was customary for the captains, out of deference to the superstitious feeling then existing with sailors, to drop down to the outer soundings, cast anchor for the night, so as to discharge their pilots, and make sail early next morning.

The superstitious feeling gradually wore away, and now vessels proceed to sea upon any day of the week that the wind and weather will permit.

This double line of packet ships adopted as their private or owner's signal, a large black ball in the fore or maintopsail, and the line became known as the "Black Ball Line," a designation still retained, and well known to every navigator of the ocean.

This line was well established prior to the year 1823. The best captains belonging to the port were selected to command the ships of this line. All the captains were men of acknowledged seamanship, experienced navigators, and of cultivated manners, fitted to discharge their duties with honor to the service in their intercourse with merchants in both ports and in the care and entertainment of passengers, who had at that early day begun to give a preference to these regular Liverpool "Liners."

Such was Captain John Williams, who was master of

the packet ship "Albion," of 447 tons. He weighed anchor in the port of New York upon his regular day, the 1st of April, 1822, and set sail for Liverpool, carrying twenty-three cabin passengers, six steerage, and a crew numbering twenty-five persons, making altogether fifty-four persons on board. Nothing unusual transpired until the eighteenth day out of port, when the ship encountered a terrific gale and storm off the coast of Ireland, near Old Kinsale. The usual precautions of taking in sail were adopted, and the well-disciplined crew were on constant duty under the stern commander. The ship being heavily laden, labored hard. The seas were running high, and as the night came on the storm increased in fury, causing the vessel to ship a heavy sea, that laid her on her beam ends, and completely swept the decks, filling the cabins and state-rooms with water, carrying overboard one or more passengers and some of the crew. There was not an axe left on board to cut away the masts, and, the gale seeming to increase and blowing furiously directly upon the rocky coast, the stoutest hearts gave way in dismay. Captain Williams saw the peril in its full extent, yet preserved his fortitude and cheered his crew to the full performance of their duty; but it soon became apparent that the vessel must be lost, driven to pieces during the night by the fury of the sea, lashing against the rock, and the boats having all been swept away, there was nothing but death in prospect. The passengers had been summoned upon deck and fully informed of their danger, and the greatest distress prevailed. Major Gough, of the British army, a cabin passenger, who had often faced danger on land, now spoke to those around him,

saying that Death, come as he would, was an unwelcome messenger ; but, said he, let us meet it as becometh men. Mr. William Everhart, a merchant, of West Chester, Pa., a cabin passenger, was so ill as to require assistance out of the cabin to the deck, yet he was the only cabin passenger whose life was saved ; for, in a short time, the ship was driven against the rocky coast, and went to pieces. General Le Fevre Desnouette was among the passengers, and several ladies. The captain and all were lost, except Mr. Everhart and a portion of the crew ; and, it being the first packet-ship that had been lost, the intelligence of it sent a thrill of horror over both hemispheres. Mr. Everhart was saved by clinging to a projecting rock, from which he was drawn up by persons on shore, so exhausted that he was confined for several weeks ; but when at length he reached Liverpool, he was most heartily welcomed by every one. This gentleman is still living as a retired merchant, in West Chester, Pa. He must be near 80 years of age. Captain Williams being lost, Jeremiah Thompson took charge of the education of his son, David F. Williams, a fine youth, and he afterwards became the only confidential clerk of Mr. Thompson, up to the time of the unfortunate failure of that gentleman. His subsequent history we are not acquainted with.

The splendid Liverpool trader, the ship "Jeremiah Thompson," now owned by Samuel Thompson's nephew and others, was named in honor of that great merchant and large-hearted man.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

In one of my previous sketches I alluded to George Warner, who was in business here prior to the war of the Revolution, and for a long time afterwards.

Mr. Warner did business at No. 76 Coffee House slip. He had only two sons—George J. and Effingham; the latter died, as I stated; the former married Susan, the daughter of Elias Nexsen, who left only one son, Effingham H., formerly of the firm of Warner, Frail & Co., who is still living and resides in the city. Samuel B. was of a different branch of the Warner family, although connected by marriage, as they married two daughters of George Walgrove, said to be descended from a younger branch of the Earl of Waldegrave family.

George Warner represented the city of New York in the Legislature some ten or fifteen sessions. He was universally beloved, and was distinguished for his religious and charitable character. His residence, corner of Fourth street and the Bowery, no doubt can be remembered by many as being noted for having a garden attached, with splendid tulips, hyacinths and roses. He was, it may be truly said, the “noblest work of God,” an honest man — and a true patriot. He died January, 1825, universally regretted. Mr. W. and

Elias Nexsen were bosom companions in life, and were but shortly separated in death. During the Revolutionary war, George Warner was captain of a company of minute men; he was taken prisoner in New Jersey, and kept a prisoner in the city of New York for several years. He was prominent in the erection of Christ Church, Ann street, under Rev. Dr. Pilmore, but the latter part of his life was a supporter of St. Stephen's Church, under the Rev. Dr. Feltus. In the latter church is to be seen a tablet erected to his memory, as also one to his son Effingham.

Old George Warner came out to this country from England long before the war of the Revolution. He must have been here before 1771, for I see that he was appointed Measurer of Grain in this city that year, although he was a very young man. He went into business here with his brother Richard, who was the oldest of the two brothers. Richard also left descendants. Richard was a Tory, and George was a Whig at the commencement of the Revolutionary War in 1776.

Their place of business was in the famous sail loft in William street, near John, that was on Sundays occupied by the first Methodists that were here. It was located where 126 William now stands. Mr. Gilford bought the lot and built upon the place, and his house is given in one of the engravings in "Valentine's Manual" of 1863.

When the peace came in 1784, Richard went to Europe. On the passage out, he was lost at sea. His son followed him, and was never heard of by the New York branch after 1800. Some letters are in existence

written to his uncle George previous to this date. Richard's son was a bachelor. It is said he amassed a large property in London. A few years ago he died, and advertisements appeared in the English papers asking information as to the heirs in America; but not being certain whether he was their relative, they never took any notice of the matter.

George Warner married Magdalen Waldegrave. She was descended from one of the Earls of Waldegrave, who, in the time of Cromwell, took up his residence in Paris, and the Protector deprived him of his estates. The Earl had two younger brothers, who were with him in Paris. After the attainder was reversed, the Earl went back to England, but his two brothers came out to this province and settled in the city. After a while, the Earl died, without issue, and the eldest of the two brothers in this city succeeded to the title, and returned to London and became Earl. The other brother married in New York, and had children. One of these sons was killed at the erection of Trinity Church, 1780, as was also a negro who was his slave.

Some years ago, one of the English Waldegraves died. Several notices appeared in the papers. Here is one:

A WINDFALL.—By the recent decease of Mr. Waldegrave, an English millionaire, Senator J. McLeod Murphy, of this city, becomes heir to a comfortable little fortune of over half a million of dollars. Mr. Waldegrave, who was a descendant of one of the oldest families in England, died possessed of eight millions of dollars, which is to be equally divided among twelve of his nearest relatives, the fortunate Senator being one of them.

I suppose from that McLeod Murphy was descended from one of the New York Waldegraves; but as there

are lots of the name, the earldom, if that is vacant, would go to one of the male American Waldegraves.

I gave a sketch of George J. Warner, and Effingham, who died early. George J. was Assistant Alderman of the Eighth Ward, in 1804, and his son, Effingham H. Warner, was Assistant Alderman of the Fifteenth Ward, in 1833. He was the founder of the celebrated druggist firm of Warner, Prall & Co. afterwards Prall, Ray & Co.

I wish I had the time to give a history in detail of the manner in which the doctor's little stock of drugs emerged into the apothecary, and he gradually enlarged to the great druggist of the present day. Up to 1800, the druggist business was confined to the "doctor's own shop" and stock. Then it became a separate business. There was an apothecary at the hospital named Richard Sadlier. He formed a partnership as druggist with Mr. Ray and William H. Wetmore, a son of the Wetmore who was Superintendent of the Hospital. The firm was in 1814, Sadlier & Ray, in Liberty, corner William.

As apothecary at the hospital, Mr. Sadlier had the confidence of the doctors, and put up for them thousands of prescriptions. This was a good start for the young retail druggist. Then Mr. Ray died, and his brother, James H. Ray, became a partner. Young Wetmore was taken in, and the firm was Sadlier, Ray & Co. These Sadliers were Irish, and came out from Ireland to this city. About 1822, their business had increased to such an extent that they moved from 78 William to 83 Maiden lane, where they commenced doing a large wholesale drug business, and importing drugs from Europe for their own sales and also for doctors. Among

their clerks was young Warner. He continued with them until 1825. That year he started business as a retail druggist at 73 Fulton street. That year Sadlier, Ray & Co. failed, and made an assignment to Ezra Weeks, a celebrated man in his day, who owned the City Hotel, was a vestryman of Trinity Church, and a brother of the Weeks who was supposed to have murdered the beautiful Miss Sands about 1800, up in one of the wooden houses still standing in Greenwich street, east side, near Franklin.

It is curious how great houses are founded in this city, and how trivial and unimportant things have a hand in great matters. Young Warner used to go to school with young David M. Prall. He was the only son of Abraham Prall, one of the wealthiest merchants in this city before 1798. His store was at 167 Water street, and his brother Ichabod lived at 168, next door to each other, and the water came up to the door. Who does not remember Ichabod the brother. He was a fine, venerable looking man in the time of General Jackson, who, I think, gave him an office in the Custom House, for he had been unfortunate in business. He left children — one, a son, that I knew very well by sight.

Abraham was not unfortunate in business. He was rich ; but one afternoon he was riding out with his son David, the horse ran away, and in trying to save his son, the father was killed. He left three children. One daughter, Margaret, died a few years ago, an old maid. Another married Cornelius W. Lawrence, Mayor of New York. She died early.

Young David M. Prall, in 1825, felt an interest in the success of his school-fellow, Effingham Warren.

His mother, the widow Maria Prall, was rich, and lived at 292 Broadway. David lived with her. He was wild and very gay, and one of the fastest of the fast young men that New York could then boast on the town — Hones, Costars, Lavertys, and other fast boys. Dave would walk into his friend's drug store, throw down \$10,000 to \$15,000 in notes, and say, "Go put that in your bank account, and keep it up."

One day Mr. Ray said to Mr. Warner, "Ezra Weeks is heavy upon the paper of Sadlier, Ray & Co. Why not buy out the concern?" At first it was laughed at by the prudent Warner. Then young Dave Prall urged it, and agreed to loan \$20,000 for that purpose. Mr. Warner called upon the widow Prall. She was in favor of it. She added, "If you don't want to be under any obligations, why not take David in as a partner?"

Thus was formed the great drug house, 83 Maiden lane, of Warner & Prall. It continued until 1832, when Mr. Ray, who had acted as clerk — he having had heavy liabilities to settle of the old firm, got rid of them in three years — was taken in, and the firm became Warner, Prall & Ray. What a house that became! They had agents buying drugs in all the principal parts of Europe.

Mr. Ray married Col. Marinus Willet's daughter, Margaret. She died, but left children. I believe Mr. Ray is in California.

Mr. Warner retired from the house in 1838, and it became Prall & Ray. It dissolved in 1840.

The continuous houses brought up several of our leading druggists.

James Trippe, of the house of J. & J F. Trippe was one.

So was W. L. Rushton, of the house of Rushton & Aspinwall. So was Mr. Graham, of the firm of Graham, Mabee & Co., burnt out in Old slip, in the great fire of 1835. So was G. W. Mabee, still alive. So was N. B. Graham, now President of the Metropolitan Insurance Company.

Prall & Ray were succeeded by Olcutt & McKissam, who bought out the business, then the store was occupied by Mr. Ward.

David Prall was very much afraid his sister Margaret would get married; so he made a bargain with her, that if she would not marry, he would leave her all his property, if he died first. She made a similar agreement. David died first. Afterwards Margaret died, and all the vast property might have been claimed by C. W. Lawrence, who had married a sister. He acted very honorably, and I think a large proportion of the property went to an aunt, who was a Schoonmaker. David N. Prall owned a very large property in Pittsburg.

Old "Poppy Warner," as he was called, did not die until 1825. His son, George I., died in 1805. As he was a Sachem of Tammany, the whole of that institution turned out in full force. By the way, here is a case in point. If I was a member of the Tammany Society, I should have a right to hunt among the old records for a great deal of information. It has been proposed to me by several officers of that society. If it is ever to be done, now is the time. George I. was the first Democrat ever elected to office in this city. The *Post* used to call him "Citizen Roundhead." The house in which he lived is still standing in the Bowery, near

Bleecker street. It is next to the "Cottage." Lorillard owns the property.

Mr. Effingham Warner, at the time of the great fire in 1835, was President of the Bowery Insurance Company. He was one of the principal men in getting up the Butchers' and Dovers' Bank, under the Presidency of Nicholas Fish, father of Hamilton Fish, Ex-Governor.

Mr. Warner, after he retired from Warner, Prall & Ray, acted as President of the Bowery Insurance Company. At the time of the great fire in 1835, it made a great deal of money, and established the high character it now holds.

He was prominent in erecting St. Bartholomew's Church in Lafayette place. It is Episcopal.

Of late years he has been engaged in developing the mineral resources of our country. He married the sister of the famous Rev. John Summerfield, the eloquent Methodist clergyman, in John street, of other days, and has several children.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

There was not a more eminent family connected with the great mercantile interests of New York, in the olden time, than that of Rutherford.

They were Scotch, I think, for I find that John and Walter were both among the names of the founders of the St. Andrew's Society, in this city as early as 1756.

Both were merchants. John was styled Honorable. He had been one of the Colonial Council, and a member of the Colonial Assembly.

Walter was Treasurer of the St. Andrew's Society as early as 1761. He was made President of it in 1766.

The Society was discontinued from 1775 to 1783, during the war ; but, after its revival in 1785, Walter Rutherford became Vice President, and so continued until 1792, when he was elected President, and continued in that honorable office until 1798, when he was succeeded by Robert Lenox.

In 1771, Walter Rutherford was named as one of the incorporators of the New York Hospital. He was a Governor of it from 1774 to 1778.

He was originally a private in the British army. He married Catherine Alexander, a sister of the Earl

of Sterling. His sister, Eliza Rutherford, married John Stevens. They had a son John, who married Rachel Cox. Their child was Edwin Stevens, of Hoboken.

Walter Rutherford was a merchant in the city, and did a large business. He lived at No. 1 Great George street as early as 1789 (Broadway, above St. Paul's Church, where the Astor House now stands).

He lived there until 1803. It had become No. 219 Broadway. I think he died that year, and John, of New Jersey, then occupied the old house until 1813, when, I think, he resided altogether in New Jersey.

John Rutherford was, before 1770, made one of the honorary members of the Marine Society of New York, and remained so until his death.

In 1776, when the terrible fire broke out in New York, the house of Mr. Rutherford on the west side of Broadway, with those of Captain Thomas Randall, Captain Kennedy, Hull's Tavern, and St. Paul's Church, were the only buildings that escaped destruction.

John Rutherford lived in the same house, 219 Broadway, from 1807 to 1812. It was then in a range of handsome buildings, where the Astor House now stands. The old row had all been built since the termination of the Revolutionary war in 1784, except the two standing nearest to St. Paul's Church. The one on the corner of Vesey street, about 1808, was completely changed in size and complexion by its occupant and owner, Col. Rutherford, who built it before the war of 1776. It was occupied by Col. John, who opened the streets.

The first people in the city lived in that row of buildings.

The next house to John Rutherford, 221, was built before the Revolution. It was built by William Axtell, one of the members of the Council of his Britannic Majesty for the Province of New York. It became the property of the State of New York by the attainder of Mr. Axtell. In 1784, by an act of the Legislature, this house (second door from Vesey street) was set apart and appropriated to the use of the Secretary of State, as an accommodation for his family and a deposit for the public archives and records. Lewis Allaire Scott resided there until he died, in 1797. Of course, at the time he was appointed Secretary of State, Oct. 23, 1789, Broadway came up to St. Paul's church. Above this it was great George street, and the numbers ran 1, 2, 3, &c., Mr. Rutherford living at No. 1, Mr. Scott at No. 2, &c., — the row of buildings opposite being on Chatham street. When Mr. Scott died, the State rented No. 221 Broadway (old 2 Great George street) to Aaron Burr. He lived there from 1799 to 1803, when he moved to Richmond Hill. About that time he was elected Vice President of the United States. Afterwards, in 1811, Paul B. Lloyd and Michael Paff occupied the residence, No. 221.

Next door, separated by grounds, was the residence of Rufus King in 1795, when he was United States Senator. He built the house a few years before he became ambassador to the Court of St. James. Mr. Astor bought the house and grounds, and moved there in 1803. It is curious that he should have afterwards owned so much on the block. No. 223 was his first purchase. Standing at that time on the open space where the cars now stop, you could see towering above

the low buildings the steeple of St. Peter's (Roman Catholic) church, located on the Church and Barclay street corner of the same block. It was erected in 1786, and was the first Catholic church built in New York. It was a neat, plain building of brick ; the steeple was of wood, I think. It stood where the more massive modern granite St. Peter's now stands.

No. 225, next door to Mr. Astor's was occupied and owned by Alexander S. Stewart, a famous merchant of that day (1808). It had been the residence of General Moreau when he first came to New York. No. 227 was the corner. There resided Richard Harrison, a great lawyer, who built the house. He was Attorney-General. He was at one time Recorder of the city, When he died, in 1809, John G. Coster bought the house, and lived in it until he sold out to John Jacob Astor, twenty years later.

While John Rutherford resided in the residence 219 Broadway, he was given a commission that was of vast consequence in after years, although it seemed of little moment then. April 3, 1807, the Legislature of this State passed " An Act relative to Improvements, touching the laying out of streets and roads in the city of New York." John Rutherford, together with Simeon de Witt and Governor Morris, were the Commissioners appointed for the purpose. That Mr. Rutherford was the leading man in the commission, I judge from the fact that Nov. 1812, the Common Council voted him the thanks of the city, " for his *gratuitous* services in laying out the Island into streets and avenues."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

A famous old merchant, one hundred years ago, in this city, was Hayman Levy. He did an immense business. He kept his store in Bayard street. It was afterwards called Duke, and is now Mill street. He owned all the property in that street.

Previous to 1760 there was a great firm in this city, styled Levy, Lyons & Co., and they had a branch in Europe of Levy, Solomons & Co. These houses failed, and made an assignment in 1768, to Sampson, Simpson and Theophylacht Bache, then very heavy merchants in this city. I am inclined to think he was of that firm, though I am not quite certain.

He was unfortunate in that concern, or else on his own account, for I find in the *Gazette* of Nov. 14, 1778, the following:

“All parties indebted to the estate of Hayman Levy, when an Insolvent Debtor, are desired (for the last time) to pay the same unto John Alsop, one of the Assignees, on or before the 1st day of January next, or they will be sued without further notice.”

After he did business on his own account, his store was not far from the old Jewish Synagogue in Mill street. He was one of the greatest fur dealers in the United States. John Jacob Astor learned the fur busi-

ness with Mr. Levy ; and upon the books of the latter are many charges of sums paid for wages to J. J. Astor. He frequently got jobs to beat furs after he left Mr. Levy. There is now no doubt but that Mr. Astor acquired his primary knowledge of American furs and skins in this manner.

In January, 1773, Mr. Levy did a very heavy business. He kept Indian trinkets. He was almost a god with the Indian. From all parts of the State they used to come to the city, and when here they lined the street in which the store of Mr. Levy was located. He had also for sale "black and white wampum, the best northern beaver and old coast beaver, racoons, dressed martin skins, deers leather, both Indian dressed and in the hair." He sold bear skins from four to ten shillings each. It is needless to say that bear skins cannot be had at any such rates now ; but at that time bears were shot upon the Island where the city is now located.

One may be curious to know what that black and white wampum means.

As late as that time (1769) there were very many people in the city who made a living by making wampum to sell to traders like Mr. Levy, and to the Indians.

Some of the Indians on Long Island were great merchants of *wampum* or *seawant*. They procured and formed from the sea shells all the Indian money used for ornament or traffic.

To this day the soil of the Island shows frequent traces of the numerous shells once drawn out from the sea, and scattered over its surface. The City of Conn., became the mart of his money commerce. It was distin-

guished both for its manufacture and trade in *Indian wampum* or *seawant*, deriving its material, as I have stated, from Long Island ; which place the Indians called *Sewanhacky*, or the Land of Shells, as is the meaning of the name. Hence came the name of *seawant*. They made the chief part of the *wampum* or *seawant* from periwinkles and quehogs (clams) sometimes from the inside of oysters shells.

(The moneys used to have one universal name for New York City. It was called *Laapawacking*, i e., the place of Stringing Wampum Beads. The money Indians stated that at one time the Indians there were every where stringing beads and wampum, which the whites gave them.)

These shells, when rounded into proper shape, became the paper money of the Indians ; and with this all who proposed to trade with them for furs provided themselves at New York, and at the store of Hayman Levy.

A letter is on record from Governor Penn, where he speaks of having sent on to New York from Philadelphia to make his purchases of *wampum* at great prices.

For a number of years, while coin was scarce or unnecessary, it was the custom to pay off Dutch West India Company's officers, and even the clergy, too, in *seawant* or *beavers*.

It will be seen that Mr. Levy's advertisement speaks of white and black wampum.

The current value of the *seawant* or *wampum*, was six beads of the white for an English penny — two of our cents Three black beads of the *wampum* were worth the same — an English penny.

The importance and value attached to this seemingly strange money in our consideration now, and 100 years ago, in Hayman Levy's time, 1761, or 120 years previous to that, may be seen by the following. In 1641, an ordinance of the City Council was sanctioned by Gov. Keift, which says "that a great deal of bad *seawant*, nasty, rough things imported from other places," was in circulation in the city, while "the good, splendid seawant, usually called *Mahattan's seawant*, was out of sight or exported, which must cause *the ruin of the country*." Therefore, it is added, that "all coarse seawant, well stringed, should pass at six for one stuyver only, but the well polished at four for a stuyver." In 1657, they were publicly reduced from six to eight for a stuyver, which is two pence. The wampum was greatly used by the Indians to decorate and ornament their persons. The women strung theirs, and hung them around their necks, and sewed them on their moccasins and mantles.

Hayman Levy did an enormous business until he was burned out in the great fire of 1776. That nearly ruined him. All Duke street was in ruins. There were no Insurance companies then, as happily there are now. Old Isaac Gomez was burned out at the same time.

Hayman Levy married Miss Sloey, an accomplished young lady of this city. He died about 1790. She lived a few years later, and was about seventy-three years old when she died.

Mr. Levy brought up other young men besides Mr. Astor. Nicholas Low, afterwards celebrated as a merchant, was a clerk for a long time with Mr. Levy; and when young Nick went into business on his own account, Mr. Levy aided and assisted him. He bought of Mr.

Levy a single hogshead of rum to trade with the Indians, and this was his first start.

Mr. Levy was an honest, high minded merchant. He was short, thick set, and dark complexioned.

Another of his clerks was Isaac Moses, who originally came from Germany to this city, and went with Mr. Levy as a clerk. He afterwards married Ranee, a daughter of his employer. They had a daughter who married her uncle, Aaron Levy, the brother of her mother. Aaron was born in the morning, and she in the evening of the same day. Old Mr. Levy said that Heaven had evidently arranged their marriage, and that it should take effect. Aaron Levy and his wife never had any children.

Hayman Levy had several children. There was Solomon, Jacob, Aaron, Isaac H., Ziproah, who married Mr. Benjamin Seixas (and was mother of twenty-one children), and Mrs. Isaac Moses. There were three daughters, I think, that never married.

Isaac H. Levy & Co., had their commercial house at 19 Pearl street for many years. He was afterwards a clerk for a long time with Mr. Moses in Wall street. Isaac was a bachelor. He lived with one of his sisters, who was an old maid, that they called "Aunt Sally," until his death.

Aaron I alluded to in one of my early chapters. He was a famous auctioneer about thirty years ago, and had a gallery for the sale of paintings, by the old masters. He had a genial face, and was a great favorite of mine, perhaps from the fact that he sold, for a large profit, a few cases of rice paintings that I imported from China.

The descendants of Haymān Levy are very numerous, and they may justly be proud of their ancestor.

There was another house where the members were Israelites, that stood very high before the War of the Revolution. I allude to Sampson Simpson.

As I have stated, when the great house of Levy, and Lyon & Co., and Levy, Solomon & Co., made an assignment, somewhere about 1765, they selected as their assignees two of the most honorable merchants in this city. One was Sampson Simpson, and the other was Theophylacht Bache. They closed up the affairs with justice to all concerned, and speedily divided all that came into their hands, until every dollar of indebtedness was paid with interest. These things do not happen so now.

Another good mode of a firm a hundred years ago was A. and B. and Company — not Levy, Lyon & Co., but Levy and Lyon and Company. On looking over firms now, such as Westray, Gibbes & Hardcastle, it may be Mr. Westray Gibbes and Mr. Hardcastle. Our ancestors made it straight, and would have said viz. Westray and Gibbes and Hardcastle.

Sampson Simpson was one of the owners of the ship "Beaver," Captain Christopher Miller, that traded between this port and London in 1765 to 1770. So was old Isaac Sears — King Sears as he was called in the Revolutionary period, he being the captain of the Liberty Boys.

Later, about 1770, the firm was changed to Sampson & Solomon Simpson. It was dissolved by the death of the worthy senior. He died 29th August, 1773, and

was deeply mourned. He was born in 1722, and when he died was but fifty-one years old. His parents were both living when he died. It was said that he was an *Israelite, indeed*, in whom unfeigned reverence for the Supreme Being, integrity of heart, and humanity, were characteristic. He was a kind and tender son, a comfort to his parents and brethren. He was liberal in his principles, sensible, cheerful, and friendly. He was highly esteemed by everybody in New York at that time, and by persons of all religious denominations. His knowledge of merchandize was very extensive. He was always upright in his dealings. He supported the character of a merchant with the greatest credit. He was a useful member of General Society, and particularly to the Jewish Society, which he was more intimately attached. He was also a real friend to the liberties of his country, then imperilled.

Solomon Simpson closed up the affairs of his father and of the firm, and in announcing the fact, and requesting debtors "to call and settle in order to avoid expenses," adds quaintly: N. B. Has for sale, a cargo of mahogany, or logwood, sarsaparilla, indigo, rice, cotton, deer skins, beaver, spermaceti candles of the best quality, and a good horse and chair."

Of course, the horse and gig was the property of the brother Sampson, deceased. He was interested in the new spermaceti candle factory that had first been established in this city. There was another brother of Solomon, named Moses. He was a rabbi, and wore a long beard.

Solomon left a son named Sampson, who was one of the most extensive lawyers in this city at the commence

ment of this century. He was a bachelor, and died not many years ago.

There was another son named Joseph S. Simpson.

He married Rebecca Isaacs. They had a son named Moses. I think he is still living. There was a daughter of Solomon Simpson. She married Mr. Leo, a minister in the Synagogue.











