Glazier Willard W.

Peculiarities of American Cities

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Peculiarities of American Cities:

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PREFACE

It has occurred to the author very often that a volume presenting the peculiar features, favorite resorts and distinguishing characteristics, of the leading cities of America, would prove of interest to thousands who could, at best, see them only in imagination, and to others, who, having visited them, would like to compare notes with one who has made their PECULIARITIES a study for many years.

A residence in more than a hundred cities, including nearly all that are introduced in this work, leads me to feel that I shall succeed in my purpose of giving to the public a book, without the necessity of marching in slow and solemn procession before my readers a monumental array of time-honored statistics; on the contrary, it will be my aim, in the following pages, to talk of cities as I have seen and found them in my walks, from day to day, with but slight reference to their origin and past history.

WILLARD GLAZIER.

22 22 Jay Street,
Albany, *September 24, 1883*.

CHAPTER I.
ALBANY

From Boston to Albany. – Worcester and Pittsfield. – The Empire State and its Capital. – Old Associations. – State Street. – Sketch of Early History. – Killian Van Rensselaer. – Dutch Emigration. – Old Fort Orange. – City Heights. – The Lumber District. – Van Rensselaer Homestead. – The New Capitol. – Military Bureau. – War Relics. – Letter of General Dix. – Ellsworth and Lincoln Memorials. – Geological Rooms. – The Cathedral. – Dudley Observatory. – Street Marketing. – Troy and Cohoes. – Stove Works. – Paper Boats. – Grand Army Rooms. – Down the Hudson.

An exceedingly cold day was February fourth, 1875, the day which marked our journey from Boston to Albany. My inclination to step outside our car and tip my hat to the various familiar places along the route was suddenly checked by a gust of cutting, freezing, zero-stinging air. A ride of between one and two hours brought us to Worcester, a stirring town of about forty thousand inhabitants. Worcester is noted principally for its cotton factories, and as a political center in Eastern Massachusetts.

Springfield, Westfield and Pittsfield follow in succession along the route, in central and Western Massachusetts, the first of which has been made the subject of a special chapter in this book.

The last I remember chiefly as the place where, in the summer of 1866, I took my first steps in a new enterprise. Pittsfield has large cotton mills, is a summer resort, and is the nearest point, by rail, to the Shaker community at Lebanon, five miles distant. At Westfield the Mount Holyoke Railroad joins the main line, and semi-annually conveys the daughters of the land to the famous *Holyoke Female Seminary*.

Leaving Pittsfield we soon reached the State line between New York and Massachusetts. I sometimes think that after a residence in almost every State of the Union, I ought to feel no greater attraction for my native State than any other, yet I cannot repress a sentiment of stronger affection for good, grand old New York than any other in the united sisterhood. The Empire State has indeed a charm for me, and a congenial breeze, I imagine, always awaits me at its boundary.

A ride of another hour brings to view the church spires of Albany, and with them a long line of thrilling memories come rushing, like many waters, to my mind. Here, in 1859, I entered the State Normal School; here I resolved to enter the army; and here the first edition of my first book was published, in the autumn of 1865. The work, therefore, of presenting this chapter upon the peculiar features of the Capital City of New York, may be regarded as one of the most agreeable duties I have to perform in the preparation of these pages.

The traveler now entering Albany from the east crosses the Hudson on a beautiful iron railroad bridge, which, in the steady

march of improvements, has succeeded the old-time ferry boat. He is landed at the commodious stone building of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, which is conveniently sandwiched between the Delavan House and Stanwix Hall, two large, well known and well conducted hotels.

My first night in a city and a hotel was spent here, at the old Adams House, located at that time on Broadway just opposite the Delavan. I was awakened in the morning by the roll and rattle of vehicles, and the usual din and confusion of a city street. The contrast to my quiet home in the Valley of the St. Lawrence was so marked, I can never forget the impression I then received, and as I walked up State street toward the old Capitol, I almost fancied that such a street might be a fit road to Paradise. Albany was the gate through which I entered the world, and to my boyish vision the view it disclosed was very wide, and the grand possibilities that lay in the dim distance seemed manifold. It is the oldest city, save Jamestown, Va., in the Union, having been settled in the very babyhood of the seventeenth century, somewhere about 1612 or 1614. It was originally, until the year 1661, only a trading post on the frontier, the entire region of country to the westward being unexplored and unknown, except as the "far west." The red warriors of the Mohegans, Senecas, Mohawks and the remaining bands of the "Six Nations" held undisputed possession of the soil, and kindled their council fires and danced their "corn dances" in peace, unmolested as yet by the aggressive pale-faces.

The baptismal name of the embryo city of Albany was Scho-negh-ta-da, an Indian word meaning "over the plains." The name was afterwards transferred to the outlying suburban town now known as Schenectady. An immense tract of land bordering the Hudson for twenty-four miles, and reaching back from the river three times that distance, included Albany within its jurisdiction, and was originally owned by a rich Dutch merchant, one Killian Van Rensselaer, from Amsterdam. The land was purchased from the Indians for the merest trifle, after the usual fashion of white cupidity when dealing with Indian generosity and ignorance. Emigrants were sent over from the old country to people this wide domain, and thus the first white colony was established, which subsequently grew into sufficient importance to become the Capital city of the Empire State.

Before the purchase of Killian Van Rensselaer, a fort was built somewhere on what is now known as Broadway, and was named Fort Orange, in honor of the Prince of Orange, who was at that time patroon of New Netherlands, as New York was at first called. Old Fort Orange afterwards went by various names, among which were Rensselaerwyck, Beaverwyck and Williamstadt. In 1664 the sovereignty of the tract passed into the hands of the English, and was named Albany, in compliment to the Duke of Albany. In 1686 the young city aspired to a city charter, and its first mayor, Peter Schuyler, was then elected. In 1807 it became the Capital of the State. As an item of interest, it may be mentioned that the first vessel which ascended the river

as far as Albany was the yacht Half Moon, Captain Hendrick Hudson commanding.

Albany, like ancient Rome, sits upon her many hills, and the views obtained from the city heights are beautiful in the extreme. The Helderbergs and the Catskill ranges loom blue and beautiful towards the south, Troy and the Green Mountains of Vermont can be seen from the north, while beyond the river, Bath-on-the-Hudson and the misty hill tops further away, rim the horizon's distant verge. The city has a large trade in lumber, and that portion of it which is known as the "lumber district" is devoted almost exclusively to this branch. One may walk, of a summer's day, along the smooth and winding road between the river and the canal, for two miles or more, and encounter nothing save the tasteful cottage-like offices, done in Gothic architecture, of the merchant princes in this trade, sandwiched between huge piles of lumber, rising white and high in the sun, and giving out resinous, piney odors. Not far from this vicinity stands the old Van Rensselaer homestead, guarded by a few primeval forest trees that have survived the wreck of time and still keep their ancient watch and ward. The old house, I have been told, is now deserted of all save an elderly lady, one of the last of the descendants of the long and ancient line of Van Rensselaer. Numerous points of interest dot the city in all directions, from limit to limit, and claim the attention of the stranger. Among the most prominent of these is, of course, the new Capitol building now in process of construction at the head of State street. A very

pretty model of the structure is on exhibition in a small wooden building standing at the entrance to the grounds, which gives, I should judge, a clever idea of what the future monumental pile is to be like. Its height is very imposing, and the tall towers and minarets which rise from its roof will give it an appearance of still greater grandeur. It is built of granite quarried from Maine and New Hampshire, and is in the form of a parallelogram, enclosing an open court. Had I a sufficient knowledge of architecture to enable me to talk of orders, of pilasters, columns, entablatures and façades, I might perhaps give my readers a clearer idea of the magnificence of this new structure, which will stand without a rival, in this country at least, and may even dare to compete with some of the marvellous splendors of the old world.

The Old Capitol and the State Library stand just in front of the new building, and obscure the view from the foot of State street. The Senate and Assembly chambers in the old building have an antiquated air, with their straight-backed chairs upholstered in green and red, and the rough stairways leading to the cupola, through an unfurnished attic, are suggestive of accident. In this cupola, once upon a time, in the year 1832, a certain Mr. Weaver, tired of life and its turmoil, swung himself out of it on a rope. So the cupola has its bit of romance. In this neighborhood, on State street, above the Library, is located the Bureau of Military Statistics, which is well worth a visit from every New Yorker who takes a pride in the military glory of his native State. One is greeted at the entrance with a host of

mementos of our recent civil war, which bring back a flood of patriotic memories. Here is a collection of nine hundred battle flags, all belonging to the State, most of them torn and tattered in hard service, and inscribed with the names of historic fields into which they went fresh and bright, and out of which they came smoked and begrimed, and torn with the conflict of battle. Here are old canteens which have furnished solace to true comrades on many occasions of mutual hardship. Here, too, is the Lincoln collection, with its sad reminders of the nation's loved and murdered President; and in a corner of the same room the Ellsworth collection is displayed from a glass case. His gun and the Zouave suit worn by him at the time of his death hang side by side, and there, too, is the flag which, with impetuous bravery, he tore down from the top of the Marshall House at Alexandria, Virginia. In the same case hangs the picture of his avenger, Captain Brownell, and the rifle with which he shot Jackson. In another part of the room may be seen the original letter of Governor, then Secretary, Dix, which afterwards became so famous, and which created, in a great measure, the wave of popularity that carried him into the gubernatorial chair.

The letter reads as follows: —

"Treasury Department,
January, 29th, 1861.

"Tell Lieutenant Caldwell to arrest Captain Breshwood, assume command of the cutter, and obey the order I gave through you. If Captain Breshwood, after arrest, undertakes

> to interfere with the command of the cutter, tell Lieutenant Caldwell to consider him as a mutineer and treat him accordingly. If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.
> *"John A. Dix, Secretary of the Treasury."*

The captured office chairs used by Jeff. Davis, in Richmond, the lock from John Brown's prison door at Harper's Ferry, pieces of plate from the monitors off Charleston, torpedoes from James River, the bell of the old guard-house at Fort Fisher, captured slave chains, miniature pontoon bridges, draft boxes and captured Rebel shoes, may be mentioned as a few among the many curiosities of this military bureau. Here, too, may be seen the pardon, from Lincoln, for Roswell McIntire, taken from his dead body at the battle of Five Forks; and near by hangs the picture of Sergeant Amos Humiston, of the 154th New York Regiment, who was identified by means of the picture of his three children, found clasped in his hand as he lay dead on the field of Gettysburg. In this room, also, is the Jamestown, New York, flag, made by the ladies of that place in six hours after the attack on Sumter, and which was displayed from the office of the Jamestown *Journal*. Mr. Daly, the polite janitor of the building, is always happy to receive visitors, and will show them every courtesy.

The Geological Rooms, on State street, are also well worthy the time and attention of the visitor. Large collections of the various kinds of rock which underlie the soil of our country are

here on exhibition, as, also, the coral formations and geological curiosities of all ages. In an upper room towers the mammoth Cohoes mastodon, whose skeleton reaches from floor to ceiling. This monster of a former age was accidentally discovered at that place by parties who were excavating for a building. In these rooms, also, there are huge jaws of whales, which enable one to better understand the disposition of the Bible whales, and how easy it must have been for them to gulp down two or three Jonahs, if one little Jonah should fail to appease the delicate appetite of such sportive fishes. I couldn't help thinking of the lost races that must have peopled the earth when this old world was young – when these fossils were undergoing formation, and these mastodons made the ground tremble beneath their tread.

Where are these peoples now, and where their unrevealed histories? Shall we never know more of them than Runic stones and mysterious mounds can unfold? These reminders of the things that once had an existence but have now vanished from the face of the earth, and well nigh from the memory of men – these things are full of suggestion, to say the least, and are quite apt to correct any undue vanity which may take possession of us, or any large idea of future fame. We may, perhaps, create a ripple in the surface of remembrance which marks the place where our human existence went out, and which, at the furthest, may last a few hundred years. But who can hope for more than that, or hoping, can reasonably expect to find the wish realized? "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of

in our philosophy."

The Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, on Eagle street, is one of the finest church structures in Albany. It is built of brown freestone, in the Gothic style of architecture, and its two towers are each two hundred-and-eighty feet in height. Its cost was six hundred thousand dollars. The interior decorations are beautiful, and the rich stained glass windows are the gifts of sister societies. On Easter mornings the Cathedral is sure to be crowded by people of all sects and creeds, brought there to witness the joyous Easter services which terminate the long fast of Lent.

About a mile and a half from the city, on Patroon's Hill, is situated the Dudley Observatory, where on clear summer nights Albanians come to gaze at the stars and the moon, through the large Observatory refractor. The structure is built in the form of a cross, eighty-six feet long and seventy feet deep.

One of the first peculiarities which attracts the attention of the non-resident of Albany is the appearance of the business portion of State street, in the forenoon, from eight o'clock until twelve. Any time between these hours the street, from the lower end of Capitol Park down to Pearl street, is transformed into a vast market-place. Meat-wagons, vegetable carts, restaurants on wheels, and all sorts of huckstering establishments, are backed up to the sidewalk, on either side, blocking the way and so filling the wide avenue that there is barely room for the street-car in its passage up and down the hill. The descendants of Killian Van

Rensselaer and the aristocratic Ten Eycks and Van Woerts, of Albany, should exhibit enterprise enough, I think, to erect a city market and spare State street this spectacle.

The manufacturing interest of Albany consists largely of stove works, in which department it competes with its near neighbor, Troy. This flourishing city, of about forty-eight thousand souls, is seven miles distant from Albany, up the river, and is in manifold communication with it by railroads on both sides of the Hudson, as well as by street railway. Steam cars run between Albany and Troy half hourly, during the day and far into the night, and one always encounters a stream of people between these two places, whose current sets both ways, at all times and seasons. Troy is at the head of navigation on the Hudson and communicates by street car with Cohoes, Lansingburg and Waterford. Cohoes is a place of great natural beauty, and the Cataract Falls of the Mohawk River at that place add an element of wild grandeur to the scenery. One of the large, rocky islands in the river, known as Simmons' Island, is a popular resort for picnic excursions, and is a delightful place in summer, with its groves of forest trees, and the pleasant noise of waters around its base. The place seems haunted by an atmosphere of Indian legend, and one could well imagine the departed warriors of the lost tribes of the Mohawk treading these wild forest paths, and making eloquent "talks" before their red brothers gathered around the council fire.

The Mohawk and Hudson rivers unite at Troy, and seek a common passage to the sea. Mrs. Willard's Seminary for young

ladies is located in this city, and is a standard institution of learning. Many of the streets of Troy are remarkably clean and finely shaded, and handsome residences and business blocks adorn them. The city is also a headquarters for Spiritualism in this section of the country. The Spiritualistic Society has, I am told, a flourishing, progressive Lyceum, which supersedes, with them, the orthodox Sunday school, and the exercises, consisting in part of marches and recitations, are conducted in a spirited and interesting manner.

Foundries for hollow-ware and stoves constitute the leading branch of manufacture in the city of Troy. To one not familiar with the process by which iron is shaped into the various articles of common use among us, a visit to the foundries of Troy or Albany would be full of interest and instruction. Piles of yellow sand are lying in the long buildings used as foundries, while on either side the room workmen are busily engaged fashioning the wet sand into moulds for the reception of the melted iron. Originally the sand is of a bright yellow color, but it soon becomes a dingy brown, by repeated use in cooling the liquid metal.

Each moulder has his "floor," or special amount of room allotted him for work, and here, during the forenoon, and up to three or four o'clock in the afternoon, he is very busy indeed, preparing for the "pouring" operation. Pig iron, thrown into a huge cauldron or boiler, and melted to a white heat, is then poured, from a kettle lined with clay, into the sand-moulds, and

in a remarkably short space of time the greenish-white liquid which you saw flowing into a tiny, black aperture is shaken out of the sand by the workmen, having been transformed into portions of stoves. These go to the polishing room, and thence to the finishing apartment, where the detached pieces are hammered together, with deafening noise.

Troy rejoices also in a paper boat manufactory – the boats being made especially for racing and feats of skill. They find sale principally in foreign markets, and at stated seasons divide the attention of the English with the "Derby." The boats are made of layers of brown paper put together with shellac.

There is a large society of Grand Army men in Albany, one Post numbering five or six hundred members. Their rooms are tastefully decorated, and hung with patriotic pictures, which make the blood thrill anew, as in the days of '61. A miniature fort occupies the centre of the room, and emblematic cannon and crossed swords are to be seen in conspicuous places.

A trip down the Hudson, in summer, from Albany to New York, is said to afford some of the finest scenery in the world, not excepting the famous sail on the castled Rhine; and the large river boats which leave Albany wharf daily, for our American London, are, indeed, floating palaces. The capital city of the Empire State is not, therefore, without its attractions, despite the fact that it was settled by the Dutch, and that a sort of Rip Van Winkle sleep seems, at times, to have fastened itself upon the drowsy spirit of Albanian enterprise.

CHAPTER II.
BOSTON

Geographical Location of Boston. – Ancient Names. – Etymology of the Word Massachusetts. – Changes in the Peninsula. – Noted Points of Interest. – Boston Common. – Old Elm. – Duel Under its Branches. – Soldiers' Monument. – Fragmentary History. – Courtship on the Common. – Faneuil Hall and Market. – Old State House. – King's Chapel. – Brattle Square Church. – New State House. – New Post Office. – Old South Church. – Birthplace of Franklin. – "News Letter." – City Hall. – Custom House. – Providence Railroad Station. – Places of General Interest.

Boston sits like a queen at the head of her harbor on the Massachusetts coast, and wears her crown of past and present glory with an easy and self-satisfied grace. Her commercial importance is large; her ships float on many seas; and she rejoices now in the same uncompromising spirit of independence which controlled the actions of the celebrated "Tea Party" in the pioneer days of '76. Her safe harbor is one of the best on the Atlantic seaboard, and is dotted with over a hundred islands. On some of these, garrisoned forts look grimly seaward.

Boston is built on a peninsula about four miles in circumference, and to this fact may be attributed the origin of

her first name, Shawmutt, that word signifying in the Indian vocabulary a peninsula. Its second name, Tremount, took its rise from the three peaks of Beacon Hill, prominently seen from Charlestown by the first settlers there. Many of the colonists were from old Boston, in Lincolnshire, England, and on the seventh of September, 1630, this name supplanted the first two.

In this connection may be given the etymology of the word Massachusetts, which is somewhat curious. It is said that the red Sachem who governed in this part of the country had his seat on a hill about two leagues south of Boston. It lay in the shape of an Indian arrow's head, which in their language was called Mos. Wetuset, pronounced *Wechuset*, was also their name for a hill, and the Sachem's seat was therefore named Mosentuset, which a slight variation changed into the name afterwards received by the colony. Boston, as the centre of this colony, began from the first to assume the importance of the first city of New England. Its history belongs not only to itself, but to the country at large, as the pioneer city in the grand struggle for constitutional and political liberty. A large majority of the old landmarks which connected it with the stormy days of the past, and stood as monuments of its primeval history, are now obliterated by time and the steady march of improvements. The face of the country is changed. The three peaks of Beacon Hill, which once lifted themselves to the height of a hundred and thirty feet above the sea, are now cut down into insignificant knolls. The waters of the "black bay" which swelled around its base have receded to give place to the

encroachments of the city. Made lands, laid out in streets and set thick with dwellings, supplant the mud flats formerly covered by the tide. Thousands of acres which were once the bed of the harbor are now densely populated.

The house on Harrison avenue where the writer is at present domiciled is located on the spot which once was occupied by one of the best wharves in the city. The largest ocean craft moored to this wharf, on account of the great depth of water flowing around it. The land has steadily encroached on the water, until the peninsula that was is a peninsula no longer, and its former geographical outlines have dropped out of sight in the whirl and rush of the populous and growing city. A few old landmarks of the past, however, still remain, linking the *now* and the *then*, and among the most prominent of these are Faneuil Hall, the Old South Church, which was founded in 1660, King's Chapel, the Old Granary Burying-ground, Brattle Square Church, quite recently demolished, the old State House, and Boston Common. The Common antedates nearly all other special features of the city, and is the pride of Bostonians. Here juvenile Boston comes in winter to enjoy the exciting exercise of "coasting," and woe to the unwary foot passenger who may chance to collide with the long sleds full of noisy boys which shoot like black streaks from the head of Beacon street Mall, down the diagonal length of the Common, to the junction of Boylston and Tremont streets. This winter (1874-5), owing to several unfortunate accidents to passers-by across the snowy roads of the coasters, elevated

bridges have been erected, to meet the wants of the people without interfering with the rights of the boys. The Common was originally a fifty-acre lot belonging to a Mr. Blackstone. This was in 1633. It was designed as a cow pasture and training ground, and was sold to the people of Boston the next year, 1634, for thirty pounds. The city was taxed for this purpose to the amount of not less than five shillings for each inhabitant. Mr. Blackstone afterwards removed to Cumberland, Rhode Island, where he died, in the spring of 1675. It is said that John Hancock's cows were pastured on the Common in the days of the Revolution. On the tenth of May, 1830, the city authorities forbade the use of the Common for cows, at which time it was inclosed by a two-rail fence. The handsome iron paling which now surrounds the historic area has long since taken the place of the ancient fence.

Perhaps the most noticeable, certainly the most famous object on Boston Common, is the Great Tree, or Old Elm, which stands in a hollow of rich soil near a permanent pond of water, not far from the centre of the enclosure. It is of unknown age. It was probably over a hundred years old in 1722. Governor Winthrop came to Boston in 1630, but before that period the tree probably had its existence. It antedates the arrival of the first settlers, and it seems not unlikely that the Indian Shawmutt smoked the pipe of peace under its pendent branches. In 1844 its height was given at seventy-two and a half feet – girth, one foot above the ground, twenty-two and a half feet. The storms of over two centuries have vented their fury upon it and destroyed its graceful outlines.

But in its age and decrepitude it has been tenderly nursed and partially rejuvenated. Broken limbs, torn off by violent gales, have been replaced by means of iron clamps, and such skill as tree doctors may use. In the last century a hollow orifice in its trunk was covered with canvas and its edges protected by a mixture of clay and other substances. Later, in 1854, Mr. J. V. C. Smith, Mayor of the city, placed around it an iron fence bearing the following inscription: —

"The Old Elm."

"This tree has been standing here for an unknown period. It is believed to have existed before the settlement of Boston, being full-grown in 1722. Exhibited marks of old age in 1792, and was nearly destroyed by a storm in 1832. Protected by an iron inclosure in 1854."

What a long array of exciting events has this tree witnessed! In the stirring days of the Revolution the British army was encamped around it. In 1812 the patriot army occupied the same place, in protecting the town against the invasion of a foreign foe. Tumultuous crowds have here assembled on election and Independence days, and its sturdy branches have faced alike the anger of the elements and the wrath of man. Public executions have taken place under its shadow, and witches have dangled from its branches in death's last agonies. Here, in 1740, Rev. George Whitfield preached his farewell sermon to an audience

of thirty thousand people; and here, also, at an earlier date, old Matoonas, of the Nipmuck tribe, was shot to death by the dusky warriors of Sagamore John, on a charge of committing the first murder in Massachusetts Colony. An incident of still more romantic interest belongs to the history of the Old Elm. On July third, 1728, this spot was the scene of a mortal combat between two young men belonging to the upper circle of Boston society. The cause of dispute was the possession of an unknown fair one. The names of the young men were Benjamin Woodbridge and Henry Phillips, both about twenty years old. The time was evening, the weapons rapiers, and Woodbridge was fatally dispatched by a thrust from the rapier of his antagonist. Phillips fled to a British ship of war lying in the harbor, and was borne by fair breezes to English shores. He did not long survive his opponent, however, dying, it is said, of despair, shortly after his arrival in England.

Frog Pond, or Fountain Pond, near the Old Elm, has been transformed from a low, marshy spot of stagnant water, to the clear sheet which is now the delight of the boys. October twenty-fifth, 1848, the water from Cochituate Lake was introduced through this pond, and in honor of the occasion a large procession marched through the principal streets of the city to the Common. Addresses, hymns, prayers, and songs, were the order of the day, and when the pure water of the lake leaped through the fountain gate, the ringing of bells and boom of cannon attested the joy of the people.

Near the Old Elm and the Frog Pond, on Flagstaff Hill, the corner-stone of a Soldiers' Monument was laid, September eighteenth, 1871. Some idea of the style of the monument may be gathered from the following description: – "Upon a granite platform will rest the plinth, in the form of a Greek cross, with four panels, in which will be inserted bas-reliefs representing the Sanitary Commission, the Navy, the Departure for the War and the Return. At each of the four corners will be a statue, of heroic size, representing Peace, History, the Army, and the Navy. The die upon the plinth will also be richly sculptured, and upon it, surrounding the shaft in alto-relievo, will be four allegorical figures representing the North, South, East and West. The shaft is to be an elegant Doric column, the whole to be surmounted by a colossal statue of America resting on a hemisphere, guarded by four figures of the American eagle, with outspread wings. 'America' will hold in her left hand the national standard, and in her right she will support a sheathed sword, and wreaths for the victors. The extreme height of the monument will be ninety feet. The artist is Martin Millmore, of Boston."

In the year 1668, a certain Mr. Dunton visited Boston, and wrote the following letter to his friends in England. It will serve to show the custom of Bostonians on training day, and recall some of the scenes which transpired over two hundred years ago on the historic Common. "It is a custom here," he says, "for all that can bear arms to go out on a training day. I thought a pike was best for a young soldier, so I carried a pike; 'twas the first time I ever

was in arms. Having come into the field, the Captain called us into line to go to prayer, and then prayed himself, and when the exercise was done the Captain likewise concluded with a prayer. Solemn prayer upon a field, on training day, I never knew but in New England, where it seems it is a common custom. About three o'clock, our exercises and prayers being over, we had a very noble dinner, to which all the clergymen were invited."

In 1640, Arthur Perry was Town Drummer for all public purposes. There being no meeting-house bell in town, he called the congregation together with his drum. "He joined the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company in that capacity, for which yearly service he received five pounds. The second additional musical instrument was a clarionet, performed on by a tall, strapping fellow with but one eye, who headed the Ancient and Honorable a few strides." The first band of music used in Boston was in 1790, at the funeral of Colonel Joseph Jackson. Yearly, for a period of between two and three hundred years, this military company has appeared on the Common, to be received by the Governor of the State, with his aides, who appointed the new commissions for the year to come and received those for the year just past. Their anniversary occurs on the first Monday in June.

The Brewer Fountain, the Deer Park and the Tremont and Beacon Street Malls complete the list of conspicuous attractions on the Common. The Beacon Street Mall is perhaps the finest, being heavily shaded by thickly-set rows of American elms. A particular portion of this mall is described as the scene of at least

one courtship, and how many more may have transpired in the neighborhood history or tradition tells us not!

The "Autocrat of the Breakfast-table" loved the schoolmistress who partook of her daily food at the same board with himself and listened quietly to his wise morning talks, with only an occasional sensible reply. The schoolmistress returned his passion, but the young Autocrat, uncertain of his fate, rashly determined that if she said him "nay" to this most important question of his life, he would take passage in the next steamer bound for Liverpool, and never look upon her face again. The fateful hour which was to decide his fate approached, and the Autocrat proposed a walk. They took the direction of the Beacon Street Mall, and what happened next his own charming pen-picture best describes:

"It was on the Common that we were walking. The *mall* or boulevard of our Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs down from opposite Joy street, southward, across the length of the whole Common, to Boylston street. We called it the long path, and were fond of it.

"I felt very weak indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit) as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question: – 'Will you take the long path with me?'

"'Certainly,' said the schoolmistress, 'with much pleasure.'

"'Think,' I said, 'before you answer; if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more!' The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her.

"One of the long, granite blocks used as seats was hard by, the one you may still see close by the Ginko tree. 'Pray, sit down,' I said.

"'No, no,' she answered softly, 'I will walk the *long path* with you.'"

Propositions to convert the Common into public thoroughfares have ever met with stout resistance from "we the people" – the Commoners of Boston – and only this winter a meeting was held in Faneuil Hall for the purpose of protesting against this causeless desecration. The occasion of the meeting was a clique movement to have a street-car track run through the sacred ground. One of the speakers – a workingman – waxed eloquent on the theme of the "poor man's park, where in summer a soiled son of labor might buy a cent apple and lounge at his ease under the shady trees."

In 1734, by vote of the town, a South End and North End Market were established. Before this the people were supplied with meats and vegetables at their own doors. In 1740, Peter Faneuil offered to build a market-house at his own expense, and present it to the town. His proposition was carried by seven majority. Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," was first built two stories high, forty feet wide, and one hundred feet in length.

It was nearly destroyed by fire in 1761, and in 1805 it was enlarged to eighty feet in width and twenty feet greater elevation. "The Hall is never let for money," but is at the disposal of the people whenever a sufficient number of persons, complying with certain regulations, ask to have it opened. The city charter of Boston contains a provision forbidding the sale or lease of this Hall. For a period of over eighty years – from the time of its erection until 1822 – all town meetings were held within its walls. It is "peculiarly fitted for popular assemblies, possessing admirable acoustic properties."

The capacity of the Hall is increased by the absence of all seats on the floor – the gallery only being provided with these conveniences. Portraits cover the walls. Healy's picture of Webster replying to Hayne hangs in heavy gilt, back of the rostrum. Paintings of the two Adamses, of General Warren and Commodore Preble, of Edward Everett and Governor Andrew, adorn other portions of the Hall. Nor are Washington and Lincoln forgotten. The pictured faces of these noble patriots of the past seem to shed a mysterious influence around, and silently plead the cause of right and of justice. The words which echoed from this rostrum in the days before the Revolution still ring down from the past, touching the present with a living power whenever liberty needs a champion or the people an advocate.

Faneuil Hall Market, or Quincy Market, as it is popularly called, grew out of a recommendation by Mayor Quincy, in 1823. Two years later the corner-stone was laid, and in 1827 the

building was completed. It is five hundred and thirty-five feet long, fifty feet wide, and two stories high. Its site was reclaimed from the tide waters, and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars were expended in its erection.

The capital for its construction was managed in such a judicious way that not only the market was built, but six new streets were opened and a seventh enlarged, without a cent of city tax or a dollar's increase of the city's debt.

The Old State House was located on the site of the first public market, at the head or western end of State street. It was commenced with a bequest of five hundred pounds from Robert Keayne, the first commander of the "Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company." It was known as the Town House, and was erected about the year 1670. The present Old State House was built in 1748, on the same site. Its vicinity is historic. The square in State street below the Old State House, was the scene of the Boston massacre, March fifth, 1770. "The funeral of the victims of the massacre was attended by an immense concourse of people from all parts of New England." About the same year also, in front of this Town House, occurred the famous battle of the broom, between a fencing master just arrived from England and Goff, the regicide. This English fencer erected an elevated platform in front of the Town House and paraded, sword in hand, for three days, challenging all America for a trial of his skill. At this time three of the judges who signed the death warrant for beheading Charles the First, of

England, had escaped to Boston, and were concealed by the people of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Their names were Goff, Whalley and Dixwell, for whom, dead or alive, Parliament offered one hundred pounds each. The fencing master made such a stir about his skill that Goff, hearing of it at his place of concealment in the woods of Hadley, came to Boston and confronted the wordy hero. His sword was a birch broom, his shield a white oak cheese slung from his arm in a napkin. After he had soaked his broom in a mud-puddle he mounted the platform for battle. The fencing master ordered him off, but Goff stood his ground and neatly parried the first thrust of the braggart. The battle then commenced in earnest, and the cheese three times received the sword of the fencing master. Before it could be withdrawn, Goff each time daubed the face of his antagonist with the muddy broom, amid the huzzas of the crowd which had gathered from all quarters to witness the contest. At the third lunge into the huge cheese the swordsman threw aside his small blade, and, unsheathing a broadsword, rushed furiously upon Goff.

"Stop, sir!" exclaimed Goff; "hitherto, you see, I have only played with you, and have not attempted to hurt you, but if you come at me with the broadsword, know that I will certainly take your life!"

"Who can you be?" replied the other; "you are either Goff, Whalley or the devil, for there was no other man in England could beat me!"

Goff immediately retired, amid the plaudits of the crowd, and the subdued fencing master slunk away with chagrin.

The interior arrangement of the Old State House has been entirely remodeled, and is now used exclusively for business.

King's Chapel, at the corner of Tremont and School streets, is another noteworthy point of interest. The corner-stone was laid in 1750, and four years were occupied in its construction, the stone for the building material being imported. Its church-yard was Boston's first burial-ground, and some of the tombstones date back as far as 1658. Mr. Isaac Johnson, one of the founders of Boston, is said to have here found his last resting place. John Winthrop, his son and grandson – all governors of Connecticut, lay in the same family tomb in this yard. Four pastors of the "First Church of Christ in Boston" are also buried here. The body of General Joseph Warren was placed in King's Chapel before it was re-interred at Cambridge, and "dust to dust" has been pronounced over many other distinguished men at this stone church. The edifice is constructed in a peculiar way, with Doric columns of gray stone, and is sure to attract the attention of the stranger. It was the first Episcopal, as well as the first Unitarian church in Boston, and its pulpit is now the exponent of Unitarian doctrine, added to the Church of England service.

Going down Washington street towards Charlestown, we come to the famous Brattle Square, and its church, which once consecrated the spot. Here Edward Everett preached to his listening flock, and here, on July thirtieth, 1871, Dr. S. K.

Lothrop pronounced the last sermon within its walls. Its ancient bell has ceased to ring, and the old-fashioned pulpit echoes no more to the tread of distinguished men.

The first Brattle Square Church was built in 1699. It was torn down in 1772, and the next year rebuilt on the same site, the dedication taking place July twenty-fifth.

On the night of March sixteenth, 1776, the British under Lord Howe were encamped in this neighborhood, some of the regiments using Brattle Square Church as a barrack. A cannon ball, fired from Cambridge, where the American army was then stationed, struck the church, and was afterwards built into the wall of the historic edifice, above the porch. On the next night ten thousand of Lord Howe's troops embarked from Boston. In 1871 the building was sold by the society, and a handsome granite block now takes its place.

The new State House on Beacon street is one of the most prominent geographical points in all Boston, and the view from its cupola is second only to that obtained from the glorious height of Bunker Hill monument. Its gilded dome is a conspicuous object far and near, and glitters in the sunlight like veritable gold. The land on which the State House stands was bought by the town from Governor Hancock's heirs, and given to the State. The corner-stone was laid July fourth, 1793, the ceremony being conducted by the Freemasons, Paul Revere, as Grand Master, at their head. The massive stone was drawn to its place by fifteen white horses, that being the number then of the States in the

Union. Ex-Governor Samuel Adams delivered the address. The Legislature first convened in the new State House in January, 1798. In 1852 it was greatly enlarged, and in 1867 the interior was entirely remodeled. Chantry's statue of Washington, the statues of Webster and Mann, busts of Adams, Lincoln and Sumner, and that beautiful piece of art in marble, the full-length statue of Governor Andrew, in the Doric Hall – all attract the attention of the visitor. In this rotunda there are also copies of the tombstones of the Washington family of Brington Parish, England, presented by Charles Sumner, and the torn and soiled battle-flags of Massachusetts regiments, hanging in glass cases. In the Hall of Representatives and the Senate Chamber, relics of the past are scattered about, and the walls are adorned with portraits of distinguished men. The eastern wing of the State House is occupied with the State Library Large numbers of visitors yearly throng the building and climb the circular stairways for the fine view of Boston to be obtained from the cupola.

The new Post Office is accounted one of the finest public buildings in New England. It has a frontage on Devonshire street, of over two hundred feet and occupies the entire square between Milk and Water streets. It was several years in building, being occupied this winter for the first time since the great fire. Its cost was something like three millions of dollars. Its style of architecture is grand in the extreme. Groups of statuary ornament the central projections of the building, and orders

of pilasters, columns, entablatures and balustrades add to it their elegant finish. Its roof is an elaboration of the Louvre and Mansard styles, and the interior arrangement cannot be surpassed for beauty or convenience. It has three street façades, from one of which a broad staircase leads to the four upper stories. On these floors are located important public offices. The Post Office corridor is twelve feet in height and extends across two sides of the immense building. At the time of the great fire of 1872 this structure was receiving its roof, and became a barrier against the onward sweep of the flames. The massive granite walls were cracked and split, but they effectually stopped the work of the fire fiend.

In the heart of the city, at the corner of Milk and Washington streets, stands one of the most famous buildings in Boston, and perhaps the most celebrated house of religious worship in the United States. It was founded in 1669, and received the name of the Old South Church. The first building was made of cedar, and stood for sixty years. In 1729 it was taken down, and the present building erected on the same spot. The interior arrangement is described as having been exceedingly quaint, with its pulpit sounding board, its high, square pews, and double tier of galleries. During the Revolution it was frequently used for public meetings, and Faneuil Hall assemblies adjourned to the Old South whenever the size of the crowd demanded it. Here the celebrated "Tea Party" held their meetings, and discussed the measures which resulted in consigning the British tea, together

with the hated tax, to the bottom of Boston Harbor. Here Joseph Warren delivered his famous oration on the Boston Massacre, drawing tears from the eyes of even the British soldiery, sent there to intimidate him. In 1775 the edifice was occupied by the British as a place for cavalry drill, and a grog-shop was established in one of the galleries. In 1782 the building was put in repair, and has stood without further change until the present time, nearly a hundred years. In 1872 it was occupied as a Post Office, and has only been vacated this winter. Its day of religious service is doubtless over. It will probably be used for business purposes, but never again as a society sanctuary.

Opposite the south front of the Old South Church, on Milk street, stood the house in which Benjamin Franklin was born. Here, on the seventeenth of January, 1706, the great philosopher was ushered into existence, and on the same day was christened at the Old South. When he was ten years old, he worked with his father in a candle manufactory, on the corner of Union and Hanover streets, at the sign of the Blue Bell. He was afterwards printer's devil for his brother James, and at eighteen established the fourth newspaper printed in this country. It was entitled "The New England Courant."

The first newspaper of Boston was also the first in the colonies, and was printed on a half sheet of Pot paper, in small pica. It was entitled "The Boston News Letter. Published, by authority, from Monday, April seventeenth, to Monday, April twenty-fourth, 1704." John Campbell, a Scotchman and

bookseller, was proprietor.

Now the Boston press stands in the front rank of the world's journalism, and is commodiously accommodated; as the elegant buildings of the *Transcript*, *Globe*, *Journal*, *Herald* and other papers, testify. The *Advertiser* is the oldest daily paper in the city.

It is impossible to properly describe Boston within the limits of so short a chapter, and only a glance at a few other points of interest will therefore be given.

The City Hall, on School street, is on the site of the house of Isaac Johnson, who lived here in 1630, and who has been styled the founder of Boston. The corner-stone of the new building was laid December twenty-second, 1672. It is of Concord granite, and is in the finest style of modern architecture. Here, under the arching roof of the French dome, the fire-alarm telegraph centres, and the sentinel who stands guard at this important point never leaves his post, night or day. The mysterious signal, though touched in the city's remotest rim, is instantly obeyed, and in less time than it takes to tell it the brave firemen are rushing to the rescue. A fine bronze statue of Benjamin Franklin stands in the inclosure in front of the building.

The Custom House, on State street, is built of granite, even to the roof. It is constructed in the form of a Greek cross, and is surrounded by thirty-two granite columns, a little over five feet in diameter. The site was reclaimed from the tide waters, and the massive building rests upon about three thousand piles. Over a million dollars were expended in its erection.

The Old Granary Burying-ground, once a part of the Common, received its name from a public granary which formerly stood within its limits. Some of the most distinguished dust in history is consigned to its keeping. Paul Revere, Peter Faneuil, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, the victims of the Boston Massacre, the parents of Franklin, the first Mayor of Boston, and a long list of other names famed in their day and ours, lie buried within this ancient ground. Near by, between the Common and the Granary Cemetery, stands the celebrated Park Street Church, of which W. H. H. Murray, the brilliant writer and preacher, was, until lately, the pastor. It used to be known as "brimstone corner." This winter we attended Park Street Church on the same day with the *brunette* monarch, Kalakaua and suite.

One of the most commodious and elegant stations in New England, or this country, is that of the Boston and Providence Railroad. It is about eight hundred feet in length, and is built of brick, with two shades of sandstone. The track house is seven hundred feet long, covering five tracks, and has a span of one hundred and twenty-five feet. Its cost is somewhere in the neighborhood of six hundred thousand dollars. The interior arrangement is quite novel in style. The waiting-rooms open out of an immense central apartment with a balcony reaching around the entire inner circumference. Theatre tickets, flower and cigar stands, a billiard room and a barber shop, are some of the special features of the station. Refreshment rooms and dressing rooms, in oak and crimson, are also an integral part of the building.

Hundreds of interesting places in this singular and devious city of Boston must go unnoticed in these pages. The beautiful Tremont Temple and its Sunday temperance lectures; Music Hall, with its big organ of six thousand pipes, through one of which Henry Ward Beecher is said to have crawled, before its erection; the Parker House, one of the crack hotels of the city; the Revere House, where all the distinguished people stop, with its special suite of rooms upholstered in blue satin, where King Kalakaua smoked his cigars in peace; the beneficent Public Library; the Boston Athenæum, home of art; the Boston Theatre, the new and elegant Globe Theatre, and the suburban limits, including Charlestown and famous Bunker Hill, Cambridge and Harvard University, Mt. Auburn, Dorchester Heights, Roxbury and East Boston, which was formerly known as Noddle's Island, and where now the Cunard line of steamers arrive and depart – all these tempt my pen to linger within their charmed localities. But it is a temptation to be resisted. When, after many weeks' sojourn in the intellectual "Hub," I was at last seated in the outward bound train, ticketed for the west, a regret, born of pleasant associations and a taste of Boston atmosphere, took possession of me. The farewells I uttered held an undertone of pain. But the train sped onward, unheeding, and the city of the harbor seemed to dissolve and disappear in the smoke of her thousand chimneys, like a dream of the night.

CHAPTER III.
BUFFALO

The Niagara Frontier. – Unfortunate Fate of the Eries. – The Battle of Doom. – Times of 1812. – Burning of Buffalo. – Early Names. – Origin of Present Name. – Growth and Population. – Railway Lines. – Queen of the Great Lakes. – Fort Porter and Fort Erie. – International Bridge. – Iron Manufacture. – Danger of the Niagara. – Forest Lawn Cemetery. – Decoration Day. – The Spaulding Monument. – Parks and Boulevard. – Delaware Avenue. – On the Terrace. – Elevator District. – Church and Schools. – Grosvenor Library. – Historical Rooms. – Journalism. – Public Buildings. – City Hall. – Dog-carts and their Attendants.

Buffalo is a kind of half-way house between the East and the West – if anything may be called west this side of the Mississippi River – and it partakes of the characteristics of both sections. It was once the chief trading post on the Niagara frontier, and its vicinity has been the scene of many a hotly contested battle between dusky races now forever lost to this part of the world, and almost forgotten of history. Long ago, the Eries, or the Cat Nation, lived on the southern shores of the same lake whose waters now lap the wharves of Buffalo. They left it the heritage of their name, and that is all.

The race, in its lack of calculation, did not greatly differ from many isolated instances of the paler race of mankind around us now; for it died of a too o'erreaching ambition. Jealous of the distant fame of the Five Nations, the Eries set out to surprise and conquer them in deadly battle, and themselves met the fate they had meant for the Iroquois. They were exterminated; and few returned to the squaws in their lonely wigwams, to tell the tale of doom.

The noble race of Senecas succeeded the Cat Nation on the shores of Lake Erie, and after them, from across the great seas, came the dominant, pushing, civilizing Anglo-Saxons.

When the war of 1812 broke out, Buffalo was an exceedingly infant city, and did not promise well at all. Nobody would have then predicted her importance of to-day. Later, in 1813, the battle of Black Rock was fought, and while a few old soldiers made a determined stand against the onset of the solid British phalanx, most of the raw recruits fled down Niagara street in a regular Bull Run panic, chased by the pursuing foe. The village was then fired by the enemy, and every building except one was burned to the ground. The description of the suffering and flight of women and children, during that harrowing time, draws largely on the sympathies of the reader, and sounds strangely similar to the newspaper accounts of the burning of Western and Pennsylvania towns, of more recent occurrence.

But, though Buffalo was destroyed by fire, it shortly evinced all the power of the fabled phœnix, and rose from its ashes to a

grander future than its early settlers ever dreamed of prophesying for it. The young city, however, suffered in its first days from a multiplicity of names, struggling under no less than three. The Indians named it Te-osah-wa, or "Place of Basswood;" the Holland Land Company dragged the Dutch name of New Amsterdam across the ocean and endeavored to drop it at the foot of Lake Erie; and finally, it took its present name of Buffalo, from the frequent visits of the American Bison to a salt spring which welled up about three miles out of the village, on Buffalo creek.

I think Buffalonians have reason to be grateful that the last name proved more tenacious than the other two. Think of the "Queen City" of the most Eastern West being overshadowed by the tiled-roof name of New Amsterdam!

It was not until 1822, on the completion of the Erie Canal, that Buffalo began the rapid advance towards prosperity that now marks its growth, the muster-roll of its population, at this writing, numbering the round figures of one hundred and sixty-one thousand. It now rejoices in business streets three and four miles long – full-fledged two-thirds of the distance, and the remainder embryonic. The harbor-front, facing the ship canal and the Lake, bristles with the tall tops of huge grain elevators – a whole village of them. A network of railroad lines, and the commerce of the great Lakes, have combined to build up and carry on a vast business at this point, and to make it a station of much importance between the East and the West.

The rails of the New York Central, the Great Western, the Lake Shore, and the Buffalo and Philadelphia roads, besides many other lines, all centre here, carrying their tide of human freight, mainly westward, and transporting the cereals of the great grain regions in exchange for the manufactured products of less favored localities. When the representative of New York or New England wishes to go west, he finds his most direct route by rail, via Buffalo; or, if he desires a most charming water trip, he embarks, also via Buffalo, on one of the handsome propellers which ply the Lakes between this city and Chicago, and steaming down the length of Lake Erie, up through the narrower St. Clair and the broad Huron, he passes the wooded shores of Mackinac's beautiful island, surmounted by its old fort, and entering Lake Michigan, in due time is landed on the breezy Milwaukee banks, or is set down within that maelstrom of business, named Chicago. Indeed, after Chicago, Buffalo is the ranking city of the Lakes, and is said to cover more territory than almost any city in the country outside the great metropolis – the distance, from limit to limit, averaging seven and eight miles. Its suburban drives and places of summer resort, owing to the superior water localities of this region, are much out of the usual line. Niagara River, famous the world over, allures the daring boatman from Fort Porter onward, and the wonderful Falls themselves are only eighteen miles beyond that. Fort Porter, about two miles out from the heart of the city, is located just at the point where Niagara River leaves the lake in its mad race to the Falls. Here the banks are

high and command a wide water prospect. Away to the westward the blue lake and the blue sky seem to meet and blend together as one; and in the opposite direction the rushing river spreads out like another lake, towards Squaw Island and Black Rock. One or more companies of United States Regulars are stationed here, and the barracks and officers' quarters surround a square inclosure, which is used as a parade ground. Graveled walks are laid out around it, and a grassy foot-path leads from the soldiers' quarters to the site of the old Fort on the brow of a gentle elevation just beyond. The Fort was built for frontier defence, in 1812, and the interior, now grass-grown and unused, is so deep that the roof of the stone structure, once appropriated as a magazine, is nearly on a level with the high ground at your feet. During our last war the building was occupied as a place of confinement for Rebel prisoners. It is now in a state of advanced collapse, and the battered walls and open windows expose to view the ruin within. A small, square outhouse, near one of the embrasures higher up, which was used for firing hot shot, is still intact. Field pieces, pointing grimly towards the Lake, and little heaps of cannon balls lying near, bring freshly to mind the nation's last war days, when "the winding rivers ran red" with the mingled blood of comrade and foe. The sunset gun boomed over the waters while we lingered at the old Fort, and the fading glow of day bridged the river with arches of crimson and gold.

Diagonally opposite from this point, one looks across into the Queen's dominions, where lies the little village of Fort Erie,

historic as the place from which the British crossed to our shores on the night preceding the burning of Buffalo.

At Black Rock, about two miles below Fort Porter, the great International Railroad Bridge, a mile in length, spans the mighty river, having superseded the old-time ferry. This bridge is the connecting link on the Grand Trunk Road, between Canada and the States.

Near its terminus, on the American side, are located the immense malleable iron works of Pratt & Letchworth, said to be the largest manufactory of the kind in the world. Their goods certainly find a world-wide market, taking in New England and the Pacific coast, Mexico, England and Australia. A pretty picture of the country seat of Mr. Letchworth, at Portage, New York, may be seen at the Historical Rooms. It is named Glen Iris, and is surrounded by handsome grounds, groves and fountains.

Boating on the Niagara is much in vogue here, notwithstanding the rapid current and the dreadful certainty of the Falls in case of accident. The keeper of a boat house at Black Rock, opposite Squaw Island, told me that the proportion of accidents on the river was frightfully large – far greater than ever got into the public prints.

Forest Lawn Cemetery – Buffalo's city of the dead – is one of the loveliest burial places between Brooklyn and Chicago. It is picturesque with hill and dale and grove, not to mention a large artificial lake lapped in one of its grassy hollows, and a winding, wide and rocky-bedded creek running through it. The

name of the creek is spelled S-c-a-j-a-q-u-a-d-a and pronounced Kon-joc'-e-ta. The Pratt monument, in a remote portion of the grounds, is perhaps the handsomest in the cemetery. It looks like a gothic gateway with fluted pillars of Italian marbles. A sculptured image of a child of one of the Fargos – of the famous Wells, Fargo & Co. – rests under a glass case on the lap of earth which marks her grave. The head is peculiarly noble, reminding one of that of the Belvidere Apollo. It is said to be a truthful likeness. Decoration Day at Forest Lawn was a picture long to be remembered. On a little knoll under the trees at the entrance to the grounds the military and civic processions assembled to listen to the eloquent words of Rev. Mr. Barrett, of Rochester. When the brief address was concluded, and the band music and singing were over, we followed the committees of decoration to the scattered graves of the patriot dead, and witnessed the strewing of flowers upon their sacred dust. A hushed circle above the mound of earth, a few fitly-spoken words from one of their number who knew the soldier-hero, and the floral tributes were tenderly placed above the sleeper's head. Thus, oh heroes, shall your memory be kept forever green! The flowers were wrought into every symbolic shape by which the language of affection could be translated. Crowns, and crosses, and stars, and anchors of hope, spoke their love and solace. The graves of the Confederate dead were also decorated, and side by side, under a common mantle of flowers, the Blue and the Gray received alike the benediction of the hour.

"Then beautiful flowers strew,
This sweet memorial day,
With tears and love for the Blue,
And pity for the fallen Gray."

At Forest Lawn, also, on the historic seventeenth of June – the Bunker Hill Centennial – a monument was dedicated to the memory of nine Spauldings who fought at that battle, one hundred years before. The granite cenotaph was erected by E. G. Spaulding, of Buffalo, descended from the same blood with the heroic nine. The names of the list inscribed on the Western front of the monument were headed by that of his grandfather, Levi Spaulding, who was captain of the ninth company, third regiment, under Colonel Reed, of the New Hampshire troops, engaged on that day.

"For bright and green the memory still
Of those who stood on Bunker Hill,
And nobly met the battle shock,
Firm as their native granite rock."

Speeches reviving Revolutionary memories, and fresh descriptions of the Bunker Hill contest, were in order. There was a semi-military procession, and the interest felt in the occasion was general. A grand reception at Mr. Spaulding's residence in the evening, concluded the patriotic anniversary.

The large park adjoining Forest Lawn is plentiful in attractions, including the delights of boating on the Konjoceta and loitering in the shadowy coolness of the primeval woods. In addition to these, Buffalo is completing a grand boulevard system which encircles half the City, beginning at what is called the Front, in the neighborhood of Fort Porter, and making the circuit of the outskirts through Bidwell and Lincoln and Humboldt parkways to the intersection of Genesee street with the Parade, on the opposite arc of the circle. One is sure to find cool breezes along this drive, though the day be the hottest of the season. Indeed, the summer heats are, at all times, shorn of their fervor in this Queen City of the Lakes, and its climatic advantages are, therefore, superior.

Delaware Avenue is the leading street of Buffalo for private residences, and here much of the aristocracy do congregate. It is about three miles long, and double rows of shade trees line either side. Fast driving on this avenue is licensed by city authority, and racing down its gentle incline is much in vogue. In winter, when sleighing is good, this is carried to greater excess, and the snowy road is black with flying vehicles. Main street, the principal business thoroughfare of the city, at least for retail trade, is wide, well paved and straight, and is built up with substantial business blocks. Its sister thoroughfare on the east, Washington street, towards the lower end as it approaches the lake, degenerates into manufacturing, and the buzz of machinery and incessant din of hammers break in on the maiden meditations of the passive sight-

seer.

As one approaches the Terrace, which is an elbow of blocks at one end and a diagonal at the other, one is confronted by a confusion of cross streets, which look as if they had been gotten up expressly to demoralize one's points of compass. They all look out on Buffalo harbor and the sea-wall beyond. Ohio street, following the bend of the harbor, is the great elevator district of the greatest grain mart in the world. Here, when business is at high tide, between two and three million bushels of grain per day are transferred by these giant monsters with high heads. The business places of this department of Buffalo enterprise are located principally on Central Wharf, in this vicinity, which fronts the harbor and which is crowded with offices two tiers deep.

Along the wharf the very air is charged with bustle and activity. Vessels of all descriptions are arriving and departing at all hours, and the commerce of the great lakes pours its flood tide into Buffalo through this gateway.

As for churches and schools, the city overflows with them. It is sprinkled in all directions with handsome religious edifices, like interrogation points, in stone and brick, asking the questions of a higher life. And there are thirty-six public schools, besides the State Normal, the Central, and the Buffalo Female Academy. This last is under the able guidance of Dr. Chester. But even these do not complete the list, as I understand there are numerous other private institutions of learning.

In one of the triangular pieces of ground where the three streets of Niagara, Erie and Church make their entrance into Main street, stands the picturesque structure of St. Paul's Episcopal Cathedral. It is built of brown stone, and the creeping ivy nearly covers one end of it, from the crosses and minarets at the pinnacle to the trailing vines on the ground. The gray, gothic edifice of St. Joseph's Romish Cathedral, fronting on Franklin street, is also very large, and the interior is rich in architectural design.

As for the immeasurable realm of books, Buffalo furnishes her children access to this, through her libraries. Chiefest among them is the Grosvenor, which has a bit of history all by itself. It was founded by a retired merchant of New York, who had lived in Buffalo during the earliest infancy of the city, and whose property had been destroyed when the then frontier village was fired by the British and Indians, in retaliation for the burning of Newark. This generous gentleman also left thirty thousand dollars to found a reference library for the High School of New York City. His will provided a legacy of ten thousand for Buffalo, to be applied towards a fire-proof building for a library, and the sum of thirty thousand, the interest of which was to be used for the purchase of books. The building fund having been on interest ever since, now amounts to twenty-eight thousand, and in addition the city has donated what is known as the Mohawk street property, used at present for police purposes, which will sell for an amount sufficiently large, together with the deposit

already on hand, to erect a handsome building. The library is now located over the Buffalo Savings Bank, facing a pleasant little park between Washington and Main streets.

In 1870 the interest had more than doubled the donation, and the Trustees then commenced the work of making the library a living institution. After a great deal of trouble, they at last secured the services of Alexander J. Sheldon, who was willing, without any certain compensation, to undertake the task of organizing and superintending the library. Mr. Sheldon, who is an expert in books, is native to the city, and from boyhood has been connected with this line of business. The first year of his hard labor at the Grosvenor was rewarded by the large sum of five hundred dollars! It was well for the institution, however, that Mr. Sheldon was not dependent on his salary for support. He entered into the work with an enthusiasm which surmounted all difficulties, and which has brought the library to its present state of progress, making it a credit to the city of Buffalo.

The large reading room is neatly fitted up with black walnut cases, nine feet in length, and eight feet high, opening on both sides, and capable of holding eight or nine hundred average volumes. There are about thirty of these cases in the room, with reading tables and easy chairs interspersed between them. The style of alcove and arrangement, which was also Mr. Sheldon's suggestion, produces a very handsome effect. The cases stand on black walnut platforms six inches in height, and are surmounted by a pretty cornice. The shelves

are interchangeable, and are of such moderate height that the necessity for step-ladders is entirely avoided. There are also dummy volumes, made to resemble books and properly titled, which, if their mission is to deceive the uninitiated, certainly accomplish that task. The number of volumes has now accumulated to about eighteen thousand, and includes the choicest works in art, science, literature and the professions. The fiction department comprehends all the recognized standard works, but the mass of worthless novels, which pass current in some of our circulating libraries, is unhesitatingly excluded. The bindings are nearly all morocco, with gilt or marbled tops, and the back of each book, as it is added to the library, is given a coat of white shellac varnish, which prevents it, in a great degree, from fading, and renders it easy of renovation.

The small ante-room which is used by the librarian and committeemen contains several hundred volumes on bibliography, which is a very important feature of such an institution. The rooms in summer are breezy, from the lake winds, and in winter are heated by steam radiators. A heavy cocoa matting deadens all sound on the floors, and absolute quiet is thus secured. Thanks to the efforts of Mr. Sheldon, the Grosvenor is undoubtedly the best library for a student west of the Hudson.

The Historical Rooms deserve notice as one of the salient points of Buffalo, and though the Society is young and not by any means wealthy, yet it is fairly started on its road to distinction.

It was founded in 1862, and subsists principally by donations, as it is yet too poor to make purchases of books or relics. The Rooms are located at the corner of Main and Court streets, nearly opposite the ancient site of the old Eagle Tavern. A picture of this hotel as it looked fifty years ago may be seen among their collection. A huge gilt eagle surmounted the main entrance, and an enclosed porch, or what looks like it, at one end of the building, bore the inscription "*Coach Office*," in large letters over the doorway. Here also is the noble looking portrait of Red Jacket, the great Seneca Chief, together with the grand-daughter of Red Jacket's second wife – Nancy Stevenson – taken at sixteen. This bright-eyed, brown maiden married an Indian named Hiram Dennis, and was still living in 1872. Belts of wampum, war hatchets and pipes of peace, besides numerous pictures, in oil, of celebrated red warriors, are among the Indian mementoes connected with Buffalo's early history. The war of 1812 also contributes its scattered waifs to keep alive the memory of that time. The sword of Major-General Brown, worn at the battle of Sackett's Harbor, and a piece of timber from Perry's ship, on which is traced the legend "We have met the enemy and they are ours," are among the heirlooms of history. Here, too, is a Mexican lance from the field of Monterey, and the clarionette used in Buffalo's first band of music, whose strains helped swell the chorus during the triumphal march of Lafayette through her streets in 1824. A representation of the first boat on the Erie Canal, named "Chief Engineer of Rome," looks quaint

enough. The walls of the large apartment devoted to historical collections are covered with pictures of Buffalo's prominent men, and at one end of the room hangs a handsome portrait of Millard Fillmore, set in heavy gilt. Their list of books and directories is also quite large. The story of a city's growth is always one of deep interest, and the generations of future years will, no doubt, be grateful for these landmarks of their early history.

Journalism in Buffalo rides on the top wave, and her leading papers have achieved an enviable fame. Eight dailies swell the list, four of which are German, besides ten weeklies and seven monthly papers. The history of the *Commercial Advertiser* dates back to October, 1811. It was issued at that time, under the name of the *Buffalo Gazette*, by the Salisbury brothers, from Canandaigua. With the exception of a paper at Batavia, begun in 1807, the *Gazette* was the only paper published at that time in Western New York. It afterwards changed its name to the *Buffalo Patriot*, and since 1836 it has been issued as the *Daily Commercial Advertiser*. The *Courier* and *Commercial* are the ranking papers of the city, in point of influence.

Buffalo doesn't seem to be ambitious of display in her public buildings, judging from the quality of those already on hand. The new City Hall, however, is a noble exception to the general rule. It is built of Maine granite, in the form of a double Roman cross, and the tower, which is two hundred and forty-five feet high, is surmounted by four pieces of statuary. Its estimated cost is over two millions of dollars.

St. James' Hall and the Academy of Music are the chief places of amusement in the city, the latter place being conducted by the Meech brothers, two young gentlemen of acknowledged ability. Many noted stars of the stage whose names have blazed forth in histrionic glory have here made their first conquests, before applauding audiences. The stock company is unusually good, Ben Rogers, stage manager and first comedian, being a host in himself.

The fire department of the city is said to be exceedingly efficient, and the police system has gained a reputation for thorough work which ought to be the terror of the criminal class. It embraces a body of mounted police, a corps of detectives and of patrolmen, besides the regular force stationed at the harbor.

Among the minor peculiarities of Buffalo may be mentioned the superabundance of dog carts to be seen in her streets; not the conventional kind that goes rolling down Fifth Avenue, among the bewildering array of splendid equipages – coupes, landaus, landaulets, drags and what not – that daily make their way to Central Park; not any of these; but the original dog cart, with the dog attached. He is to be seen in all the varieties of the species, from a muddy yellow to the fierce-looking mastiff. He is usually harnessed in company with a collapsed old woman or a cadaverous looking little boy, and he carries all kinds of mixed freight, from an ash barrel to a load of sticks. The undercurrent of Buffalo society does not seem to look upon the dog in a purely ornamental light.

This chapter on a place so fertile in suggestion might be prolonged indefinitely; but we are gazing westward, along a line of cities whose terminus does not end until it reaches the Golden Gate and the most famous centre of population on the Pacific coast. Our steps are bent toward that far-off goal, and we must say good-bye to the ancient land of the Eries and the former haunts of the buffalo.

CHAPTER IV.
BROOKLYN

Brooklyn a Suburb of New York. – A City of Homes. – Public Buildings. – Churches. – Henry Ward Beecher. – Thomas De Witt Talmage. – Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D. – Justin D. Fulton, D.D. – R. S. Storrs, D.D. – Navy Yard. – Atlantic Dock. – Washington Park. – Prospect Park. – Greenwood Cemetery. – Evergreen and Cyprus Hills Cemeteries. – Coney Island. – Rockaway. – Staten Island. – Glen Island. – Future of Brooklyn.

New York holds such supremacy over the other cities of the United States that she almost overshadows Brooklyn, which lies so near her as to be separated only by the narrow channel of the East River. Yet Brooklyn in any other locality would be a city of the first importance, ranking, as she does, the third in the Union as to size and population, and numbering not less than six hundred thousand inhabitants. Practically New York and Brooklyn are but one city, with identical commercial interests, and a great deal else in common. Many of the most prominent business men of the former city find their homes in the latter; and by means of the numerous ferries and the great Suspension Bridge there is a constant interchange of people between them. The time may come when they will be united

under one municipal government; though, no doubt, many of the older residents of Brooklyn, who have helped to build her up to her present extent and prosperity, would object to losing her name and identity. But should such a union ever take place, there will be at once created, next to London, the largest city of the world, with a population of not less than two millions of people.

Brooklyn is situated on the west end of Long Island, and overlooks both the East River and the Bay. It extends nearly eight miles from north to south, and is about four miles from east to west. Its business is not so extended or so important as that of New York, nor, as a rule, are its business edifices so imposing, though some of them present a very fine appearance. It is, in fact, a great suburb of the metropolitan city, composed more largely of dwellings than of commercial houses. Its business men, each morning, make an exodus across the East River to Wall street, or Broadway, or other streets of New York, and then return at night. It is, in fact, a great city of homes, all of them comfortable and many of them elegant. There is no squalor, such as is found in Mott or Baxter streets and the Five Points and their neighborhood, in its sister city. Handsome mansions, tasteful cottages and plain but neat rows of dwellings are found everywhere, and the streets are beautifully shaded by avenues of trees.

The public buildings of Brooklyn worthy of notice are few, compared to those of New York. Fulton street is its principal thoroughfare, and contains occasional handsome edifices. The

City Hall, on an open square at the junction of Fulton court and Joraleman street, is a fine, white marble building, in Ionic style, with six columns supporting the roof of the portico. It is surmounted by a tower one hundred and fifty-three feet in height. Just back of this, to the southeast, and facing toward Fulton street, is the County Court House, with a white marble front, a Corinthian portico, and an iron dome one hundred and four feet high. Beside the Court House, to the westward, stands the Municipal Building, also of marble, four stories in height, with a mansard roof, and a tower at each corner. The Post Office is in Washington street, north of the City Hall. The Long Island Historical Society has a fine edifice at the corner of Clinton and Pierrepont streets, and possesses a large library and collection of curiosities. The Academy of Design, on Montague street, has a handsome exterior; opposite is the Mercantile Library, a striking Gothic structure, containing two reading rooms and a library of forty-eight thousand volumes. The building of the Young Men's Christian Association is on Fulton street, at the corner of Gallatin Place, and contains a library and free reading room. The Penitentiary is an immense stone structure on Nostrand avenue, near the city limits. The County Jail, in Raymond street, is constructed of red sandstone, in castellated Gothic style. The Long Island College Hospital is an imposing building, surrounded by extensive grounds, on Henry street near Pacific.

Brooklyn is, preëminently, the City of Churches, of which she

is said to contain not less than one hundred. She has secured the services of the most eminent clergymen in the country, and thousands of people each year make a pilgrimage thither, for the sole purpose of listening to some one or other of those whom they have long admired and appreciated at a distance. Most prominent among all these clergymen is Henry Ward Beecher, who has been the pastor of Plymouth Church ever since its organization in 1847. Mr. Beecher came of a noted family, his father, Rev. Lyman Beecher, being one of the theological lights of his day and generation, while his brothers and sisters have all distinguished themselves in some way. The author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was his sister, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, while all of his brothers are, like himself, in the ministry.

Mr. Beecher's popularity has been unparalleled. Besides the hundreds who listen to him every Sunday, each sermon is reported in full and read by thousands of people throughout the country. He has been a leader of liberal thought in the Protestant churches; and it is largely due to his bold and advanced utterances that the church in which he holds communion has taken a long step ahead of the position which it occupied early in the present century.

Plymouth Church is a plain edifice, in Orange street, near Hicks. It has a large seating capacity, yet every Sunday it is filled. A goodly proportion of the audience is composed of strangers, who are not permitted to take seats until the pewholders are provided for. These visitors stand in long rows at each of the

doors, the rows sometimes extending out upon the sidewalk, waiting their turns to be seated. Ten minutes before the hour of service they are conducted to seats, and the pewholders who come after that time must take their chances with the rest. On pleasant Sundays every seat is occupied, and the aisles and vestibules are crowded.

Mr. Beecher occupies no pulpit, in the strict sense of the word. In front of the organ and choir is a platform, upon which are three chairs and three small tables, or stands. On one of the latter is a Bible, and on the others a profusion of flowers. One realizes in this church the grandeur of congregational singing, which is led here by a choir of one hundred voices, and accompanied by a magnificent organ. When the entire congregation join in some familiar hymn, the singing is exceedingly impressive. Mr. Beecher, albeit his reputation is that of a sensational preacher, makes little attempt at sensationalism in his manner of delivery. He reads well and speaks well, with a clear, distinct enunciation, which is heard in every part of his church. He talks directly to his point, using plain but forcible language, his sermons sparkling with original thought and brilliant language, all based upon a foundation of plain, practical common sense. He has great dramatic power, yet manifests it in so unstudied a manner that it is never offensive. He imitates the voice and manner of the man of whom he is speaking; the maudlin condition of the drunkard, the whine of the beggar, the sanctimoniousness of the hypocrite; and keeps his audience interested and on the alert. The

Friday evening lectures are also features of this church, and are conducted without formality, yet in a decorous manner.

The Brooklyn preacher who is a rival of Beecher, in the popular estimation, is Thomas De Witt Talmage, whose church is in Schermerhorn street, and known as the Tabernacle. It is built in Gothic style, semi-circular in form, like an opera house, and is capable of seating 5,000 persons. It is the largest Protestant place of worship in the United States, yet every Sunday it is filled nearly, if not quite, to its utmost capacity.

Talmage was born at Bound Brook, New Jersey, in 1832. After graduating at the Theological Seminary, at New Brunswick, he preached in Belleville, New Jersey; Syracuse, New York; and Philadelphia, until 1869, when he came to Brooklyn to be pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church. Within a year he had become the acknowledged rival of Beecher. His church was crowded, and in 1870 a large amphitheatre, called the Brooklyn Tabernacle, capable of seating four thousand persons, was built. This building was destroyed by fire in 1872, and while it was being rebuilt in its present size and form, Talmage preached in the Academy of Music, to immense crowds. The great organ used in the Boston Coliseum, during the Musical Peace Jubilee, accompanies the singing at the Tabernacle, which is principally congregational, though a choir of four male singers give one or more voluntaries. The singing was led by Arbuckle, the celebrated cornetist, but he died in May, 1883, and was buried on the day of the opening of the Suspension

Bridge.

In 1879, Talmage visited Great Britain, and made a most successful lecture tour, receiving from five to six hundred dollars for each lecture, and netting about fifty thousand dollars for the tour. In this country he has not been so popular as a lecturer as Beecher. He is a tall, angular man, with dark hair, red whiskers, light complexion, large mouth and blue eyes. His pulpit is merely a platform, about thirty feet in length, built in front of the organ, between the pipes and the performer; and back and forth on this he paces while delivering his sermon, frequently making forcible gestures, which have caused him to be caricatured as a contortionist or gymnast. He is fluent in his style, with much originality of expression, yet with a certain drawl in the middle of his sentences, and snarl at their end, which renders his elocution not entirely pleasing. He carries his audience with him through the heights and depths of his oratory, now provoking to smiles, again affecting to tears.

Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., has been pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church since 1860. He was born at Aurora, New York, on January tenth, 1822, and preached in Market street church, in New York City, from 1853 to 1860. The church edifice where he now ministers is one of the most spacious and complete, in all its arrangements, in either New York or Brooklyn, having seats for two thousand people, while the Sabbath-school hall will accommodate one thousand.

Dr. Cuyler, during the thirty-seven years of his ministry, has

delivered five thousand three hundred and forty discourses, and a multitude of platform addresses. He has received four thousand and forty-one persons into church membership, of whom about one-half have been on confession of faith. He has published several volumes and over two thousand articles in the leading religious newspapers. The present membership of the Lafayette Avenue Church is nineteen hundred and twenty persons. His congregations are very large on every Sunday, and he is an untiring pastor, especially zealous for temperance. He preaches the old orthodox gospel, with no "modern improvements." His discourses are able and eloquent, while his chief aim in the pulpit is to reach the heart.

Justin D. Fulton, D.D., is still another eminent clergyman of Brooklyn. He was born in 1828, in Sherburne, Madison County, New York, and literally worked his way through college and to the ministry. He began his public life in St. Louis, where he was engaged as editor of the *Gospel Banner*. Preaching in the Tabernacle Baptist Church of that city, he delivered the first Free-state sermon ever heard in St. Louis. He also put his anti-slavery sentiments into his paper, and was shortly deposed from his position as editor because he would not believe slavery to be right and defend it. From St. Louis he went to Sandusky, Ohio, preaching there a short period; and from thence, in 1859, to Albany, New York, where he became pastor of the Tabernacle Church. In 1863 he received a call from the Tremont Temple Church of Boston, and labored with that church for ten years,

increasing its membership from fifty to one thousand. In 1873, he became pastor of the Hanson Place Church, of Brooklyn, leaving it, however, in 1875, to organize the Centennial Baptist Church, in the same city. His popularity as a preacher became so great that it was presently found necessary to seek a larger place of worship. Therefore, in 1879, the Rink was purchased, for much less than its original cost, and was consecrated as a People's Church. The Rink is an immense edifice, capable of seating nearly six thousand persons.

Dr. Fulton is an able writer, having published a number of volumes, the most prominent among which is "The Roman Catholic Element in America." In the old days of slavery he was a most able and eloquent anti-slavery advocate, and as such created strong prejudice against himself in certain quarters. He preached the funeral sermon of Colonel Ellsworth, in Tweddle Hall, Albany, in which he said that the war must go on until the musket should be put in the hands of the black man, and he was permitted to prove his manhood on the battle field. This drew down upon him the denunciation of the conservative press; but he was appointed Chaplain of Governor Morgan's staff, and served in hospital and camp. He is no less famous as an advocate of temperance, and devotes much of his energies to work in this field.

In person, Dr. Fulton is tall, stout, finely formed, with black whiskers and moustache, and a somewhat bald forehead. His manner in the pulpit is full of earnestness and impetuosity. He

sometimes overwhelms his audience with a whirlwind of words. He has strong magnetic and nervous power, while he impresses his listeners with his sincerity and candor. He makes frequent and expressive gestures, and combines in his oratory the carefulness of art with the fire of genius. In belief he is thoroughly orthodox, having no leanings toward the so-called "liberality" of many popular clergymen.

R. S. Storrs, D.D., is pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, at the corner of Remsen and Henry streets. He is one of the most noted clergymen of the city, and was selected to assist in the opening of the New York and Brooklyn Suspension Bridge, making one of the addresses of the occasion.

The Unitarian Church of the Saviour, at the corner of Pierrepont street and Monroe Place, is an elaborate Gothic edifice, as is also St. Ann's Episcopal Church, at the corner of Clinton and Livingston streets. The Roman Catholic Church of St. Charles Borromeo, in Sidney Place, is famous for its music. The Dutch Reformed Church, in Pierrepont street, is of brown stone, in the richest Corinthian style, and the interior elaborately finished.

The United States Navy Yard is one of the features of Brooklyn, and is the chief naval station of the country. It is on the south shore of Wallabout Bay, and contains forty-five acres. The yard is inclosed by a high brick wall, and contains numerous foundries, workshops and storehouses. Vessels of every kind used by the navy may be seen at almost any time at the yard, and

it has also a large and varied collection of trophies taken in war and relics of earlier times, which prove of interest to the visitor.

At the other extremity of Brooklyn, a mile below South Ferry, is the Atlantic Dock, which covers an area of forty-two and one-half acres, and deserves special attention. It is surrounded by piers of solid granite, upon which are spacious warehouses.

In the heart of the city, a little south of the Navy Yard, between Myrtle and DeKalb avenues, is Washington Park, or old Fort Greene. It is on an elevated plateau, contains thirty acres, and commands extensive views. Its name of Fort Greene dates back to the time of the Revolution, when it was the seat of extensive fortifications.

The special pride of Brooklyn is Prospect Park, one of the finest in America, where art and the landscape gardener have assisted rather than thwarted nature in her efforts to produce beauty. It is situated on an elevated ridge on the southeastern borders of the city, and from certain localities commands broad views of Brooklyn, New York, the inner and outer harbor, and the Jersey shore. It contains five hundred and fifty acres, which embrace broad, green lawns, grassy slopes, groves, wooded hills, beautiful with ferns and wild flowers, lakes and rocky dells. It contains eight miles of drives, four miles of bridle paths, and eleven miles of walks. At the main entrance, on Flatbush avenue, is a large, circular open place known as the Plaza, paved with stone and bordered by grassy mounds. A fountain of novel design furnishes the welcome sound of splashing, trickling water, and

not far distant from it is a bronze statue of President Lincoln. Within the Park, on an eminence overlooking the cottages and dell, is a monument, erected in 1877, to the memory of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home."

On Gowanus Heights, overlooking Gowanus Bay, in the southern portion of Brooklyn, is situated Greenwood Cemetery, one of the most beautiful "cities of the dead" in the world. It was laid out in 1842, and contains over five hundred acres. At least two hundred thousand interments have been made in it. It is a perfect wilderness of beauty. The surface of the ground is uneven, and hills and valleys, grassy slopes, beautiful little lakes with fountains playing in their midst, overshadowing trees, a profusion of brilliant flowers, and the white or gray gleam of a thousand monuments, varied and beautiful in design, all unite in forming an exquisite spot for the resting place of the dead, which is a fitting embodiment and expression of the loving remembrance in which they continue to be held by the living. Among the many elegant and expensive monuments which this cemetery contains, not one will attract more attention for its beauty and elaborateness than that erected to Charlotte Canda, a young French girl, whose fortune was expended in the marble pile above her grave. The main entrance to Greenwood, near Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third street, has a magnificent gateway in the pointed Gothic style, and opens upon a most enchanting landscape. On an elevation to the right of this entrance, within this cemetery, is obtained an extensive view of Brooklyn and the

bay. The cemetery contains nineteen miles of carriage roads, and seventeen miles of footpaths.

Four miles to the eastward of Greenwood are the cemeteries of the Evergreen and Cypress Hills, both beautiful spots, and the latter especially celebrated as containing the grave of a large number of soldiers of the late war.

Radiating from Brooklyn, in almost every direction, are routes leading to some of the most frequented pleasure resorts of the country. On the southern coast of Long Island, just east of the Narrows, is Coney Island, four and a half miles long, with a firm, gently-sloping beach. The island is divided into four distinct places of resort: Coney Island Point, or Morton's, at the west end, the oldest of the four; West Brighton Beach, or Cable's, where there is an iron pier one thousand feet long, extending out into the ocean, and an observatory three hundred feet high; Brighton Beach, connecting with West Brighton by a wide drive and promenade, known as the Concourse; and Manhattan Beach, the most fashionable resort on the island. At the latter place are two vast hotels, and an amphitheatre, with three thousand five hundred seats, upon the beach, for the accommodation of those who wish to watch the bathers.

Rockaway Beach is to the westward of Coney Island, and is about four miles long, with surf bathing on one side and still bathing on the other. A colossal tubular iron pier, twelve hundred feet long, extends out into the ocean, affording a landing for steamboats.

Staten Island, the western boundary of the Narrows, is a sort of earthly paradise, which separates the Lower Bay from the Upper. It is a beautiful island, having an area of nearly sixty square miles, and rising boldly from the waters of the bays. It commands extensive views over harbor and ocean, and is a favorite summer home or place of temporary resort.

Along the shores of the Sound are many places for summer rest and recreation. Glen Island, lying in the East River, is a famous and attractive picnicing spot for both New Yorkers and Brooklynites.

Brooklyn is a beautiful and an extensive city, a fitting suburb of the metropolis. The additional facilities for transit between the two cities afforded by the completion of the Suspension Bridge will tend to her material advantage, drawing thither a still larger class of people to make their homes in its quiet suburban streets and avenues, out of the noise and whirl of the great city. Her prosperity must keep pace with that of her elder sister, and so close is the bond of common interest between them, that whatever benefits one must benefit the other.

CHAPTER V.
BALTIMORE

Position of Baltimore. – Streets. – Cathedral and Churches. – Public Buildings. – Educational Institutions. – Art Collections. – Charitable Institutions. – Monuments. – Railway Tunnels. – Parks and Cemeteries. – Druid Hill Park. – Commerce and Manufactures. – Foundation of the City. – Early History. – Bonaparte-Patterson Marriage. – Storming of Baltimore in 1814. – Maryland at the Breaking-out of the Rebellion. – Assault on Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, in April, 1861. – Subsequent Events during the War. – Baltimore Proves Herself Loyal. – Re-union of Grand Army of the Republic in Baltimore, September, 1882. – Old Differences Forgotten and Fraternal Relations Established.

The first in commercial and manufacturing importance of all southern cities is Baltimore, situated on the north branch of the Patapsco River, fourteen miles from its entrance into the Chesapeake Bay, and one hundred and ninety-eight miles from the Atlantic. It embraces an area of nearly twelve square miles, about one-half of which is built up solidly with residences and business houses. The city is divided into East and West Baltimore, by Jones' Falls, a small stream running nearly north and south, and spanned by numerous bridges. The northwest

branch of the Patapsco also runs up into the heart of the city, forming a basin, into which small vessels can enter. The outer harbor, or main branch of the Patapsco, is accessible to the largest ships. The harbor is a safe and capacious one, capable of furnishing anchorage to a thousand vessels. At the point of the peninsula separating the two branches of the river is situated Fort McHenry, which defends the entrance, and which was unsuccessfully bombarded by the British fleet in the War of 1812.

The general appearance of the city is striking and picturesque. It is regularly laid out, the streets for the most part crossing one another at right angles, but there is sufficient diversity to prevent sameness. Thus while the main part of the city is laid out with streets running north and south, crossed by others running east and west, large sections show streets running diagonally to the points of the compass. The surface of the ground upon which the city is built is undulating, and its streets are moderately wide. Baltimore street, running east and west, is the main business thoroughfare, containing the principal retail stores and hotels. North Charles street is the most fashionable promenade, while Mount Vernon Place, and the vicinity of the Monument and Broadway are favorite resorts.

The city abounds in handsome edifices. A generation ago, the Catholic Cathedral, at the corner of Mulberry and Cathedral streets – a large granite edifice in the form of a cross, one hundred and ninety feet long, one hundred and seventy-seven

feet at the arms of the cross, and surmounted by a dome one hundred and twenty-seven feet high – was the especial pride and boast of Baltimoreans. At its west end are two tall towers with Saracenic cupolas, resembling the minarets of a Mohammedan mosque. It contains one of the largest organs in America, and two valuable paintings, "The Descent from the Cross," the gift of Louis XVI, and "St. Louis burying his officers and soldiers slain before Tunis," presented by Charles X, of France. Now other buildings are found equally as magnificent. The Roman Catholic churches of St. Alphonsus, at the corner of Saratoga and Park Streets, and of St. Vincent de Paul, in North Front Street, are fine in architectural design and interior decorations. The Unitarian Church, at the corner of North Charles and Franklin streets, is a handsome edifice, faced by a colonnade composed of four Tuscan columns and two pilasters, which form arcades, and containing five bronze entrance doors. Grace Church, Episcopal, at the corner of Monument and Park streets, and Emmanuel Church, also Episcopal, at the corner of Reed and Cathedral streets, are handsome gothic structures, the former of red and the latter of gray sandstone. Christ's and St. Peter's Episcopal churches, the one at the corner of St. Paul and Chase streets, and the other at the corner of Druid Hill avenue and Lanvale street, are both of marble. The Eutaw Place Baptist Church, at the corner of Eutaw and Dolphin streets, has a beautiful marble spire one hundred and eighty-six feet high. The First Presbyterian Church, at the corner of Park and Madison streets,

has a spire two hundred and sixty-eight feet high, with side towers, respectively seventy-eight and one hundred and twenty-eight feet in height, and is the most elaborate specimen of Lancet-Gothic architecture in the country. The Westminster, at the corner of Green and Fayette streets, contains the grave and monument of Edgar Allan Poe. Mount Vernon Church, which fronts Washington Monument, at the corner of Charles and Monument streets, and is in the most aristocratic residence quarter of Baltimore, is built of green serpentine stone, with buff Ohio and red Connecticut sandstone, and has eighteen polished columns of Aberdeen granite. The Hebrew Synagogue, in Lloyd street near Baltimore street, is a large and handsome edifice.

The City Hall, filling the entire square bounded by Holliday, Lexington, North and Fayette streets, built of marble, in the Renaissance style, was completed in 1875, and is one of the finest municipal edifices in the United States. It is four stories in height, with a French roof, and an iron dome two hundred and sixty feet high, with a balcony elevated two hundred and fifty feet above the sidewalk, from which a magnificent view of the city may be obtained. The Masonic Temple, in Charles street, near Saratoga, is a handsome building, completed in 1870, at a cost of $200,000. The Exchange, in Gay street, between Second and Lombard streets, is an extensive structure, surmounted by an immense dome, one hundred and fifteen feet high, and fifty-three feet in diameter, which overarches a spacious and brilliantly frescoed rotunda. Six Ionic columns, the shafts of which are

single blocks of Italian marble, form colonnades on the east and west sides. It contains the United States Custom House, Post Office, Merchants' Bank, and a fine, large reading-room. The Corn and Flour Exchange, the Rialto Building, Odd Fellows' Hall, Y. M. C. A. Building, are all modern and elegant structures. The Merchant's Shot Tower, which stands at the corner of Front and Fayette streets, is two hundred and sixteen feet high, and from sixty to twenty feet in diameter, and is one of the landmarks of the city. One million, one hundred thousand bricks were used in its construction.

Peabody Institute faces Washington monument, on the south, and was founded and endowed by George Peabody, the eminent American-born London banker, for the diffusion of knowledge among the people. It contains a free library of fifty-eight thousand volumes, a conservatory of music, lecture hall, and a Department of Art, which includes art collections and an art school. The Athenæum, at the corner of Saratoga and St. Paul streets, contains the Merchants' Library, with twenty-six thousand volumes, the Baltimore Library, with fifteen thousand volumes, and the collections of the Maryland Historical Society, comprising a library of ten thousand volumes, numerous historical relics, and fine pictures and statuary. The Johns Hopkins University, which was endowed with over three millions of dollars, by Johns Hopkins, a wealthy citizen of Baltimore, who died in 1873, has a temporary location at the corner of Howard street and Druid Hill avenue, but will probably be

permanently located at Clifton, two miles from the city on the Harford road. The Johns Hopkins Hospital, to be connected with the Medical Department of the Johns Hopkins University, and endowed with over two millions of dollars by the same generous testator, is in process of construction at the corner of Broadway and Monument street, and will be the finest building of its kind in America. The Maryland Institute is a vast structure at the corner of Baltimore and Harrison streets, and is designed for the promotion of the mechanical arts. The main hall is two hundred and fifty feet long, and in it is held an annual exhibition of the products of American mechanical industry. It contains a library of fourteen thousand volumes, a lecture room, and a school of design. The first floor is used as a market. The Academy of Science, in Mulberry street, opposite Cathedral street, has a fine museum of natural history, embracing a rich collection of birds and minerals, and including a complete representation of the flora and fauna of Maryland.

Not only is Baltimore noted for free educational institutions, but for her art collections as well. Annual exhibitions of American paintings are held in the Athenæum, and the Academy of Art and Science contains a fine collection of paintings, engravings and casts. The private art gallery of William T. Walters, of No. 65 Mount Vernon Place, is one of the finest in America.

There are numerous charitable institutions in the city, prominent among which are the Hospital for the Insane, in East

Monument street; Institution for the Instruction of the Blind, in North avenue near Charles street; State Insane Asylum, a massive pile of granite buildings, near Catonsville, six miles from the city; Bay View Asylum, an almshouse, on a commanding eminence near the outskirts of the city, on the Philadelphia road; Mount Hope Hospital, conducted by the Sisters of Charity, on North avenue, corner of Bolton street; Episcopal Church Home, in Broadway near Baltimore street; Sheppard Asylum for the Insane, founded by Moses Sheppard, a wealthy Quaker, situated on a commanding site near Towsontown, seven miles from the city, and Mount Hope Retreat for the insane and sick, four miles from the city, on the Reistertown road.

But her monuments are the special pride of Baltimore, and from them she derives her name of "The Monumental City." Chief among them is Washington Monument, whose construction was authorized by the Legislature in 1809, the land being donated for the purpose by Colonel John Eager Howard. The site is one hundred feet above tide-water, in Mount Vernon Place, at the intersection of Monument and Washington streets. It is a Doric shaft rising one hundred and seventy-six and one-half feet, from a base fifty feet square by thirty-five feet in height, and is surmounted by a colossal figure of Washington, fifteen feet high, the whole rising more than three hundred feet above the level of the river. It is built of brick, cased with white marble, and cost $200,000. From the balcony at the head of the shaft, reached by a winding stairs within, a most extensive view of the

city, harbor and surrounding country may be obtained. Battle Monument stands in Battle Square, at the intersection of Calvert and Fayette streets, and is commemorative of those who fell defending the city when it was attacked by the British in 1814. A square base, twenty feet high, with a pedestal ornamented at four corners by a sculptured griffin, has on each front an Egyptian door, on which are appropriate inscriptions and basso relievo decorations illustrating certain incidents in the battle. A fascial column eighteen feet in height rises above the base, surrounded by bands on which are inscribed the names of those who fell. The column is surmounted by a female figure in marble, emblematic of the city of Baltimore. The Poe Monument, raised in memory of Baltimore's poet, Edgar Allan Poe, stands in the churchyard of Westminster Presbyterian Church, at the corner of Green and Fayette streets. The Wildey Monument has a plain marble pediment and shaft, surmounted by a group representing Charity protecting orphans, and has been raised in honor of Thomas Wildey, the founder of the order of Odd Fellows in the United States. It is on Broadway near Baltimore street. The Wells and McComas Monument, at the corner of Gay and Monument streets, perpetuates the memory of two boys bearing those names, who shot General Ross, the British Commander, on September twelfth, 1814.

The railway tunnels, by which the railroads on the north side of the city are connected with tide water at Canton, are among the wonders of Baltimore. That of the Baltimore and Potomac

Road is second in length only to the Hoosac Tunnel, in America, it being 6969 feet long, while the Union tunnel is half the length. They were completed in 1873, at a cost of four million, five hundred thousand dollars. Previous to their construction, passengers and freight were transferred through the city by means of horses and mules attached to the cars.

Federal Hill is a commanding eminence on the south side of the river basin, and from it extensive views are obtained of the city and harbor. It was occupied by Union troops during the civil war, and now contains a United States Signal Station. It has been purchased by the city for a park. Greenmount Cemetery, in the northern part of the city, and Loudon Park Cemetery, both have imposing entrances and contain handsome monuments. Patterson Park, at the east end of Baltimore street, contains seventy acres handsomely laid out, and commanding extensive views.

The people of the present day can scarcely comprehend the grand scale on which landscape gardening was attempted a hundred or more years ago. The landed gentry, themselves or their fathers immigrants from England, considered a well-kept park, like those of the immense English estates, an essential to an American one. To this day may be seen traces of their efforts in this direction, in stately avenues of venerable trees, which the iconoclastic hand of modern progress has considerately spared. In some rare instances whole estates have remained untouched, and have become public property, and their beauties

thus perpetuated. Bonaventure Cemetery, near Savannah, is a notable instance of this, where a magnificently planned Southern plantation has been transferred from private to public hands, and its valuable trees remain, though the hand of art, in attempting to improve, has rather marred the majestic beauty of the place. Lemon Hill, the nucleus of Fairmount Park, in Philadelphia, was, in revolutionary times, the estate of Robert Morris, and though the landscape gardener has been almost ruthless in his improvements (?), he has been considerate enough to spare some of the century-old trees. To the same private enterprise, love of the picturesque and appreciation of beauty, Baltimore is indebted for Druid Hill Park, in the northern suburbs of the city. Colonel Nicholas Rogers, a soldier of the Revolution and a gentleman of taste and leisure, when the war was over, retired to his country residence, a little distance from Baltimore, then a city of some ten thousand inhabitants, and devoted the remainder of his life to improving and adorning its extensive grounds. He seemed a thorough master of landscape gardening, and all his plans were most carefully matured, so that the trees are most artistically grouped and alternated with lawns; dense masses of foliage are broken into by bays and avenues, and beautiful vistas secured in various directions. Also in the selection of his trees a careful consideration was had of their autumn foliage, so that fine contrasts of color should be produced at that season of the year. The result of all this care and labor was one of the most charming and enchanting private parks which the country

afforded. It contained an area of nearly five hundred acres.

When Colonel Rogers died, his son, Lloyd N. Rogers, who seemed to have inherited only in part the tastes of his father, devoted himself solely to the cultivation of fruit, doing nothing to add to or preserve the beauty of his domain, but, on the other hand, allowing it to fall into neglect and decay. However, the harm that he wrought was only negative, for he did nothing to mar it, and preserved, with jealous care, the grand old trees which his father had planted, and with unremitting vigilance warded off interlopers and depredators. The estate was secluded from the outside world by fringes of woodland, and though the city had gradually crept to within a quarter of a mile, few people knew anything of its beauties. When, therefore, the Commission appointed to select the site for a new park decided upon Druid Hill as the most available for that purpose, it was absolutely necessary to detail its advantages. Mr. Rogers reluctantly consented to accept one thousand dollars an acre for his estate, and it became city property. Subsequently, other small pieces of adjoining property were bought, and Druid Lake and grounds were finally added, and the people of Baltimore found themselves in the possession of a park embracing an area of six hundred and eighty acres, which needed not to be created, but only to be improved, to be one of the most beautiful in the country.

There has been but little attempt at architectural decoration. A costly and imposing gateway, a Moorish music stand, bright

with many colors, a boat-house crowning a little island in a miniature lake, a pretty bridge and a Moorish arch thrown across a ravine, a few handsome fountains, and, finally, the old mansion, renovated and enlarged, standing out against the densely-wooded hill from which the park takes its name – these are about all which have been attempted in that line. The surface of the Park is gently undulating, with occasional bold eminences from which fine views may be obtained of the city and surrounding country. Its special attractions are its secluded walks, well-kept drives and tree-arched bridle-paths, its smooth, velvety turf, and the venerable beauty of its trees, which are the oldest of those of any park in the country. Its glades and dells have been left as nature made them, having been spared the artificial touches of the landscape gardener; and its little trickling springs and cool, secluded brooks, have a sylvan, rustic beauty which is surpassingly delightful.

The future care and improvement of the Park are well provided for. About the time that it became a matter of public interest, the charter for the first line of street passenger railways was granted, and this charter stipulated that one-fifth of the gross receipts of the road, or one cent for each passenger carried, should be paid to the city, to constitute a Park Fund. This amount, small at first, but gradually increasing until it now amounts to more than a hundred thousand dollars annually, was devoted first to paying the interest on the Park bonds, and finally to the preservation and improvement of the Park. The Park

Commissioners, who receive no pay for their services, have most judiciously administered the fund entrusted to their care.

The foreign and coasting trade of Baltimore are both extensive. Two lines of steamships leave the port weekly for Europe, and she commands a large share of the trade of the West and Northwest. Her shipments to Europe are principally grain, tobacco, cotton, petroleum and provisions. The city contains rolling mills, iron works, nail factories, locomotive works, cotton factories and other industrial establishments, numbering more than two thousand in all. The rich copper ores of Lake Superior are chiefly worked here, and nearly four thousand tons of refined copper are produced annually. The smelting works in Canton, a southern suburb of the city, employ one thousand men. There are also extensive flouring mills, while oysters, fruit and vegetables, to the value of five million dollars, are canned annually. Five hundred thousand hides are also annually made into leather and sent to New England. Baltimore oysters are renowned as being among the best the Atlantic seaboard produces, and no one should think of visiting the city without testing them. The Chesapeake oyster beds are apparently exhaustless, and supply plants for beds all along the coast.

Although the first settlements in Maryland were made early in the seventeenth century, the present site of Baltimore was not chosen until 1729, and in 1745 the town was named Baltimore, in honor of Lord Baltimore, a Catholic, to whom the patent of the province of Maryland had been originally made out. In 1782

the first regular communication with Philadelphia, by means of a line of stage coaches, was established, and Baltimore was chartered as a city in 1787, having at that time a population of twenty thousand, which, by 1850, had increased to nearly two hundred thousand; and, according to the census of 1880, the population was 332,190 inhabitants. In 1780 the city became a port of entry, and in 1782 the first pavement was laid in Baltimore street.

In 1803 Baltimore became the scene of a romance which is even yet remembered with interest. Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest brother of Napoleon, born in Ajaccio, November fifteenth, 1784, found himself, in the year just mentioned, while cruising off the West Indies, on account of the war between France and England, compelled to take refuge in New York. Being introduced into the best society of that and neighboring cities, he made the acquaintance of Miss Elizabeth Patterson, daughter of a merchant of Baltimore. The manner of their introduction was peculiar. In a crowded saloon the button of young Bonaparte's coat caught in the dress of a young lady, and as it took a little time to disengage it, the future King of Westphalia had opportunity to see that the lady was young, surpassingly beautiful and charming. This interview, by some who knew the lady and who were acquainted with her ambition, thought to be not entirely accidental, resulted, on the twenty-seventh of December of the same year, in a marriage between the two, the bridegroom being but nineteen years of age. Being summoned

back to France by his Imperial brother, he was quickly followed by his young wife, who, however, was not permitted to land in France, and retired to England, where she shortly afterwards gave birth to a son, whom she named Jerome, after his father. Napoleon annulled the marriage, on the ground that it had been made contrary to French law, which stipulates that the consent of parents must be gained in order to legalize a marriage. Jerome was compelled, after he succeeded to the Westphalian crown, to marry Sophia Dorothea, daughter of King Frederick I, of Wurtemburg. Madame Patterson, as she was called to the day of her death, though she maintained her title to the name of Bonaparte, having an utter scorn for America and its democratic institutions, spent much of her life in Europe, where at first her beauty, and to the last her wit and charming manners, secured her admission to the most exclusive salons, and a sort of acknowledgment of her claims. She never saw her husband again, save on one occasion, when she came face to face with him in a European picture-gallery.

Madame Patterson's aristocratic prejudices were greatly shocked when her son married a most estimable American lady, the mother's ambition seeking for him an alliance among the royal or at least noble families of the Old World. During the reign of Napoleon III, the Pope recognized the first marriage of Jerome Bonaparte, and the Emperor, who had taken offence at his cousin, the son of Jerome by his princess wife, also legitimatized the son, and took him into his service. Madame

Patterson lived to be nearly a hundred years old, having spent her last days in her native city, and dying but a few years ago. Her son Jerome survived her not many years, leaving two sons, who are known as the Patterson-Bonapartes.

In December, 1814, Baltimore was made the object of attack by the British forces, then at war with the United States. On the eleventh of that month the fleet reached the mouth of the Patapsco, and on the next day six thousand men landed at North Point, and proceeded, under command of General Ross, toward the city. An army of over three thousand men met them and kept them in check, in order to gain time to put the forts and batteries of Baltimore in proper condition for defence. A battle was fought, and the Americans defeated, with considerable loss. Among the killed and wounded, which numbered one hundred and three, were many of the most prominent citizens of Baltimore. The next morning the British advanced to the entrenchments about two miles from the city, and at the same time a vigorous attack was made by the fleet, upon Fort McHenry, at the entrance of the harbor. The fort was vigorously bombarded during the next twenty-four hours, but without visible effect. The troops which had landed, after hovering at a respectful distance from the city, until the evening of the thirtieth, then retired to their shipping, and set sail down the river, leaving behind them their commander, General Ross, who had been killed in the battle of the twelfth. It was during the siege of Baltimore, while the British fleet lay off Fort McHenry,

and the bombs were raining upon it, that Philip Barton Key wrote the "Star Spangled Banner."

From 1814 to 1861, nearly half a century, Baltimore had nothing to do but develop her resources and extend her commerce, which she did so well and so thoroughly, that in 1860 her inhabitants numbered more than 212,000, and she stood in the front rank as a manufacturing and commercial town.

At the inauguration of President Lincoln, in 1861, the sentiments of the people assimilated rather with those of Virginia and the South, than with those of Pennsylvania and the North. Had it not, by its geographical position, been so completely in the power of the Federal government, Maryland would probably have seceded with Virginia. Great excitement was aroused by the attack on Fort Sumter, and the State was with difficulty made to retain her old position in the Union. The only line of railway from the north and east to Washington passed through Baltimore, and when, on the fifteenth of April, the President made his call for seventy-five thousand men, it was necessary that, in reaching the seat of war, they should pass through that city. Apprehensions were felt that they might be disturbed, but the Marshal of Police, on the eighteenth of April, maintained perfect order in the city, and summarily quieted all attempts at riot. He also received from the State Rights Association a most solemn pledge that the Federal troops should not be interfered with. The Mayor issued a proclamation invoking all good citizens to uphold and maintain the peace and good order of the city.

On the nineteenth, the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, the first to respond to the President's call, arrived, by the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad. A crowd of two or three thousand persons had gathered at the depot early in the day, to witness their arrival. Soon after eleven o'clock in the morning twenty-nine cars arrived from Philadelphia, filled with soldiers. Horses were attached to the cars, which were driven along Pratt street to the Camden station. The multitude hooted and yelled after the first six cars, but did not otherwise molest them. The horses becoming frightened by the uproar, were detached from the seventh car, which moved without their aid nearly to Gay street, where a body of laborers were removing the cobblestones from the bed of the street, in order to repair it. Some thirty or forty men had followed the car to this point, cheering for President Davis and the Southern Confederacy, and applying contemptuous and insulting epithets to the troops. The latter received these taunts in perfect silence; and when the horses were again attached, and the car commenced moving off, a proposition was made to stone it. Almost instantly, acting on the suggestion, nearly every window was smashed by projectiles snatched from the street. The eighth car was treated in a like manner. The ninth car was suffered to pass unmolested, as it was apparently empty. When the tenth car approached, after an ineffectual attempt to tear up the track, it was heaped with paving stones, and a cartload of sand dumped upon them, and four or five large anchors, dragged from the sidewalk, completed the barricade. Progress

was impossible, and the car returned to the President Street Depot.

Two-thirds of the cars still remained, filled with troops, besides others loaded with ammunition and baggage. Mayor Brown hastened to the depot, in order to prevent any disturbance. The troops were ordered to leave the cars and form into line. While forming they were surrounded by a dense mass of people, who impeded their march, threw great quantities of stones, and knocked down and severely injured two soldiers.

Marching through the city, from the President Street Depot to the Pratt Street Bridge, they were pursued by the excited crowd, who continued to throw stones, and even fired muskets at them. When they reached Gay street, where the track had been torn up, they were again violently assaulted by a fresh mob, and a number knocked down and wounded. At the corner of South and Pratt streets a man fired a pistol into the ranks of the military, when those in the rear ranks immediately wheeled and fired upon their assailants, wounding several. The guns of the wounded soldiers were seized, and fired upon the ranks, killing two soldiers. Reaching Calvert street, the troops succeeded in checking their pursuers by a rapid fire, and were not again seriously molested until they reached Howard street, where still another mob had assembled.

The police did their utmost to protect the troops from assault, but were pressed back by the excited crowd. The soldiers left the Camden station about half-past twelve o'clock, and a body

of infantry, about one hundred and fifty strong, from one of the Northern States, which had arrived meantime, next attracted the malevolence of the crowd. The excitement was now intense. A man displayed the flag of the Confederate States, and a general panic ensued. As many as twenty shots were fired, happily without injury to any one, and cobblestones fell like hail. At last the soldiers gained refuge in the cars. Other troops, by order of Governor Hicks, were sent back to the borders of the State, and the military was called out and quiet restored, by evening. Nine citizens of Baltimore had been killed, and many wounded; while twenty-five wounded Massachusetts troops were sent to the Washington Hospital, and their dead numbered two.

Thus Baltimore shares with Charleston the doubtful honor of being first in the great civil war which devastated the country and sent desolation to many thousand homes, both north and south. Charleston fired the first gun, and Baltimore shed the first blood.

During the succeeding night, a report reaching the city that more Northern troops were on their way southward, the bridge at Canton, the two bridges between Cockeysville and Ashland, also the bridges over Little Gunpowder and Bush rivers were destroyed, by order of the authorities of Baltimore. Upon a representation of the matter to President Lincoln, he ordered that "no more troops should be brought through Baltimore, if, in a military point of view, and without interruption or opposition, they can be marched around Baltimore." The transmission of mails, and removal of provisions from the city, were suspended,

by the order of the Mayor and Board of Police. Four car-loads of military stores and equipments, sufficient to furnish a thousand men, belonging to the Government, were thus detained. On the twenty-fourth of the month the city had the appearance of a military camp. Twenty-five thousand volunteers had enlisted, and four hundred picked men left the city for the Relay House, on the Baltimore and Ohio Road, for the purpose of seizing and protecting that point, in order to cut off communications with Washington by that route.

For a week an unparalleled excitement prevailed in Baltimore, which was succeeded by a counter-revolution, when the volunteer militia were dismissed, and a large number of troops landed at Fort McHenry and shipped for Washington, from Locust Point. On the fifth of May General Butler removed a portion of his troops to Baltimore, and they were permitted to enter and remain in the city without disturbance. As they proceeded on their way to Federal Hill, they were even greeted with cheers, while ladies at windows and doors waved their handkerchiefs and applauded. On the sixteenth of May the passenger trains between Baltimore and Washington resumed their regular trips. On the twenty-seventh of June, Marshal of Police Kane was arrested and escorted to Fort McHenry, on the charge of being at the head of an unlawful combination of men organized for resistance to the laws of the United States and the State of Maryland. On the first of July the Commissioners of Police were arrested, for having acted unlawfully. On the

sixteenth of July General Dix was put in command of the troops stationed at Baltimore, and the city thenceforth remained tranquil. At the fall elections a full vote was cast, which resulted in the Union candidates receiving a very large majority. At the meeting of the Legislature, it appropriated seven thousand dollars for the relief of the families of the Massachusetts troops killed and wounded at Baltimore on April nineteenth.

On June thirtieth, 1863, Major General Schenck, in command at Baltimore, put that city and Maryland under martial law. The value of merchandise exported that year from Baltimore was $8,054,112, and her imports during the same time were $4,098,189, showing that although on the borderland of strife, her commerce was in an exceedingly healthy condition. During July a number of her citizens were arrested, on a charge of being disloyal to the government. On the Fourth of July all citizens were required by the Commander to show their colors, from ten o'clock A.M. to six o'clock, P.M.; an absence of the national flag being considered tantamount to a confession of disloyalty. In 1864 the State adopted a new Constitution, which conferred freedom upon the slaves within her borders, and in November a Freedman's Bureau was established by Major General Wallace, having its headquarters at Baltimore.

The following year saw the close of the war, and Baltimore, which had not suffered like her sister cities at the South, her port being free from blockade, but had rather witnessed increased prosperity arising from the demands of the war, continued her

prosperous career. Although many violent disunionists had found their homes within the city, the popular sentiment had grown strongly in favor of the North, and Baltimore had come to see that she had little to lose and much to gain by the reestablishment of the Union.

The bitterness of the old war times has passed away, and, as if to emphasize this fact, the Grand Army of the Republic was invited to hold a reunion in Baltimore in September, 1882. Accepting the invitation, her citizens vied with each other in honoring the veterans of the war, and made their visit a regular ovation. Of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, who had passed through Baltimore on that fateful day in April, twenty-one years before, and who suffered from the fury of an ungoverned mob, only one member attended the reunion, Captain C. P. Lord, a resident of Vineland, New Jersey. He was lionized on every hand.

This Grand Army reunion had many pleasant and amusing features. Here men met each other again who had last parted on the battlefield or in a Southern prison. Here the dead seemed to come to life, and the lost were found. Many officers and soldiers of the Confederate army were also present, and it was as satisfactory as curious, as more than once happened during this occasion, to have two men meet and clasp hands in a cordial greeting, as one of them said to the other, "The last time we met I tried to put a bullet hole through you on a battlefield;" or, "I took you prisoner when I saw you last;" or, "This empty sleeve, or these crutches, I must thank you for."

The gathering was one which will long be remembered by Union and Confederate soldiers, and by the citizens of Baltimore as well. It was the inauguration of an era of good feeling between the North and the South. All personal and sectional enmity had died out, and this gathering joined those who had represented, on one side the North and on the other the South, in that great intestine struggle which is now so long past, and the terror of which, thank God, is being gradually obliterated by time from our memories, in new fraternal bonds, which are a good augury for the preservation of our Union. When soldiers who suffered so much at each other's hands, who were stirred by all the evil passions which war develops, and who bore the brunt of the conflict, offering all, if need be, as a sacrifice on the altar of the cause they had espoused, can so forget the past, and shaking hands over the chasm which divided them, look forward to a happy and concordant future, surely civilians should be willing to bury the hatred and prejudice which has so embittered the past, and live only for a common country, made of many parts whose interests are identical.

CHAPTER VI.
CHARLESTON

First Visit to Charleston. – Jail Yard. – Bombardment of the City. – Roper Hospital. – Charleston During the War. – Secession of South Carolina. – Attack and Surrender of Fort Sumter. – Blockade of the Harbor. – Great Fire of 1861. – Capitulation in 1865. – First Settlement of the City. – Battles of the Revolution. – Nullification Act. – John C. Calhoun. – Population of the City. – Commerce and Manufactures. – Charleston Harbor. – "American Venice." – Battery. – Streets, Public Buildings and Churches. – Scenery about Charleston. – Railways and Steamship Lines. – An Ancient Church. – Magnolia Cemetery. – Drives near the City. – Charleston Purified by Fire.

My first introduction to the city of Charleston can scarcely be said to have been under propitious circumstances. True, a retinue of troops conducted my companions and myself, with military pomp, to our quarters in the city. But these quarters, instead of being any one of its fine hotels, were none other than the Charleston Jail Yard, for the year was 1864, and we were prisoners of war.

After a varied experience of prison life at Richmond, Danville, Macon and Savannah, I had been sent, with a number

of others, to Charleston, South Carolina, to be placed under the fire of our batteries, which were then bombarding the city. We had received more humane treatment at Savannah than at any previous place of detention; therefore it was with a sinking of the heart that we found ourselves, when we arrived at our destination, thrown into the jail yard at Charleston, which was the grand receptacle of all Union prisoners in that city. The jail was a large octagonal building, four stories high, surmounted by a lofty tower. A workhouse and a gallows also occupied the yard. The jail building was for the accommodation of criminals, military prisoners, and Federal and Rebel deserters, all of whom at least had the advantage of shelter from sun and storm. The war prisoners were permitted the use of the yard only, which was in the most filthy condition conceivable, having been long used as a prison-pen, without receiving any cleaning or purification whatever. The only shelter afforded us were the remnants of a few tents, which had been cut to pieces, more or less, by former prisoners, to make themselves clothing.

This jail yard was in the southeastern portion of the city, and apparently directly under the fire of our batteries on Morris Island. But though the shells came screaming over our heads, and proved a subject of interest, discussion, and even mathematical calculation among the prisoners, who were thankful for anything which should take their minds, even momentarily, from the misery which they endured, so carefully were they aimed, not to do us mischief, that though they exploded all about us –

in front, behind, and on either side – not one of them fell within the prison enclosure. The scene at night was of peculiar beauty. These messengers of death presented the spectacle of magnificent fireworks, and every explosion sounded as the voice of a friend to us, assuring us that the great Northern army was still exerting itself to crush out the rebellion and open our prison doors and set us free.

Reaching Charleston and its jail yard September twelfth, 1864, on the twenty-ninth I was transferred to the Roper Hospital, having given my parole that I would not attempt to escape. The quarters here were so much more comfortable that it was almost like a transition from hell to heaven. Leaving behind me the filthiness of the jail yard, and my bed there on the chill, bare ground, where I had protection against neither heat nor cold, storm nor sunshine, to be permitted the freedom of the beautiful garden of the hospital, and to sleep even upon the hard floor of the piazza, were luxuries before unenjoyed in my experience of southern prisons. And here the Sisters of Charity, those angels among women, did what they could to alleviate the sufferings of the sick, and to add to the comfort of us all. Their ministrations were bestowed indiscriminately on Rebels and Federals, with a charity as broad and boundless as true religion.

On October fifth we were ordered to leave Charleston, and were sent, in the foulest of cattle cars, to Columbia, the Capital of the State. We left Charleston without a regret. It was the breeding place of the rankest treason, the cradle of the Rebellion, and the

scene of untold cruelties to Union prisoners. At the time of our brief visit to the city, it was undergoing all the horrors of an actual siege. About one-third of its territory had been destroyed by fire during the early part of the war, caused by shells thrown from the Union batteries on Morris Island. This portion of the city was deserted by all its inhabitants save the negroes, who, during every brief cessation in the bombardment, flocked in and took possession, rent free, to scatter as quickly when one or more of them had been killed by the sudden appearance and explosion of shells in this quarter. The balance of the city was forsaken by non-combatants, and the blockade had put an end to all her commerce. The quiet industries of peace had given place to all the turmoil of war. Her streets were filled with military, while the boom of the distant batteries, the whiz of the flying shells, and the noise of their explosion, were daily and familiar sounds.

During the four years of the war, Charleston was one of the chief points of Federal attack, though it remained in possession of the Confederate forces until the beginning of 1865. These were four terrible years to the city. Yet her sufferings she had brought upon herself. The first open and public movement in favor of the dissolution of the Union was made in that city. South Carolina was the first to call a State convention, and to secede from the Union. This convention was held at Columbia, the Capital of the State, but was adjourned to Charleston, where the Ordinance of Secession was unanimously passed on the twentieth of December, 1860. Fort Sumter, which was one of the

largest forts in Charleston, a massive fortress of solid masonry, standing on an island commanding the principal entrance, at the mouth of Charleston Harbor, was in command of Major Robert Anderson, with a garrison of eighty men. On the twenty-seventh of December he ran up the stars and stripes. Governor Pickens immediately demanded a surrender of the fort, which was promptly refused. Early on Friday morning, April twelfth, 1861, the initial gun of the terrible four years' war was fired by the Rebel forces from the howitzer battery on James Island, west of Sumter. Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan Island, on the northeast, the gun battery at Cumming's Point, the northwest extremity of Morris Island, and other batteries and fortifications which the Confederates had seized and appropriated to their own use, all followed in a deadly rain of shells upon Sumter. The firing was kept up for thirty-five hours, and Sumter made a vigorous defence, until the quarters were entirely burned, the main gates destroyed by fire, the supplies exhausted, and the magazine surrounded by flames, when Major Anderson accepted the terms of capitulation offered by General Beauregard.

Upon the surrender of the Fort, which was received as a good omen by the South, troops began to pour into the city, so that by the sixteenth of the same month as many as ten thousand had arrived. The blockade of the port was commenced on the tenth of May, and continued until the close of the war. In the latter part of 1861 an attempt was made by the Federal government to seal up the channel of the harbor with sunken ships, to prevent the

egress of privateers. On the twenty-first of December seventeen vessels were sunk, in three or four rows, across the channel. But this attempt at blockade proved a failure. The current washed some of them away, and many passages in a water front of six miles were left unobserved, and more vessels ran the blockade and reached the city, than at any other southern port.

On the tenth of December, 1861, a fire broke out in the city, which destroyed nearly all its public buildings, banks and insurance offices, and several churches, besides many dwellings, reducing thousands to homelessness and the extremity of want. The loss occasioned by this conflagration was estimated at ten millions of dollars.

In 1863, the women, children and other non-combatants were ordered out of the city, and free transportation, food and lodgings were furnished those unable to pay for them. Morris Island had been captured by the Federal Army, who used it as a point of attack against Sumter and the city. Its shells had wrought destruction in all parts of the city, especially in its lower portions. On February seventeenth, 1865, Charleston, which had withstood all attacks from the seaward, capitulated to the Union forces, Columbia having been captured by Sherman.

The history of Charleston goes back to earliest colonial times. In 1671 a few persons located themselves on Ashley River, at Old Charleston. But in 1680 this settlement was abandoned, and the foundations of the present city laid, several miles nearer the sea. The whole country, up to 1671, between the thirtieth and thirty-

sixth parallel of latitude, was called Carolina, having received the name in honor of Charles IX, of France. In that year the division was made between the Northern and Southern provinces. In 1685 the young settlement received a considerable influx of French Huguenot refugees.

During the early part of the eighteenth century the war of Queen Anne against France and Spain greatly disturbed the young colony; and a little later the Indians threatened its existence. All the inhabitants of the region took refuge at Charleston, which was vigorously defended.

In 1700, the same year that Kidd was captured and taken to England, no less then seven pirates were secured, and executed at Charleston. Subsequently others shared the same fate.

South Carolina was among the foremost of the American colonies to strike for independence. On the twenty-eighth of June, 1776, Charleston was attacked by the British, an attempt being made to destroy the military works on Sullivan's Island. But Colonel Moultrie, in honor of whom the fort was subsequently named, made a gallant defence and repulsed them. In 1779 they made a second attack upon the city, this time approaching it by land, but were again compelled to retreat. Sir Henry Clinton, with seven or eight thousand men, opened his batteries upon Charleston on the second of April, 1780. Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, was compelled to surrender on the fourteenth, and the city yielded on May eleventh. The British retained possession of the city until the close of the war.

Charleston took a prominent part in the passage of the nullification act by the State, which maintained that any one of the States might set aside or nullify any act of Congress which it deemed unconstitutional or oppressive. The occasion of this nullification act was the Tariff Laws of 1828, which were not considered favorable to the Southern States. A convention of the State declared them null and void, and made preparations to resist their execution. John C. Calhoun, who was at that time Vice-President under Andrew Jackson, resigned his office, became a leader in the nullification movement, and was the father of the doctrine of State Sovereignty, the legitimate outcome of the principles of which was the late attempt to dissolve the Union.

The population of Charleston in 1800 was 18,711; in 1850, 42,985 inhabitants; in 1860, 40,519; in 1870, 48,956; and in 1880, 50,000 inhabitants. It has not made so rapid a growth as other cities, even in the South, but is, nevertheless, a prosperous town, with large commercial, and since the war, large manufacturing interests. It is one of the chief shipping ports for cotton, and also exports rice, lumber, naval stores and fertilizers. Immense beds of marl were discovered in the vicinity of the city in 1868, and now the manufacture of fertilizers from marl and phosphate is one of its principal industries. There are also flour and rice mills, carriage and wagon factories and machine shops. The city is learning that the surest foundation stone for its future prosperity is its manufacturing interests; and, probably, the political battle of 1861, could it be fought over again to-day, in

that city, would find the nullifiers largely in the minority. The city which was so marred and blemished during its long state of siege, has been rebuilt, and all traces of the fratricidal conflict removed; and though Charleston would not be true to her traditions if she did not still cherish a strong Southern sentiment, the years which have passed since the cessation of hostilities have done much toward softening the asperities of feeling on both sides.

As a seaboard city, Charleston is most favorably situated. It has an excellent harbor, seven miles in length, with an average width of two miles, landlocked on all sides, except an entrance about a mile in width. This entrance is blocked by a bar, which, however, serves both as a bulwark and a breakwater. Of its two passages, its best gives twenty-two feet in depth at flood tide, and sixteen feet at ebb.

The harbor of Charleston is impregnable, as the Union troops learned to their cost during the late war. Standing directly in the channel are forts Ripley and Sumter. On a point extending out into the strait, between the two, is Fort Johnson. Directly in front of the city, one mile distant from it, is Castle Pinckney, covering the crest of a mud shoal, and facing the entrance. Sullivan's Island, a long, low, gray stretch of an island, dotted here and there by clumps of palmettoes, lies on the north of the entrance of the harbor, with Fort Moultrie on its extreme southern point, as a doorkeeper to the harbor. On the southern side is Morris Island, long, low and gray also, with tufts of pines instead of palmettoes, and with batteries at intervals along its whole sea

front, Fort Wagner standing near its northern end. Sullivan's Island, the scene of fierce conflict during the Revolution, and later, during the Rebellion, is to-day the Long Branch or Coney Island of South Carolina, containing many beautiful cottages and fine drives, and furnishing good sea bathing. The village occupies the point extending into the harbor.

As one approaches Charleston from the sea, the name which has been applied to it, of the "American Venice," seems not inappropriate. The shores are low, and the city seems to rise out of the water. It is built something after the manner of New York, on a long and narrow peninsula, formed by the Cooper and Ashley rivers, which unite in front of the city. It has, like New York, its Battery, occupying the extreme point of the peninsula, its outlook commanding the entire harbor, bristling with fortifications, so harmless in time of peace, so terrible in war. The Battery contains plots of thin clover, neatly fenced and shelled promenades, a long, solid stone quay, which forms the finest sea-walk in the United States, and has a background of the finest residences in the city, three storied, and faced with verandahs. The dwelling-houses throughout the city are mostly of brick or wood, and have large open grounds around them, ornamented with trees, shrubbery, vines and flowers. The city is laid out with tolerable regularity, the streets generally crossing each other at right angles. King street, running north and south, is the fashionable promenade, containing the leading retail stores. Meeting street, nearly parallel with King, contains the

jobbing and wholesale stores. Broad street, the banks, brokers' and insurance offices. Meeting street, below Broad, Rutledge street, and the west end of Wentworth street, contain fine private residences.

The City Hall, an imposing building, standing in an open square, the Court House, the Police Headquarters, and the venerable St. Michael's Church (Episcopal), all stand at the intersection of Broad and Meeting streets. St. Michael's was built in 1752, after designs by a pupil of Sir Christopher Wren. The view from the belfry is very fine, embracing the far stretch of sea and shore, the shipping, fortresses of the harbor, and near at hand buildings as ancient as the church itself. It is the church of the poem – a favorite with elocutionists – "How he saved St. Michael." Says the poem, in one of its stanzas, its spire rose

> "High over the lesser steeples, tipped with a golden ball
> That hung like a radiant planet caught in its earthward fall,
> First glimpse of home to the sailor who made the harbor round,
> And last slow fading vision, dear, to the outward bound."

Next in interest among the churches of Charleston is St. Philip's Episcopal Church, in Church street, near Queen. The building itself is not so venerable as St. Michael's, though its church establishment is older. The view from the steeple is fine; but its chief interest centres in the churchyard, where lie some of South Carolina's most illustrious dead. In one portion

of the churchyard is the tomb of John C. Calhoun, consisting of a plain granite slab, supported by brick walls, and bearing the simple inscription "Calhoun." The ruins of St. Finbar's Cathedral (Roman Catholic) stand at the corner of Broad and Friend streets. The building, which was one of the costliest edifices of Charleston, was destroyed by the great fire of 1861, and the walls, turrets and niches still standing are exceedingly picturesque. Other handsome church edifices abound. The old Huguenot Church, at the corner of Church and Queen streets has its walls lined with quaint and elegant mural entablatures.

The Post Office, at the foot of Broad street, is a venerable structure, dating back to the colonial period, the original material for its construction having being brought from England in 1761. It received considerable damage during the war, but has since been renovated.

The new United States Custom House, which, when completed, will be the finest edifice in the city, is of white marble, in very elegant Corinthian style, and is situated south of the market wharf, on Cooper River.

The old Orphan House of Charleston is one of the most famous institutions in the country. It stands in spacious grounds between Calhoun and Vanderbuist streets, and a statue of William Pitt, erected during the Revolution, stands in the centre of the grounds. John Charles Fremont, the conqueror of California, and once a candidate for the Presidency, and C.C. Memminger, Secretary of the Treasury of the Confederate

States, were both educated here. The Charleston Library, at the corner of Broad and Church streets, founded in 1748, and the College of Charleston, located in the square bounded by George, Green, College and St. Philip streets, and founded in 1788, are both spacious and commodious buildings.

One of the most characteristic sights of Charleston is to be seen between six and nine o'clock in the morning, in and about market Hall, in Meeting street, near the Bay. The Hall is a fine building in temple form, with a lofty portico in front, and a row of long, low sheds in the rear.

There is nothing picturesque in the country around about Charleston. On the contrary, it is low, flat and uninteresting. Looking across the Ashley River, which is more than a quarter of a mile wide here, there is on the opposite side a long, low line of nearly dead level, with occasional sparse pine forests, interspersed with fields of open sand. There are no palmettoes, but here and there are gigantic oaks, hung with pendants of gray Spanish moss, and occasional green spikes of the Spanish bayonet. The view across the Cooper is very similar. Large extents of country in the neighborhood of Charleston, especially that lying along the streams, and stretching for many miles inland, are low and swampy. The region is sparsely settled, and furnishes no thriving agricultural or manufacturing population, which, seeking a market or a port for its productions, and wanting supplies in return, helps to build up the city. Several railways connecting with the North, West and South centre here; and she

is also connected, by means of steamship lines, with the principal Atlantic seaports and some European ones. She is also the centre of a great lumber region, and annually exports many million feet of lumber.

There are few points of interest about the city. Besides Sullivan's Island, Mount Pleasant, on the northern shore of the harbor, so named, probably, because the land is sufficiently high to escape being a swamp, is a favorite picnic resort. The antiquarian will find interest in the old Church of St. James, about fifteen miles from Charleston, on Goose Creek. It is secluded in the very heart of the pine forest, entirely isolated from habitations, and is approached by a road scarcely more than a bridle-path. The church was built in 1711, and the royal arms of England, which are emblazoned over the pulpit, saved it from destruction during the Revolutionary War. On the walls and altars are tablets in memory of the early members of the organization, one dated 1711, and another 1717. The pews are square and high, the pulpit or reading desk exceedingly small, and the floor is of stone. On the other side of the road, a short distance from this church, is a farm known as The Oaks, approached by a magnificent avenue, a quarter of a mile in length, of those trees, believed to be nearly two hundred years old. They are exceedingly large, and form a continuous archway over the road, their branches festooned with long fringes of gray moss, which soften and conceal the ravages of age.

Magnolia Cemetery lies just outside the city, on its northern

boundary. It is beautified by live oaks and magnolias, and contains, among other fine monuments, those of Colonel William Washington, of Revolutionary fame, Hugh Legaré and Dr. Gilmore Simms, the novelist. The roads leading out of the city by the Cooper and Ashley rivers afford attractive drives. What the scenery lacks in grandeur and picturesqueness is made up in beauty by the abundance of lovely foliage, composed of pines, oaks, magnolias, myrtles and jasmines, exhibiting a tropical luxuriance.

On the twenty-seventh of April, 1838, Charleston was visited by a fire which proved exceedingly disastrous. Nearly one-half the city was swept by the flames, which raged for twenty-eight hours, and were finally averted only by the blowing up of buildings in their path. There were 1158 buildings destroyed, involving a loss of three millions of dollars. The most shocking feature of the catastrophe was that, in the carelessness of handling the gunpowder in blowing up these buildings, four of the most prominent citizens were killed, and several others injured. The fire of 1861 exceeded this in destructiveness, and to it were added the terrific effects of a four years' besiegement. So that it can be truly said that Charleston has been purified by fire. She is to-day fully recovered from the effects, and as prosperous as her geographical position will permit.

CHAPTER VII. CINCINNATI

Founding of Cincinnati. – Rapid Increase of Population. – Character of its Early Settlers. – Pro-slavery Sympathies. – During the Rebellion. – Description of the City. – Smoke and Soot. – Suburbs. – "Fifth Avenue" of Cincinnati. – Streets, Public Buildings, Private Art Galleries, Hotels, Churches and Educational Institutions. – "Over the Rhine." – Hebrew Population. – Liberal Religious Sentiment. – Commerce and Manufacturing Interests. – Stock Yards and Pork-packing Establishments. – Wine Making. – Covington and Newport Suspension Bridge. – High Water. – Spring Grove Cemetery.

Cincinnati, whether we consider what its past history has been, or whether we regard it as it is to-day, is probably the most matter-of-fact and prosaic of all our western cities. A generation ago it derived its chief importance from the pork-packing business, in which, though it once stood at the head, it is now completely distanced by Chicago. Its extensive factories and foundries give it material wealth, while its geographical situation guarantees its commercial importance. Unlike most of the towns and cities of this western world, no interesting historical associations cling around its site. The Indians seem to have been troublesome and treacherous here, as elsewhere; but

the records tell no stories of famous wars, terrible massacres, or hairbreadth escapes. In all the uninteresting accumulation of dry facts and statistics regarding the founding and subsequent growth of the city, there is just one exceptional romance.

In early times three settlements were made along the banks of the Ohio River, on what is now the southern boundary of the State of Ohio. The first was at Columbia, at the mouth of the Little Miami River, in November, 1788, on ten thousand acres, purchased by Major Benjamin Stites, from Judge Symmes. The second settlement was commenced but a month later, on the north bank of the Ohio River, opposite the mouth of the Licking River, Matthias Denman, of New Jersey, being the leading spirit in the new undertaking, he having purchased about eight hundred acres, also from Judge Symmes, for an equivalent of fifteen pence an acre. Judge Symmes himself directed the third settlement, which was founded in February, 1789, and gave it the name of North Bend, from the fact that it was the most northern bend of the Ohio River, below the mouth of the great Kanawha.

A spirit of rivalry existed between these three settlements, which lay but a few miles apart. Each one regarded itself as the future great city of the west. In the beginning, Columbia took the lead; but North Bend presently gained the advantage, as the troops detailed by General Harmer for the protection of the settlers in the Miami Valley landed there, through the influence of Judge Symmes. This detachment soon took its departure for

Louisville, and was succeeded by another, under Ensign Luce, who was at liberty to select the spot, for the erection of a substantial block-house, which seemed to him best calculated to afford protection to the Miami settlers. He put up temporary quarters at North Bend, sufficient for the security of his troops, and began to look for a suitable site on which to build the block-house. While he was leisurely pursuing this occupation, he was attracted by a pair of beautiful black eyes, whose owner was apparently not indifferent to his attentions. This woman was the wife of one of the settlers at the Bend, who, when he perceived the condition of affairs, thought best to remove her out of danger, and at once proceeded to take up his residence at Cincinnati. The gallant commander, still ostensibly engaged in locating his block-house, felt immediately impelled to go to Cincinnati, on a tour of inspection. He was forcibly struck by the superior advantages offered by that town, over all other points on the river, for a military station. In spite of remonstrance from the Judge, the troops were, accordingly, removed, and the erection of a block-house commenced at once. The settlers at the Bend, who at that time outnumbered those of the more favored place, finding their protection gone, gave up their land and followed the soldiers, and ere long the town was almost deserted. In the course of the ensuing summer, Major Doughty arrived at Cincinnati, with troops from Fort Harmer, and established Fort Washington, which was made the most important and extensive military station in the northwest territory. North Bend still continued its

existence as a town, and was finally honored by becoming the home of General Wm. H. Harrison, ninth President of the United States, and there still rest his mortal remains. Farms now occupy the place where Columbia once stood.

The unsettled condition of the frontier prevented Cincinnati from making a rapid growth in its early years. In 1800, twelve years after the first colonist landed on the shore of the Ohio opposite the Licking River, there were but 750 inhabitants. In 1814 the town was incorporated as a city. In 1820 its inhabitants numbered 9,602, and in 1830, 16,230. About this time the Miami Canal was built, running through the western portion of the State of Ohio, and connecting Cincinnati with Lake Erie at Toledo. This gave an impetus to trade, and during the next ten years the population increased nearly three hundred per cent., numbering in 1840, 46,382 inhabitants. In 1850 it had again more than doubled, amounting to 115,436. In 1860 the number was 161,044; in 1870, 216,239; while according to the United States census returns of 1880 the population in that year was 255,708.

The career of Cincinnati will not compare in brilliancy with that of Chicago. It has not displayed the same energy and activity. Outwardly, it has not made the most of its superior natural advantages, and intellectually, although it boasts some of the most readable and successful newspapers in the country, it has fallen behind other cities. Settled originally by emigrants from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, descendants of Germans,

Swedes and Danes, its inhabitants were plodders rather than pushers. They lacked the practical and mental activity of New Englanders and New Yorkers. By habits of industry and economy they were sure to accumulate wealth; but they cared little for outward display, and less for educational and intellectual advancement. The churches met better support than the schools, "book learning" being held in small estimation by this stolid yet thrifty race. They patterned their city after Philadelphia, the most magnificent city their eyes had ever beheld, and anything more splendid than which their imaginations were powerless to depict; called their streets Walnut, Spruce and Vine, and felt that they should be commended for having built them up with a view to substantiality rather than to display.

Yankee capital and enterprise, in the course of time, found their way to Cincinnati, to build up its factories and stimulate public improvements. But, on the line between freedom and slavery, its population largely southern by immigration or descent, and by sympathy, Cincinnati up to the time of the war was more a southern than a northern city. Her leading families were connected by marriage with Kentucky, Virginia and Maryland; many of her leading men had immigrated from those States; and her aristocracy scorned the northern element which had helped to build up the city, and repudiated all its tendencies.

Public sentiment had been, from its earliest history, intensely pro-slavery. In 1836 a mob broke into and destroyed the office

of the *Philanthropist*, an anti-slavery paper, published by James G. Birney, scattered the type, and threw the press into the river, having previously resolved that no "abolition paper" should be either "published or distributed" in the town. In 1841 the office of the same paper was again raided and destroyed, and a frenzied mob, numbering at one time as many as fifteen hundred men, engaged in a riot against the negro residents in the city, until, to secure their safety, it was found necessary to incarcerate the latter, to the number of 250 to 300, in the county jail. Houses were broken into and furniture destroyed, several persons killed, and twenty or thirty more or less seriously wounded. Yet at this very period, Salmon Portland Chase, the future statesman and financier, but then an obscure young lawyer, was living in Cincinnati, and was already planning the beginnings of that Liberty party which, after many vicissitudes, and under a different name, finally accomplished the abolition of slavery; and in this same city, but ten years later, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

When the war began, Cincinnati found itself in an anomalous position. Geographically it was on the side of the north, while to a large extent its social and business relations allied it with the south. Many of the leading families furnished adherents to the southern cause; but the masses of the people, notably the Germans, who had already become an important factor in its population, were stirred by the spirit of patriotism, and casting aside once for all their conservatism, they identified

themselves with the cause of the Union. Trade was greatly disturbed. The old profitable relations with the south were broken up for the time being, but Cincinnati did not find herself a loser. Army contractors made fortunes, and the business of supplying gunboats, military stores and provisions to the army gave employment to immense numbers, and stimulated all branches of trade. From this period Cincinnati dates her new life. Heretofore she had stagnated in all but a business sense. With the steady increase of her population came a new element. Southern supineness and Middle State stolidity were aroused and shaken out of themselves, when slavery no longer exerted its baleful influence over the country and the city. Fresh life was infused into her people, and the war marked the dawn of a new era for the city, an era in which public spirit took a prominent place.

The name, Cincinnati, was bestowed upon the city at its foundation, as tradition has it, by General St. Clair, who called it after the society of that name, of which himself and General Hamilton were both members. The county was subsequently named in honor of General Hamilton. The young town barely escaped the name of Losantiville, a word of original etymology, compounded by a pedantic schoolmaster, who, wishing to indicate the position of the future city as opposite the mouth of the Licking River, united *os*, mouth, *anti*, against or opposite to, and *ville*, as meaning city, prefacing the whole with L, the initial letter of Licking; hence "Losantiville." But the name, although accepted for several months, was not permanently adopted.

Cincinnati is nearly in the centre of the great valley of the Ohio, being only fifty-eight miles nearer Cairo, at its junction with the Mississippi, than to its head waters at Pittsburg. It occupies the half circle formed by an outward curve of the river, which bends continually in one direction or another. The plateau upon which the business part of the city is built is sixty feet above the low-water mark of the river. Back of this is a terrace some fifty feet higher yet, graded to an easy slope, the whole shut in by an amphitheatre of what appears to be hills, though when one mounts to their summits he finds himself on an undulating table-land, four or five hundred feet above the river, which extends backward into the country. The river flows through a wide and deep ravine, which the raging floods have, in the long ages since they began their course, cut for themselves, through an elevated region of country. In the remote west these ravines, chiseled through the solid rocks, are bordered by steep precipices; on the Ohio the yielding soil has been washed away in a gradual slope, leaving the graceful outlines of hills.

The city proper is occupied by stores, offices, public buildings, factories, foundries, and the dwelling houses of the poorer and middle classes, over all which hangs a pall of smoke, caused by the bituminous coal used as fuel in the city. Cleanliness in either person or in dress is almost an impossibility. Hands and faces become grimy, and clean collars and light-hued garments are perceptibly coated with a thin layer of soot. Clothes hung out in the weekly wash acquire a permanent yellow hue which

no bleaching can remove. The smoke of hundreds of factories, locomotives and steamboats arises and unites to form this dismal pall, which obscures the sunlight, and gives a sickly cast to the moonbeams.

But beyond the city, on the magnificent amphitheatre of hills which encircle it, are half a dozen beautiful suburbs, where the homes of Cincinnati's merchant princes and millionaires are found, as elegant as wealth combined with art can make them, surrounded by enchanting scenery, and commanding extensive views over the city and surrounding country. Cincinnati has no Fifth Avenue like New York, but it has its Mount Auburn, its Walnut Hills, its Price's Hill, its Clifton and its Avondale, which are as much superior to Fifth Avenue as the country is superior to the city, and as space is preferable to narrowness. As far as the eye can reach, on these billowed outlines of hills and valleys, elegant cottages, tasteful villas, and substantial mansions, surrounded by a paradise of grass, gardens, lawns, and tree-shaded roads, are clustered. Each little suburb has its own corporation, and its own municipal government, while even its mayor and aldermen may do daily business in the large city below it.

In the city itself Pearl street is noted for its wholesale trade, and for the uniform elegance of its buildings. Third street, between Main and Vine, contains the banking, brokering, and insurance offices. Fourth street is the fashionable promenade and business street. Freeman street, in the neighborhood of Lincoln

Park, is also a favorite promenade. Both the East and West Ends contain many fine residences. Along Front street, at the foot of Main, is the public landing, an open space one thousand feet long and four hundred and twenty-five feet wide. The city has a frontage of ten miles on the river, and extends back three miles.

The United States Government building, occupying the square bounded by Main and Walnut, and Fifth and Sixth streets, and accommodating the Custom House, Post Office, and United States Courts; the County Court House, in Main street, near Canal street; the City buildings occupying an entire square on Plum street, between Eighth and Ninth; the Chamber of Commerce, on Fourth street between Main and Walnut; and the Masonic Temple, at the corner of Third and Walnut streets, are among the most imposing buildings of the city. The Exposition buildings, in Elm street, fronting Washington Park, cover three and one-half acres of ground, and have seven acres of space for exhibiting. The Exhibition opens annually, during the first week in September, and closes the first week in October. The Springer Music Hall will seat 5,000 persons, and contains one of the largest organs in the world, having more pipes, but fewer speaking stops, than the famous Boston organ. Pike's Opera House, in Fourth street, between Vine and Walnut, is a very handsome building. Cincinnati is noted for its appreciation and encouragement of fine music. The Emery Arcade, said to be the largest in America, extends from Vine to Race street, between Fourth and Fifth. The roof is of glass, and in it are shops of

various kinds, and the Hotel Emery.

The late Henry Probasco, on Clifton Heights, and Joseph Longworth, on Walnut Hills, each had very fine private art galleries, to which visitors were courteously admitted, and the city itself occupies a high standard in art matters. The Tyler-Davidson fountain, in Fifth street, between Vine and Walnut, the gift of Mr. Probasco, exhibits a series of basins, one above another, the shaft ornamented by figures, and the whole surmounted by a gigantic female figure, from whose outstretched hands the water rains down in fine spray. The fountain was cast in Munich, and cost nearly $200,000.

The Burnet House has been, for more than a quarter of a century, the principal hotel in Cincinnati. The Grand Hotel is newer and more elegant. The Gibson House is large and centrally located. There are various opera houses, theatres, variety and concert halls, a gymnasium, a Floating Bath, and Zoölogical Gardens, with a collection of birds and animals, among the best in the country.

St. Peter's Cathedral (Roman Catholic), in Plum street, between Seventh and Eighth, is the finest religious edifice in the city. Its altar of Carrara marble was carved in Genoa, and its altar-piece, "St. Peter Delivered," by Murillo, a work of art of world-wide reputation. Many of the Protestant churches are elegant, and some of them actually magnificent. The Hebrew Synagogue on Plum street, opposite the Cathedral, and the Hebrew Temple, at the corner of Eighth and Mound streets, both

handsome edifices, one in Moorish and the other in Gothic style, have each of them brilliant interiors.

Among the educational institutions of Cincinnati are the University of Cincinnati, having in connection with it a School of Design and a Law School, St. Xavier's College (Jesuit); Wesleyan Female College; Seminary of Mount St. Mary's, a famous Roman Catholic College; Lane Theological Seminary, of which Dr. Lyman Beecher was once president, and where Henry Ward Beecher once studied theology for three years; several medical colleges, and scientific, classical and mechanical institutes.

A number of parks surround the city, furnishing fine pleasure grounds, and containing magnificent views of the river and its shores.

More than a third of the residents of Cincinnati are of German birth or descent. Besides being scattered all through the city, they also occupy a quarter exclusively their own, on the north of the Miami Canal, which they have named "the Rhine." "Over the Rhine," one seems to have left America entirely, and to have entered, as by magic, the Fatherland. The German tongue is the only one spoken, and all signs and placards are in German. There are German schools, churches and places of amusement. The beer gardens will especially recall Germany to the mind of the tourist. The Grand Arbeiter and Turner Halls are distinctive features of this quarter of the city, and specially worthy of a visit.

The Jews also constitute a proportion of the inhabitants,

respectable both as to numbers and character; and, what is worthy of remark, there is an unwonted harmony between Christians and Hebrews, so that an exchange of pulpits between them has been among the actual facts of the past. Dr. Max Lilienthal, one of the most eloquent and learned rabbis of the country, presides over one of the Jewish congregations, and has preached to Christian audiences; and Mr. Mayo, the Unitarian clergyman, has spoken by invitation in the synagogues. The Jews of the city are noted for their intelligence, public spirit and liberality, and are represented in the municipal government, and on the boards of public and charitable institutions. Quite as worthy of note is the fact that the Young Men's Christian Association of Cincinnati is not influenced by that spirit of narrow bigotry which in certain other cities of the Union excludes Unitarians from fellowship.

The venerable Archbishop Purcell, who for half a century had been at the head of the Roman Catholic Church in this diocese, was a man of genial manners, sincerely beloved by all. But the closing days of his life were sadly clouded by a gigantic financial failure, amounting to several millions of dollars, with which he was connected. As heavily as the blow has fallen upon many of his flock, the only blame they impute to the dead prelate is that of most faulty judgment and general incapacity in financial affairs. The most singular part of it all was that the difficulties should have remained so long undiscovered, until such an immense amount of property was involved.

Cincinnati's commerce is very extended, and so are her

manufacturing interests. Steamboats from all points on the Mississippi and the Ohio lay up at her levee, which extends five or six miles around the bank of the river in front of the city. The traveler may take his ticket for St. Paul, New Orleans, Pittsburg, high up the Red River, or any intervening point. The staple article of trade is pork, though she exports wine, flour, iron, machinery, whisky, paper and books. In addition to the water ways, a large number of railways, connecting the city with every section of the country, centres here.

The stock yards of Cincinnati are on an extended scale, though not equaling those of Chicago. The Union Railroad's Stock Yards, comprising fifty acres on Spring Grove avenue, have accommodations for 25,000 hogs, 10,000 sheep, and 5,000 cattle. In the pork packing establishments, thousands of hogs from the farms of Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, are slaughtered daily. In a single establishment fifty men will slaughter and dispose of 1,500 hogs a day. Each man has his own special line of work, the labor being divided among pen-men, knockers-down, stickers, scalders, bristle-snatchers, scrapers, shavers, hangers or "gamble-men," gutters, hose-boys, slide-boys, splitters, cutters with their attendants, weighers, cleavers, knife-men, ham-trimmers, shoulder-trimmers, packers, salters, weighers and branders, lard-men, bookkeepers, porters and laborers, of whom fifty will unitedly dispose of a hog once in every twenty seconds. The old saying is that it takes nine tailors to make a man, but it takes fifty men, belonging to all the

professions named above, to make one complete butcher. The work is accomplished so rapidly that the creature has no time to realize what has happened to him, before the different portions of his dissected body are slipping down wooden pipes, each to its appropriate apartment below, to be finally disposed of.

Nowhere east of the Rocky Mountains are grapes cultivated to such an extent, and such quantities of wine manufactured, as on the southern slopes of the hills which hem in the city of Cincinnati. This business is mostly engaged in by Germans, who make excellent wine, which has acquired a world-wide celebrity. But the grape-rot, which has especially affected the Catawbas, from which the best wine is produced, has of late years rather checked the industry. Some of the wine cellars of Cincinnati are famous, not only for the quantity of native wine which they contain, but for its quality as well.

Looking across the river, which at low water is, perhaps, a third of a mile wide, to the Kentucky side, one sees, on the right bank of the Licking River, the city of Covington, a mass of black factories and tall chimneys, from which dense smoke is always ascending, and spreading out over the valley. On the left or opposite bank of the Licking is Newport, the two towns connected by a suspension bridge. Covington is also connected with Cincinnati by a suspension bridge, 1,057 feet long from tower to tower, its entire length 2,252 feet, and elevated by two iron cables above the river, at low water, one hundred feet. Its weight is 600 tons, but it is estimated that it will sustain a weight

of 16,000 tons, and is one of the finest structures of its kind in the world. This bridge was nine years in construction, and cost nearly two millions of dollars. There are also two pier railroad bridges across the Ohio at Cincinnati.

Along the summit of the steep levee, close to the line of stores, there is a row of massive posts, three feet thick and twenty feet high, and forty or fifty feet above the usual low water mark. The stranger will be puzzled to imagine their use. But let him visit the city during the spring freshet, and he will speedily discover their purpose. The swelling of the river at that period brings the steamboats face to face with the warehouses on the levee, and they are secured to these huge posts by means of strong cables, to prevent them being swept down the stream by the mighty rush of waters. The usual difference between the high and low water mark of the Ohio River at Cincinnati is about forty feet, though a flood has been known to mark a much higher figure than that. When this occurs, which it does once or twice in a generation, the overflowing water carries desolation to all the lower parts of the city. The ground floors of houses are submerged, cellars filled, merchandise damaged or destroyed. People betake themselves to the upper stories, and make their way about the streets in boats.

The latest and most disastrous flood on record was that of 1883, when, on February fifteenth, the river indicated sixty-six feet and four inches above low water mark. Furious rain storms throughout the Ohio Valley had swollen all the streams to an unprecedented height, and caused terrible disaster to all

the towns and cities on the shores of the Ohio River. For seven miles along the water front of Cincinnati the water overflowed valuable property, reaching from two to eight blocks into the city, so that the great suspension bridge, entrance to which is from the top of the decline, could not be reached except in boats. A thousand firms were washed out. In Mill Creek Valley are the large manufacturing establishments, which employ over thirty thousand men, women, and children, and these were all cut off by water. Twelve wards in the city, and seven townships in the country, were more or less affected by the flood. The entire population of the flooded city districts is nearly 130,000, and one quarter of these, exclusive of business interests, were sufferers by the flood, their houses being either under water or totally destroyed. The waterworks were stopped, and the city was left in darkness by the submergence of the gasworks.

On Tuesday, February thirteenth, although the flood had not yet reached its height, the freight depot of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad was undermined by the bursting of a culvert under it, and fell into the surrounding water, carrying with it, to certain death, several people. More than twenty railroad tracks were submerged, some of them to a depth of twelve feet, so that nearly all communication was cut off. Policemen patrolled the streets in boats. The churches were thrown open to receive the homeless, and nearly every organization in the city, from the Chamber of Commerce to the ladies' sewing societies, entered upon the work of relieving the sufferers. Contributions poured

in most liberally from abroad, the Free Masons of Cleveland alone shipping twelve large boats, with a generous supply of stores. Before relief could come to them, many persons suffered severely, from both cold and hunger. They were rescued from their flooded homes by the aid of skiffs, some of them with barely enough clothing to conceal their nakedness.

It is estimated that eight square miles of Cincinnati were under water, five of which were in the Mill Creek Valley. Provisions became scarce, and commanded high prices. Newport, on the Kentucky shore, was in even a more deplorable condition than Cincinnati. Supplies became entirely exhausted, and on the night of the fourteenth, fifteen thousand people there were without fuel or provisions.

On the sixteenth of February the waters had begun to subside, and gradually regained their normal level, making more apparent, as the flood decreased, the ruin and desolation which had attended it. A vast deposit of mud was left upon the streets, many premises had been undermined by the sucking currents, malaria haunted the wet cellars, the destruction of merchandise was found to be very heavy indeed, while thousands of men were compelled to remain out of employment until the factories and mills could be put in working condition. The great flood of 1883 will long be remembered by the citizens of Cincinnati.

The breaking up of the ice in the river, in the spring, is also a time of great peril to property. There is usually more or less rise in the river at that period, with a swifter current, and the

floating blocks sometimes drag boats away from their moorings, and crush them to either partial or utter destruction. The Ohio River, known to the French as *La Belle Riviere*, so called because of its high and picturesque banks, is, like the Mississippi, a capricious stream, and neither life nor property is always safe upon its bosom or along its shores.

The pride of Cincinnati is Spring Grove Cemetery, five miles northwest of the city, which is one of the most beautiful in the West. It is in the valley of Mill Creek, and is approached by a handsome avenue, one hundred feet wide. It contains six hundred acres, well wooded, and so laid out as to present the appearance of a park. The boundaries of the lots are indicated by sunken stone posts at each corner, there being neither railing, fence, nor hedge within the cemetery, to define these lots. The graves are leveled off, even with the ground, and the monuments are remarkable, for their variety and good taste. The Dexter mausoleum, which represents a Gothic chapel, will attract special attention; while one of the principal objects in the cemetery is the bronze statue of a soldier, cast in Munich, and erected in 1864, to the memory of the Ohio volunteer soldiers who died during the War.

In spite of many changes for the better since the war, Cincinnati still retains her distinctive character. She has taken long strides in the direction of intellectual development, and has now numerous and extensive public libraries, of which any city might be proud. The theatres and other places of amusement,

which, not long since, were represented by shaky buildings, third-rate talent and a general dearth of attractions, and patronized more largely by the river men than by any other single class, have risen to take rank among the best in the country. But she is still a city noted for her wealth; for her solid business enterprises and scrupulous honesty, rather than for that spirit of speculation in which, in other cities, fortunes are quickly made, and even more quickly lost. Her prosperity has a solid foundation in her factories, her foundries, her mills and engine shops. A man, to be successful in Cincinnati, must know how to *make* and to *do*, as well as how to buy and sell. Men have risen from the humblest ranks by dint of industry and energy alone, while they were yet young, to be the masters of princely fortunes. Even a newspaper publisher in that city, a few years since, estimated his property at five millions of dollars, an instance which, probably, has not a parallel in the civilized world. Nicholas Longworth died worth twelve millions of dollars, and her living millionaires are to be counted by hundreds.

Cincinnati stands in the front rank of the manufacturing cities of America, and the secret of her financial success is that she has made what the people of Ohio and other States needed and were sure to buy. Receiving their products in return, and turning these to account, her merchants have made a double profit. As long as the Ohio River sweeps by the city's front, and as long as the smoke of her factories and her foundries ascends to heaven and obscures the fair face thereof, and corn, transformed into

pork, is sent away in such quantities to the Eastern cities and to Europe; so long as the cotton of the South, the hay of the blue grass region, and the grain of the North and West, find a market on her shores, her prosperity is secure; and the Queen City of the West, as she proudly styles herself, will go on increasing in population and in prosperity.

CHAPTER VIII.
CLEVELAND

The "Western Reserve." – Character of Early Settlers. – Fairport. – Richmond. – Early History of Cleveland. – Indians. – Opening of Ohio and Portsmouth Canal. – Commerce in 1845. – Cleveland in 1850 – First Railroad. – Manufacturing Interests. – Cuyahoga "Flats" at Night. – The "Forest City." – Streets and Avenues. – Monumental Park. – Public Buildings and Churches. – Union Depot. – Water Rents. – Educational Institutions. – Rocky River. – Approach to the City. – Freshet of 1883. – Funeral of President Garfield. – Lake Side Cemetery. – Site of the Garfield Monument.

In early colonial times, out of utter ignorance of the boundless territory extending westward, the first American Colonies were chartered by the Kings of England with permission to extend westward indefinitely. After the close of the Revolutionary War, while negotiations were in progress in regard to the final treaty of peace with the United States, which was ultimately signed at Paris on November thirtieth, 1782, Mr. Oswald, the British Commissioner, proposed the Ohio River as the western boundary of the young nation, and had it not been for the firmness and persistence of John Adams, one of the American Commissioners, who insisted upon the right of the United

Colonies to the territory as far westward as the Mississippi, it is probable that the rich section of country between these two rivers would still have formed a portion of the British dominions, or have been the source of subsequent contention and expense. When the Colonies had become independent States, many of them claimed the right of soil and jurisdiction over large portions of western unappropriated land originally embraced in their charters. Congress urged upon these States to cede these lands to the general government, for the benefit of all. They all yielded to this request, except Connecticut, who retained a small tract of land in the northeastern portion of the present State of Ohio, which was subsequently divided up five counties in length along the lake, with an average width of two counties. The lower boundary of this tract of land was 40° 22´ north latitude, and it extended from the Pennsylvania line on the east, one hundred and twenty miles westward, to a line running north and south, a little west of the present location of Sandusky City. This tract of land was called the "Western Reserve of Connecticut."

In 1801 Connecticut ceded all her jurisdictional claims over the territory, but it continues to be known, to this day, as the "Connecticut Reserve," the "Western Reserve," or simply as the "Reserve." This "Western Reserve" is like a little piece of New England in a mosaic, representing many sections and many peoples. It is a peculiarity of the Anglo-Saxon race, that in emigrating it usually moves along parallels of latitude, and rarely diverges much either northward or southward. We

find to the eastward of Ohio, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware and Virginia, and all of these States have contributed to her population. Thus, below the Reserve, the people are largely from Pennsylvania; still further south, from Maryland and Virginia; and the lower section of the State is allied more by kindred and sympathy with the South than with the North. But on the Western Reserve, the cosmopolitan character of the inhabitants is at once lost. It is New England in descent and ideas. The little white meeting house, and the little red school house not far off, both as bare and homely as a stern Puritan race could conceive of, were everywhere met in the early days of its settlement, after the log cabin epoch had passed away. Massachusetts, Connecticut and Vermont furnished the principal immigrants, and they built their neat and thrifty little New England towns over again, and maintained their New England sturdiness and simplicity.

The inhabitants of the Reserve have been, and are still, noted for their thrift, their intelligence and their superior culture. That section has furnished many distinguished public men, and one President, to the country. It was, in the old slavery days, spoken of contemptuously as "the hotbed of abolitionism," and gave both Giddings and Wade to fight the battle against Southern dominion in the United States Congress. Here Garfield was born, and here he is buried. Howells, the novelist, was a native of the Reserve, and passed his life until early manhood in its northeasternmost county.

The northern shores of the Reserve are washed by Lake Erie, one of the shallowest, most treacherous and least picturesque of the chain of lakes which form our northern boundary. It embraces the "Great Divide" between the north and the south, its waters flowing to the sea by both the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. Summit and Portage counties, by their names, indicate the locality of this Divide.

Very early in the present century, the sturdy New England pioneers, looking for a suitable harbor upon the lake, discovered the mouth of Grand River, about thirty-five miles northeast of the Cuyahoga River; and in 1803, two miles up this river, the first warehouse on the lake was built.

In 1812 the town of Fairport, at the mouth of this river, was laid out, and was destined by its founders to be the future great lake city of Ohio. It had one of the best harbors on the lake, if not the best, well defended from storms, and easy of access, so that vessels entered it without difficulty when they could not make other ports. The water was deep enough for any large craft, and in the course of time the government expended a considerable sum of money in improving the harbor. A line of boats was speedily established between Fairport and Buffalo, which in those railroadless days were liberally patronized. Nearly all the lake steamers bound for other ports stopped there, and its business constantly increased. A lighthouse was built, and its future prosperity seemed assured.

During the great period of land speculation, between 1830

and 1840, the town of Richmond was laid out on the opposite bank of the Grand River, by wealthy eastern capitalists, who established their homes there, and transported to the infant city the wealth, magnificence and luxurious social customs of the east. During their brief reign, they gave entertainments such as were not equaled in that section of the country for many long years afterwards. A large village was built and a steamboat was owned there.

Meantime, a little town had been growing up on the banks of the Cuyahoga. The first permanent settlement had been made as early as 1796, and named Cleveland, in honor of General Moses Cleveland, of Canterbury, Connecticut. At that period the nearest white settlement was Conneaut, on the east, and another at the mouth of the River Raisin, to the west. Immigration at that period did not march steadily westward, each new settlement being in close proximity to an older one, but it took sudden jumps over wide extents of territory, so that for many years isolated families or small neighborhoods were far apart. Each little settlement had to be sufficient unto itself, since, to reach any other involved a long, difficult and often dangerous journey. Up to nearly 1800 each house in Cleveland had its own hand grist-mill standing in the chimney-corner, in which the flour or meal for the family consumption was slowly and laboriously ground each day. In the spring of 1799 Wheeler W. Williams and Major Wyatt erected the first grist and saw mill on the Reserve, at Newburg, a few miles above the mouth of the Cuyahoga.

The first ball ever given in Cleveland was on the Fourth of July, 1801, in a log cabin, the company numbering thirty, of both sexes. The first militia muster was held at Doane's Corners, on the sixteenth of June, 1806. The spot is now incorporated in the city of Cleveland. Never before had been so many whites collected together in this region as on this occasion, which was one of general excitement. The militia consisted of about fifty privates, with the usual complement of officers, but a surveying party and a number of strangers were present and added to the spectators.

In the beginning of the century the Indians were in the habit of meeting every autumn, at Cleveland, piling their canoes up at the mouth of the Cuyahoga, and scattering into the interior of the country, which constituted their great winter hunting ground. In the spring they returned, disposed of their furs, and entering their canoes, departed up the lake for their villages, in the region of Sandusky and Maumee, where they raised their crops of corn and potatoes. Many local names are of Indian origin; Cuyahoga means "crooked river." Geauga, the name of an adjoining county, signifies "raccoon." Their encampment on going and returning was usually on the west bank of the river, and in their drinking bouts, in which they occasionally indulged, they were sometimes quarrelsome and dangerous, but do not seem, on the whole, to have given the settlers much trouble. On the twenty-sixth of June, 1812, an Indian named McMic was hanged for murder, on the public square of Cleveland. There were fears that the

Indians would rally to his rescue, and a large number of citizens from Cuyahoga and adjoining counties, armed themselves and attended the execution, prepared for any outbreak. The Indians remained peaceable, but the prisoner, at the last moment, refused to ascend the scaffold. Finally, his scruples were overcome by a pint of whisky, which he swallowed with satisfaction before yielding to the inevitable.

In 1813 Cleveland became a depot for supplies and troops during the war, and a permanent garrison was established here, a small stockade having been erected on the lake bank, at the foot of Ontario street. The return of peace was celebrated in true American style. The cannon which was fired in honor of the occasion was supplied with powder by one Uncle Abram, who carried an open pail of the explosive material on his arm. Another citizen bore a lighted stick with which to touch off the gun. In the excitement, the latter swung his stick in the air; a spark fell into Uncle Abram's powder, and that worthy, whether from astonishment or some other cause, suddenly sprang twenty feet into the air, his ascent being accompanied by a deafening report. When he came down again, his clothing was singed off, and he vociferously protested that he was dead. But the multitude refused to take his word for it, and it was not a great while before he had completely recovered from the accident.

The Ohio Canal, which connects Lake Erie at this point with the Ohio River at Portsmouth, was completed in 1834, and from that date her prosperity seems to have been established.

She was incorporated a city in 1836. About this time the great western land bubble burst, and with it the hopes of Fairport and Richmond. The latter city speedily disappeared from the face of the earth, and its name from the map. Its houses were taken up bodily and removed to adjacent towns. Boats still continued to stop at Fairport, but they began to stop more frequently at Cleveland, and while the business of the former point was at a standstill, that of the latter continued to increase. In 1840 its population was over 6,000, and its supremacy fairly established. In 1850 Fairport was still a little hamlet, the boats passing her far out in the lake without giving her so much as a nod of recognition; while the wharves of Cleveland were lined with shipping, and her population did not fall far short of 20,000.

Besides the Cleveland and Portsmouth Canal, which opened up a line of traffic with the south and southwest, communication was also had with the East, by means of canal to Pittsburg and to New York, and the lakes were a highway, not only to the East but to the North and West. Cleveland became the great mart of the grain-growing country. Its harbor was extended and improved by the erection of piers each side of the mouth of the river, two hundred feet apart, and extending out several hundred feet into the lake, furnishing effective break-waters, and ample room for the loading and unloading of vessels. A lighthouse was erected at the end of each pier, and one already stood upon the cliff.

In 1845 the number of vessels which arrived by lake was 2,136; and of these 927 were steamers. The tonnage then owned

at that port amounted to 13,493, and the number of vessels of all kinds eighty-five. The total value of exports and imports by the lake for that year was over $9,000,000. Cleveland occupied a small region on the cliff at the mouth of the Cuyahoga. Ontario street was filled with boarding-houses and private residences. Euclid avenue and Prospect street extended for a few squares, and were then lost in the country. The flats through which the river wound its devious way were occupied as pastures for the cows of persons living in the heart of the city. The business portion of the town was contained, for the most part, in the two squares on Superior street, west of Ontario. Ohio City was a separate corporation, a straggling, dilapidated town, looking like a country village, on the western bank of the Cuyahoga, connected with Cleveland by means of drawbridges.

In the fall of 1852 the first whistle of the locomotive was heard down by the river side, in the city of Cleveland. It started the city into new life, and woke all the farmers within the sound of its hoarse screech into renewed energy. That fall and winter there was a butter famine in all that region. The market being opened to New York, butter went suddenly up from eight and ten cents a pound, to twelve, sixteen, and then to twenty cents. Buyers could afford to pay no such fancy price for an article which might be dispensed with; and producers were equally unwilling to put upon their own tables anything which would yield them such a handsome profit on selling. And so many families, not only of mechanics, but of farmers as well, went without butter that

winter; the latter happy in receiving, first twenty, then twenty-two, and finally twenty-five cents per pound for the products of their dairies.

This first railroad gave the city a fresh start, and presently others found their terminus here. Population and business have both steadily increased since then, until in 1880 the former was 160,142, and its commerce immense, especially with Canada and the mining regions of Lake Superior. Since 1860 the city has rapidly developed in the direction of manufacturing industries. The headquarters of the giant monopoly, known as the Standard Oil Company, Cleveland is the first city of the world in the production of refined petroleum. The old pasture grounds of the cows of 1850 are now completely occupied by oil refineries and manufacturing establishments; and the river, which but a generation ago flowed peaceful and placid through green fields, is now almost choked with barges, tugs and immense rafts. Looking down upon the Cuyahoga Flats, from the heights of what was once Ohio City, but is now known as the West Side of Cleveland itself, the view, though far from beautiful, is a very interesting one. There are copper smelting, iron rolling, and iron manufacturing works, lumber yards, paper mills, breweries, flour mills, nail works, pork-packing establishments, and the multitudinous industries of a great manufacturing city, which depends upon these industries largely for its prosperity. The scene at night, from this same elevated position, is picturesque in the extreme. The whole valley shows a black background, lit

up with a thousand points of light from factories, foundries and steamboats, which are multiplied into two thousand as they are reflected in the waters of the Cuyahoga, which looks like a silver ribbon flowing through the blackness.

Cleveland is acknowledged to be the most beautiful city of the many which are found upon the shores of the great lakes. It stands on a high bluff overlooking Lake Erie. It is laid out, for the most part, with parallel streets, crossed by others at right angles; and even in the heart of the city nearly every house has its little side and front yard filled with shrubbery and shaded by trees, a large majority of the latter being elms. The great number of these trees fairly entitle Cleveland to be known as the "Forest City." The streets are very wide, and the principal ones are paved.

The main business thoroughfare and fashionable promenade is Superior street, which is one hundred and thirty-two feet wide, and lined with handsome hotels and retail stores. From the foot of this street, and on a level with it, was completed, in 1878, a great stone viaduct, connecting the East Side with the West Side, reaching the latter at the junction of Pearl and Detroit streets. This roadway is 3,211 feet long, and cost $2,200,000. Some years before a bridge had been constructed in the same locality, at a sufficient elevation to permit the passage under it of various craft; but even at this height there was quite a descent to reach it, and an equal ascent on leaving it on the other side. The drawbridge near the mouth of the river was totally inadequate to meet the needs of business, and was often open for long periods

of time while vessels were passing through.

Ontario, Bank, Water, Mervin and River streets and Euclid avenue are other important business streets on the East Side. Detroit, Pearl and Lorain are the principal thoroughfares on the West Side.

Monument Park is a square ten acres in extent, in the centre of the city, crossed by Superior and Ontario streets. It is divided by these streets into four sections and is shaded by fine trees. In the southeast section stands a monument to Commodore Perry, the hero of the battle of Lake Erie, erected in 1860, at a cost of $8,000. It contains a colossal statue of the Commodore, in Italian marble, standing on a pedestal of Rhode Island granite, the entire monument being about twenty feet in height. In front of the pedestal is a marble medallion, representing Perry in a small boat passing from the Lawrence to the Niagara, in the heat of battle. In the southwest corner of the Park is a pool and cascade, and in the northwest a handsome fountain. In this park was erected the large catafalque under which the casket containing the remains of the late President Garfield was laid in state until and during the grand public funeral, after which it was taken to the cemetery. This park is surrounded by very handsome churches and public buildings, among which latter are the Custom House, Post Office, Federal Courts, County Court House and City Hall, all magnificent edifices. Case Hall, near the park, contains a concert hall capable of seating fifteen hundred persons, a library, reading room, and the rooms of the Cleveland

Library Association. The Opera House, a new and handsome building, is on Euclid avenue. There are, besides, an Academy of Music and the Globe Theatre and several minor theatres.

The business portion of Euclid avenue extends from the Park to Erie street, beyond which it is lined with handsome residences, elegant cottages and superb villas, the grounds around each being more and more extensive as it approaches the country. It is one of the finest avenues in the world, and is not less than ten miles in length, embracing during its course several suburbs which a generation since were remote from the city, and are now considerably surprised to find themselves brought so near it. Euclid avenue crosses the other streets diagonally, and was evidently one of the original roads leading into the city before it attained its present dimensions. The majority of the streets are parallel with the lake front, which pursues a course from the northeast to the southwest. But Euclid avenue runs directly eastward for about three miles, to Doane's Corners, one of the historic spots in the neighborhood of Cleveland, and then turns to the northeast, following nearly parallel to the course of the lake. Prospect street runs parallel to Euclid avenue, and is only second to it in the beauty and elegance of its residences. St. Clair street is also a favorite suburban avenue, extending parallel to the lake, a little distance from it, far out into the country, and containing many handsome residences.

Newburg, once three miles from the city, and the site of the first saw and grist mill on the Reserve, is now included as a

suburb of Cleveland, and contains extensive iron manufactories.

The Union Depot, erected in 1866, is one of the finest and largest in the country. It is built on the shore of the lake, below the bluff, and near the mouth of the Cuyahoga. Streets more or less steeply graded furnish access to it for carriages and vehicles of all descriptions, while a long flight of massive stone steps conduct the pedestrian directly to the summit of the cliff, where horse-cars, leading by various routes to all quarters of the city, are waiting for him. All the railroads leading out of the city centre here. In the keystone over the main entrance of the depot is a bas relief portrait of Mr. Amasa Stone, under whose supervision it was built. Similar portraits of Grant and Lincoln are found upon keystones at either end of the building.

The waterworks stand near the lake, west of the river, and by means of a tunnel extending some six thousand feet out under the lake, pure water, forced by two powerful engines into a large reservoir upon the cliff, is supplied to the entire city. This reservoir is a popular resort for pleasure seekers, and furnishes a fine view of the city, lake and surrounding country.

Cleveland enjoys superior educational facilities. Her schools are not excelled by any in the country, and she has, besides, several large libraries. The Western Reserve College, until recently located at Hudson, a small village about twenty miles to the southeast, has been, within the last few years, removed to this city. The Medical College, a branch of the Western Reserve College, founded in 1843, occupies an imposing building at the

corner of Erie and St. Clair streets. Near this college, on the shore of the lake, stands the extensive United States Marine Hospital, surrounded by grounds nine acres in extent, beautifully laid out and well kept.

There are a number of parks and gardens in the suburbs of Cleveland, one of the most extensive having been a donation to the city by Mr. Wade, one of her millionaires. The favorite drive, however, next to the avenue, is across the Cuyahoga and seven miles westward to Rocky River, which flows into the lake through a narrow gorge between perpendicular cliffs which project themselves boldly into the lake. Here a park has been laid out, and all that art can do has been done to add to the natural beauties of the place. From this point a distant view of the city may be obtained, its spires pointing to the sky out of a billow of green. To the west is Black River Point, with its rocky promontories, and on the north stretches out an unbroken expanse of water, with here and there the long black trail of a steamer floating in the air, its wake like a white line upon the water; or white specks of sails dotting the horizon. The coast between Cleveland and Rocky River is high and precipitous, the emerging streams rushing into the lake by means of rapids and waterfalls. On this inhospitable coast, which affords no landing for even a small boat, more than one frail bark came to grief in the early days of the white man's possession of the land, and nearly all its living freight found a watery grave. In 1806 a man by the name of Hunter, his wife and child, a colored man named

Ben, and a small colored boy, were driven by a squall upon these rocks. They climbed up as far as possible, the surge constantly beating over them, and finally they died, one after the other, from exposure and hunger, and after five days only the man Ben was rescued alive. A similar occurrence transpired the following spring. Of the eighteen deaths which took place at Cleveland during the first twelve years after its settlement, eleven were caused by drowning.

Twenty or thirty years ago nothing more desolate or devoid of beauty can be imagined than was the lake and river approach to Cleveland. The cars ran along the foot of the cliff, while the space between the tracks and the table land upon which the city is built was given up to rubbish and neglect. Little huts, the size of organ boxes, were perched here and there, swarming with dirty, half-clad children and untidy women, and festooned with clothes-lines, from which dangled a motley array of garments. Blackness, dirt and decay were visible everywhere; and the vestibule of the most beautiful city in America presented to the visitor the opposite extreme of repulsiveness. But now all this is changed; one enters the Forest City through a continuous park. Coming from the east, the waves of the beautiful inland sea almost wash the tracks. On the left the steep slope is covered by green grass, shrubbery and trees, the line broken here and there, perhaps, by private grounds no less beautiful, while the United States Marine Hospital crowns the cliff, at Erie street, with its ample and well-kept grounds. Reaching the depot the traveler at

once ascends the cliff, and avoids the necessary ugliness of the immense railroad yard, with its gridiron of tracks. Even the river, once so unsightly, presents to view the ceaseless movements of multifarious business, all of which indicate the prosperity and thriving industry of the city.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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