NEW YORK CITY IN MY BOYHOOD

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Recently a celebrated clerical association held its sixty-third anniversary, and some of us senior members were called on for our reminiscences of ancient times. I first saw New York the year before "Chi Alpha" was founded—1828—when I was six years old. A packet-boat on the Erie Canal brought us from the Cayuga Lake to Schenectady, a stage-coach dragged us through the sand over to Albany, and there we took the day boat "Independence" for New York. At Poughkeepsie and a few other large towns the steamer came to dock, but passengers for the smaller places were sent ashore in a row boat. On our return we went up the Hudson in the new steamer, "North America," which was then regarded as a marvel of magnificence and speed. She had a single cabin lined with berths, and reached Albany in fifteen hours.

New York at that time had a population of 180 000. Its mayoralty was regarded as a most distinguished office, and its aldermen were gentlemen of blood and breeding. The unclean herd of "Mikes" and "Barneys" and other denizens of the dramshops had not yet vaulted into the city councils, and the Tammany tiger was yet quite an innocent cub. Canal street was about the northern limit of the city, and although Broadway was built up a little farther, yet the region about Houston street and Bleecker was still a pasture ground for the family cows. Pearl and Pine streets were the headquarters of the dry goods trade, and almost everywhere the well-to-do merchants, as well as the mechanics, lived up over their stores and shops. My good mother and her laddie were the guests of Mr. Francis Hall, the founder and owner of the *Commercial Advertiser*, then edited by the genial and gifted Col. William L. Stone. Mr. Hall resided in John street, near William. He was one of the magnates of the Methodist denomination, and the historic John street church, the cradle of American Methodism, was packed every Sunday by the most influential followers of Wesley, Coke and Asbury. In those days lung power was at a premium, not only in the pulpit, but in the pews, where a rousing sermon was expected to call forth abundant responses of Amens and Hallelujahs.

While Methodism had its headquarters in John street, and Baptists had a church hard by in Nassau street, and the Lutherans at the corner of William and Frankfort streets. Our chief Presbyterian church was in Wall street, near Broadway, but I forget who was then its pastor. Dr. Gardiner Spring was at the height of his popularity in Beekman street (on the same block where the *Times* building now stands), and he used to boast that he had over fifty graduates of colleges among his pew holders. Another famous Presbyterian church was in Cedar street, with which the names of more than one Mason was associated. The congregation afterwards moved to an elegant church in Duane street, under Dr. George Potts; thence to Fifth Avenue and Nineteenth street, under Dr. James W. Alexander; and thence to their present stately sanctuary, under the pastorate of Dr. John Hall. I have seen that congregation worshiping in all these four localities, and perhaps, during the next century, they may make another emigration "up town," into the regions beyond Harlem River! The Dutch Reformed were then a powerful body; their chief collegiate church was the venerable edifice, with a rooster on the top of the steeple, which stood in Nassau street, on the spot now occupied by the grand Mutual Life Insurance building. The other collegiate edifice was at the corner of Fulton street, where the "Fulton street noon prayer meeting" was born thirty years afterwards. The Dutch also had a church in Garden street, which was consumed in the great fire of Dec., 1835. The leading dominies were Dr. DeWitt, Dr. Brownlee, Dr. Knox and Dr. Mathews, who was subsequently the first Chancellor of the New York University. It was the custom of Dutch dominies to make a New Year's call on their parishioners, who regaled them with krullers and oley-cooks and a glass of wine, for the teetotal movement was yet "in the egg." Very stately men were the pastors of the chief city churches in those times. It used to be said that when Dominie Livingstone and Bishop Provoost met on Sunday morning and exchanged salutations, "they took up the whole sidewalk, and reminded beholders of two frigates under full sail, exchanging salutes with each other."

New York was then supplied with water from pumps, and carts went through the streets with fresh "spring water," which was peddled out by the pailful or pitcher. Anthracite coal was not yet introduced, and the ordinary fuel was wood; and the rich indulged themselves with soft coal from Liverpool. One of the especial delights of my first visit to New York was the chimney-sweeps. When I heard their clarion voices ringing in the street, I used to run to the door to look at those "poor blots—innocent blacknesses" (as Charles Lamb called them)—"clergylimps, who from their chimney-top pulpits on a nipping cold December morning preach a lesson of patience to mankind." The poor, ragged varlets had nothing white about them except their teeth, but no voices in the Seidl Orchestra Troupe, or the "Jubilee Singers," have a richer or wilder melody. I would go a long way to hear one of these dusky vocalists again, for the street-criers of New York are pretty much a thing of the past.

The finest thing to be seen then in New York was the Battery on a bright spring afternoon. The nabobs of the town resided around it, and in Broadway and Greenwich street, and especially in Chambers street and around Columbia College. Mayor Philip Hone entertained the *elite* and foreign celebrities at his mansion on the corner of Broadway and Park Place. The millionaire, Stephen Whitney, lived on Bowling Green, and even Cortland street was filled with the residences of prominent merchants! The fashionable promenade was on the Battery, with its luxuriant shade trees and its superb view of the harbor, enlivened by the shipping. As everybody knew everybody else who was worth knowing, these afternoon saunterings on the Battery were a sort of city sociable on a large scale. There was an *American* homogeneousness in society which has passed away since New York has become the Noah's Ark for all humanity, with "every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth after its kind." The best people lived in their own houses, and were not yet huddled in huge hotels, or stacked up in tiers of "flats" towards the clouds.

The chief hostelry was the "City Hotel," which stood on Broadway, just above the modest old Trinity church. It contained a large hall, which was used for festive occasions and also for religious and philanthropic meetings. I have always heard that the American Bible Society was organized at a convention of sixty-five gentlemen held in that room in May, 1826. The chief place for public meetings in those days was Masonic Hall, a handsome Gothic building on Broadway, between Duane and Pearl streets. It was afterwards the great rallying place of the Whig party, and during my student days I have listened there to the silvery eloquence of Ogden Hoffman, the fascinating orator of the New York bar. One of my pleasant memories of that visit to the house of Mr. Hall, was the being taken by himself and family to see Captain Cropper's new packetship, the Pacific, a wonderful vessel of *six hundred tons!*. Ten years afterwards I went on board the Sirius and the Great Western, the first steamships that arrived from Europe. One day my good mother took me over to Brooklyn, a large village lying about the Fulton ferry. Brooklyn heights were mostly covered by orchards, and on the spot where I am writing this "screed," the farmers were working in their fields, a full mile and a half from the village! Sixty-five years have rolled away since that day, and now the quiet Dutch village is a city of almost one million inhabitants! A busy life and a happy life has intervened between the visit of that lad of six years to New York and this evening, when a gray head is bending over this study table. Next week I will (D. V.) open the satchel of memory again.—*Evangelist.*

— Jesus Christ calls you to happiness, not through self-indulgence, but through self-sacrifice. The cross that He bears He bids you bear; the suffering He took for love's sake He lays on you, or asks you rather to lay upon yourself. There is higher happiness than indulgence of self; it is a sacrifice of self for the sake of love. Is there any happiness in this world of ours like the delicious happiness of a mother? Is there any sorrow in this world of ours like the exquisite sorrow of a mother? In this strange symphony of our human life the minor and the major key are twined together, and life passes from the one to the other with transition so rapid as to be bewildering. Did you ever think that the highest expression of joy is a tear, and the highest expression of sorrow is a tear?—*Lyman Abbott, D. D.*

— There is no time to stop and prepare for that journey [of death], even if we could. God demands the last day's labor as well as the first. He seems to say: "Never mind death. I will take care of that. It is to you to take care of life." Just in the right time the hand will be laid on our shoulder, the word whispered in our ear. We must leave the sewing undone, the house unswept, the plough in the furrow, the story untold, the picture unfinished, the song unsung. We may not, perchance, even kiss our loved ones good-by. But let us strive to live that we may say: "Yea, Lord, I am ready, always ready; for I need no money or luggage on this journey. My hand is in Thine, like a trusting child. I am glad to be nearer to Thee, Father, to feel more closely the warmth of Thy breast. What I have missed and failed in Thou knowest; my poor, feeble, futile efforts to serve Thee Thou knowest also. There is no prop nor stay but in perfect trust. It is all the cloak or covering I need. I have lived on the river's brink all my life; now I am to cross with the Great Pilot. I thought I knew life here. Oh, no! it was an illusion. Now I am to live, indeed."—*Christian Register.*

— The Bible nowhere promises us exemption from trials. It does not assure us that we shall not go into the furnace, nor into the deep waters; but it does promise that the fire shall not consume us and the water shall not overflow us. In the midst of the trial it shall still be well with us. By our side in the furnace there shall be One who is like the Son of God, and we shall come out without even the smell of fire on our garments. It is not said that Christians shall not have extraordinary trials. Christianity develops manhood; it vastly enlarges the sphere of life. It gives a broader surface across which the winds of adversity may sweep. It gives greater possibilities of enjoyment; and these make greater trials certain. A Christian man is higher, and deeper, and broader than any other man are. He is more fully developed in all his capacities both for joy and sorrow. Christ suffered unspeakably more than any other man who ever lived could suffer. He had in Himself all the nobleness of man and all the gentleness of woman; He had vaster capacities of suffering than other men possess. Social indifference to pain is an evidence of a coarse and brutal nature. To feel and yet to do and dare, is to be truly noble.—*R. S. MacArthur, D. D.*

The Missionary Review of the World for March opens with an exceedingly interesting and timely article on "The Question of Endowing Mission Churches." Other notable articles in the Department of Literature of Missions are: "The Overflow of Missions," by Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D.; "Missions, the Salvation of the Church," by James Mathieson, Esq.; "The Lord's Work in Spain," by Rev. J. P. Wigstone; "The Inquisition in Mexico," by Miss Laura M. Latimer; "The Rev. A. W. Murray, of Samoa," by Rev. Robert Steel, D. D.; "David Brainerd, D. D., His Character, Work, and Relation to the Modern Missionary Movement," by Rev. W. D. Sexton; "Mexico's Two-Fold Curse," (Romanism and Infidelity), by J. Milton Greene, D. D. The International Department, Department of Christian Endeavor, Editorial Department, Monthly Concert of Missions, and General Missionary Intelligence are up to the usual high standard.

Baby's croup is cured by Hacknomore.

Phillips Brooks.

[In a contemporary we find the following interesting reminiscence of Bishop Brooks from the pen of Rev. W. C. Bitting.]

It was in the midsummer of 1887, aboard the steamer Adriatic, that we were sailing out of New York for Liverpool. We had not yet come to "the Narrows" when good fortune opened to me the chance to speak with him. Most eagerly I seized the moment to pay the just debt of owning how greatly his life had influenced my own through sermons, books, and large visions opened by his words and example.

"And who are you?" he asked most kindly. "A little Baptist preacher from New York," I answered.

Then the loving hand let itself down upon my forehead, and bent back my head a moment as he looked me squarely in the eyes. "Well, boy, let us be chums during the voyage." We sat down in a couple of empty steamer chairs near us to get a little better acquainted. In those few moments, by express utterance he tooks all locks off the doors of his heart—if it was ever locked—bade me come in and help myself as liberally as I could from all the vast treasure his own life had stored there. Thus began an ocean friendship of from two to six hours of daily communion, the inspiration of which abides to-day, and will endure until the end.

The great body was all too small a shell for the larger soul. Perennial sunniness gleamed from word and thought. I cannot mention details of talk, nor repeat here the charming accounts of his personal experiences with Maurice, Hare, Stanley, Farrar, and many others. His simple but majestic conception of the preacher's life was most richly stated. "I never forget that I am God's messenger to men, and daily look for and keep alert to the message He would have me bring."

"I try to let each thought suggest its own best treatment. I am not conscious of slavery to any method of sermon making." "The most essential preparation for preaching is found in the character and daily life of the preacher." "My only trouble is that I cannot find half enough chances to preach. I do not know the worry which some preachers express about finding themes for sermons." The very life of the man seemed to have melted away into his calling as a prophet. There was nothing which did not bring to him a hint of a truth which God would have him tell just as he saw it. To him it was true that

Earth is crammed with Heaven,
And every common bush afire with God.

It was his nineteenth voyage across the water, I think, and in my haste to find him to show him an iceberg, I went into his stateroom. He was on his knees. I withdrew noiselessly as I could, but not without hearing the breathings of his soul. There was no book before him. There was no petition, no thanksgiving. As the child climbs into the parent's lap, takes the dear face between its hands, looks into the eyes and says: "I love you," even so was there the intense pouring out of personal affection for the Father. It was pure communion. Never did lover tell to lady the burnings of heart more tenderly than he was uttering his great heart to God. Do not such holy hours best explain the power of his life, the secret strength for public toil?

He spoke of himself as only a channel, not a source. Whatever he had was in trust for others. Stewardship to him embraced everything a man possessed. It was in that spirit he said: "Ask me any question you wish. I will try to answer it." And I did. And he endured the torture of my quiz, knowing that he was feeding a hungry mind and heart. Of course the great art of which he was master was often talked about. In his mind the might of the living message bore down any anxious thought about skeletons or homiletic niceties. He expressed himself as thankful that he had forgotten all that his professor of homiletics had told him. It was simply the glow of a soul freed from the bondage to form, and joying in the freedom of spirit. To him every truth was a vital germ, which, growing in his own life, built up about itself its own most fitting expression. The message was the architect that built the sermonic structure. The thought he had was only a seed which was allowed to grow and build its own stem, leaves, flowers and fruit. This was his theory of sermonizing. This was the genesis of every true discourse. Is it too much to say that his sermons fully illustrate his conception? Not a sermon-maker, but a sermon-grower. His brain and heart were not a sermonic machine-shop, but a garden in which God raised those wonderful fruits and flowers which the preacher gave unsparingly to men. The seer simply spoke.

I had counted, when a student, the words on pages of a volume of his sermons taken at random, and noted the ratio of Saxon words to the whole, and also the very large proportion of monosyllables. He seemed surprised when told of it. I asked whether he made an effort to write so simply. He said that he did not try to do this, and suggested a possible explanation. When at college he said that he was too lazy to engage much in athletic sports, but he spent his leisure moments very often in seeing how largely he could write letters and essays in words of one syllable, and that perhaps his style was somewhat shaped by that mere amusement.

Of all the conspicuously great men whom my life has ever touched he was the most open-hearted, and poured most of himself into me. He had no fences about him. No barbed wire girded his sympathy and help. Most approachable, most benevolent with himself, he both welcomed warmly and gave grandly wherever he could. Those ten days of touch with that life made me in spirit one of his parishioners. But for unavoidable delay our church would have been open for the date on which he promised to preach one of the first sermons in the building. No more welcome voice could have been heard than that which now is silenced by death. To make men larger, to lift them higher, to love them into a nobler life, was what he did in the pulpit and in private, through Christ and for Him. And many thousands whom he helped by the godly virtue which went out of him will join me in mourning that so mighty a factor in their lives has ceased to live with them.—*Hartford Secretary.*

Hacknomore cures colds and coughs.

REVENUE UNDER PROHIBITION.

The loss of revenue consequent upon the passage of a prohibitory law by the government seems to trouble some of the members of the Royal Commission very much, judging from the questions put to witnesses at their many examinations. A little reading in the right direction and very little reflection, ought to settle that matter in the mind of any man with a level head. Let us see.

It is true that one-half of the people, more or less, are neither half fed, clothed nor housed, and they are in that condition because of the waste of say $75,000,000 per annum in alcohol and tobacco. Let this waste be stopped, or even two-thirds of it, $50,000,000, and let that money be expended in buying the comforts and necessaries of life, as it would be but for the liquor traffic, and it is easy to see that not only would the productive forces of commerce need to be largely augmented, giving additional employment to thousands of people, but would, as like conditions did in Ireland both during the famine years and the Father Mathew movement, largely increase the revenue collected, though some hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling were lost on liquor revenue.

Mr. Colquhoun, in his testimony given in his Treatise on the Police of London (6th ed., 1810), page 328, says: "It is a curious and important fact that during the period when the distilleries were stopped in 1796-97, though bread and every necessary of life were considerably higher than during the preceding year, the poor were apparently more comfortable, paid their rents more regularly and were better fed than at any period for some years before, even though they had not the benefit of the extensive charities which were distributed in 1795. This can only be accounted for by their being denied the indulgence of gin, which had become in a great measure inaccessible from its very high price. It may be fairly concluded that the money formerly spent in this imprudent manner had been applied in the purchase of provisions and other necessaries to the amount of some £100,000. The effect of these being deprived of this baneful liquor was also evident in their more orderly conduct, quarrels and assaults were less frequent and they resorted seldom to the pawnbroker's shop; and yet during the chief part of this period bread was 15d the quarten loaf, meat higher than the preceding year, particularly pork, which rose in part from the stoppage of the distilleries, but chiefly from the scarcity of grain."

Says Dr. Lees, in his Treatise on the Liquor Traffic: "On reference to the tables of imports into Ireland and a comparison of the years of the stoppage of the distilleries and the consequent sobriety of the nation, with the years when they were in full activity, destroying food and demoralizing the people, we arrive at the startling anomaly, that a year of scarcity with prohibition is better than a year of plenty without it! The years 1809-10 and 1813-14 were seasons of scarcity, and the distilleries were stopped. The average consumption of spirits in the years 1811-12 and 1815-17 was 7,500,000 gallons; on the other years not quite 4,250,000." But mark how the saved 3,250,000 reappears in the form of an increase in the following articles of comfort, which bespeaks not simply the absence of a great curse but the presence of domestic and personal happiness and of a thriving trade. Table of imports during—

	1809-10-13-14, or Famine years.	1811-12-15-17, or Years of plenty.	Decrease.
Haberdashery, value	£140,936	£110,936	£30,000
Drapery, yards	5,778,714	2,422,444	1,356,070
Iron, hardware, value	£467,109	£337,485	£129,551
Blankets, number	6,964	36,605	33,501
Cotton goods, value	£197,198	£104,158	£93,000
Black Teas, lbs.	3,530,643	3,189,132	341,511
Muscovado sugar, cwt.	381,278	306,954	74,324

In addition therefore to the saving of disorder, crime, disease and pauperism and all their cost, it is clear that even the revenue was greatly benefited by the increased consumption of other dutiable articles. What is true of Ireland in particular must be true of other countries. This may be illustrated from the fact that while the actual decrease in the consumption of spirits, wine and beer in the year 1850 as compared with 1836 was 5,524,932 gallons, the increase in the consumption of coffee, tea and cocoa in 1850 over 1836 was 26,735,914 lbs. Hence what is lost to the revenue in one way is made up in another. This is confirmed by the fact that in the years of Father Mathew's greatest temperance triumphs in Ireland, while the revenue from whiskey was vastly reduced, the total revenue had increased £90 000 above its average besides saving much cost in collecting.

The same are the facts in Maine, Vermont, as well as in Nova Scotia and P. E. Island, where but little duties comparatively are collected on liquors, yet the people pay their full per capita share of the revenue of the whole country, and more too. This talk about the revenue comes from the same source as that other fallacy, *i. e.*, that the people are not ready for prohibition. It is barroom political nonsense, and finds no market among sober, sensible people.

See the following:

"The deriving of vast sums for the revenue from the bitter sufferings and grinding pauperism of the people is a terrible offence."—Canon Wilberforce.

"That Christian nations should make saloons toll gates for revenue and sanction crime-breeding to coin money for current expenses is unspeakably sad."—Albert G. Lawson, D. D.

"Luxury, my lords, is to be taxed, but vice prohibited. Let the difficulty be what it may, would you levy a tax upon a breach of the ten commandments? Government should not for revenue mortgage the morals and health of the people."—Lord Chesterfield.

"If a loss of revenue should accrue to the United States from a diminished consumption of ardent spirits, she will be a gainer of a thousand fold in the health, wealth and happiness of the people."—Justice Grier, U. S. Supreme Court.

The heathen shames us, hear him: "It is true I cannot prevent the introduction of the glowing poison. Gain-seeking and corrupt men will for profit and sensuality defeat my wishes, but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people."—Emperor of China.

"If the liquor traffic is wrong, then revenue derived from it is repugnant to every principle of justice."—Hon. John O'Donnell.

Scripture:—"It is not lawful for to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood."—Matt. 27: 6.

"I cannot consent as your queen to take a revenue from that which destroys the souls and bodies of my subjects."—Queen of Madagascar.

"Gentlemen, you need not give yourselves any trouble about the revenue. The question of revenue must never stand in the way of needful reforms. Besides, with a sober population not wasting their earnings, I shall know where to obtain the revenue."—W. E. Gladstone.

"The government does not want the money raised by whiskey taxation for any of its legitimate purposes, and it has been proven a fallacy to claim that the taxation helps the suppression of the drink traffic. The whole thing is unsavory, unwise and unprofitable, and had better be cleaned out in the interest of healthy civilization."—Hon. Henry B. Metcalf.

"To sell drink for a livelihood is bad enough, but for a whole community to share the responsibility and guilt of such a traffic seems a worse bargain than that of Eve and Judas."—Horace Greeley.

"If the revenue diminishes from increased habits of temperance the amount of wealth such a change would bring to the nation would utterly throw in the shade the amount of revenue that is now derived from the spirit duty, and we should not only see with satisfaction a diminution of the revenue from such a cause, but we should find in various ways that the exchequer would not suffer from the loss which it might sustain in that direction."—Sir Stafford Northcote, chancellor of the exchequer.

And so I might quote almost indefinitely from the wisest and most experienced of men, but "there are none so blind as those who will not see." Those who reflect or care to see will know that the revenue will take care of itself without any additional taxation.

Amherst, N. S. W. H. ROGERS.

"PLAIN SPOKEN PERSONS."

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not in by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a *thief* and a *robber*."

"All that ever came before Me are *thieves* and *robbers*."

"O generation of *vipers*, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?'

"Whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of *hell fire*."

"These shall go away into *everlasting punishment*."

"Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees, *hypocrites!*" . . . "within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity."

"Ye *serpents*, ye generation of *vipers*, how can ye escape the *damnation of hell?*"

"God shall *smite* thee, thou *whited wall*."

"The wages of sin is *death*."

"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days—the hire of the laborers which have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by *fraud*, crieth."

— Word comes from all quarters that the neatest and the most satisfactory dye for coloring the beard a brown or black is Buckingham's Dye for the whiskers.

— If his dark nights are as bright as the world's days, what shall his days be? If even his starlight is more splendid than the sun, what must his sunlight be? If he can praise the Lord in the fires, how will he extol Him before the eternal throne? If evil be good to him now, what will the overflowing goodness of God be to him *then?* O, blessed "afterward!" Who would not be a Christian? Who would not bear the present cross for the crown which cometh afterwards? But herein is work for patience, for the rest is not for to-day, nor the triumph for the present, but "afterward." Wait O soul, and let patience have her perfect work!—*Spurgeon.*

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