

of dime museums, ever since the century set in. The chief's admirable care for his servants is fully shown by his will and other writings. No master could have been more provident for their future, more considerate of their daily wants.¹

To stop and parley with his faithful henchmen formed one of the pleasures of his daily ride. The sovereign of a system genuinely feudal was the master of one of those great eighteenth-century plantations in Virginia. Happy he who, like Washington, could induce the intolerable curse of slavery to wear the semblance of a blessing.

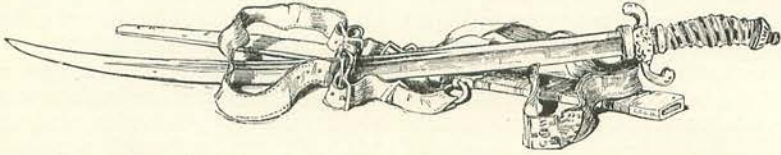
Thus, surrounded by friends who loved them and dependents whose lives they continually brightened, it made little difference to sober people in the afternoon of life, like the general and his wife, that society about their home had lost something of pre-revolutionary sparkle. Already the ebb-tide of Virginia's glory had set in, and the class inspired by Jefferson, whom

the ladies of Mount Vernon scrupled not to call "those filthy Democrats," had begun their work of image-breaking in the stronghold of colonial aristocracy. Such as it was, Washington's State was knit into the fibers of his heart.

So, when a century has lapsed, her sons and daughters look tenderly upon Virginia wrapping around her poverty and sorrow the tattered remnants of a glorious past; and in her behalf a noble voice has spoken to all Americans in these words:

Virginia gave us this imperial man,
Cast in the massive mould
Of those high-statured ages old
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;
She gave us this unblemished gentleman.
What shall we give her back but love and praise,
As in the dear old unestrangèd days
Before the inevitable wrong began?
Mother of States and undiminished men,
Thou gavest us a country, giving him.

Constance Cary Harrison.



WASHINGTON'S SWORD, NOW IN THE LIBRARY OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT.



WINDOW OF THE KENNEDY HOUSE, NO. 1 BROADWAY,
FORMERLY WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

WASHINGTON IN NEW YORK IN 1789.

IN the metropolis—which, however, it behooves us to remember, was then but a plain and sober-sided little town, unable to conceal the ravages of repeated fires and lying in chief part below the present City Hall—every house was packed with visitors; the finest gentlemen and most "elegant females" of the land were content to squeeze themselves into mouse-holes for the privilege of the inauguration week in town. "We shall remain here, even if we have to sleep in tents, as so many will have to do," pattered a charming Miss Ingersoll in a letter to her gossip, Miss Sally McKean in Philadelphia, who was

¹ It was once reported in the army that certain captured dispatches from the general were found upon the person of a runaway slave belonging to him. Somebody mustered courage to ask Washington if this was true. "Sir," said the chief, coldly, "I never had a slave run away from me."



PORTRAIT OF MARTHA WASHINGTON. (FROM AN UNFINISHED PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART.)

afterwards the wife of the Spanish marquis and minister, D'Yrujo.

Another enthusiast confides to her absent family, "I have seen him! And I should have known at a glance that it was General Washington. I never saw a being that looked so great and noble as he does. I could fall on my knees before him, and bless him for the good he has done this country."

To eyes accustomed from boyhood, like Washington's, to open daily upon the shining reaches of a river, there was comfort in the beautiful bits of water view from the east windows of the residence provided for him in what is now Franklin Square. Opposite were seen the April-clad shores of Long Island, and, farther away, laughed the bright waters of a peerless bay.

*The President of the United States
and Mr. Washington, request the Pleasure of*

Company to Dine, on _____ n.e.t. at _____ o'Clock.

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An answer is requested.

The furniture and fittings of the President's new home were, with the recent additions, an improvement upon those belonging to Mrs. Osgood (she that was widow Franklin), whose first husband, a rich Quaker, had built the house.¹ Handsome but simple, they were afterwards supplemented by pictures, vases, silver, and curtains sent round by packet from Mount Vernon. Six days after the President's installation in his rural dwelling occurred the imposing ceremonies of the inauguration. No heart could have asked for a broader smile than that bestowed by the rising sun of the 30th of April.

A week after the inauguration, on May 7, was held the ball at the City Assembly Rooms on the east side of Broadway, near Wall street. Here pretty pages offered to dames and damsels upon entering—so tradition says—a fan of Paris make, its ivory frame containing a profile likeness of the President, and here Washington was seen to dance two cotillions and a minuet. A week later, on May 14, was given Count de Moustier's fête, to be absent from which would have been to argue one's self a nobody, or at very least a Tory. For this ball the inventive genius of the hostess, the count's sister, Madame la Marquise de Bréhan, was fully taxed. The little French lady, described by General Armstrong as "a singular, whimsical,

¹The house referred to stood near the present Brooklyn bridge, and had been the residence of Walter Franklin. The gardens occupied the space now called Franklin Square. The Franklins were a well-known family in the early history of New York: one of them was married to De Witt Clinton, another to George Clinton; they were Quakers, and the progenitors of Rear-Admiral Samuel Rhoads Franklin and his brother, General W. B. Franklin.—EDITOR.

We are indebted to Samuel Franklin for the following letter, written on the day of General Washington's inauguration:

NEW YORK, 30th of the Fourth Month, 1789.

Great rejoicing in New York on the arrival of General Washington; an elegant barge decorated with an awning of satin, 12 oarsmen dressed in white frocks and blue ribbons went down to E. Town [Elizabethtown] last fourth day [Wednesday] to bring him up. A stage was erected at the Coffee house wharf, with a carpet for him to step on, where a company of Light horse, one of artillery, and most of the inhabitants were waiting to receive

hysterical old woman, whose delight is playing with a negro child and caressing a monkey," was no great favorite with the New York dames, who laughed at her and ate her dinners after a fashion that has not gone out of vogue. But her decorations were enchanting. People wandered about gaining peeps of fairyland till the quadrilles were danced, and then began a scene bewildering in its beauty, where the red, red rose of France and the blue-bells, symbolizing the color of Columbia, were blended with scarlet regimentals and uniforms of buff and blue, cerulean gauzes, and floating scarfs of rosy tulle. Eight gentlemen, in French and American uniforms, danced with eight ladies, typifying the countries of Washington and Lafayette. It is rather amusing to read, as a pendant to this opening revelry, that the supper, served from a long table running from end to end of the room, and displayed upon shelves



RICHMOND HILL, FIRST RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. JOHN ADAMS.

covering the inner wall, consisted of "cakes, oranges, apples, wine of all sorts, ice-creams, etc., and highly lighted up." And also, that the

him; they paraded through Queen street in great form, while the music of the drums and the ringing of the bells were enough to stun one with the noise. Previous to his coming, Uncle Walter's house in Cherry street was taken for him, and every room furnished in the most elegant manner. Aunt Osgood and Lady Kitty Duer had the whole management of it. I went the morning before the General's arrival to take a look at it. The best of furniture in every room, and the greatest quantity of plate and china I ever saw; the whole of the first and second stories is papered and the floors covered with the richest kind of Turkey and Wilton carpets. The house did honour to my aunts and Lady Kitty, they spared no pains nor expense on it. Thou must know that Uncle Osgood and Duer were appointed to procure a house and furnish it, accordingly they pitched on their wives as being likely to do it better. I have not yet done, my dear. Is thee not almost tired? The evening after His Excellency arrived, there was a general illumination took place, except among friends (Quakers) and those styled Anti-Federalists. The latter's windows suffered some, thou may imagine. As soon as the General has sworn in, a grand exhibition of fireworks is to be displayed, which, it is expected, is to be to-morrow. There is scarcely anything talked about now but General Washington and the Palace. . . .

Write soon to thy affectionate cousin,

SARAH ROBINSON.

KITTY F. WISTAR.

“height of the jollity” was “at 10 o'clock!”¹

In the absence of Mrs. Washington the arbiter of the President's domestic arrangements was the invaluable Samuel Fraunces, who forsook other dignities to assume that of steward of the household. On May 7, 1789, the “New York Packet” contained an official announcement from this personage, warning all shopkeepers that to “servants and others employed to secure provisions for the household of the President of the United States monies will be furnished for the purpose,” and that no accounts were to be opened with any of them. That the first President could not claim entire immunity from the minor ills of life we find in his advertisement for a cook and a coachman, which held the columns of the “New York Packet” during at least three weeks:

A Cook is wanted for the Family of the President of the United States. No one need apply who is not perfect in the business, and can bring indubitable testimonials of sobriety, honesty, and attention to the duties of the station.

A Coachman, who can be well recommended for his skill in Driving, attention to Horses, and for his honesty, sobriety, and good disposition, would likewise find employment in the Family of the President of the United States.

“Fraunces,” writes Washington to Lear, after removal to Philadelphia, whither the ex-boniface did not accompany him, “besides being an excellent cook, knowing how to provide genteel dinners, and giving aid in dressing them, prepared the dessert and made the cake.” But Fraunces, despite these accomplishments, was not so great an economist as the President desired to see him. Goaded by the criticisms of the anti-Federalists upon his taste for splendor, Washington mounted his first establishment in New York upon what seem to us very simple lines. No more servants were kept than were absolutely required by the family. The old abundant living of Mount Vernon,

¹ To do our predecessors justice in the matter of providing, I may quote an account, found in an old newspaper, of the programme for a New York ball. The invitation, printed upon the back of a playing-card, as was a common practice, ran: “Mrs. Johnson—At Home—December 12—An Answer—Quadrilles at ten.” Soon after the assembling of the guests, black waiters appeared bearing trays with “tea, coffee, hot milk, plum, pound, and queen cake, bread and butter, and toast.” Next a fresh relay of “spoons and empty plates go jingling round,” and “green sweetmeats with preserved ginger” were consumed. Lemonade and wine were drunk; then came a course of “peaches, apples, pears, with sangaree and wine.” At this period gentlemen resorted to the card-tables, and certain ladies



MRS. JOHN ADAMS AT THE AGE OF 22. (AFTER A PAINTING BY BLYTHE.)

where fish, flesh, and fowl were yielded by Nature at his doors, became a thing of the past. The purchase by Fraunces at the Fly Market of an early shad for the sum of two dollars was the occasion of a stern rebuke from the President, who on ascertaining the price of the dainty ordered the steward to carry it from his table. Custis remembered how, on such occasions, faithful “black Sam,”² bound by every tie of regard to the chief,—his daughter Phoebe having during the war, as was believed, saved Washington's life by the exposure of a plot to poison him,—with swelling heart and tearful eyes used to withdraw into an ante-room declaring that at any cost he would continue to keep up the credit of the house by “serving his Excellency's table as it ought to be.” Judge Wingate's description of Washington's dinner of ceremony on the day following Mrs. Washington's arrival in New York sets forth a frugal feast, the chief's own share of which was limited to the uninspiring diet of a slice of plain boiled mutton. After this, one

to the piano, to delight the audience with “Ye Shepherds fond” or selections from the Italian operas. Again the waiters, with “pyramids of red and white ice-cream, with punch, and liqueurs, rose, cinnamon, parfait amour.” Then was formed the first cotillon, at the close of which “dried fruits, almonds, raisins, nuts, and wine” were passed. After an interval all too short, “bon-bons, molloes, confitures, sugar-plums” appeared, and—last act of this woful tragedy, which, till now, had been what is innocently called in the Colorado vernacular a “lap-party”—the guests were summoned to “a full supper of sandwiches, tongues, hams, chickens, and pickled oysters.”

² So called because of his dark complexion.



LADY KITTY DUER. (FROM A PAINTING BY LAWSON, IN POSSESSION OF THE REV. DR. BEVERLEY R. BETTS.)

can better understand the precautionary measures taken by the French minister, Count de Moustier, who had been present at the presidential banquet, when the superfine gourmet was subsequently bidden to accept the hospitalities of the Vice-President at Richmond Hill.

In the center of the table sat Vice-President Adams, in full dress, with bag and solitaire, his hair frizzed out on each side of his head as you see it in Stuart's old picture of him. On his right sat Baron Steuben, our royalist republican disciplinarian general. On his left was Mr. Jefferson, who had just returned from France, conspicuous in his red waistcoat and breeches, the fashion of Versailles. Opposite sat Mrs. Adams with her cheerful, intelligent face. She was placed between the courtly Count de Moustier, the French ambassador, in his red-heeled shoes and ear-rings, and the grave, polite, and formally bowing Mr. Van Berkel, the learned and able envoy of Holland. Here too was Chancellor Livingston, then still in the prime of life, so deaf as to make conversation with him difficult, yet so overflowing with wit, eloquence, and information that while listening to him the difficulty was forgotten. The

¹ From "The Talisman" of 1829, a now rare annual, edited by an imaginary "Francis Herbert," and chiefly written by Gulian C. Verplanck, William C. Bryant, and Robert C. Sands.

rest were members of Congress and of our legislature, some of them no inconsiderable men.

Being able to talk French, a rare accomplishment in America at that time, a place was assigned to me next the count. De Moustier, after taking a little soup, kept an empty plate before him, took now and then a crumb of bread into his mouth, and declined all the luxuries of the table that were pressed upon him, from the roast beef to the lobsters. We were all in perplexity to know how the count could dine, when at length his own body-cook, in a clean white-linen cap, a clean white tablier, and a brilliantly white damask serviette flung over his arm, and a warm pie of truffles and game in his hand, came bustling eagerly through the crowd of waiters and placed it before the count, who, reserving a moderate share, distributed the rest among his neighbors, of whom being one I can attest the truth of the story and the excellence of the pâté.¹

After a fortnight of May weather had somewhat eased the heaviness of the roads, Mrs. Washington set out from Mount Vernon in her carriage with her Custis grandchildren, Eleanor and Washington, to join the President. The otherwise tedious journey was made pleasant all along the route by expressions of love and loyalty.

The contrast between her husband's early and late experience at Trenton was not more strongly marked than that of Mrs. Washington at Philadelphia. Here, when in the earliest days of the war she had tarried on her way to join her husband at Cambridge, so outspoken was the feeling against Washington in certain quarters that a ball to be given by the grandees of the place was postponed to avoid including her. Now the world was in her sling. Escorted by military and caressed by friendship, she passed through the town. At Elizabethtown Point the President came to meet his family, with the same pleasure-barge and crew used for his own reception. More music, more flowers, more cannon, more salvos of applause. On the morning after Mrs. Washington's installation in the Franklin house, Cherry street was crowded with fine chariots, horses, and liveries, the elect of fashion hastening to bow and courtesy before the modest Virginian, whose heart was in the highlands of her beloved Potomac. For in verity the good lady did not enjoy her eminence and the constraints of grandeur. There is a naïve and somewhat pathetic letter from her to Fanny Washington,

wife of the general's nephew Lund (left at Mount Vernon as manager), in which occur the following passages :

I live a very dull life here, and know nothing that passes in the town. I never go to any public place ; indeed, I think I am more like a state prisoner than anything else. There are certain bounds for me which I must not depart from, and as I cannot do as I like I am obstinate, and stay at home a great deal. . . . I send to dear Maria a piece of ch n  to make her a frock, and a piece of muslin which I hope is long enough for an apron for you. In exchange for it I beg you will give me a worked muslin apron you have, like my gown I made just before I left home, of worked muslin ; as I wish to make a petticoat for my gown of the two aprons. . . . I send my dear Fanny a watch of newest fashion, such as Mrs. Adams, the Vice-President's lady, uses. It is of Mr. Lear's choosing, of flat gold, made by Lepine in Paris.

On all public occasions, whether driving with the President in her coach of cream and gold with the six horses and various outriders, or in receiving their friends at home, Mrs. Washington's thorough breeding was successful in concealing her distaste for the new estate ; but, for aught we can decipher to the contrary, her "Friday evenings" were a trifle dull.

Mrs. Adams, the second lady in command of official precedence, was a bright, cheery, tactful woman, with a quick sense of the ridiculous and a ready gift of adaptation to her surroundings. Her letters from New York and Philadelphia about her accommodations and acquaintances are exceedingly good reading. She was at this time forty-five years old, not handsome, but of winning personality. Her home in New York was at Richmond Hill, the Jephson country-seat

1 In the "Francis Herbert" reminiscences of this beautiful spot Mr. de Viellicour, rambling about New York in 1827, comes upon "a house of public entertainment," at the corner of Charlton and Varick streets, which he identifies as the mansion of Richmond Hill, once standing on an eminence a hundred feet in height, overlooking the Hudson River and the Jersey coast. "The old gentleman seemed much disappointed to discover the present view confined to the opposite side of Varick street, and ragged boys playing at marbles on the sidewalk. 'Well,' said he, 'the view is gone, that's clear ; but I can't understand how the house has got so much lower than formerly.'

on Greenwich road, which had been occupied by Washington during the war and was subsequently an abode of Aaron Burr.¹

Easily the sovereign of matters social in New York since the birth of the Republic had been Mrs. John Jay, formerly Sarah Van Brugh Livingston, wife of the first Chief-Justice appointed



SARAH VAN BRUGH LIVINGSTON, WIFE OF JOHN JAY.
(FROM A MINIATURE MADE IN PARIS, 1782-3.)

by Washington for the Suprem  Court of the United States. Mr. Jay's important relations

"I explained to my friend the omnipotence of the corporation," adds Mr. Herbert, "by which every high hill has been brought low, and every valley exalted, and by which, I presumed, this house had been abased to a level with its humbler neighbors, the hill on which it stood having been literally dug away from under it, and the house gently let down, without even disturbing its furniture, by the mechanical genius and dexterity of some of our eastern brethren.

"'This is wrong,' said the old gentleman. 'These New Yorkers seem to take a pleasure in defacing the monuments of the good old times, and in depriving themselves of all venerable and patriotic associations.'



MRS. JAMES BEEKMAN. (FROM AN OLD DRAWING IN POSSESSION OF SAMUEL BORROWE TAKEN FROM A PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF JAMES W. BEEKMAN.)

to public affairs, his wife's influential family, their abundant acquaintance with the ways of high society abroad, their wealth and hospitality, made all eyes look to them for leadership. Their town house in lower Broadway, a three-story dwelling substantially built of hewn stone, more than any other of its class should have caught and held the perfume of the old New York régime. In its pleasant rooms again and again assembled all the gay and gallant folk whose names we are here recalling from the shadows of a century that deepen as they fall. For some years before the National Constitution gave to Americans a President, Mr. Jay had been Secretary for Foreign Affairs, an office entailing upon him the continual exercise of hospitality to the diplomats and the members of Congress in New York. Of his wife, at thirty-

three (in 1789), in the full bloom of her remarkable beauty, two pictures remain. One, with the tour and wreath of roses, reproduced on page 855, is from a miniature taken in Paris, and the other is a profile from a portrait by Robert Edge Pine, with the gypsy hat and milkmaid simplicity of dress made fashionable among *grandes dames* by Marie Antoinette. Like that hapless sovereign, too, Mrs. Jay had the wonderful complexion described by Mme. Vigée Lebrun as her "despair" in attempting to portray the queen. ("Brilliant is the only word to express what it was; for the skin was so transparent that it allowed of no shadow," wrote Mme. Lebrun about her royal sitter's coloring.) Mrs. Jay was said indeed so to resemble Marie Antoinette as to be once mistaken for her by the audience of a theater in Paris, who



FRAGMENT OF BROCADE WORN BY MRS. JAMES BEEKMAN
AT THE DE MOUSTIER BALL, APRIL, 1789. (OWNED
BY MISS EFFIE BEEKMAN BORROWE.)

on the entrance of the American beauty arose to do her homage. Through the courtesy of her grandson, the Hon. John Jay, I have examined the list in Mrs. Jay's own handwriting of persons invited to her suppers and dinners in 1787 and 1788, with the dates of the several entertainments, and the groups of guests present upon each occasion. This list may be regarded as a sort of Almanach de Gotha of the young Republic. Among Mrs. Jay's friends were Lady Catherine Duer and Lady Mary Watts, daughters of Lord Stirling; Mrs. Clinton, wife of the governor; Mrs. Montgomery; Mrs. Rutherford; Mrs. Cortlandt; Mrs. Kissam; Lady Christiana Griffen; Miss Van Berckel, the pretty daughter of the Dutch minister; Mrs. Ralph Izard; Mrs. Abigail Adams Smith; the Rensselaers; the Livingstons; Mrs. John Langdon; Madame de la Forest; Mrs. Rufus King; Mrs. Elbridge Gerry; Mrs. John Kean, born Susan Livingston, grandmother of the late Mrs. Hamilton Fish; Mrs. Thomson, wife of the

venerable Secretary of Congress; the admirable Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, and Lady Temple, formerly Miss Bowdoin of Massachusetts.¹ Mrs. James Beekman, *née* Keteltas, the sweet face in whose portrait is enframed in an odd little Puritan cap of gauze, worn sometimes with the evening dress of those times, was a belle of the De Moustier ball. By her great-great-granddaughter in New York is treasured the bit of old brocade here reproduced, a width of Mrs. Beekman's gown on that occasion.

Indispensable to the organization of every community seems to be an "original," upon whom the others may descant. In that capacity flourished portly Mrs. Knox, wife of the general and war secretary. Her sayings and doings were as much a part of tea and dinner table gossip as they would be if she lived today and belonged to the "four hundred."

And now for the town itself which was the home of our first President. To glance at the New York of 1789 through the spectacles of a newly arrived and, we suspect, disgruntled traveler, who had probably not yet ceased aching from his journey, I quote the letter of Governor John Page, a Virginia congressman:

This town is not half so large as Philadelphia, nor in any manner to be compared to it for beauty and elegance. Philadelphia, I am well assured, has more inhabitants than Boston and New York together. The streets are badly paved, dirty and narrow, as well as crooked and filled up with a strange variety of wooden, stone, and brick buildings, and full of hogs² and mud. The College, St. Paul's Church, and the Hospital are elegant buildings. The Federal Hall in Wall street is also elegant.

Scattered about the city, and at wider intervals in the wooded region of the upper portion of the island, were dwellings of stone, brick, and stucco, with balustraded roofs and massive timbers of English oak, the coat of arms of the owner above his door. Most of these homes, built by wealthy colonists, stood near the water, their gardens sloping to the river's edge. Such was the Walton house, the pride of old New York, until lately standing in Franklin Square, overtopped and jostled, in its dingy age. The Beekman house, till recently seen near Fiftieth street and First

¹ Of the men upon these lists I note Madison, Burr, Chancellor Livingston, Steuben, Paul Jones, Brissot de Warville, De Moustier, Gardoqui, Richard Henry Lee, Arthur Lee, General Henry Lee of Virginia, Schuyler, Morris, George Mason, Butler, Armstrong, Alsop, Duer, Rutledge, Clarkson, Cadwalader, Duane, Richard Harrison, Kemble, Varick, Van Horne, De Peyster, Bronson, Gansevoort, Varnum, Provoost, Walton, White, and Sedgwick, besides the husbands of the ladies mentioned, and others whose names are still familiar in New York drawing-rooms.

² The late Mr. Gouverneur Morris told a story of a parade of disconsolate Whigs through the principal streets of New York, a part of the obsequies of President William Henry Harrison in 1841, when the ranks of the mourners, among whom Mr. Morris was, were charged upon by a stray hog— even then a not uncommon apparition in fashionable thoroughfares— just as the procession turned into Park Row. The upsetting of several of the elect and the general panic created by the invader were effectual in banishing the gloom of the occasion.

avenue, was an excellent specimen of early colonial architecture, and brimful of historical romance. During the occupation of New York by the British Lord Howe selected this house for his headquarters, and here the patriot Nathan Hale was sentenced to be hanged as a spy. On leaving, the family had hastily buried valuable silver and china in the garden, but some of Mrs. Beekman's gowns, etc., were left hanging in her wardrobe. These Lord Howe himself locked up, handing the key to a servant who had remained. When Mrs. Beekman returned, a few years afterwards, she found everything as she had left it, and some of her possessions thus preserved have descended to the daughters of her line, together with Chelsea and Bow shepherdesses that spent the years of British occupation underground. Here pretty Mrs. James Beekman served President Washington with lemonade made of fruit gathered in his presence from her famous lemon trees. Near the Beekman house, sometimes called "The Mount," Hale is said to have been hanged upon a butternut tree, that marked the fifth mile from Whitehall. The house was occupied in 1780 as headquarters by Baron Riedesel, whose wife described it as a delightful residence. There André passed his last night in New York. This old landmark was demolished about 1874, and its drawing-room mantelpiece, set with blue Dutch tiles, may be seen at the rooms of the Historical Society in Second avenue, New York. The Kennedy house, at No. 1 Broadway, was built by a captain in the Royal Navy, who married a member of the De Peyster family and became afterwards eleventh Earl of Cassilis. The De Peyster house in Pearl street, a substantial dwelling built of stuccoed brick, is better known as Washington's headquarters in the Revolutionary War. The Murray house, called Belmont, on the "Middle Road," now Fifth avenue and Thirty-seventh street (hence Murray Hill), was screened from view by groves and avenues and surrounded by famous gardens. At Thirty-fourth street and Second avenue stood the Kip mansion, near which were the country-seats of the Wattses and the Keteltas. Far away in the remote country the English manor-house of Colonel Thorne was built, in the present region of Ninth avenue and Ninety-second street.

Of the old Rutgers house, situated near Fifth avenue and Thirty-ninth street, we read an amusing story of a wedding-party in 1788. One of the guests, a gentleman who was to take a packet sailing for Wilmington at daylight, remained at the house till the unprecedented hour of 11 o'clock at night, then, with a servant to show him the way through an adjacent huckleberry swamp, set forth to reach his lodg-

ings; but losing the path, and the moon going down, he wandered all night amid thorns and briars, emerging at dawn with his clothes nearly torn off.

A favorite drive led along Second avenue, where, over a tell-tale little brook that listened and then ran away to blab to the East River, at our present Fifty-fourth street, was the Kissing Bridge. At this point the etiquette of Gotham's forefathers exacted of the gentleman driving the "Italian chaise," or sleigh of highest fashion, "a salute to the lady who had put herself under his protection!" The "fourteen-mile round," mentioned in the diary of Washington as the extent of his "exercise with Mrs. Washington and the children in the coach between breakfast and dinner," followed the "Old Boston road" to McGowan's Pass. Thence the horses turned into the Bloomingdale road, skirting the Hudson, where a friend's house, here and there, invited to rest and sangaree. Sometimes Mrs. Washington's coach took the easterly direction, to the old Morrisania house, where Colonel and Mrs. Lewis Morris (Miss Elliot of South Carolina) lived, their windows looking upon the boisterous cross-currents of the Harlem Kills.

Lacking Tuxedo and the Country Club, the swells of 1789 were quite content to take their winter outings in sleighs with jingling cowbells, bringing up at a tavern on the Bloomingdale road, where the orchestra, black Cæsar with his grin and his three-stringed fiddle, was waiting. Shaking off straw and furs, wraps and pattens, the ladies had no sooner swallowed cups of tea than they were whisked into line for the Virginia reel, over against a row of cavaliers arrayed with back-seam coat-buttons coming beneath their shoulder-blades, who cut the pigeon-wing in square-toed pumps. Then what life, what joyous frisking!

Truth compels me to add that hot tea was not the only beverage on draught. Imagination reels beneath the variety of potent drinks on record, although the company broke up in time to reach town by 9 o'clock, after which hour no self-respecting young woman would for worlds be seen abroad! Punch, more sparingly sipped in the presence of the fair sex, was brewed for men-folk in a mighty china bowl. An old club-man thus depicts the masculine symposia at certain taverns of repute: "Into the punch went old Jamaica, cognac, refined sugar, lime-juice, water from the old tea-water pump" (the resort of the town, that stood in Chatham street), "and a few slices of Seville oranges floating on the top. It was brought in by the landlord, who, to show that the mixture was not dragged, would pause upon the threshold, holding up the bowl, and bawling out, 'Gentlemen, here's your very agreeable

health!' take a long, strong pull himself. Landlord Simmons, who kept the porter-house at the corner of Wall and Nassau, was our greatest hand for mixing drinks. He taught the art to Davy King (father-in-law of our worthy Niblo), who kept a porter-house in Sloat Lane."

Of a fine afternoon President Washington was often seen, with the rest of the upper classes, taking his walk upon the Battery, his tall commanding form, the secretaries walking a little back of him, everywhere recognized by people who stood silently aside, as if to give passage to a king. For, despite his efforts towards republican simplicity, Washington's Old World ideas of ceremonial fitted him like a glove. He could no more brook familiarity than could his associates presume to offer it.

Other walks were in the sequestered region now between Astor Place and Ninth street.

In those days [writes a correspondent of the "New Mirror," styling himself "The Last of the White Cravats"] a young buck put on his spencer, hat, and gloves, and, stick in hand, set out from Bowling Green after dinner, for a walk as far as old Captain Randall's octagon country-seat, perched on a high hill, with nothing else in view (now Broadway and Eighth street), reaching home about the time the muffin-man took his basket off his shoulders, and rang his bell for tea.

This was the same gentleman to whom we are indebted for the account of "a party at the Misses Whites," those "ladies so gay, so fashionable, with such elegant figures, who lived in a yellow two-story house next door but one to William street." At this party, whither he was accompanied by "Sir William Temple and Harry Rensen," White Cravat describes his own attire:

A light-blue French coat, high collar, large gilt buttons, double-breasted Marseilles vest, nankin colored cassimere breeches, shining pumps, large ruffles, a ponderous white cravat with a "pudding" in it—and I was considered the best-dressed gentleman in the room. I remember to have walked a minuet with much grace with my friend Mrs. Verplanck, who was dressed in hoop and petticoats; and, singularly enough, I caught cold that night from drinking hot port-wine negus and riding home in a sedan-chair with one of the glasses broken.

In the neighborhood of old Fort George, and on Pearl street, were clustered a number of the aristocratic families who before the Revolution had been accustomed to give the *pas* in fashion, such as the De Lanceys, Livingstons, Morrises, Bayards, De Peysters, Crugers; but for some years Wall street, where abode Winthrop, Whites, Ludlows, Verplancks, and Marstons, had been running an even race with Pearl, getting ahead in the end, and holding precedence till Park Place claimed the laurels. Cortlandt street gained luster from the residence there of Sir John Temple, Colonel and Lady Kitty Duer, Major Fairlie, and Colonel and Mrs. Crawford, once Mrs. Robert Livingston. In Wall street was to be found the very desirable boarding-house of Mrs. Daubenay, or Dabney, the great resort of Southern members of Congress. Broadway had been a pleasant bowery street until the great fire of 1776 swept through it, leaving desolation in its wake. Where the darkling walls of the Tombs prison now frown back at beholders was the beautiful fresh-water pond known as "The Collect," upon whose crystal sheet early generations of New Yorkers fished in summer and skated in winter. This pond, lying at the foot of a hill a hundred feet in height, was reputed bewitched and bottomless, and credited with conveying bodies cast into it to fathomless recesses known to eerie monsters of the deep. Here, when it was locked in ice, there was no holding back to see the populace amuse themselves, but highest fashion led the way on runners. William IV., then a princeling on his travels, learned to skate on The Collect, under the guidance of the "mons'ous fine women" whose daughters were the "buds" a few years later on. In common with many another shattered myth, alas! Yankee progress has demolished belief in the sorcery of The Collect, by digging canals and laying bare its depths. Thanks to the perfect drainage of the spot, there is now said to be no abode in all New York so desirable for a health resort as our present city prison!

Few are the landmarks of Washington's New York to greet our eyes to-day, but his memory abides here as a thing of yesterday.

Constance Cary Harrison.

