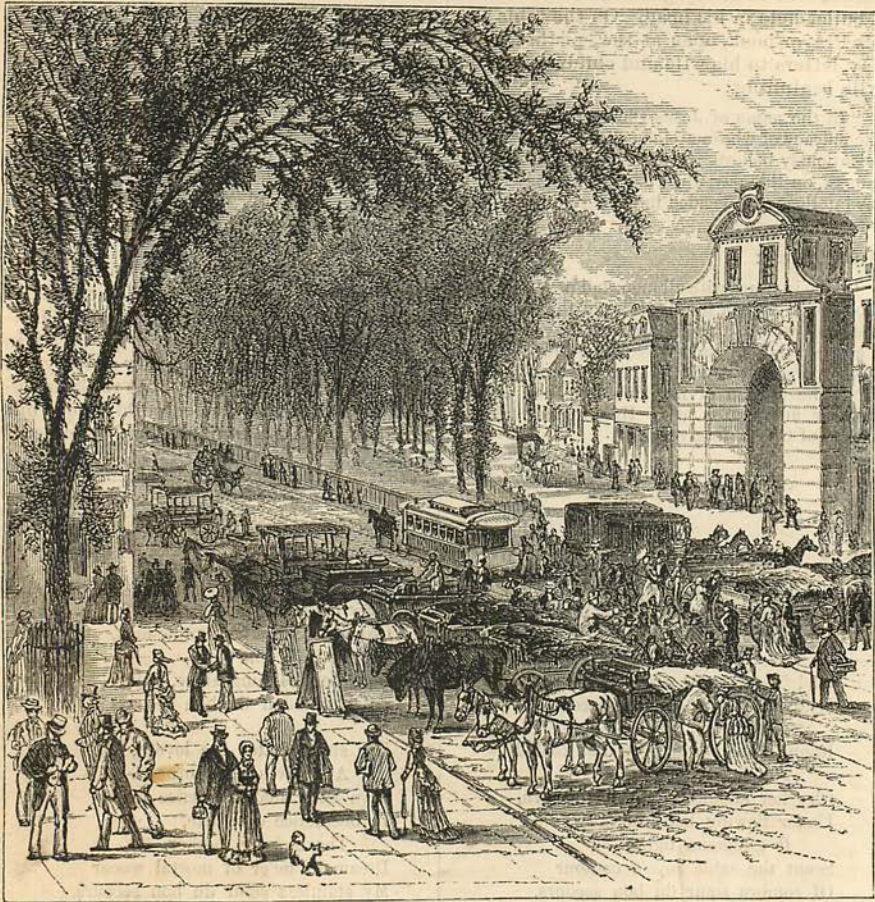


NEWARK.



BROAD STREET, NEAR THE MARKET, NEWARK.

I.

ON a sunshiny May morning, two hundred and ten years ago, white sails might have been seen fluttering over the smooth blue waters of the Passaic River, and presently three quaint little vessels came to anchor in the shadow of a clump of hemlock-trees which adorned one of its green banks.

Thirty families, the flower of the New Haven colony, had seceded from the new charter and the harsh east winds of Connecticut, and were about to plant a town upon New Jersey soil. They were animated in this movement by sovereign religious considerations, and yet, in the choice of a site, they seem to have been keenly alive to the charms of secular enterprise. Meadows, plains, and gently rising hills were kissed by a navigable stream. Puritan exclusiveness rejoiced in the still solitude which promised uninterrupted spiritual life, while

at the same time Puritan thrift doted on the material advantages of the situation. The country was just waking from its winter sleep; the birds were chirping cheerfully in the budding trees, and gorgeous wild flowers brightened the spring scene. It is said that a pretty little strife arose among the pilgrims as to who should land first, and that Elizabeth Swaine, a beautiful girl of nineteen, the daughter of Samuel Swaine (one of the prominent men of the party), was merrily handed up the bank by her gallant lover, Josiah Ward.

Some five years prior to this event, a few New Haven gentlemen, chief among whom was Robert Treat, afterward Governor of Connecticut, visited the region for the purpose of ascertaining the character of the lands. They made so favorable a report upon their return that they were sent by the colony, the same autumn, to negotiate terms with Governor Stuyvesant for the re-

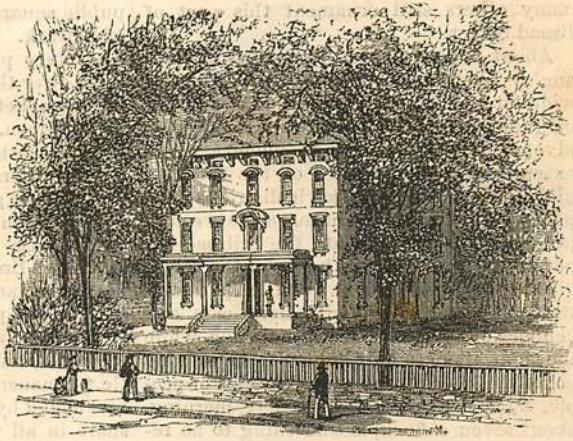
moval of New Haven bodily to the Dutch dominion. They were received and entertained with great courtesy, but when they claimed full powers of self-government, without appeal, Stuyvesant was nonplused, and declined to grant them greater liberties than were enjoyed by Dutch subjects, at least until he should receive definite instructions from his superiors in Holland. In 1665 Robert Treat, with two or three associates, was again on a tour of exploration. In the interim, however, the world had turned over. The Dutch dominion had ceased to exist; the English banner floated over New York and New Jersey. Some personal friends of Treat, New Englanders, more recently from Long Island, having obtained a patent for a vast tract of land from Governor Nicolls, had commenced the settlement of Elizabeth, and now, within a brief period, the Duke of York had sold New Jersey to two of his lords, who had sent over Philip Carteret, a young man of six-and-twenty, as a Governor of their own. Treat found the settlers of Elizabeth quite willing to part with that portion of their purchase which lay on the other side of what has ever since been known as "Bound Brook," and entered into a written agreement for its transfer, Carteret promising to extinguish the Indian title as far as the northern bend in the Passaic River. Treat returned to Connecticut to make preparations, and was now here with his family, the leader of the party who were about to take possession of their new domain. They were nearly

all ashore, and busily at work providing temporary quarters for their antique chests of household goods and gods, when they were suddenly confronted by some Indians, who angrily informed them that the plantation, which they supposed free from all claims and incumbrances, belonged to the Sagamores at Hackensack, that tribe never having been fully paid for it.

At this late hour one can almost feel the chill with which enthusiasm was turned into disappointment. There was no alternative but to re-embark. The task was performed with less of Christian resignation than is commonly attributed to the worthies of that era. The voyage from New Haven had been attended with storms, and it was as long and tedious in the fairest weather as a trip to Mexico would be to-day. Houses and lands had been sacrificed; the towns of Branford, Milford, and Guilford, all within the New Haven colony, had been left nearly desolate.

An ignominious return was almost as much to be dreaded as the tomahawk.

After a conflict of tough wills, in which opinion was pretty nearly divided as to which calamity it was best to embrace, and an interview with the Governor, who would assume no responsibility in the matter, it was decided to treat with the Indians. A conference was appointed at Hackensack, and hither Robert Treat and his son (John Treat), Jasper Crane, and John Curtis were conducted through the bogs and swamps, and entertained by Perro, the sachem, in his wigwam for two days and two nights. The result was an amicable adjustment of the difficulty. An agreement was signed by which the Indians were to relinquish all right and title to the territory (now Essex County) for a stipulated number of axes, knives, kettles, etc., to be paid in regular installments during the forth-coming year. Tradition says that an illuminated miniature of one of the En-



THE FRELINGHUYSEN MANSION, NEWARK.

glish queens, sent by the daughter of Micah Tompkins as a gift to the wife of the Indian chieftain, was the turning-point in the transaction, and that the pretty donor composed a song afterward, in which she styled herself the "princess of the woods." It was Micah Tompkins who concealed the regicides, Major-Generals Goffe and Whalley and Colonel Dixwell, in his house in Milford for over two years, and it was this same musical maiden who often sang a ludicrous Cavalier ballad, which had come over from England, satirizing King Charles's judges, in a room directly over their heads, little dreaming that two of them were within sound of her voice. Quite as unconsciously she contributed to the sowing of the seed from which the city of Newark has sprung.

II.

"I am seized with a violent disposition to take off my hat to my ancestors whenever I

walk down Broad Street," once remarked a distinguished public character. It is one of the widest and finest avenues on this continent. It is not only the great business, but the social centre of a city which spreads over an area of eighteen or more square miles. And it was created in the beginning. Its bank, insurance, and mercantile blocks are substantial, and in many instances elegant. Its churches illustrate the ornate architecture of the period. The northern and southern portions are deeply shaded with magnificent trees. Here, in dignified mansions, reside the families enriched by the industry of the busy town. The southern portion of the street is now, more strictly speaking, Newark's West End. In former years the aristocracy clustered about the enchanting parks to the north. The stately homes of such ancient and important families as the Frelinghuysens, the Hornblowers, the Wrights, the Wards, the Days, the Halseys, the Van Antwerps, the Nicolls, and many others still ornament this part of Broad Street.

About midway Broad is crossed at right angles by Market, another exceptionally wide street, also an ancestral legacy. The neighborhood of the intersection is the great pivot of the city's trade and commerce, which extends to every quarter of the civilized globe. Market Street rises, in district-school parlance, in the court-house, on the western hill-side, and empties into the railroad dépôt, to the east. From the top of the court-house you look down upon a perfectly straight street, filled with horse-cars and vehicles of every sort and description, while the sidewalks are half hidden from view by boxes and bales and moving throngs of people. The sight on a week-day morning, about seven o'clock, is something to be remembered; an army of men, women, and children, the latter of all ages, fill both street and sidewalks as they proceed to their various employments. There never was a more useful thoroughfare than Market Street. It is none too broad. And it is exactly where it should be. It drains that portion of the city which sits upon a hill. And a very large portion of the city seems to sit on the hill, or upon the billows of hills and picturesque elevations which overlook the sea of brick and foliage upon the plains below. To the right and left of you runs High Street, parallel with Broad. It is very properly named, although the brow of the heights is not yet reached. It is lined with handsome private residences, planted at easy distances from each other, amidst leafy and flowery surroundings, and has the smooth pavement which renders it a favorite drive. The streets which connect it with Broad Street are a little too steep for comfort, but by a gradual descent to the south, where elegant mansions dot the soil as far

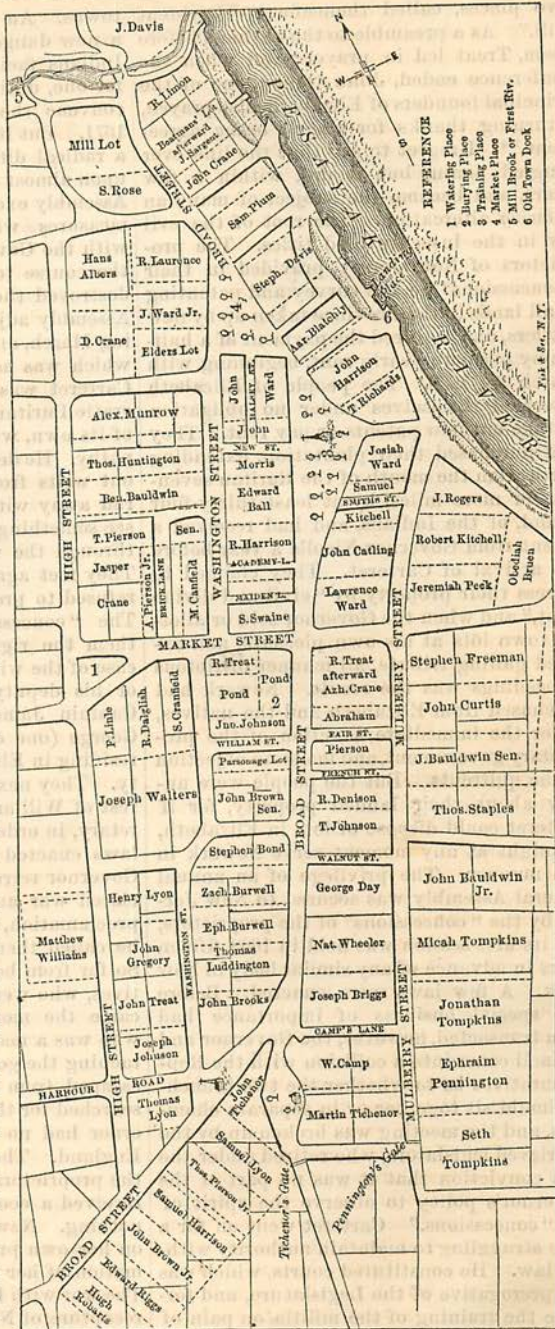
as the eye can reach, and a mild detour, you will find yourself upon the common level. To the west, north, and northwest of the court-house the better class of dwellings prevail, the more noticeable the farther you go. Tasteful villas are scattered here and there, but their grounds have been clipped off at the edges by the scissors of industry, and they are closely pushed by rows of ambitious cottages, school-houses, and great unsightly mills. To the southwest the Germans have built a city of their own, of which more presently.

To return to Broad Street. It is in itself a great historical monument. It was along its line that the first settlers built their houses. As soon as they had obtained a double title to the land, they laid out the town. Some few demurred because so much of the earth's surface was turned into roads, but the shrewd discernment of the leading minds would not abate an inch, hence the broad, beautiful main streets and extensive public squares which are the present glory of Newark. Military Park was designed as a military parade ground, and was called the Lower Green; Washington Square was for a market-place, and was known as the Upper Green. Each man contributed equally to the cost of the property, and then drew by lot six acres for a homestead. Before the drawing the gallant Robert Treat was courteously given the choice of a home lot of eight acres. He fixed upon the southeast corner of Broad and Market streets, where his descendants resided until the commencement of the present century. A number of "tradesmen's lots" were set apart to be given to the first of any trade who should settle permanently in the place. Each man was bound by an agreement to bear an equal share in all public burdens, such as clearing,* ditching the meadows, fencing, killing wolves, etc., and the time to perform such service was regulated with the precision of a military manœuvre.

During the first seventy years of Newark, the line between civil and ecclesiastical affairs was scarcely perceptible, town and church being one. The town called the ministers and raised their salaries. Articles for religious and political government were adopted, which embodied the gist of the New England codes. None but church members were eligible to any town office, and church membership was an indispensable prerequisite to the right of suffrage. The

* "Stubbing the highways" is the expression used in the town records of Newark, which, thanks to Robert Treat, are handed down from the beginning. "The burning of the woods seems to have been a very serious operation. Every year a committee was appointed and clothed with power to say when and only when the work should be undertaken. On the appointed day the planters were called together at beat of drum, and sent to this work."—*Stearn's First Church of Newark.*

town, as soon as fairly organized, established a court of judicature, appointed a tavern-keeper, and built a grist-mill. Robert Treat was the first town-clerk, and he and Jasper Crane were the first magistrates. The latter was president of the Town Court. He had been one of the fathers of the New Haven colony—in 1639 signed its original constitution in Mr. Newman's barn. From 1663 to 1665 he was a magistrate in both the New Haven and Hartford colonies, and was the one who so bitterly deplored the haste with which Connecticut tried to make New Haven miserable. Henry Lyon was made town treasurer and tavern-keeper. He was instructed to beware of entertaining strangers "indiscriminately." The traveler must furnish religious testimonials before he could procure rest and refreshment. Thomas Johnson was the first constable. It was incumbent on him to see that every "disobedient and refractory person," and every liar, "quietly departed the place seasonably." Minor offenses, such as swearing, "tippling on the Lord's day, except for necessary refreshment," and night-walking after nine o'clock, were punishable by fines and public whipping. As the cattle ran in common, John Ward, one of the sons of the aged Deacon Lawrence Ward, was honored with the office of brander and recorder of them. Indeed, almost every man had an appointment. George Day was chosen to announce the town-meetings, William Camp to view the fences, and Ephraim Pennington, a handsome young bridegroom, the ancestor of the two Governors Pennington, as assistant surveyor. No one was received as a "member of the town" without a certificate of church membership, and, even then, only by a full vote. John Rockwell, upon urgent application, was admitted on condition of keeping a boat on the Passaic River for public use. Accessions to the population from Connecticut swelled the number of efficient men in the colony to sixty-five in the course of a year. And a cleverer band, taking them as



PLAN OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, AS LAID OUT BY THE ORIGINAL SETTLERS.

a whole, have rarely, if ever, peopled a town in America.

The boundary line between Newark and Elizabeth knotted with the first strain, like most of the boundary lines of that period. For the purpose of untying the kink, a committee from Newark met a committee from Elizabeth on a little round hill between the

two places, called thenceforth "Divident Hill." As a preamble to the business before them, Treat led in prayer; and when the conference ended, John Ogden, one of the principal founders of Elizabeth, also prayed, returning thanks for their "loving agreement."* I regret to say that the line ever tangled again, but it did, within a few years, and became the subject of many an unloving altercation. The root of the evil lay in the insecure land titles. The proprietors of New Jersey provided in their "concessions" for the survey and patenting of all lands in the Province taken up by new settlers, and required the payment of a half-penny per acre yearly rent, beginning with March 25, 1670. The people of Elizabeth esteemed themselves under no obligation to take out new patents or pay rent. They had purchased their plantation, extending north from the mouth of the Raritan seventeen or more miles, by at least thirty-four inland, of the Indians, and had received a patent from Governor Nicolls a year before the arrival of Carteret. They claimed to possess their property by "civil and divine right," and when the Governor sold or allotted town lots at his own pleasure, and exacted galling tribute, all manner of riotous proceedings was the result. Newark had purchased from Elizabeth and the natives, under the immediate sanction of the proprietary government, and made no objection to the quitrents. But the people were uneasy about their landed property, for if Carteret could dispose of lots in Elizabeth, he might at any moment serve Newark in like manner. The privilege of an annual General Assembly was secured to New Jersey by the "concessions" of the proprietors, and its first session was held in 1668, fifteen years in advance of any similar body in New York. A few laws were enacted. Before any special business of importance had been transacted, however, the Governor and Council came into a collision with the Representatives as to whether the two branches should sit together or in separate chambers, and the meeting was broken up by the aggrieved legislators, who retired under the firm conviction that it was no part of the Governor's policy to observe the spirit of the "concessions." Carteret went on for a time struggling to maintain authority without law. He constituted courts, which was the prerogative of the Legislature, and forbade the training of the militia on pain of death. Elizabeth was in anarchy; and Newark gravely appointed her three best men, Treat, Crane, and Swaine, to consult with Mr. Ogden, of Elizabeth, and decide what course to pursue for the safety of the

towns. An Assembly was their right, and a new danger which threatened from the Indians facilitated their resolute demand for one, until the Governor was induced to convene the desired body. This was in 1671. But it no sooner came together than a radical difference of opinion was shown upon almost every subject of moment. The Assembly exercised the right of originating measures without previous consultation with the Governor, and the latter dictated the course to be pursued, and in the end destroyed the record of proceedings. The Assembly adjourned itself until the following March, and then held another meeting, which was as stormy as the month itself. Carteret was getting afraid of the democratic Puritans. The Assembly had a mind of its own, with which he was not in sympathy. He denied its right to convene without writs from himself, and his secretary ran away with the minutes. And now we see something of the blood of 1776 creeping through the veins of the Representatives. They met again in May, and the Governor refused to preside over their deliberations. The "concessions" explicitly guaranteed them the right to appoint a president in case of the willful absence of the Executive or his deputy, and they at once invited Captain James Carteret, the son of Sir George (one of the proprietors), who was residing in Elizabeth, to act in that capacity. They next issued a warrant for the arrest of William Pardon, the Governor's secretary, in order to recover possession of the laws enacted at their last meeting. The Governor retreated to Bergen, where he declared war and bloodshed by means of a proclamation, unless the "muteeneers," as he called them, "submit within ten days." So far from being terrified, the Representatives, who were many of them lawyers, became the more invincible. John Ogden, who was a magistrate, issued a warrant attaching the goods of the secretary, who had escaped from custody, and his house was searched for the missing papers. The Governor had no alternative but to return to England. The Representatives petitioned the proprietors for redress of grievance, and received a cool, brief answer which settled nothing. Newark petitioned several times on her own private account for the confirmation of her "bought and paid-for lands." The war with Holland, which resulted in the recapture of New York, followed, producing still further complication; the subsequent restoration of the proprietary government of New Jersey brought a long bill of "explanations," which took away from the people the most valuable privileges hitherto conceded. Then the proprietors changed and multiplied, and had conflicting claims with each other. Elizabeth as well as Newark had no alternative but to take out new pat-

* The scene has been commemorated in a beautiful poem from the pen of Mrs. E. C. Kinney, wife of Hon. William B. Kinney, United States minister to Turin, and mother of the poet E. C. Stedman.

ents. At a later date, after a series of disturbances and costly litigation, a judicial opinion was obtained, which declared the original patents of Nicolls in accordance with law and of full force and obligation.

Just before Newark's third birthday, the little town received its present name. A



FIRST CHURCH IN NEWARK.

meeting-house was in process of erection—a queer little edifice, thirty-four feet long, twenty-six feet wide, and thirteen feet between joists—and a meeting was called to provide nails. After every man had been compelled to furnish “voluntarily” a specified quantity of nails, prayer was offered. Newark's first clergyman, Rev. Abraham Pierson, an aged, very learned, and very pious divine from Connecticut, had recently died, and reference being made to his former life in Newark, England, by Mr. Canfield, it was “sweetly agreed” then and there that Newark, which is the simple translation of the Latin words “*novum opus*” (new work), was singularly appropriate, and should be the future appellation by which the settlement should be known and respected among its neighbors.

III.

Newark is emphatically a city of churches. More than one hundred may be counted within its limits. The little pioneer—with its three rough wooden seats on each side, where the congregation was seated by a committee chosen for the purpose,* according to “age, infirmity, and descent,” the children always in the rear, with a “tithing man” placed over them to prevent “misbehavior, such as sleeping and whispering”—without ornamentation or warmth, has preserved its historical continuity to the present time, and appears in the *First Presbyterian Church*, a large brown-stone sanctuary, standing on Broad Street nearly opposite the old site. It is invested with peculiar and interesting associations. Few churches can boast a longer line of illustrious names among its min-

isters. Rev. Abraham Pierson was succeeded by his son, Rev. Abraham Pierson, whose reputation for scholarship was so high that he was chosen the first President of Yale College. Aaron Burr, the elder, an eminent scholar, was installed over this church in 1738. He established a Latin school for boys, and an academy was built on the Upper Green. In 1744 the celebrated Rev. David Brainerd was ordained, and preached his probationary sermon in this church. The College of New Jersey took its rise from the fact. Yale, where his standing would have entitled him to the highest honors, had expelled Brainerd for some trifling indiscretion, and the officers of that institution showed marked dissatisfaction toward the ministers of the New Jersey Synod for participating in his ordination. “Let us have a college of our own,” said Burr. Ere long a classical school, under the care of Rev. Jonathan Dickinson, of Elizabeth, was erected into a college by charter from the acting Governor of New Jersey. President Dickinson officiated in his new capacity for four months, when he suddenly died. Burr, who was one of the trustees, removed the pupils, eight in number, to Newark, where he conducted their exercises in addition to his Latin school and church duties. About the same time Governor Belcher, that distinguished patron of learning and religion, took his seat in the executive chair of the Province. He became cordially interested in the infant in-



THE REV. AARON BURR.

stitution, and prepared a new charter, containing broader privileges and naming new trustees. On the 9th of November, 1747, the First Presbyterian Church in Newark was the scene of the incorporation of the college with imposing ceremonies. The Governor, as *ex officio* president of the Board of

* Newark town records.

Trustees, took a conspicuous part. Burr was unanimously chosen president of the college, and conferred degrees, after the manner of the academies of England, upon a class of seven young men, among whom was the afterward eminent Richard Stockton. By special request, Governor Belcher at the same time received from the college, through President Burr, the degree of Master of Arts.

The college remained in Newark some eight years, the students boarding in private families. Ninety or more students were graduated during that period, among whom was Samuel Davis, the renowned pulpit orator, from whom Patrick Henry is said to have caught much of the fire of his eloquence, and who subsequently became president of the college. The presence of the college made Newark a kind of ecclesiastical metropolis, and the meetings of the Synod were usually held here, beginning the day after Commencement. President Burr was

American history, was born in the old parsonage, which stood on the west side of Broad Street, just below the church. It was a great double two-story stone building, with a square roof drooping over an immense kitchen in the rear. Mrs. Burr describes her son, just before the family removed to Princeton, thus: "Aaron is a little, dirty, noisy boy;.....begins to talk a little; is very sly and mischievous. He is sprightly, and most say he is handsome, but not good-tempered. He is very resolute, and requires a good governor to bring him to terms." The successor of President Burr in the church was Rev. Dr. Alexander M'Whorter, who occupied the parsonage almost half a century, until 1807. It was a remarkable dwelling. In no other in the State were so many distinguished characters sheltered from time to time. It was a great wedding place. Pairs from all parts of the country came to the minister to be married, often on horseback, the bride behind the bridegroom. In no other house in New Jersey were so many people ever made happy or miserable.

The first Episcopal church in Newark had its origin in a little conscientious Sabbath-breaking. Colonel Josiah Ogden saved his grain in a wet harvest on the Lord's day. His Presbyterian brethren treated the offense with the utmost rigor, and although he was acquitted at the trial, he, with several others, withdrew from the church. It was about the time that the London Church Society had sent missionaries into New Jersey (1734), and episcopacy was in agitation. The wealth



THE OLD PARSONAGE, AARON BURR'S BIRTH-PLACE.

a small man, very handsome and very fascinating, with clear dark eyes of a soft lustre, quite unlike the piercing orbs of his famous son; he had a slender, compact figure, and the style and bearing of a prince. Until thirty-seven he remained a bachelor, and then, in the oddest manner, courted and married the lovely daughter of Rev. Jonathan Edwards. He paid the family a visit of three days at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in May, 1752. Two weeks later he sent a college boy into New England to conduct Mrs. Edwards and her daughter to Newark. They arrived on Saturday evening, and on the following Monday evening the nuptial ceremonies were celebrated between President Burr and the young lady, to the astonishment of the patriarchs and gossips in the church, who whispered, dubiously, "She is only twenty-one!" Aaron Burr the younger, whose career has filled one of the most conspicuous as well as unenviable pages of

and influence of the Ogdens turned the scale, hence the organization of Trinity Church. Colonel Josiah Ogden gave the site and laid the corner-stone of the first edifice, upon Military Park. He was the grandson of John Ogden, of Elizabeth. His father, David Ogden, took up his abode in Newark soon after its settlement, and married Elizabeth Swaine, widow of Josiah Ward, the lady whose foot first rested upon Newark soil. Rev. Uzal Ogden, D.D., was the first rector of this church, who officiated regularly until after the Revolution. He went to England to be qualified. He was somewhat of a farmer, and owned a large number of slaves. It was an old saying that the negroes raised the corn, the hogs ate the corn, and the negroes ate the hogs. The reverend doctor was obliged to provide means outside of the earnings of his negroes for their support.

Almost every shade of Christian belief

has now its organization and its church edifice in Newark. It was after much social friction, and many obstacles thrown in the way of immigration, that the stiff Newarkeers found their iron bonds of church discipline gradually yielding, and began to see that the religion which they professed could withstand the surging tide of humanity. They learned to welcome people from every clime and of discordant opinions; they proved, in the language of the poet, that

"The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

And exceedingly wide they became in some instances. The most ridiculous extremes of public sentiment are chronicled. I can not forbear indulging in one illustration. It was esteemed during the tender early

the county, and the air had a bitter taste. The children in the schools were employed for days in writing tickets for the contest. Personal safety was in danger whenever a good word chanced to be spoken for Elizabeth. Two Newark gentlemen drove to Elizabeth in a gig on private business, and were received with a bucket of tar. The day of the election was fair. Every horse, carriage, and cart in the place was in requisition. Every man and every woman old enough and big enough (age was a minor consideration), or who expected to grow old enough and big enough, to vote was promptly at the polls. Vehicles were going constantly to and fro from the different polls, and every person voted at every poll. Married women voted as well as single women. Three sisters, the youngest aged fif-



THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION BUILDING, NEWARK.—[SEE PAGE 674.]

years of Newark very "unbecoming" and improper, and "highly immoral" in its tendency, for women to sing in church. Had not the apostle Paul decreed that women must keep silence in the churches? The men only might join in songs of tuneless praise. And yet before the lapse of a century and a half Newark graciously accorded to women the right of suffrage. It may be new to some of my readers, but it is nevertheless true, that in the beginning of the present century widows and single women were entitled by the laws of New Jersey to vote in all elections. In 1807 the Legislature authorized an election to settle the location of the Essex County court-house. Newark was intensely excited, for Elizabeth had been for some time growing arrogant. Public meetings were held in all parts of

teen, changed their dresses and their names, and voted six times each. Two of them are still living, and reside in Newark. Men and boys put on women's clothes, in order to duplicate their votes. Never was there a more reckless proceeding. Newark won the court-house, and in the evening illuminated herself even to the tops of her steeples; cannons thundered and bellowed, and all the tar and apple barrels which could be gathered in for miles around were consumed by fire.

Up to the time of the Revolution, Newark had not progressed beyond a trim and moderately prosperous village. It had acquired little fame, save for its shoes, its fever and ague, and its sweet cider. It contained about one hundred and fifty dwelling-houses, some few of which were stately and



GRAND STAIRWAY IN THE OLD SCHUYLER MANSION.
[SEE PAGE 677.]

imposing in architectural appearance. The soil was under high cultivation, and fruit was growing in great profusion. The war swept over the town like a devastating flood. There came seven long-drawn-out years of terror and famine. Armed legions from both the hostile armies invaded the streets, slept in the barns, ate the pigs and poultry, trampled down the grass, robbed the orchards and the corn fields, and plundered the houses. In November, 1776, Washington, with thirty-five hundred soldiers, entered Newark on his retreat through New Jersey, and remained encamped for six days. On the morning of November 28 Washington marched out of Newark in a southwesterly direction, and Lord Cornwallis and his army marched pompously in from New York. The British officers quartered themselves in the best houses, and demanded the best furniture to make their rooms comfortable. When they moved on, they took the furniture along with their luggage. A British garrison was left in Newark until after the battle of Trenton. Both officers and soldiers committed so many outrageous acts that a volunteer company was secretly form-

ed to punish them whenever an opportunity should occur. These volunteers were furnished by the Newark women with tow frocks and pantaloons dyed blue—which was the origin of the name "Jersey Blues"—and were commanded by Captain Littell, who distinguished himself by many daring exploits.

On the day the British garrison abandoned Newark and marched to Elizabeth, it was noted that a detachment

was sent toward Connecticut Farms, purpose not known. Captain Littell and his Blues speedily followed them. Coming suddenly upon the unsuspecting enemy, Littell ambushed a few men in their rear, and appeared in front with the rest of his force, and demanded an instant surrender. They turned to escape, and finding themselves thwarted, laid down their arms without firing a gun. The British general was exasperated by their capture, and ordered out a body of Hessians to avenge the affront; but Littell goaded them by spirited attacks, without special exposure to his own men, until he had them driven into a wretched swamp, where he compelled them to surrender to greatly inferior numbers. Mortified beyond measure at this second discomfiture, a troop of horse was sent to annihilate the "rebel devils;" but they in turn were routed, and sought safety in flight. A Tory was finally persuaded, through the offer of a large reward, to lead three hundred troops to Littell's house in the night for the purpose of catching him off his guard. As they were preparing to storm the dwelling, they were attacked in the rear so sharply as to be driven precipitately away. While collecting their scattered forces in the road below, Littell, who had formed an ambuscade along a fence line, fired upon them, and the commander fell. In the confusion and darkness they were unable to form any estimate of the number of their assailants, and fled like their predecessors.

With the first outbreak of hostilities a Committee of Public Safety was appointed in Newark, and in session almost daily. It was presided over by Dr. William Burnet, who was soon appointed Surgeon-General of the American army. He was stationed

at West Point at the time of Arnold's defection, and was one of the officers who were sitting with the latter at table when the news came that a spy had been captured below. Dr. Burnet's son, Major Ichabod Burnet, of Newark, was one of the aids of General Greene, and the messenger who was sent to communicate the intelligence of his fate to Major André, and attend him to the place of execution. Major Burnet became a special favorite of Lafayette, and when the latter visited this country in 1825 he is said to have kissed the miniature likeness of the boyish officer with profound emotion. Dr. Burnet was of great service to the country. He founded a military hospital, and at the close of the war was made judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and president of the State Medical Society. He was a grandson of the celebrated prelate Bishop Burnet, and, like him, a man of remarkable force of character. His son, Judge Jacob Burnet, was one of the founders of Cincinnati and one of the chief formers of the State Constitution of Ohio. Another son, David, was the President of Texas when it was a republic.

Among those who joined the army and won special notice was William S. Pennington, afterward Governor of the State. He was quite young, and his first service was as a non-commissioned officer in a company of artillery. In one of the battles General Knox found him almost alone, loading and firing a piece of artillery with such signal bravery that he procured his promotion at once to the rank of first lieutenant of an artillery company in the field.

The Ogdens were divided. Judge David

Ogden, of Newark (who had recently been commissioned Chief Justice of the Province), with one or two others, remained loyal to the king, and retired to New York, while Aaron Ogden, of Elizabeth (afterward Governor of the State and president of the Cincinnati), Matthias Ogden, the celebrated brigadier-general, and many other branches of this great family, took up arms in defense of the country. There were innumerable skirmishes and tragic scenes in and about Newark and Elizabeth, the half of which could never be told. The battle of Springfield was perhaps one of the most memorable on record. It was during the heat of the contest that Rev. Mr. Caldwell, the chaplain of one of the Elizabethtown regiments, finding that the men were getting short of wadding for their firelocks, galloped to the church near by and brought back an armful of psalm-books, shouting, as he handed them around, "Now put Watts into them, boys!"

The winter of 1780 was noted for the severity of the cold. The rivers, Newark Bay, and even the harbor of New York, were closed with solid ice. An army, with all its artillery and baggage, could cross as easily as upon the firm earth. The most terrific storms added to the distress of the inhabitants, the snow piling up in every direction. No approach to such freezing temperature has been known in this climate since that time, except in 1822, when the North River was frozen over, so that persons crossed to Jersey City on the ice for three days, and a sutler's shop was established midway for refreshments.

The situation of Newark rendered it a shining mark for foraging and marauding



THE OLD SCHUYLER MANSION.—[SEE PAGE 677.]

parties. The British troops came over from New York in 1777, and plundered every house of any consequence in the place. They entered the Ogden mansion, on the corner of Broad and Court streets, then one of the most costly private homes in the State, and stripped it of every thing. They ripped open beds and scattered the feathers in the air in order to take the ticks along with them for clothing. They pulled a dangerously sick son of Justice John Ogden out of his bed and grossly abused him, broke desks and furniture which were too heavy to carry off, wantonly destroying important papers. The more they were entreated to desist, the more indecent they became. They burned the next house. It belonged to Benjamin

air from the Presbyterian church in Elizabeth, which had been fired by another British party unknown to the Newark visitors. The latter were alarmed, and hastily retreated, taking along with them several prisoners who had been captured in attempting to defend their families, among whom was Judge Joseph Hedden, one of the Committee of Public Safety, who was compelled to follow the soldiers on the ice in his night-shirt. Just before they reached Powles Hook a blanket was thrown about him, but he died in a few days in consequence of his inhuman treatment.

Many a brave patriot sleeps his last sleep in the old grave-yard "behind the old parsonage," on Broad Street; that is, he did



PILE OF GRAVE-STONES IN OLD CEMETERY.

Coe, who, with his aged wife, was insulted with such fury that they fled through the back-door for their lives. Mr. Coe threw a bag of gold into a patch of weeds as he ran, which was subsequently recovered. The houses of Samuel Pennington and Josiah Beach were robbed of every thing, even to the family clothes. The Tories fared no better than their neighbors. Some of them had their shoes taken from their feet. On another occasion, January 25, 1780, 500 British troops came over in the night on the ice. After helping themselves to every thing they wanted and many things they did not want, and distressing the inhabitants generally, they burned the academy on the Upper Green. Just then the flames shot into the

sleep there until the resurrection which was instituted a few years ago by the march of improvement. A smooth passageway now leads from street to street through this sacred inclosure, and a great pile of ancient headstones upon one side of it tells the story which my pen refuses to reveal. Standing beside this expressive pile, my eye fell upon the following epitaph:

Here lyeth the reliques
Of a real saint
Who suffered much for Christ
And did not faint
And when his race was run
Ending his story
He sweetly passed through death
To endless glory.

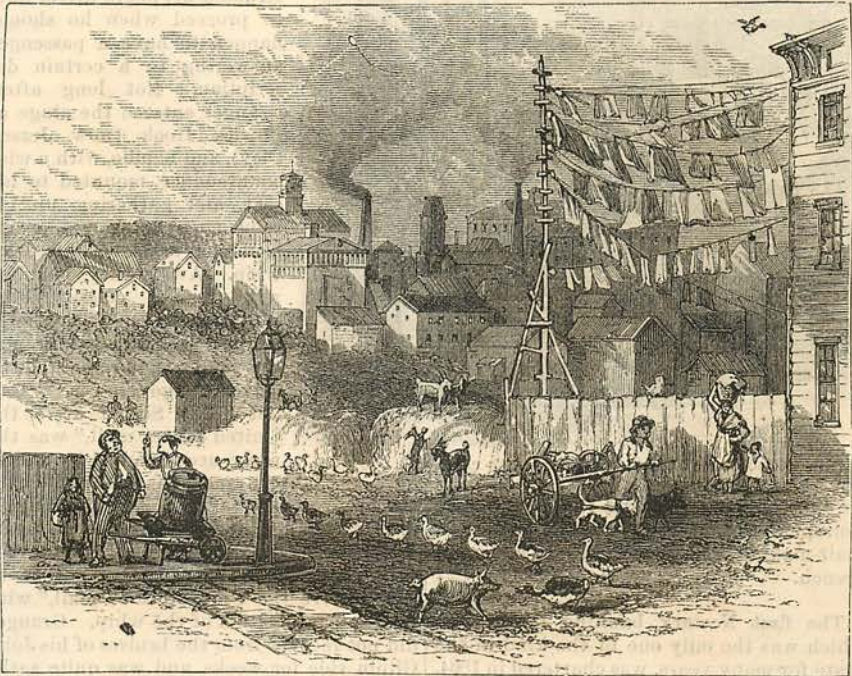
Patrick Falconer aged 33 years died June 27, 1672.

A few graves still remain undisturbed, but the dark stones which mark them lean this way and that, as if in perpetual expectancy of the same fate as their fellows. The red brick walls on every side are totally devoid of reverence. Men whistle while they make chairs and pianos in the overlooking windows. The heroes of the past are forgotten.

Another and less ancient burial-place is in the rear of the First Presbyterian Church, opposite. It is overgrown with rank grass, and now and then a monument cants sideways, and a head-stone has toppled over, but its finely cut marble, its soft shade, and its fresh flowers show that it is in sympathy with the present generation. It has, however, an atmosphere of unrest, as if it could

lavished freely in all directions. Mount Pleasant is more cheerful than Greenwood, and it has the same general appearance of respectability and comfort.

It was many years after the Revolution before Newark recovered from her losses. Prior to the commencement of the present century few buildings of importance had been erected, and the population numbered less than three thousand. There were but two churches, and the town shepherd tended his flocks in pastoral style. Hotels were in the ascendant, however, and Newark was better supplied in that particular than she has ever been since. To-day the city of one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants can not boast of a single hotel of any note.



A BIT OF GERMANTOWN.—[SEE PAGE 675.]

not repose perfect confidence in the spirit of the age. Ominous-looking edifices hover painfully near. The whirl of machinery and the screech of the locomotive disturb the silence and covertly threaten all peaceful slumber. Who can predict that the final waking is far remote?

Mount Pleasant is one of several cemeteries in the city and vicinity, and occupies about forty acres of fine rolling land on the Passaic River. It is laid out with great taste, and has all the harmony and pleasantness of a park. The monuments are noticeable for their variety and beauty. Ornamental trees thickly shade the winding avenues, and flowering shrubbery is disposed and cultivated with care. Money is

The Gifford House, owned by Archer Gifford, corner of Broad and Market streets, was for many years as well known to Southerners as the St. Nicholas at a later date. It was the head-quarters of gentlemen of fortune who hunted for amusement; upon its sign was painted a pack of hounds, with the sportsmen on horseback arrived at the death, the fortunate hunter holding the fox by the hind-legs. The Alling House, on Broad just below Fair Street, was notable as the residence of several conspicuous Frenchmen, among them Châteaubriand, who there conceived *The Genius of Christianity*—one of the most impressive displays of his intelligence. Talleyrand, the exiled Bishop of Autun, spent the greater part of



SCENE OUTSIDE THE MARKET.—[SEE PAGE 676.]

the time between 1792 and 1795 in the same house, and is said to have taken lessons in chair-making, and to have taught a class in French.

IV.

The first Newark banking institution, which was the only one of the kind in the State for many years, was chartered in 1804. Judge Elisha Boudinot was its first president, and William Whitehead, the father of William A. Whitehead, the New Jersey historian, was the first cashier. The bank was opened in the front parlor of the private residence of Judge Smith Burnet; and as a perpetual menace to robbers, two great knives and two large horse-pistols were placed in bold relief upon the mantel.

It is within the last half century that Newark has taken a leap forward and multiplied her population at least fourteen times. The same period has wrought the change in the facilities for communication with New York. The nine-mile road was a little more than a protracted pile of logs and stones, and the only public conveyance a huge, unwieldy vehicle with a long body hung upon iron jacks. The stage-coach carried the mail.

During the Postmaster-Generalship of Gideon Granger, serious irregularities occurred in the distribution of letters; and as the business was not yet systematized, with its agents, detectives, etc., he determined to travel in disguise over his mail-routes, in order to discover what contractor was remiss in the performance of his obligations. General Cumming, the New Jersey mail contractor, was privately informed of the movements of his superior by a friend in the General Post-office, and instructed his negro driver how to proceed when he should happen to have a passenger answering to a certain description. Not long after, Granger entered the stage at Powles Hook (now Jersey City), and Sambo, with a wise countenance, mounted to his seat, and gathering up his reins gave his horses a tremendous crack of his long whip. Away they bounded with fearful celerity over the corduroy road. Presently Granger put his head through the window and requested the driver to go slower. "Can not do it, Sir; I drive the United States mail," was the reply, accompanied by another crack of the whip over

the heads of the leaders. Again and again did Granger beg and implore the obdurate dandy to moderate his speed, and every time came the response, "Can not do it, Sir; I drive the United States mail," with renewed application of the whip. Granger did not recover from the bruises of his John Gilpin ride for weeks, and was quite satisfied that one contract was honestly fulfilled.

The two cities are now connected by four railroads, over which one hundred and two regular passenger trains pass each way daily. The people of Newark can, at eight o'clock in the morning, take their choice of eight railroad trains which will leave for New York within three-quarters of an hour.

The entrance to Newark from New York by either of these modern routes presents a bewildering scene. Ugly yellow and brown wood and dingy brick buildings of every size and style since the flood seem to run together and overlap each other in one magnificent hodge-podge of dust and buzz. Tall chimneys, which I am free to pronounce the most inveterate smokers in the known world, are chasing each other like a band

of rowdies. One of the younger and more daring of the railroad companies has seen fit to elevate its track into the neighborhood of the roofs; you can look down as from a balloon into the wilderness of factories. But you are none the wiser for the looking. The fault is not in the want of conspicuous signs—rather in their countless number. They misplace themselves for your mystification. "MALT" stares in great letters from the front of a church-organ establishment, and "RUBBER-COATED HARNESS TRIMMINGS" from the middle of a lumber yard. That is, as near as you can fix it in your mind after the train stops.

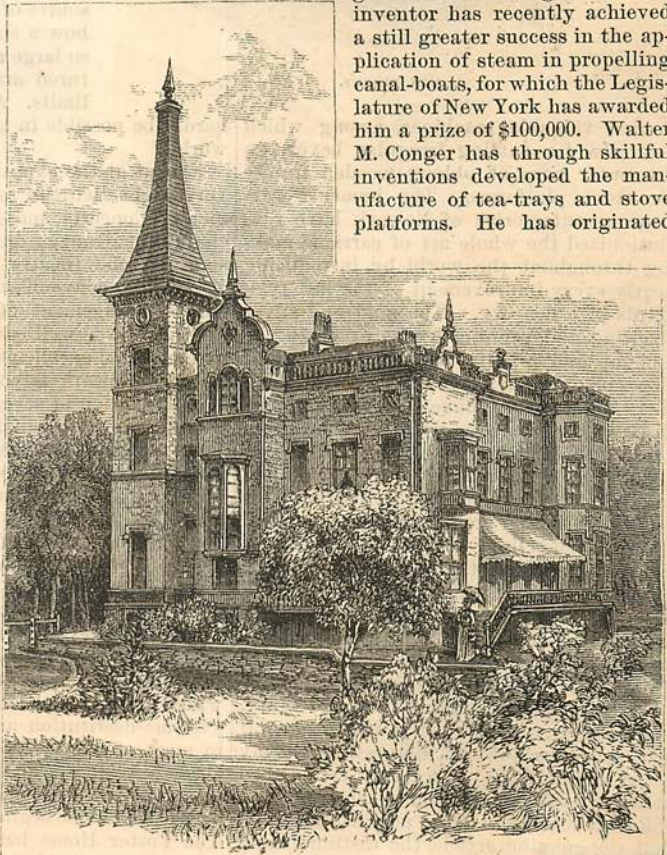
Almost every thing is made in Newark that is made by man. Take a tour among the workshops, and you will no longer wonder why Newark banks never fail, why Newark insurance companies are the safest in the country, and why Newark officials rarely steal. You will speedily learn to enjoy the untidy streets and sidewalks in the novelty of treading upon a sound financial basis. There are prodigious manufactories of hats, silks, iron-ware, soap, tin, brushes, steam-engines, and whatever else is required by the civilized millions of our race.

The records of the Patent-office show that Newark has contributed more useful inventions to industrial progress than any other American city. In one year (1873) upward of one hundred patents were issued to Newarkers alone. In the iron and machinery factories you are constantly surprised with the inestimable benefits conferred upon modern society by inventive minds. Herbert Cottrell originated a wonder-working machine, called the diamond stone band saw, which will cut stone of any hardness quite as readily as the common saw separates wood. He originated another machine by which any kind of stone may be ornamented according to the fancy of the architect;

and also a polishing machine, which is the most perfect device known for polishing level and irregular stone surfaces.

The making of telegraph instruments has been attended with important inventions. Thomas A. Edison originated the Gold and Stock Exchange indicator, used in Wall Street. Thirty-six hundred of these have been made in Newark during the last three years, many of which have been exported to Europe, where their use is constantly increasing. Mr. Edison also invented the quadruplex telegraph, by which device four messages are sent over one wire in various directions at the same moment without interference with each other. The most important result of Mr. Edison's genius and inventive skill, however, is the American automatic telegraph system, by which one wire is made to transmit as much intelligence as thirty or more Morse wires. It is successfully working between New York and Washington, and in the British Post-office between London and Dublin, and upon the submarine telegraph from Falmouth, England, to Vigo, Spain.

The Baxter steam-engine is another outgrowth of Newark genius. The inventor has recently achieved a still greater success in the application of steam in propelling canal-boats, for which the Legislature of New York has awarded him a prize of \$100,000. Walter M. Conger has through skillful inventions developed the manufacture of tea-trays and stove platforms. He has originated



GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY'S MANSION.—[SEE PAGE 676.]



MRS. KINNEY.

several valuable machines, among which is a saw for cutting irregular bevels on the outer rims of oblong wooden frames for stove platforms. The immense carriage manufactories of Newark have revolutionized the whole art of carriage making throughout the world by introducing nearly every improvement of the last two-thirds of a century. The gold and silver smelting and refining works excel, in the amount and quality of their productions, those of any other city in the land. Saddlery and hardware have been the means of distributing immense wealth. The great India rubber factories have a world-wide reputation. The manufacture of celluloid has become an important industry. This new material is produced by a chemical process from cellulose, one of the substances which constitute the cellular tissue of plants, being that which forms the walls or sides of the vegetable cells. It is solid, hard, and elastic. It is transparent, like pale amber, and may be colored any hue or tint. It is adapted to take the place of hard rubber, and is substituted for ivory, coral, amber, and jet. It is used in dental plates, combs, jewelry, harness, and many other trimmings. A recently established industry is the production of the celebrated "Russia leather." It is not an imitation, but the genuine article, the distinguishing characteristic of which is a peculiar odor,

imparted from certain chemicals used in dyeing, supposed to give it greater durability and complete freedom from the ravages of insects. But I must not dwell longer upon the Newark industries, which are legion. I might easily fill a volume. I will only add in this connection that Newark has the largest morocco factories and the most important button-works in the United States.

Newark illustrates the value of morals in art. Her productions are of uniform excellence, and they are of such diversity that an industrial exhibition is one of the established institutions of the city. It has been specially successful, attracting national attention. Its buildings are large, covering some two acres. They are fitted up handsomely, and the display is such that it is a perpetual source of wonder to the visitor how a single city can furnish so large a variety of manufactured articles from her own limits. A similar result would

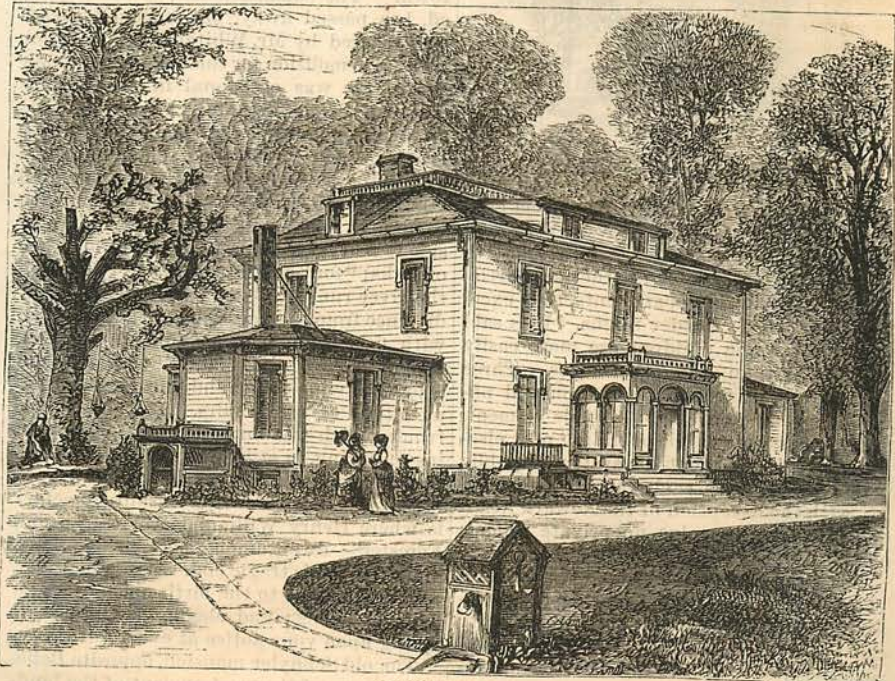
hardly be possible in any other city in the world.

Except at the exposition, Newark affords very slight facilities for evening entertainment. Concerts and lectures have a fair share of patronage during the winter season, and one theatre is sustained. New York is too conveniently near, however, for the encouragement of artists and actors, and Newark is well educated, and exacting as far as real excellence is concerned. The press of Newark is cordially supported in the production of several daily and weekly journals, notwithstanding the influx of the New York papers with their triple sheets. Newark has a well-appointed library containing over 20,000 carefully selected volumes, and it occupies a centrally located and pleasant edifice of its own. The New Jersey Historical Society (a State institution) has its home and its library here, and the latter is a favorite resort for scholars.

The charities of Newark are more interesting than numerous. The wants of the suffering poor are as fully met as elsewhere, which leads me to observe that cases of extreme destitution are less frequent than in most of our large cities. I visited the Orphan Asylum and the Foster Home, and one or two kindred institutions which have arisen since the beginning of the century. The Foster Home has just celebrated its twenty-seventh birthday with an elegant

new brick building in the upper part of the city. It reminded me of a beautiful portrait, by Rembrandt Peale, of the gifted founder of the first charitable society of Newark. It was Mrs. Kinney, the daughter of Dr. William Burnet, and mother of Hon. William B. Kinney—a lady who was a star in the social and intellectual world of her day, as well as a writer and a theologian. It was she who instituted the first Sabbath-schools in the city. When Mrs. Washington traveled from Virginia to Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1775, in her own conveyance—"a chariot and four, with black postilions in scarlet and white liveries"—she spent the night of November 29 at the house of Dr. William Burnet, on Broad Street; and Mrs. Kinney, then in her sweet teens, was one of "the party of ladies and gentlemen" who escorted Mrs. Washington toward Dobb's Ferry the next morning, she occupying a seat beside the latter in her carriage. Fourteen years later, when Mrs. Washington journeyed to New York from Mount Vernon to join her husband after he was elected President of the United States, Mrs. Kinney was one of the honored few who attended her from Philadelphia to Elizabeth. She was on familiar terms with the ladies of the "Republican Court," but her tendencies were chiefly in the direction of Christian usefulness. She was some years in Cincinnati, where she was active in founding institutions of benevolence, which have been almost as fruitful as her labors of love in Newark.

A wondrous tide of Germans has flooded Newark, dropping into all the vacant lots about the factories, and spreading itself over the flats to the east and the hills to the southwest, until it numbers about one-third of the voting population. Between the years 1850 and 1860 the increase was ninety per cent. The German quarter on the hills is one of the interesting features of the city. A section of nearly two miles square is a snug, compact, well-paved city within a city, giving evidence of neither poverty nor riches. The Germans who dwell here are chiefly employed in the factories, and nearly all own their houses. They built to suit their convenience, at odd dates and with varied means, hence there is very little uniformity in the blocks. They live economically, and save money. German habits and German customs appear on every side. The women carry heavy bundles, great baskets, and sometimes barrels, upon their heads. At noon you will see women and children running across the streets and up and down with pitchers in their hands. They are going for lager-beer to drink with their dinners, which is as indispensable as the dinner itself. And none of them need to go far. There are eight or ten immense breweries within the district. One, no larger, perhaps, than the others, has a sub-cellar, arched after the manner of the Cincinnati wine-cellars, and extending to a great distance under the buildings and sidewalks, capable of containing fifteen thousand hogs-



COCKLOFT HALL.

heads of the foaming beverage. The preparation of this article for the market requires incessant and skilled labor. You have but to see the kettle boil—containing one hundred and fifty barrels—and observe the nicety with which every detail of the work is conducted, to convince you that art, if not poetry, may flourish among hops.

Wherever there is room, the Germans have gardens, and raise vegetables for the Newark market. At early dawn the women may be seen driving their one-horse wagons into town. By-the-way, the Newark market is a curiosity. The building proper is constructed over the canal, east from Broad Street the length of a block. The hucksters have their stands outside in Broad Street. Under a great shed to the right of the market building, the women, perched on high seats, with their wares carefully arranged about them, knit while their customers gather.

Newark takes pride, and justly, in her



SUMMER-HOUSE, COCKLOFT HALL.

public schools. They are of the same general character as those of New York and Boston and the other large cities, but in some of the methods of instruction, particularly in the lower departments, they excel them all. Perfect order reigns. It is said that the German children are more easily disciplined than any other class. Three schools, one of which has a thousand pupils, are composed chiefly of this element, and there is a plentiful sprinkling of it elsewhere. It is well that the system of public education receives such careful attention, for, with the exception of the Newark Academy, the city contains no private schools of any importance.

I have not forgotten that Newark has a Board of Trade, which has reached the promising age of seven years, or that the city can go to rest on winter nights with the consciousness of possessing one of the best-organized Fire Departments in the country.

But I must pass on. The suburbs are almost as interesting as the city itself. The shores of the Passaic, for instance, northerly from the bridge, are lined with historical mansions and associations. In early times a large estate was owned upon the east by a brother of General Wolfe, of Quebec memory, who was a sportsman, and laid out great deer parks, and beautified his property with the choicest of flowers and trees. One of the first objects of interest as you leave the smoke of the town is "Kearny Castle," as it is called, the stately home of the late brave and lamented General Philip Kearny. It is situated in the midst of acres of dense shade, reached by a winding avenue from the main street.

Nearly opposite, upon the western bank of the river, stands the famous old mansion known as "Cockloft Hall." The main part of the building is over one hundred and fifty years old, although it has been pieced and modernized until "Pinder Cockloft" himself would hardly recognize it should he return. It was built by the Gouverneurs, a New York family of Huguenot origin, who owned an extensive plantation in the vicinity, and through whom it descended to Gouverneur Kemble. The latter, a bachelor, resided there for many years with his servants, at which period it was the favorite resort of Irving, Paulding, and other of the *literati* of New York, and it was where the witty papers were concocted which monthly appeared "to vex and charm the town." The summer-house, so often quoted, has passed away, but a pencil sketch was secured by Mr. Whitehead just before its final demolition for the opening of a new street. It was octagonal in shape, some eighteen feet in diameter, elaborately ornamented, its door opening upon the Passaic. Its three windows looked inland, that the proprietor, as Irving says, "might have all views upon his own land, and be beholden to no man for a prospect." A fish pond beside it had been made by blowing up a bed of rocks; "for," continued Irving, "although the river runs at about one hundred yards' distance from the house, and was well stored with fish, there was nothing like having things to one's self." The little edifice had a private wine-cellar and the most accommodating of easy-chairs. The old cherry trunk, which was immortalized by the genius of Irving, is still preserved in front of the mansion.

Just north of Mount Pleasant Cemetery is where Henry William Herbert—"Frank Forester"—dwelt among the gloomy cedars, and came to his tragic end. Across the river, again, you come to the birth-place of Major Jack Downing; and elegant country-seats spring upon your notice at every turn.

The old Schuylcr mansion, opposite Belleville, is one of the most ancient of the land-

marks. It was built about the middle of the last century, as you will quickly discover if you enter its main hall—some twenty feet in width, with antique paneling—and ascend its grand old-fashioned winding staircase. All the brick used in the construction of the edifice was imported from Holland, and the mortar was a year old. Arent Schuyler, the brother of Colonel Peter Schuyler, the first Mayor of Albany, bought a large tract of land in this vicinity in 1695. He soon after took up his residence here. One day a negro slave who was plowing turned up a greenish heavy stone. He took it to his master, who sent it to England for analysis. It was found to contain eighty per cent. of copper. The avenue to wealth was at once seized upon, and great quantities of the ore were shipped to the Bristol copper and brass works in England. Schuyler, wishing to reward the lucky slave, told him to name three things which he most desired, and they should be given him. The innocent fellow asked, first, that he might remain with his master as long as he lived; second, that he might have all the tobacco he could smoke; and third, that he might have a dressing-gown like his master's, with big brass buttons. "Oh, ask for something of value," said Schuyler. The negro hesitated a few minutes, then added, "Please give me a little more tobacco."

Colonel Peter Schuyler and Colonel John Schuyler, the two sons of Arent Schuyler, were both men of mark. John continued the working of the mines, and in 1761 an engine was brought out from England to facilitate operations. To superintend this engine came Josiah Hornblower, the father of the late Chief Justice Hornblower, of Newark. An officer visiting Colonel John Schuyler at his residence on the Passaic in 1776 gives us a glimpse of the manner of life of the family, who had fifty or sixty negro slaves, besides other servants. He describes the eminences, the groves, the lawns, the ornamental gardens, and the deer parks, containing "one hundred and sixty head of deer," as being very magnificent. Colonel Peter Schuyler distinguished himself in the French war, and was one of the heroes who entered Montreal when that city surrendered to the British in 1760. His daughter Catharine was the first wife of Archibald Kennedy, Earl of Casselis.

A bridge across the Passaic, built by the three counties which come to a point here—Essex, Hudson, and Bergen—will bring you to Belleville, a pleasant little village of two thousand people and five churches, which was once within the limits of Newark. The Jersey City Water-works are established near this bridge, and those of Newark a little further on. You stop to ask if all the people of these places drink out of the Passaic River. Then you cast your eye up and

down and recall to memory what you have seen along its banks, and wonder if you shall ever be thirsty again. But hark! the bridge tender is explaining about the pumps and the reservoirs and the filters, and you, adding it to your stock of information on hand, viz., that a lump of ice will purify the most impure water, will possess your soul with silence. Bloomfield and Montclair lie west of Belleville, and are much larger villages. Montclair is the higher land of the two, and is building up rapidly.

The Oranges—a whole orchard of them—are beyond, due west of Newark, and occupy even more territory than the latter place; it was formerly called "Newark Mountain." A highway was laid out by order of the



PETER SCHUYLER.

town of Newark to this point in 1681, but as late as 1696 but two families lived here—Deacon Azariah Crane (whose wife was a daughter of Robert Treat) and Edward Ball. In 1718 the first religious organization was formed, called the "Mountain Society," which was the germ of the First Presbyterian Church of Orange.

By horse-car, from the corner of Broad and Market streets to Orange proper (there are some eight or nine railroad stations among the Oranges), the time is forty minutes. You will be puzzled to know where Newark ends and Orange begins, for it is one continuous city to the end of the route. Orange is, however, a city of homes—I might say with propriety a city of villas. There is no business done here beyond what sup-

plies local necessities, except the manufacture of hats in some twenty-five factories. Its citizens are chiefly wealthy New Yorkers, and those from other cities who love the beauties of natural scenery and plenty of room. It is located on a succession of hills running north and south parallel with a picturesque chain of mountains. Upon the side of the mountain nestles Llewellyn Park, which care and cost have brought to a charming degree of perfection. The mountain is every where dotted with castles and cottages, surrounded by highly cultivated grounds. Driving through Orange, you will be attracted by the number of unique and handsome church edifices, which seem to adorn almost every block. But if you descend to dull statistics, you will discover that there is only one to every six or seven hundred inhabitants. You will also be



THE SCHUYLER ARMS.

smitten with the spirit of inquiry as to why the little red line on the map which encircles the city is girt so tight, when there is so much more to take in. Let me tell you that the Oranges have had their little private quarrels, and it is hardly fair to make investigations.

By a slightly circuitous route from Orange along the outskirts of Newark and through the pretty village of Irvington, you come to Elizabeth. Not the "old borough" of Elizabethtown, which was incorporated with much pomp and circumstance in 1740, but a revised city of twenty prosperous years, with all the modern improvements. It contains scarcely a tenth of its early territory, one town after another having been graduated from its borders; but what it has lost in acres it has made up in population. It

is the *dépôt* of a considerable commerce, and spacious warehouses, extensive manufactories, attractive cottages, and elegant mansions have sprung up in every quarter. These last are planted up and down the smooth, wide, leafy streets, in a manner most pleasing to the fastidious eye. Elizabeth, although originally settled by the same Puritan stock as Newark, shortly received accessions to its population from England and Scotland, who were sacredly taught to believe in the divine right of kings. Hence there were two elements, by no means congenial, for the organization of social, political, and religious institutions. For many years Elizabeth was the larger and more notable place. It was the residence of the Governors and the officers of the government. It was where the General Assembly met until 1682, when it commenced its alternations between Perth Amboy and Burlington. Elizabeth established the first schools of importance in the State, and from that time until the present it has been a favorite seat of learning. Its private schools are excellent, and so numerous as to supply the deficiency of its industrial neighbor. Elizabeth has through all its history been the residence of persons of distinction. Some few houses are standing which would furnish the key to a whole chapter of memories. "Liberty Hall," the home of Governor William Livingston, who guided the State through its perils during the Revolution, is by no means the least among them.

Perhaps Newark, with her aspiring tendencies, will yet spread forth her arms and embrace the whole of Essex and Hudson counties. It would be no more wonderful than the events of the last half century.

LAOCOON.

A GNARLED and massive oak log, shapeless, old,
Hewed down of late from yonder hill-side gray,
Grotesquely curved, across our hearth-stone lay;
About it, serpent-wise, the red flames rolled
In writhing convolutions; fold on fold
They crept and clung, with slow, portentous
sway
Of deadly coils; or in malignant play,
Keen tongues outflashed, 'twixt vaporous gloom
and gold.
Lo! as I gazed, from out that flaming gyre
There loomed a wild, weird Image, all astrain
With strangled limbs, hot brow, and eyeballs
dire,
Big with the anguish of the bursting brain:
Laocoon's form, Laocoon's fateful pain—
A frescoed dream on flickering walls of fire!

PAUL H. HAYNE.