

great things may be expected. Her performance of the school-girl, Trina Rar, in *The April-fools*, is one of the most delightful things of its kind I have ever seen. I may say, indeed, that I never saw any play so perfectly acted in every part as this vaudeville of Heiberg's. Fru Phister as the old school-mistress, Fru Hilmer as a gossiping old maid, Zangenberg and the beautiful Fru Emma Nielsen as Siegfried and Constance, Fru Bloch as Trina Rar, Poul Nielsen as her school-boy lover, Schram as the German adventurer, and Olaf Poulsen as Herr Zierlich, were all above criticism. It is only at a theatre where the drama is cultivated as an art, not exploited as an article of commerce, that such perfection of ensemble is possible.

I have barely mentioned, or not at all, some of the most interesting artists of the company. Chamberlain Fallesen has avoided the error into which M. Perrin fell at the Français, of overworking the older generation, and giving the younger generation no chance to develop their talents. The younger generation in Copenhagen, headed by Fru Bloch, Poul Nielsen, and Fru Emma Nielsen, is rapidly preparing itself for the tasks, in the shape of realistic drama, which the immediate future will probably assign to it. If only the Royal Theatre keeps abreast of the literary movement; if only the Danish actors maintain the good traditions of "plain living and high thinking," faithful character study, and loyal co-operation in the cause of art—there is no doubt that the House of Holberg will continue to hold for many a long year its foremost



FRU BLOCH AS TRINA RAR IN HEIBERG'S VAUDEVILLE "THE APRIL-FOOLS."

place among the national institutions of Denmark. If such a theatre be not worth far more than a yearly \$10,000, or even \$20,000, to the nation it helps to educate, my ideas of the value of money are strangely at fault.

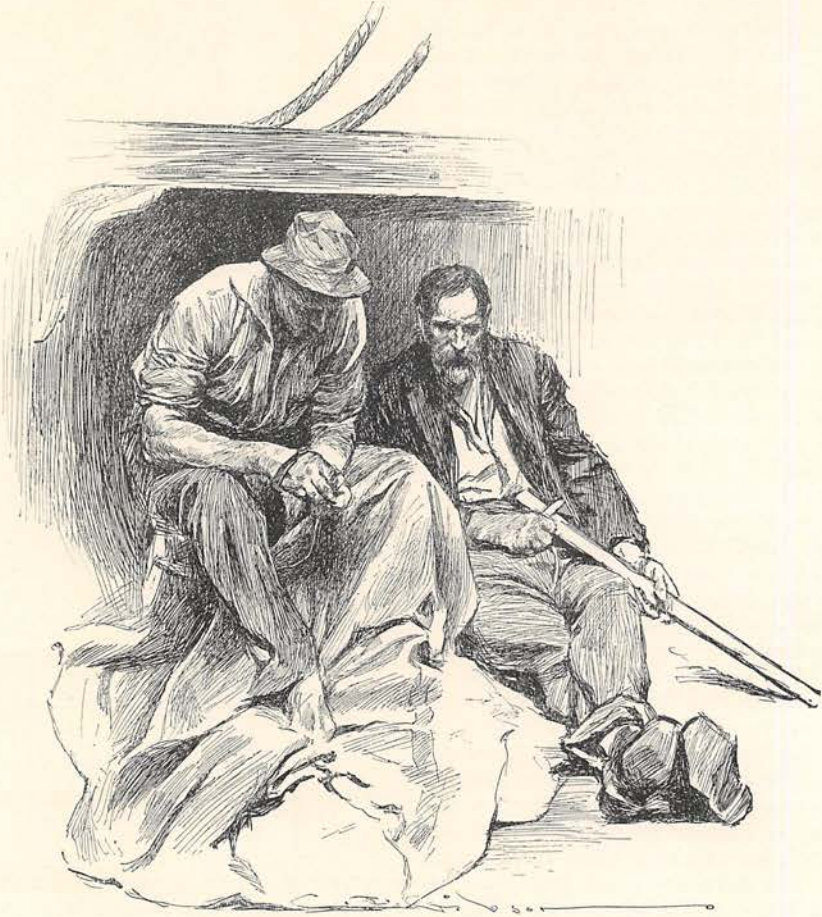
OLD SHIPPING MERCHANTS OF NEW YORK.

BY GEORGE W. SHELDON.

THE New York shipping merchants spoken of in this article are the men who owned, wholly or in part, the old packet and clipper ships of the transatlantic service. They left no successors. Where is the American house that exports to-day? The business is in the hands of foreigners, and is done so differently that were the doers of it fifty years ago to make their appearance on 'Change, they could not understand what is going on. It would sorely puzzle them to see their posterity applying to brokers for

the kind of information which they themselves once had a monopoly of, and giving brokers orders for wheat, corn, tobacco, tea, indigo, and so forth, which they themselves were in the habit of giving directly to the owners of such goods. The old merchants were shippers, that is to say, owners or part owners of the cargoes which they despatched to foreign ports, taking the risks of transportation, and receiving the profits or sustaining the losses; but now the leading articles in the Liverpool, Havre, Hamburg, and





"THE CAPTAIN COMPLAINED THAT THEY USED UP EVERY KIND OF MATERIAL."

Eastern trade—cotton, lard, oil, and provisions—are principally sold on "offers" by telegraph, sold before leaving port, and without risks, thus doing away with the necessity for special business training, ability, and experience.

The old shipping merchants, when young men and clerks, were allowed by their employers to make small business ventures of their own. In this way Robert B. Minturn soon became the owner of a small vessel. Many of them had practical experience as sailors. Moses H. Grinnell was supercargo on a ship bound to Trieste *via* Rio de Janeiro; Jonathan Goodhue, supercargo to Aden in 1803, and to Calcutta in 1805; Charles H. Marshall, seaman, mate, and master. Then, too, character and ability counted for something in the line of promotion; and if a

clerk went to church regularly, his boss might take a fancy to him and promote him. Now, it is capital that counts, and the boss does not care whether the clerk goes to church or not. Even the old bills of lading were devout, beginning, "SHIPPED by the grace of GOD in good order and well conditioned," and ending, "And so God send the good ship to her desired Port in Safety. Amen."

The sailing of the old packet-ships at regular intervals first built up the New York shipping trade. From New Orleans, Charleston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Boston came goods to be shipped to Europe, providing a living for the handlers of the freight, and a handsome return for the capital invested in the ships. But the California gold fever of 1849 gave a greater impetus to commerce than it had ever



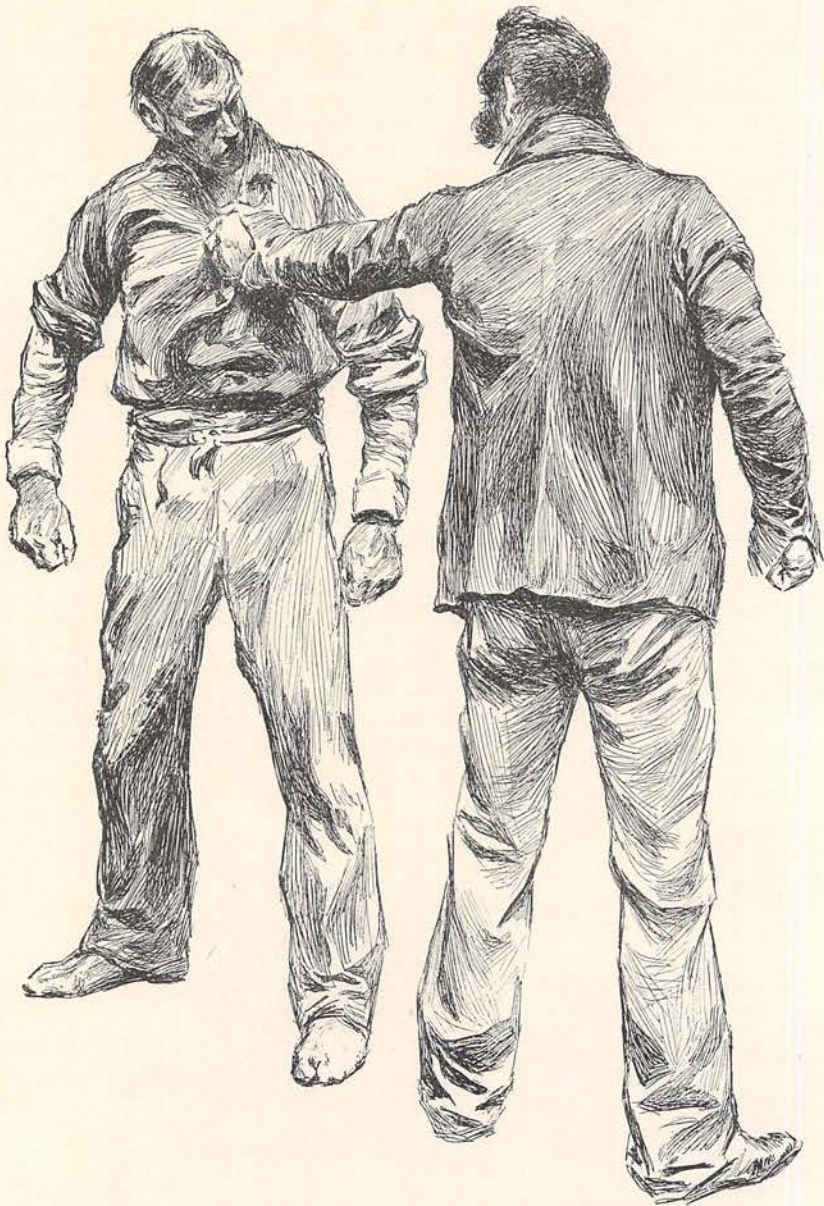
received. San Francisco in that year was described by a newspaper correspondent as "a beehive of the largest kind," though "the conveniences for business" were small, there being "only a hundred decent size stores, but shanties enough of all kinds." The retail price of flour in that city was fifty cents a pound; the retail price of pork was from fifty to seventy-five cents a pound; the retail price of bread was from twenty-five to thirty-three cents a pound. Boards sold for \$400 a thousand feet, and brandy for twenty-five cents a glass. Of poverty there was none, with gold worth sixteen dollars an ounce; of prudence, also, there was none. It was cheaper to throw clothes away than to pay for the washing of them. The ship *Oxford* arrived in San Francisco from Boston with sixty-four skilled mechanics, who, during the voyage of one hundred and ninety-six days, had manufactured all their tents, cots, and hammocks, had built a boat, had made daggers of old files, and inlaid the handles with gold, and having landed on some islands and found some pearl-oyster shells, had covered the handles of their knives with pearl in place of buck-

horn. They had constructed a blacksmith's shop on board, and if a man broke his penknife, there was another man who could mend it. The captain complained that they used up every kind of material they could lay hands on, and that it was with difficulty he kept them from cutting up his ship. Even the boys were noted for their wits. A Salem lad eighteen years of age printed on canvas in San Francisco the words "American House" and "Broadway House," and sold them as signs for twenty-two dollars. Another day he earned seventeen dollars, and another fifteen, for doing similar trifles. He and a companion picked up the boxes that had been cast aside as useless in the city after the goods had been sold from them, and got four or five dollars apiece. A youth named Glines, from Newbury, Byfield Parish, Massachusetts, returned home from California with sixty pounds of gold, worth \$13,000. He had come, he said, only to see his gold safe, and was soon on his way back to the diggings. The fever extended to Europe. A stock company in Geneva was organized to freight a ship for California. The round trip was to consume four months,



"WHAT! AN AMERICAN, AND HAVE NEVER BEEN TO CALIFORNIA!"





“THE MUTINEER WAS SOON LODGED IN THE COCKPIT.”

two months of which were to be expended in digging gold; and it is expected, said the prospectus, that each passenger will return with \$100,000 in his pocket. A Frenchman met an American in a railway car, and at once began to make minute inquiries about California.

“I have never been there,” replied the other.

“What!” exclaimed his questioner, falling back in astonishment, “an American, and have never been to California!”

The quality of the men who officered and sailed the old packets and clippers was no



mean factor of the environment that enabled the old shipping merchants to acquire fame and fortune. Most of them came from New England, and had been trained on board the whalers, which, before the passage by Congress of an act to establish United States naval schools, in tardy response to a memorial drawn up by Mr. Adam P. Pentz in the year 1837, were almost the only source of the supply of seamen for the merchant marine. Take, for instance, a commander like Captain Benjamin I. H. Trask, master successively of the *Virginia*, *Yazoo*, *Garrick*, *Jamestown*, *Switzerland*, *Saratoga*, *Wm. F. Stover*, and *Hamilton Fish*, for whom, when he died, on the 23d of December, 1871, the flags on the shipping in the harbor were at half-mast. "No braver or better man," said one of the newspapers, "ever commanded an American ship. He was about the last of the old sea-kings of the past." This was the kind of man he was: His good ship the *Saratoga* was about to leave Havre for New York at the time when, in honor of the birth of the Prince Imperial (son of Eugénie and Louis Napoleon), many convicts had been liberated from prison. Some of these rascals—the ugliest set of mortals he had ever associated with—shipped as sailors on board his vessel, their character and antecedents, of course, quite unknown to the captain. The first day out the new crew were very troublesome, owing in part, doubtless, to the absence of the mate, who was ill in bed, and who died after a few hours. Suddenly the second mate, (now Captain) G. D. S. Trask, son of the commander, heard his father call out, "Take hold of the wheel," and going forward, saw him holding a sailor at arm's-length. The mutineer was soon lodged in the cockpit; but all hands, the watch below and the watch on deck, came aft, as if obeying a signal, with threatening faces and clinched fists. The captain, methodical and cool, ordered his son to run a line across the deck, between him and the rebellious crew, and to arm the steward and the third mate.

"Now go forward and get to work," he said to the gang, who immediately made a demonstration to break the line. "The first man who passes that rope," added the captain, drawing his pistol, "I will shoot. I am going to call you one by one; if two come at a time, I will shoot both."



"THERE WERE NO STAGES OR HORSE-CARS."

The first to come forward was a big fellow in a red shirt. He had hesitated to advance when called; but the "I will give you one more invitation, sir," of the captain furnished him with the requisite resolution. So large were his wrists that ordinary shackles were too small to go around them, and ankle





CHARLES HENRY MARSHALL.

From a painting by Richard J. Nagle in the New York Chamber of Commerce.

shackles took their place. Escorted by the second and third mates to the cabin, he was made to lie flat on his stomach while staples were driven through the chains of his handcuffs into the floor to pin him down. After eighteen of the mutineers had been similarly treated, the captain himself withdrew to the cabin and lay on a sofa, telling the second mate to wake him in an hour. The next minute he was fast asleep, with the stapled ruffians around him.

Isaac Wright, of Isaac Wright and Son, the founders of the Black Ball Line, lived at Thirty-eighth Street and Third Avenue, and walked down to business and back to his home every day. There were no stages or horse-cars in those days. The site of his home is now occupied by a piano-forte factory. Mr. Wright was an English Quaker from Sheffield, in the dry-goods business.

Jeremiah Thompson, of Jeremiah Thompson and Nephews, also an English Quaker, was a successful cotton merchant. His firm succeeded that of Isaac Wright and Son as agents of the Black Ball Line, after Isaac Wright and Son had failed by speculating in cotton. They in turn failed, and were succeeded by Thompson and Oddie, whose office, in Wall Street, next door to the Bank of America, occupied part of a two-story brick dwelling-house with dormer-window in front. There was a row of such buildings in the neighborhood. The next agents of the line were Goodhue and Company (Jonathan Goodhue and Pelatiah Perit).

Charles Henry Marshall became the principal proprietor and the active manager of the Black Ball Line on the withdrawal of Goodhue and Company, whose interest he had purchased. He was born at Easton, Washington County,

New York, on the 8th of April, 1792. At the age of fifteen he shipped with Captain Solomon Swain, on the *Lima*, for a whaling voyage to the Pacific.

The ship was absent two years, and on her return young Marshall had the pleasure and pride of counting three hundred dollars—his first earnings—into his father's hand. In two or three weeks he was on the sea again, an ordinary seaman aboard a vessel bound for England. His next voyage was to Riga, Russia. The war of 1812 sent him to farming. When peace was declared he sailed as second mate on a ship going to Oporto, the celebrated Captain "Bob" Waterman being her first mate. After several other voyages he became master of the *James Cropper*, of the Black Ball Line in 1822. Having served as master of three other ships of that line, he left the sea, and became a shipping merchant.



Mr. Marshall was a Commissioner of Emigration; president of the Marine Society; trustee of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, the Seamen's Fund and Retreat, and the Home for Seamen's Children; a Commissioner of Pilots; a member of the Union Defence Committee in New York city at the outbreak of the late war; a member of the Union League Club; and chairman of the Executive Committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce.

Preserved Fish, senior partner in the firm of Fish and Grinnell (1815), later, Grinnell, Minturn, and Company (1826), proprietors of the Swallow-tail Line of Liverpool packets, and the old line of London packets, was recognized anywhere as *sui generis*. He is said to have been picked off a wreck while floating down a river, and named Preserved Fish in consequence by some inhabitants of New Bedford. He lived in East Broadway, and was a Democrat, with the courage of his convictions. "If the Whigs succeed in electing their candidate," he said during one campaign, "I will run around the Seventh Ward in my shirt."

The Whigs did succeed, and as Mr. Fish found it inexpedient to carry out his announced intention, they revenged themselves by circulating very extensively a cheapprint representing him clothed in a nightcap and shirt, and running at the top of his speed.

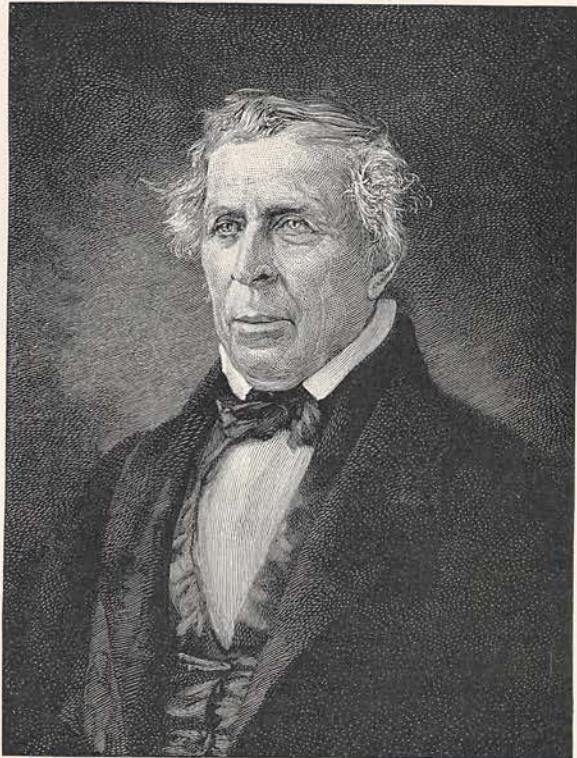
Moses H. Grinnell was one of six sons of a shipping merchant of New Bedford, where he was born, on the 3d of March, 1803. He died of heart-disease at his residence, No. 280 Madison Avenue, New York, on the 24th of November, 1877, after being a member of Congress, president of the New York Chamber of Commerce and of the Phoenix Bank, and Collector of Customs at the port of New York. "In public spirit," said his associates in the Chamber of Commerce, after his retirement from the presidency of that institution in May, 1852, "in mercantile success, in social position, and in the

possession of hosts of friends, he holds a place which makes the name of Moses H. Grinnell a household word almost throughout the land."

Henry Grinnell, brother of Moses H., died in New York city on the 30th of June, 1874. His activity in the business of arctic exploration overshadowed his celebrity as a shipping merchant.

Robert Bowne Minturn (1805-1866) had two grandfathers of prominence—William Minturn, a merchant, and Robert Bowne, one of the founders of the New York Hospital. He himself was a founder of St. Luke's Hospital and of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, president of the Union League Club, and Commissioner of Emigration in 1847, when the Irish famine was crowding the steerage, and the ship-fever depleting it. Mr. Minturn was connected with the firms of Fish and Grinnell and Grinnell, Minturn, and Company for thirty-five years.

Thomas Tileston, born in Boston in 1793, was setting type in a printing-of-



PRESERVED FISH.





MOSES H. GRINNELL.

From a painting by J. O. Eaton.

five in his thirteenth year. "By going into a printing-office, mother," he had said, "I hope to educate myself and others, and to become able to support you and the whole family." At twenty-five he was in New York, a member of the firm of Spofford and Tileston, commission agents of New England manufactures. There was a line of sloops of 120 tons running between New York and the Massachusetts capital, and by becoming the agents of this line Messrs. Spofford and Tileston got into the shipping business. They sent a little brig, the *Pharos*, to

Cuba for sugars, and soon built the *Havana* and *Christopher Colon* for the Cuban coffee trade, and in 1850 bought of E. K. Collins the Dramatic Line of Liverpool sailing packets. They built the steamers *Southerner* and *Northerner*, and also owned the *Columbia*, *James Adger*, and *Nashville*, of the Charleston and New York Line.

Francis Depau, founder of the first line of Havre packets, was a Frenchman. He died worth \$700,000—a large sum in his day. He lived on the west side of Broadway, between Leonard and Franklin



streets, until he built Depau Row, at the southeast corner of Bleecker Street and Depau Place, a structure now occupied by tenants of the Five Points class.

Bolton, Fox, and Livingston were the successors of Francis Depau, the firm consisting of Curtis Bolton, Samuel M. Fox, and Mortimer Livingston; and after the death of Mr. Bolton becoming Fox and Livingston.

John J. Boyd was the agent of the second line of Havre packets. His grandfather was an English quartermaster on an

English vessel which came to this country, and his father a bookkeeper with Leroy, Bayard, and Company, a firm with which John J. Boyd was associated as clerk and manager previous to founding the house of Boyd and Crassous, merchandise brokers. This house became John J. Boyd after the retirement of Mr. Crassous, and is now Boyd and Hincken. The founder died, at the age of seventy-four years, in May, 1863. He was born at No. 22 Pearl Street, in an old-fashioned two-story house, with a wooden stoop, the steps



"MR. BOYD FINALLY MET MR. PAULDING."





GEORGE GRISWOLD.

of which ran along the side of the building; he lived there until the fire of 1835 burned him out. He was superstitious about Friday, never on that day beginning any business on his own account, nor taking an order from a customer. Having furnished supplies for Wilkes's exploring expedition, he sent to Lieutenant Wilkes for vouchers for the same, and was told that the goods had not yet been examined with sufficient care, that the barometers especially must be tested before any receipts could be given. Tired of the delay, he went to Naval Agent James K. Paulding, who, upon one pretext and another, put him off from day to day. Mr. Boyd finally met Mr. Paulding in the street, and gave him a piece of his mind. "It is impossible," he said, "for an honest man to do business with the government. I will never do it again." And

he never did. So strictly did he keep his resolution that the steamer *Washington*, of which he was agent, having been awarded a contract for carrying the United States mails to Havre and Bremen—the price to the latter city being double that to the former—he immediately withdrew from his agency. The vessel became a financial failure, and so did the *Hermann*, built by the same company that owned the *Washington*. Mr. Boyd, like Mr. Collins, had considerable knowledge of commercial law, and was often chosen arbitrator by his contemporaries. His favorite haunt in the evening, and on Sunday morning before church, was the office of the *Courier and Enquirer*, where Mr. Smith, afterward superintendent of the Maritime Association, then an editor of that journal, used to entertain him and other shipping merchants who lived down town with early marine news from Australia by way of Brazil. The announcement of arrivals of vessels in the Lower Bay was received in New York by signal from Staten Island only a minute or two more slowly than at present by telegraph.

William Whitlock, Jun., proprietor of the third line of Havre packets, was previously in the Savannah trade.

Byrnes and Trimble conducted the Red Star Line of Liverpool packets, in their day almost next in importance to the Black Ball Line. They owned the *Sheffield*, *United States*, *John Jay*, and *England*. The style of the firm originally was Wood and Trimble. Mr. Wood was the first person in New York to erect the modern tenement-house. Byrnes and Trimble sold out to Robert Kermit.

Hicks and Jenkins were contemporaries of Byrnes and Trimble. They owned a line of Liverpool ships, not packets, but traders. Like Byrnes and Trimble, they were Quakers, a class of citizens



who in those days had a fancy for the shipping business, and, as a rule, were extremely successful. The firm name became Samuel Hicks and Sons.

N. L. and G. Griswold were enriched chiefly by the China trade. Nathaniel L. Griswold, the founder of the house, often looked like a Western frontiersman with his slouched hat. He was the first person to introduce the steam-dredge for

"Go and find wind," was the reply; "the wind is all ahead."

Sure enough it was: a heavy squall struck the *John Gilpin* off the west bank of Newfoundland, and not a smitch of her was left—cargo, ship, everything and everybody, went under. That was a favorite expression of shipping merchants in those days—"Go and find wind." Old Commodore Vanderbilt, too, used to use



SUNDAY MORNING IN THE OFFICE OF THE "COURIER AND ENQUIRER."

dock-digging. His brother, George Griswold, was one of our merchant princes, more than six feet high, splendidly proportioned, with pale complexion and eyes black as ink. The Griswolds had a superior lot of captains. Captain Eyre, of their brig *John Gilpin*, had orders to sail for China on a Christmas morning; but on that morning snow was falling, the weather was thick, the seamen were scarce, and the captain did not want to start.

"There is no wind," he said to one of the firm.

it whenever his captains were reluctant to start in unfavorable weather. One of the Griswold ships, the *Panama*, was lost. They built another and called her the *Panama*, and she was lost. Then they built a third *Panama*, a full clipper. The reason for retaining the name was that each chest of tea bore the name of the firm that had imported it and the vessel that had brought it. The first lot of teas by the original *Panama* having been exceptionally fine, there was a popular demand for "tea by the *Panama*." This lot was so profitable that the firm





A. A. LOW.

From a photograph by Fredricks, New York.

was known afterward as "No Loss and Great Gain" Griswold. They were the first merchants to introduce Colt of Paterson's cotton duck, and to use it for square-rigged vessels, *i. e.*, barks or ships. George Griswold died on the 5th of September, 1859. The late John C. Green was a member of the same firm.

A. A. Low and Brother were brought up in the house of Samuel Russell, of China. Their first ship—the *Howqua*, Captain Nathaniel B. Palmer—was pierced with port-holes, with the idea, it is said, of selling her to the Chinese government as a man-of-war. She is supposed to have perished in a cyclone off the coast of Japan in February, 1865. In Mr. A. A. Low's home at Newport are two oil-paintings representing the *Howqua* in a gale. Perhaps the most notable of their fleet was the *Samuel Russell*, built by Brown and Bell in 1847, and wrecked on Glass Rock, in Gasper Strait, at 8.30 P. M. on the 23d of

November, 1870. The Lows have always maintained intimate relations with China, and have kept buyers of their own there. Mr. Low was vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce in 1858, when the first Atlantic cable was laid, and president from 1863 to 1867.

Edward Knight Collins was a great naval architect as well as shipping merchant, whose career was, on the whole, more noteworthy than that of any man engaged anywhere in similar pursuits. This public-spirited citizen, son of Captain Israel G. Collins, the owner and commander of a ship that traded between the United States and England, was born on the 5th of August, 1802. His mother, Mary Allan, a niece of Admiral Sir Edward

Knight, of the British navy, dying ten days after the birth of her only child, the infant was reared by his aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Small, of Truro, Cape Cod, whose kindness and affection Mr. Collins remembered with gratitude to the day of his death. In his fifteenth year, after a course of study at Sandwich, Cape Cod, and Elizabethtown, New Jersey, he entered as a clerk, at No. 41 South Street, New York, the store of Messrs. McCrea and Slidell, the latter gentleman a brother of the Confederate minister John Slidell, who was captured on board the *Trent* by naval officers of the country he had disowned. Five years afterward Mr. Collins was making trips to the West Indies as supercargo for John F. Delaplaine, sharing in the profits of the ventures of his new employer, and experiencing several hairbreadth escapes from pirates and two disastrous shipwrecks on the coasts of Cuba and Florida, so that when, in 1825, he be-



came the partner of his father in the firm of Israel G. Collins and Son, on the north corner of South Street and Burling Slip, he was fully equipped for a notable commercial performance which may be called

junior member of the firm to act in that capacity. A few minutes' reflection was enough to enable him to accept the appointment, and in reply to their question, "How soon can you start?" he said, quiet-



EDWARD KNIGHT COLLINS.

the foundation of his subsequent prosperity. The ship *Canada*, a regular Liverpool trader, had arrived in New York, after a short passage, with the news of a great rise in the price of cotton in England, and a number of speculators forthwith combined to buy all the cotton they could find. Several merchants, also seized with a similar purpose, determined to send an agent to Charleston, South Carolina, and at one o'clock on the day of the *Canada's* arrival proceeded to the office of I. G. Collins and Son, and asked the

ly: "As soon as I can charter a pilot-boat and ship provisions and crew—about three hours. I will be ready to sail at four o'clock this afternoon."

"But the regular Charleston packet leaves at that hour, and the speculators will go out by her, and get there before you."

"Gentlemen," was the reply, "I will go in the way I have named, or not go at all."

Enough said. At precisely four o'clock, from the pier at Burling Slip, the packet



hauled in her hawsers, and the pilot-boat, under command of E.K. Collins, cast loose her moorings, the vessels proceeding down the East River together, much to the amusement of the speculators on board the packet, who mercilessly chaffed the "boy," as they called him, for his temerity in undertaking to beat them. But Collins, being an accomplished navigator, and sailing in a boat of so light draught that it could keep close to shore and take full advantage of tides, currents, and land-breezes, was soon out of sight of the merry-andrews, and reached Charleston long enough in advance of them to buy all the cotton in that city and on the Cooper and Ashley rivers, to arrange his exchanges, make out his invoices, and set sail for New York in his saucy little craft. She was crossing the bar homeward bound, with her whip at the main, when the packet and the speculators hove in sight, and as the two vessels passed each other within speaking distance, an eye-witness relates that the would-be cotton-buyers on board the bigger one laughed this time the other side of their mouths. That was certainly a splendid start for a young business man of twenty-three years.

His marriage the next year to Miss Mary Ann Woodruff, eldest daughter of Thomas T. Woodruff, one of the founders of the Chemical Bank and of the New York and Manhattan Gas companies, the builder of Fort Lafayette and the fortifications at West Point, and, in part, of the High Bridge Aqueduct and the Fifth Avenue Reservoir (on both of which works his name is engraved on tablets), was another felicitous step; and when, four years later (in 1830), under the firm name of E. K. Collins, he had established a line of full-rigged packets between New York and Vera Cruz, his venture was so profitable that he soon built additions to the line, and organized a regular line of fast-sailing schooners between New York and Tampico, and also (in October, 1832) the first regular line of packets between New York and New Orleans. Never had the city of New Orleans seen such vessels as those that Collins sent. They revolutionized the packet service of the American coast.

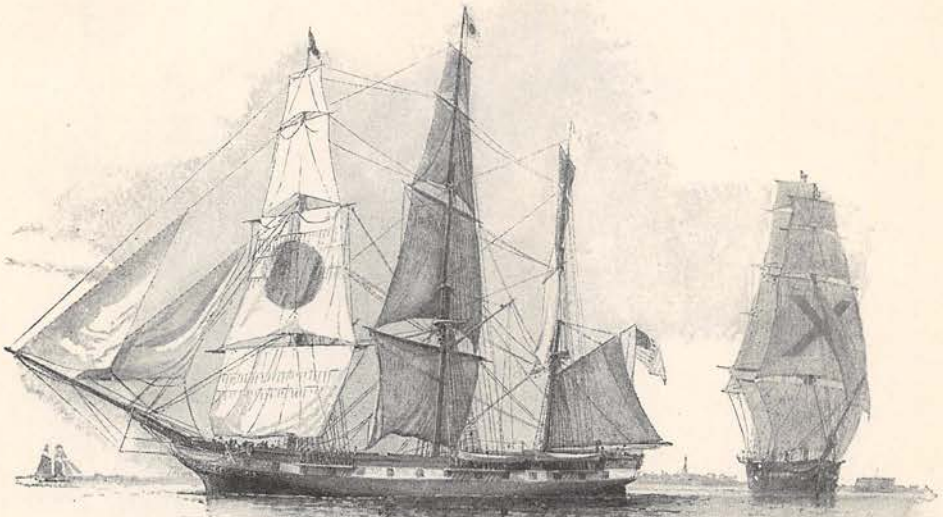
Here began the cordial and long-continued relations of this great ship-controller with the great ship-builders Brown and Bell, in whose yard had been laid the keels of the *Congress*, *Vicksburg*, and

*Mississippi*. The plans for these vessels, and for all his later vessels, were devised by Mr. Collins himself, in consultation with the builders who were to execute them, and no persons had a higher respect for his ability as a naval architect than those eminent naval architects David Brown and Jacob Bell themselves.

At the time of her launching from Brown and Bell's yard (1833), the *Mississippi* was the largest ship under the United States flag in the commercial marine, being of 750 tons and 2600 bales of cotton capacity; but larger still was the *Shakespeare*, which followed her in 1834, and began her first voyage to New Orleans on the 27th of January, 1835, commanded by Captain John Collins, an uncle of her owner. She was constructed to resemble a man-of-war, and having made several round trips to the Louisiana port, was despatched with a cargo to Liverpool. Entirely different in model from the ships then engaged in the transatlantic packet service, and much larger than they, she awakened much curiosity on sailing up the Mersey. The pier heads of that river were crowded with spectators, and after she had been docked, the crowd of visitors from all parts of the neighborhood made it necessary for the captain to ask for the interference of the police, he promising, however, in a public notice, to show the ship as soon as her cargo had been discharged and her decks cleaned. He kept his word, and for one week held a continuous reception on board.

What could have been more natural than for a man like Mr. Collins to make the glowing success of the *Shakespeare* the occasion for establishing between New York and Liverpool a packet line of his own? He had sent one ship to that port, and she had returned to him overflowing with profitable passengers and cargo, after rejecting for lack of room three times the number of people and the quantity of freight. Prosperous as were the ocean packet lines already in operation, not one of them sailed a ship that could approach within hailing distance of the *Shakespeare*. Already he had in frame in Brown and Bell's yard the *Garrick* and the *Sheridan*, which had been intended for the New Orleans service. He proceeded to add to them the *Siddons*, and his famous Dramatic Line was an accomplished fact.





DEPARTURE OF BLACK BALL AND DRAMATIC PACKETS FROM NEW YORK FOR LIVERPOOL.

When the English steamers *Sirius*, *Great Western*, *British Queen*, *Royal William*, *Liverpool*, and *President* had successfully crossed the Atlantic, Mr. Collins said, "There is no longer chance for enterprise with sails; it is steam that must win the day." To his friend William Aymar, Mr. Collins said, in the autumn of 1840, "I will build steamers that shall make the passage from New York to Europe in ten days and less." It took him ten years to get his line in operation, but he kept his word.

In 1850-1 the summit of his ambition was reached, and the splendid steamships of the Collins Line were launched—the *Arctic*, *Baltic*, *Atlantic*, and *Pacific*. A fierce competition ensued between them and the steamships of the Cunard Line. In twenty-six passages to Liverpool in 1852, the average time of the Cunarders was one hour and forty-three minutes faster than that of their American rivals; but in the same number of passages from Liverpool to New York, the

average time of the Collins steamships was not less than twenty-one hours and thirty minutes faster than that of their English rivals.

Captain Asa Eldridge once exclaimed, when about to leave New York for Liverpool on the Collins steamship *Pacific*, "If I don't beat the *Persia* [Cunarder], I will send the *Pacific* to the bottom."

The misfortunes that soon befell the line—the sinking of the *Arctic* in September, 1854, with the loss of more than three hundred persons, among them Mr. Collins's wife and two of his children; the foundering of the *Pacific* not long afterward; and the withdrawal of the government subsidy—were too disastrous to be survived, and in December, 1856, Mr. Collins petitioned Congress to relieve him from his contract, and to take his steamships off his hands. Two years afterward the business was wound up. The country felt grateful to Mr. Collins, and sympathized with him in his misfortunes. He died in 1878.