FERRY HOUSE AT BROOKLYN, 1791.

GROWTH OF CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

EVERY thing in the United States presents the aspect of freshness, vigor, and elastic vitality to the European on his arrival here, and he is continually impressed with the consciousness that he is in the midst of a vast progressive movement of a people young, lusty, and indomitable, toward the highest social refinement, political wisdom, and national grandeur. The cities and villages appear as if they were recently commenced, and were being rapidly pushed toward completion, to appear well at some great cosmopolitan fete near at hand. To the citizen of some old town in Continental Europe which was embalmed in history centuries ago, and where a new house has not been erected, nor an old one altered, within the memory of man, every thing here seems in its nativity—a magician's wand appears to be summoning vast marts of commerce from the blue waves of the ocean, and beautiful villages from the bosoms of the forests.

We have many startling data with which to illustrate the wonderful progress of our country in industrial pursuits, social refinement, and true national greatness; but there is none more tangible than the growth of our cities. We will select for illustration, only three, from a single State—the cities of *Brooklyn*, *Rochester*, and *Buffalo*, in the State of New York. The wonderful vitality which has stimulated the growth of each has been drawn from separate and distinct sources: Brooklyn from its proximity to a great and increasing commercial city; Rochester from the inherent energy, industry, and enterprise of its aggregating population; and Buffalo from its eligible position in the great pathway of commerce between the Atlantic and the States along the Lakes and the Father of Waters. Brooklyn is like the child of a rich parent, nursed into life and placed in good society without much personal endeavor; Rochester is like a sturdy youth, with ax and spade, sent forth from the homestead roof to hew down the forest, let in the blessed sunlight to the bosom of Mother Earth, and then to seek sustenance and manly vigor from the generous soil; and Buffalo is like a publican and toll-gatherer upon the highway, growing rich and lusty upon the spendings of troops of wayfarers, who eat, drink, and are merry, pay tribute, and pass on.

BROOKLYN is earliest in date and greatest in population. Within its corporation bounds Sarah Rapelye, the first white child born on Long Island, inspired her earliest breath, two hundred and twenty-eight years ago. The hills around were called *Breucklen* (broken land) by the Dutch, and the orthoepy has but little changed, now that a beautiful city covers their slopes and crowns their summits, and the Dutch language is no more heard. When settlements and farms increased upon Long Island a ferry was established. A broad flat-boat for man and beast was provided, and the rental of the privilege to navigate the channel was appropriated to the building of the old City Hall in Wall Street, New York, where Washington was inaugurated President of the United States. A ferry house was built upon the Brooklyn side, where the farmers ate and drank, and parties from New York went to devour delicious fish, served in Epicurean style. The ferry house was famous for these things all through the dark period of the Revolution, when many a scarlet uniform was seen beneath its "stoop," its owner often "hob-and-nob" over a plate of fish with a rebel of bluest dye. Long years afterward the ferry house continued to be a solitary tenant of the soil, where now is so much life—so much of brick and mortar, merchandise and confusion.

A friend of the writer (John Fanning Watson, Esq., the well known annalist of New York and Philadelphia), whose memory, vivid as morning light, goes back full sixty years, has given him, in a letter recently written, a picture of Brooklyn as it appeared to him in boyhood, and with it a pencil sketch of the ferry house, depicted at the head of this article. The house stood upon the high bank, some thirty or forty feet above the water, and the road to the little ferry wharf below was cut through the bank, where Fulton Street now terminates. At the bottom of the bank, about one hundred and fifty yards below the ferry house, was a large fresh water spring, from which almost every vessel that came into the harbor procured a supply. To that spring young Watson went with a boat's crew, in 1791, and filled casks with water, to supply their vessel anchored in the stream. Then New York was a comparatively small city. The ship yards (foot of Catharine Street) were upon its extremest verge; the City Hall Park was close by the green slopes that terminated in the "Fresh Water Pond," where the *Halls of Justice* now stand, and beyond were orchards and "milk farms," whose "bars" opened into the "Bowery road to Boston." Among the luxuries enjoyed by young Watson at that time, was a stroll in "Brannan's Garden," just out of town, on the Greenwich road, near

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BROOKLYN IN 1810.

the present junction of Greenwich and Franklin Streets.* What wonderful changes within the memory of a man yet actively engaged in life's pursuits, managing with energy a portion of the daily business of that most active agent in our social progress—*a railway!* Let those who would enjoy the luxury of supping upon his reminiscential dainties uncover his delicious dish, the *Annals of New York*.

For twenty years longer, Brooklyn remained in almost an embryo state. Three churches were erected, but the worshipers were chiefly from the adjacent farms. The nest-egg ferry house, so long a *solitaire*, began to have a few companions, and some of the more progressive people aspired to the dignity of villagers. But opposition to the measure was strong and pertinacious, and it was not until 1816 that a majority said "Yes," and Brooklyn became an incorporated village. It then received its vital spark. Commerce expelled families from the lower wards of the city of New York, and many sought pleasant residences over the water. Emigration thither became fashionable; steam succeeded horses in the propulsion of ferry boats; the village developed strength, dignity, and beauty; put on city airs, and in 1834 the whole little township of Brooklyn, with its kernel at the ferry house, was incorporated a CITY. Since then (not twenty years), its progress has been wonderful. Williamsburg, Bedford, Flatbush, and Gowanus, are already hiding beneath the fringe of its mantle. Its population to-day is more than one hundred thousand—greater than that of the city of New York on the moonlight winter's night when the artist's pencil portrayed the above sketch. Its trade and commerce, and all its prosperity arising from industrial pursuits, are so interwoven with New York, that we pass the matter by in silence.

* From 1840 to 1850, the aggregate number of new buildings erected in the city of New York was 15,409. Last year (1852) about 2500 buildings were constructed.

ROCHESTER IN 1812.

ROCHESTER is emphatically a Child of the Wilderness, only forty years of age. It is at the First Fall of the Genesee, a few miles from Lake Ontario, and upon the spot where, fifty years ago, Allen, a semi-savage Tory of the Revolution, built a mill to supply the scattered settlers in the wilderness all over western New York. It was called "a God-forsaken place; inhabited by musk-rats; visited only by straggling trappers, through which neither man nor beast could gallop without fear of starvation, or fever and ague." When public spirited and far-seeing men were making earnest endeavors to open highways from the Hudson to the Lakes, and resolved, in 1807, to erect a bridge over the Genesee River at the First Fall, Enos Stone built a log-cabin there. He cleared a few acres and planted corn, but the wild beasts destroyed it. His chief enemy was a huge she-bear, who long baffled his attempts to destroy her. Early in the autumn of 1811 his rifle bullet brought her from a tree, mortally wounded, and he had but little trouble afterward. The scene and the scenery is faithfully depicted in the engraving. That log-house yet stood upon St. Paul's Street when a resident population of more than twenty thousand were eating, drinking, loving and trafficking, upon the cornfield

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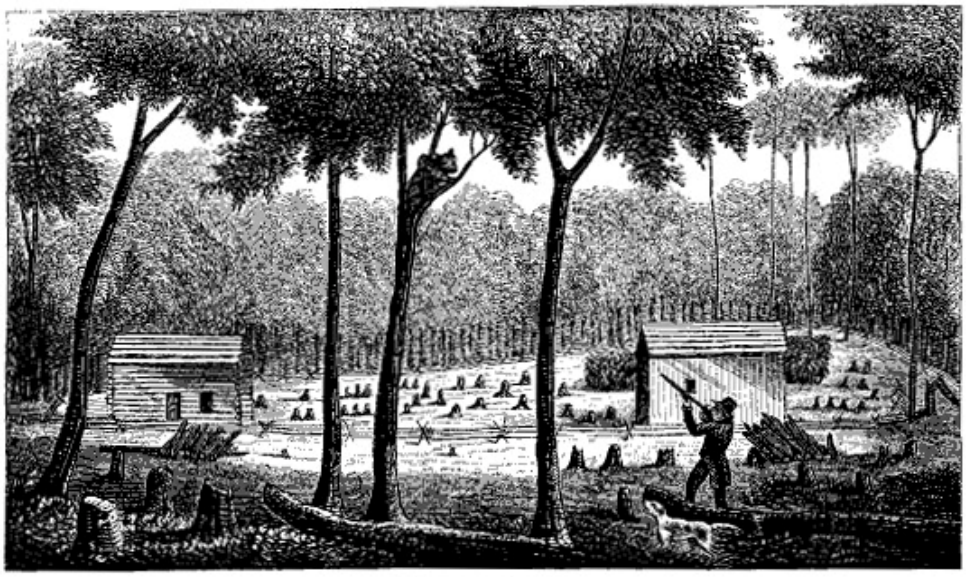
where, twenty-five years before, the she-bear depredated.

In 1810 Micah Brooks, Hugh M'Nair, and Mathew Warner, acted as State Commissioners for laying out a road to connect the Susquehanna with Lake Ontario; and a little later they were busy in surveying a route by which to connect the turnpike at Canandaigua with the Mississippi Valley, through the Alleghany River. When they were upon the site of Rochester, they slept upon straw and bear skins in the only house in the city, the log-cabin of Mr. Stone. Some of the fine old forest trees which they *blazed* on the route of their surveys, are yet standing in the groves of Mount Hope Cemetery, at Rochester, living monuments which speak of the progressive spirit and energy of many of those whose mortality slumbers beneath their shadows. General Brooks was one of the earliest advocates, in public and private, of the Erie Canal and other internal improvements; and in 1816 he offered a resolution in Congress to inquire "as to the expediency of establishing a post-route from the village of Canandaigua, by way of the village of Rochester, to the village of Lewiston, &c.* Nine years later he saw, not only post-roads and frequent mails there, but a great artificial river, bearing upon its bosom the vast soil-products of the West, and the manufactures and merchandise of the East, flowing over the Genesee, near the original bridge. He lived ten years longer, and, at a public meeting in Rochester, then a city of almost twenty thousand inhabitants, he lifted up his voice earnestly in favor of a great and immediate enlargement of that mighty artery of inland commerce. Since then seventeen years have elapsed, and he still lives, enjoying a ripe old age, and hoping not to close his eyes forever until the great work shall be accomplished. Hawley, Ellicott, Eddy, Watson, and other of his associate-backwoodsmen of New York, who inspired Clinton with the idea and importance of such a work, and the zeal to use his private and official influence in prosecuting it to completion, have all passed away. The cities and villages along the canal are their monuments, upon which a generous posterity will yet inscribe their names and epitaphs.

Nathaniel Rochester, a brave patriot of the Revolution, who served his country in the council and in the field in North Carolina, became a resident of Western New York in 1810; and in 1812, in company with two others, procured from the Holland Land Company a hundred-acre lot, at the Falls, for a settlement to be called ROCHESTER. The patriot became a resident of the village bearing his name in 1816, and lived there until his death, in 1831, when the log-cabin of Mr Stone was surrounded by a permanent population of eleven thousand people. In the very year when Rochester became joint proprietor of the wild tract, "inhabited only by musk-rats," pagan religious rites were celebrated, where now is the centre of the city of Rochester. There, in the winter of 1812 and '13, the Seneca Indians were quartered upon the ground now traversed by a portion of St. Paul's Street; and in January, 1813, the "sacrifice of thanksgiving" was celebrated for five days. The life of a white dog was offered up at the door of the council-house, while separate bands of men and women, ornamented with feathers and trinkets, each holding an ear of corn, danced around the council-fire! Then the white dog was placed upon a sacrificial pile and consumed; the ceremonials ended; and henceforth the ground was dedicated by Christian men to the uses of enlightened enterprise and liberal institutions. In 1812 the

* In 1812, the mail was carried from Canandaigua to the Niagara frontier, once a week on horseback, a part of the time by a woman.



ROCHESTER IN 1812

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BUFFALO IN 1815.

population of Rochester was 15; in 1820 it was 1500; in 1830 it was 11,000; in 1840 it was 20,000; and now (1853) the number is about 40,000!

The little log flour-mill of Ebenezer Allen, fifty years ago, has passed away; but in its stead, there are now twenty-two large mills, with one hundred runs of stone, capable of grinding more than twenty thousand bushels of wheat daily. Flour is the great staple product of Rochester; yet every other kind of business incident to a numerous and thriving population, is flourishing there; and the future growth of the city will doubtless exhibit a result as wonderful as that of the past.

BUFFALO is the Child of Traffic! It is at the mouth of Buffalo Creek, at the outlet of the great chain of lakes whose waters, twenty miles below, make the leap of Niagara. Buffalo was originally laid out in 1801, by the Holland Land Company, upon a bluff or terrace, and partly upon the marshy ground between the high land and the creek. In 1813, it contained a few scattered houses, but no signs of even a respectable village appeared in the horoscope of its future. It was then made a military post, which invited a visit from the British and Indians on the frontier, with whom our people were then at war. They came in December, and laid every house in ashes, but two. Such was its condition and aspect two years afterward, when the artist made the above sketch of the port of Buffalo. When peace came, and there seemed a probability of the opening of a water communication with the Hudson from that point, enterprising men, with the old inhabitants, began earnest efforts there; and in 1817, one hundred houses had arisen from the ashes of the little hamlet of 1813. In 1822, it began to feel the prospective advantages of the completion of the Erie Canal, which was to terminate there. It was incorporated a village that year, and in 1832, twenty-one years ago, it was incorporated a city. Now it contains a population of about fifty thousand. The marshes are drained and covered, and where, thirty-eight years ago the little Buffalo Creek wound its way into Lake Erie, along the low banks which were covered with trees and shrubbery, long lines of wharves, with forests of masts, and stately warehouses filled with merchandise and produce, now present themselves.

The aggregate of commercial operations, best illustrates the growth of this modern Tyre upon the American Mediterranean Seas:

In 1852, there arrived at the port of Buffalo, nine hundred and twenty-nine sailing vessels, with an aggregate of one hundred and thirty-five thousand tons, and eight thousand eight hundred and fifty-one men and boys, as crews. During the same period, a thousand and sixty-two sailing vessels left the port, with the same average amount of tonnage, and number of men and boys. The value of imports was, in round numbers, thirty-five millions of dollars; and the amount of duties collected was about seventy thousand dollars. This amount of imports is exclusive of the hundreds of thousands of dollars value in earth-products and merchandise brought by canal-boats and railway-cars. During the year, six steam-boats, nine propellers, and eight schooners, were built at Buffalo; and four steam-boats, of eighteen hundred tons burden each, one of six hundred and fifty tons, two propellers, four schooners, a brig, and a steam-tug, were in process of construction. There are twenty-eight steamers, thirty-one propellers, and one hundred and thirty-four sailing vessels, with an aggregate of fifty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-three tons, now owned at Buffalo.

During 1852 the value of exports from Buffalo, by the Erie Canal, was twenty-one millions forty-nine thousand nine hundred and eight dollars, producing eight hundred and two thousand eight hundred and six dollars, in tolls. The

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value of imports by the same channel was forty-one millions eight hundred and ten thousand three hundred and ninety-eight dollars. The whole amount of productions delivered in Buffalo, by the canal, during the year, was three hundred and thirty-seven thousand six hundred and twenty tons. In these statements no account is made of the immense amount of property carried to and taken from Buffalo, by the various express companies.

The future prospects of Buffalo are brilliant in the extreme. Within the past year two new lines of railway to the city have been completed, namely, the *New York City* and the *State Line*; and three other lines are rapidly progressing toward completion.

Such, in brief, is the record of the birth and growth of three flourishing cities in the State of New York. Look westward of the Alleghanies, and greater wonders meet the vision. B. J. L.

MONKEYS.

MANY a hearty laugh have we enjoyed in observing the grimaces of young Jocko, as, clothed in a red coat and seated on the back of a bear, or on the top of an organ, he tucked buns and biscuits into his cheek pouches till they would retain no more; and then, with a knowing, half-serious look, seemed to ask whether we did not admire his sagacity in laying up for "a rainy day." Young and old were equally amused when he took off his cap and bowed his head in acknowledgment of favors received; and the exhibitor—a tall old man, in cocked hat and loose coat—laughed, and showed his toothless gums, in anticipation of the supplies which the gazing throng would probably vote to him.

We trust, therefore, that our reader's sense of propriety will not be outraged, if we act the part of the monkey-exhibitor for once. And first of all, we introduce to their notice an army of ring-tailed monkeys in the act of crossing a stream—for they would rather go into fire than into water; and if unable to leap over, will bridge it. Captain Reid was an eye-witness of a performance of this kind. One—an aid-de-camp, or chief pioneer, perhaps—he says, ran out upon a projecting rock; and, after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troop. Commands were issued, and fatigue parties were detailed, and marched to the front. Meanwhile, several—engineers, no doubt—ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the *arroyo*. At length, they all collected round a tall cotton-wood that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost ran out upon a limb; and, taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped down, and hung head downward. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipping his tail tightly round the neck and fore-arm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated this manœuvre upon the second, and the fourth upon the third, and so on, until the last upon the string rested his fore-paws on the ground. The living chain now commenced swinging backward and forward, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he passed the tangent of the oscillating curve. Several others upon the limbs above aided the movement. This continued until the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb, and held fast. This movement was adroitly executed, just at the culminating point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of a too sudden jerk! The chain was now fast at both ends, forming a complete suspension-bridge, over which the whole troop, to the number of four or five hundred, passed with the rapidity of thought. It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld, to witness the quizzical expression of countenances along that living chain! The troop was now on the other side, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? This was the question that suggested itself. Manifestly, by number one letting go his tail. But then the *point d'appui* on the other side was much lower down, and number one, with half-a-dozen of his neighbors, would be dashed against the opposite bank, or soused into the water. Here, then, was a problem, and we waited with some curiosity for its solution. It was soon solved. A monkey was now seen attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another girdled himself in a similar manner, and another, and so on, until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were all-powerful fellows; and running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal. Then a scream from the

last monkey of the new formation warned the tail end that all was ready; and the next moment the whole chain was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The whole troop

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