

In the year 1792 my father removed his family to the city of New York, and discontinued his Alexandria house, although he did not part with his real estate there during his lifetime. His first residence was in Broad Street, near Beaver, and his warehouse was on Crane Wharf, near the present Burling Slip. From this house he removed to No. 162, William Street, and I was placed at school with an old lady by the name of Sibley, in Dutch Street, near Fair, now Fulton, Street.

In 1796 he removed to a house which he had purchased at No. 27, William Street, one door south of Garden Street, now Exchange Place. On one side of us, at the corner of Garden Street, was the New York Post Office, kept by Colonel Sebastian Baumann, an officer in the German service, who had emigrated with Baron Steuben to aid our Revolutionary cause. The clerical service of the post office was performed by his two daughters with quite as much diligence as is manifested by the ephemeral office-holders of the present day.

In 1797 my father was obliged to go to England on business of much importance, which eventually detained him nearly two years abroad. While at tea on the evening previous to his departure, in the month of February, he suddenly decided to make me the companion of his voyage; and as his ship, the *Atlas*, had dropped down to the "Water-

ing Place," or Quarantine, at Staten Island, to start early in the morning, I was taken out of bed and in my night-clothes, wrapped up in a blanket and carried by his slave, Jerry Munro, who accompanied us, to a row-boat at the foot of Old Slip, and then taken on board the ship.

We had several fellow-passengers, among whom I recollect Mr. Joshua Waddington, one of our most respectable merchants, and a young girl, who was my playmate, and whose father was John Shaw, the largest dealer in wine in our city. On the voyage we studied together, and among other things I committed to memory Thomson's "Seasons."

After a passage of some forty days we entered the harbour of Bristol, then a place of considerable trade in iron, glass bottles, slate, &c., with the United States, and we put up at a noted inn called the Bath Tavern, which had once been a noble residence as manifested by the elaborate, although faded, decorations in several of the principal rooms. After a day or two of rest and examination of the town and environs, among other places "Hot Wells" (now Clifton), we proceeded to London and were received into the family of my uncle, Charles Murray, then residing in Red Lion Square.

We remained in London a week or two for my father to arrange his business affairs, and then proceeded to Norwich, the residence of my grand-

mother and her aged sister, Miss Ann Boyles, as well as of my own early nurse, Sarah Reynold, who was passing her later days as a servant to my grandmother. I had two aunts also residing in Norwich, viz., my Aunt Mary, married to Captain Richard Browne of the British Army, and Charlotte, wife of the Rev. Michael Browne, rector of St. Giles parish. The latter were the parents of Charlotte Elizabeth, afterwards distinguished as an authoress, and John, who became a Major in the Army, and distinguished himself in the Peninsular War, both in the line and on the staff of Field-Marshal Beresford. I also had as a companion a young gentleman of the name of Monk, a nephew of General Monk, who fell at Quebec.

My grandmother's residence was a spacious and ancient one, and had formerly constituted a part of the monastery of St. Andrews, which had been cut in two by a street on which this house fronted, and the other and larger half was dedicated as a church to St. Andrew. The dwelling had been rendered very commodious, having a large hall with an organ, on which my uncle, Dr. Thomas Archibald Murray, was in the habit of performing with much taste. He afterwards, at the early age of twenty-seven, fell a victim to a fever contracted in the hospital to which he was attached.

After a brief holiday I was sentenced to become a pupil in the celebrated school of Dr. Beckwith

situated in the Close, or Cathedral Square. My uncle, the Captain (Browne) was deputed to conduct me thither, while I, a most unwilling captive, was determined to evade it, and slipping away in the large square, dodged the Captain, who gave chase, and I was only captured by the numerous pursuers whom he had summoned to his aid. Making a virtue of necessity, however, I became quite tractable, and had the reputation of being a good boy and a fair student, experiencing, however, the salutary chastisement of the rod, which was liberally distributed in that institution. Here I passed nearly two years, with occasional holidays at my venerable grandmother's, who was the embodiment of Christian benevolence, and whose almoner I became in distributing loaves of bread among a limited number of poor widows on every Monday morning according to the express desire of her deceased husband, who had founded the Norwich Hospital and had pursued the same system in his lifetime.

My cousin, Charlotte Elizabeth, with her brother John, and young Monk, to whom I have already alluded, were among my playmates on my weekly holidays. Young Monk was a student of theology under my uncle Michael, and afterwards rose to the dignity of Bishop of Gloucester, whom, after a lapse of forty years, I met in London.

While I was thus employed in Norwich a time of

great national excitement existed in England. Napoleon the Great had made arrangements for an invasion. A large armament of gun-boats threatened the "fast anchored island" at Boulogne, and every available means of defence were put into requisition. I cannot say that fear was ever manifested, but anxious preparations were everywhere being made. The plan of an invasion, if ever it had been seriously entertained, however, was frustrated by the two successive naval victories at Camperdown and the Nile, the first of which was won by Admiral Duncan and the latter by Lord Nelson. It was my fortune to see both of these heroes, and the latter I had frequent opportunity of meeting, as he was born at Burnham Thorpe, in the environs of Norwich, and after the victory he came to pay a visit to his family. He was accompanied by his Captain, Sir Edward Berry, who was also a native of Norwich. Their arrival was an occasion of great rejoicing, and the city was brilliantly illuminated. A grand civic feast was provided for the reception, and the boys of the school participated in the festivities, for both heroes had been scholars of the school in which we now were, and my father had been a school-mate of Lord Nelson.

Among the distinguished persons who visited Norwich while I was there was the Princess Charlotte of Wales, and her cousin the Duke of Gloucester, who were on a tour in the North.

Her untimely death after her marriage with Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was deeply regretted by the nation at large.

The rebellion in Ireland was just then at its height, and England was convulsed by the combined danger of internal discord and foreign invasion. Everybody in England assumed a martial bearing, and all the targets were in the garb of French grenadiers, and, of course, always came off second best.

In the early part of 1799 my father, having completed his business affairs in London and Paris, came to Norwich to carry me back to my own country, an event for which I anxiously longed—although I confess to feelings of great regret at parting with my venerable grandmother and the other members of her family, to whom I had become ardently attached, and who, I have reason to believe, were also grieved at the separation. I passed a short time at my uncle Charles's, in London, and then accompanied my father to Portsmouth, where we expected to meet our ship, the *Eagle* (Captain Barry), on which our passages had been taken to New York.

On arriving at Portsmouth, however, we learned that our ship had been ordered, in consequence of the numerous French privateers then preying on our commerce, to join a convoy of 150 sail, which were to proceed under the protection of the frigate

*Boston* (Captain Douglas) and a sloop of war. For the convenience of the passengers, about a dozen in number, a small cutter had been provided in which we started on our voyage in the evening, but we had scarcely got out of the harbour before we found ourselves chased by a French lugger, which kept up the pursuit through the night. Our captain, to avoid capture, kept under a press of sail, so that we sailed rather more under the water than upon it, while the passengers were literally batted down in a little cock-pit, experiencing all the horrors which a combination of foul air, sea-sickness, and fright could produce.

Fortunately, however, we reached our destined port in safety, and after several days' delay, our fleet having all arrived, we proceeded on our voyage. We had the usual share of fogs, collisions, and other incidents, which were rendered more exciting by the occasional appearance in our vicinity of an enemy's privateer, which the sloop of war would pursue and scare off, and after a passage of sixty-six days we reached New York. During my absence my elder sister Mary had died, but our other relatives were in good health. At this time our family were residing at No. 27, William Street.

Immediately after my arrival I was placed at a select school conducted by Mr. Samuel Rudd, a scholar of rare attainments in the Classics. The

school was in Cedar Street, near William Street, and among my school-mates were N. F. Moore, since President of Columbia College, his brother, the late Dr. Samuel W. Moore, Professor John M. McVickar, and his two brothers, James and Archibald, our number being limited to twenty-five.

It was during this year (1799) that our country sustained its most calamitous bereavement in the death of General Washington, and I well remember the funeral procession in honour of his memory, in which the schoolboys of the city took part, and the oration of Dr. I. M. Mason on the occasion.

During the year 1799 yellow fever prevailed extensively, and my father hired a country seat at Hoppers Cove, about where 54th Street is now. The Merchants' Exchange was moved to Lovett's Hotel, a wooden building at the corner of Broadway and Rector Street, where Grace Church was afterwards built. He (my father) nevertheless took the fever, from which, however, he speedily recovered under the care of Dr. David Hosack, who was eminent in the treatment of that disease.

In consequence of the repeated return of the epidemic, my father purchased a place containing about seven acres on the Fitzroy road, about three miles from the City Hall, which he christened Greenvale. He enlarged the house, then recently erected by Ezra Weeks, and the family passed some twenty-five summers and several winters there.



It is now intersected by Eighth Avenue, Thirty-fifth, sixth, and seventh Streets.

In the latter part of this year (1799) I was ordered to pack my knapsack, was put on board a New Haven packet commanded by Capt. Miles, and journeyed thence by stage to Middletown, where I entered the Academy under the charge of the Rev. Wm. Woodbridge, and remained there through the winter. Here I formed several pleasant associations, some of which I cultivated in after years. Among my schoolmates were William Sebor, afterwards a noted London preacher; Richard Augustus Yates, afterwards an Admiral in the British Navy; Charles Shaler, since a Judge in Pennsylvania; and John Rawlin, of New York.

The next year (1800) I was transferred to Stamford, also in Connecticut, where I was placed at school under the charge of the Rev. William White, an Episcopal minister, and among my schoolmates were Robert Ray, John Glover, &c. I left this school by my father's orders in consequence of an attempt by our teacher, who was a Tory, to punish several of us for celebrating the 4th of July in disregard of his orders. From Stamford I was transferred to my former teacher, Mr. Woodbridge, who had taken charge of the Academy at Newark, New Jersey, where I remained two years. It was here I first met my beloved wife, then Maria Bronson, a girl of seven years of age,

who was a schoolmate with my two sisters, Ann and Eliza, at the same place.

Among my classmates were William L. and John A. Smith, grandsons of John Adams, the second President of the United States, the first of whom was afterwards attached to the Embassy in London, and the other *chargé d'affaires* at Madrid; Hooper Cumming, afterwards a distinguished divine, Richard Stockton, an elder brother of the Commodore and who subsequently while a Judge in the State of Mississippi, was killed in a duel; Elias Boudinot, and several others of the same stamp.

In 1803 I was withdrawn from Newark and placed under the tuition of Mr. Thomas Darling, of New Haven, a graduate of Yale College, who came as a private tutor in my father's family at Greenvale to fit me for college. I pursued my studies successfully, and underwent a preliminary examination by Dr. Kemp, a professor in Columbia College, who pronounced me qualified to enter the sophomore class. An event, however, occurred to change my whole subsequent career—whether for good or evil it is difficult to say. In the year 1804 the bilious intermittent fever prevailed extensively in our neighbourhood, and among its victims was our neighbour Mr. John Oothout, the father of one of my schoolfellows (afterwards President of the Bank of New York). I was

attacked severely with the fever, and owe my life, under Providence, to good nursing and the skill of Dr. David Hosack. But my ordeal was severe, and I was left so feeble and emaciated that everything like study was prohibited. In the meantime the regular period of collegiate education passed away, and my father, who had always been anxious that I should go into his counting-house, decided the question in favour of a commercial, rather than a professional, life for his eldest son.