

## XCII.

## SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

WHOEVER writes of New York truly, will do so in lines of light and gloom. Though this city is not so large as London, life is here more intense; crime is more vivid and daring; the votaries of fashion and pleasure are more passionate and open. The joy and good in New York abound over sorrow and evil. The religious people are decidedly religious. The liberal are decidedly liberal. Nor are donations confined to the city or state. The beneficence of New York touches both oceans, and makes glad the heart of men in all parts of the world. The calls on the wealthy are ceaseless. Yet the liberal never tire, and their gifts are in many instances graded by their own success. Immense donations are annually made, running up from ten thousand dollars to half a million. To agree to give ten thousand dollars a year for ten years is no uncommon arrangement. To found a college, endow a professorship, to donate a library, to build a church and complete it in all its appointments in localities far away, to build a church *in memoriam*, costing three hundred thousand dollars, to give half a million for an educational institution, is the pastime of our wealthy citizens.

In no other city is mission work, Sunday-school labor, the visiting of prisons, hospitals, penitentiaries, performed by the wealthy as it is in New York. Merchant princes, millionnaires, lawyers of national repute, doctors of continental fame, editors and conductors of our most celebrated papers, successful book men, and wealthy mechanics, who are religious, are found in our Sunday schools. There are more religious men of this class than can be found in any other city. The great merchant who rivals Stewart in the retail business, who stands second to him in the wholesale, and who employs nearly five hundred men in his massive business, can be seen on Sunday in the infant department of the Sunday school, with a child or two in his lap, singing about the

"Sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men."

A worse population than can be found in New York does not inhabit the globe. The base men of every nation, and the crimes, customs, and idolatries of every quarter of the world, are here. Portions of the city are abandoned to the lowest order of the Jews. The Italians herd together near Five Points, in a locality not safe to enter at night, unless guarded by the police. They are dangerous, turbulent, stealthy, and defiant. Their very tread is suggestive of the stiletto. There is no locality viler, more repulsive, or more wicked than that occupied by the low French. The Chinese herd together, without the decency of cattle. They smoke their opium, burn incense, and worship idols, as in the cities of the "Celestial Empire."

The organ-grinders have their locality. The organs

are usually owned by persons who have capital. The man, woman, child, and monkey that attend the organ are hired by the day. They herd at night in a vile locality. Men and women, black and white, drunk and sober, sleep in a common room, in bunks or on the unwholesome floor. Men and women who gather ashes and garbage have a common rendezvous, where the howling of the dogs and the fighting of the women and men make night hideous. Horses, donkeys, cattle, goats, and pigs are kept in the cellar with geese and chickens, or quite frequently in a small back yard, the animals being driven through the front entry to their reeking stables. A portion of New York is Paradise: a large part is Pandemonium.

In New York, fortunes are suddenly made and suddenly lost. I can count over a dozen merchants who, at the time I began to write this book, a few months ago, were estimated to be worth not less than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, some of them half a million, who are now utterly penniless. At the opening of this year (1868) a merchant, well known in this city, had a surplus of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in cash. He died suddenly in July. He made his will three months before his death, and appointed his executors. By that will he divided two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. His executors contributed one thousand dollars to save a portion of the furniture to the widow, and that was all that was left her out of that great estate. He did what thousands have done before him, what thousands are doing now, and will do to-morrow. He had money enough, but he wanted a little more. He was induced to go into a nice little

speculation on Wall Street. He put in fifty thousand dollars. To save it he put in fifty thousand dollars more. The old story was repeated, with the same results.

Great cities must ever be centres of light and darkness; the repositories of piety and wickedness; the home of the best and the worst of our race; holding within themselves the highest talent for good and evil, with vast enginery for elevation and degradation; from which come untold sums for religion and beneficence, and for the ruin and destruction of the race. The philanthropist and reformer find in New York ample scope for all their powers. The abandoned and the dissolute are not always the most hardened. The sigh of penitence, the sob of despair, and the prayer for deliverance from a vicious life, are heard at night in the damp, gloomy cells of our prisons, but are often unheeded. There are to-day five hundred girls on the pave of New York who pray God nightly for deliverance, which does not come. Many of them are very young. They have left healthy country homes. Mock marriages and promises of marriage have led them to forsake the happy hearthstone where they knew neither shame, want, nor sorrow. The vicious arms of New York stretch themselves hundreds of miles away into the country. In picnics, large gatherings, private academies, and on commencement occasions, victims are secured. Once in New York, the horror and remorse, the sickness and suffering of the new life, break on the victim. Tears of blood are shed without avail. The motto over bad New York is the startling words, "Whoso entereth here leaves hope behind."

One of our leading music teachers, who has been long and successfully connected with the mission work at Five Points, had occasion, with some friends and an officer, not long since, to visit a house filled with young women. He was asked to play. He commenced with some operatic music. Then he played some national songs. He is a magnificent singer as well as player, and the unusual sound of such music in that place crowded the parlors. He gradually introduced more plaintive music. He then sang a hymn or two. Growing bold, and yet fearing the result, he began, in a voice full of feeling, Toplady's magnificent hymn,—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

Nearly every eye was full of tears. Sobs accompanied the music. At the conclusion quite a number of girls, who wept as if their hearts would break, clung to the singer, and begged of him to take them from that place. They would work, they would do any menial thing, if they had but a shelter and a refuge. That shelter and refuge Christian New York does not provide, and he had to leave these suffering, penitent, beseeching girls where he found them.

A young woman was arrested for keeping a disorderly house, and was placed in prison. One day the sheriff called on a well-known clergyman, celebrated for his philanthropic labors, and said to him, "There is a young woman in prison; her mother is dead, and, as she has no home, her funeral is to be attended from the prison. I don't know of anybody who will attend the funeral unless you will do it." The minister readily complied, and was at the jail at the appointed hour.

The young woman was with the dead. She was the only mourner; and the sheriff's family were present at the services. At the conclusion of the religious exercises the daughter rose, went up to the minister, and said, "Would you not like to go and look at my mother?" While standing at the head of the coffin the minister felt impressed to say something. He turned to her, and said, "Do you not feel that this is a fit time to make new resolutions, and in the presence of the dead to change your course of life?" She paused a moment, deliberately took off her gloves, placed one hand on the brow of her mother, gave the other to the minister, and said, "With God's help I swear." She was removed to her cell. Several Christian women visited her. About three weeks after the funeral, on going into his prayer-meeting one Friday night, the minister saw the young woman, deeply veiled, sitting on the front seat. While a hymn was being sung he went and spoke to her. She told him that she still held to her vow; that she had been released from jail that afternoon, and that the prayer-meeting was the first place she had entered. He asked her if she was willing to make a statement of her feelings to the church. She replied, "If you think it is fit for such as I am to speak in this place, I am willing." In a modest manner, but in words that thrilled, she told the story of her sad life. "When your pastor," she said, "uttered those words at the coffin of my mother, 'God bless you, and give you strength to keep your vow,' they thrilled my deepest soul. In astonishment I cried out, 'What, you bless me! They are the first kind words I have heard for years.' They

decided my fate." She was removed to the country, away from her acquaintances and the temptations of the city. She soon after united with the church, and is an earnest, humble, and devoted worker in the paths of religion and philanthropy. So it must ever be while New York maintains her position as the Metropolis of the Nation: that within her borders will be found  
SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

## XCIII.

[APPENDICES, BY "SCRIPTOR."]

## REV. THOMAS ARMITAGE, D. D.

ONE of the most popular and impressive public speakers in the city is the pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. Dr. Armitage was born in Yorkshire, England, and his age is about fifty. At about fifteen years of age he commenced preaching among the Methodists, and a few years after he came to this country.

About twenty years ago he became pastor of a Baptist church, then located in Norfolk Street. The transfer of this large body to its present location, was an undertaking that required of him great ability, and influence over his people.

Dr. Armitage's eloquence is characterized by extraordinary combinations of ideas, couched in elegant language. His utterance is impassioned; his manner peculiar and persevering. He heaps idea upon idea, illustration upon illustration, until the hearer is bewildered. Yet he is a plain, practical man of business.

Since the death of Dr. Cone, he has been the permanent President of the American Bible Union, the object of which is to procure and circulate the most faithful versions of the sacred scriptures, in all languages,

throughout the world. This body is constantly growing in numbers and influence. In the brief period of its existence it has circulated considerably over half a million of copies of the scriptures; and with the aid of the best scholarship of the age, professes to have detected and corrected more than 10,000 errors in the common English testament. This has often brought its supporters into public conflict with the friends of the common version, and caused no little display of controversial ability on each side.

Dr. Armitage, of course, has been obliged to defend his position and that of the Bible Union, especially in the substitution of the words *immerse* and *immersion* for *baptize* and *baptism*. It is but just to say, that he has fairly met the requisitions of such occasions, and proved himself as sound as a logician as he is eloquent as a speaker.

Dr. Armitage's social qualities are fully equal to his pulpit abilities. He is the life of company, full of humor and repartee, with a lively sense of the ludicrous and an almost tragic power of sarcasm. These qualities have procured for him a large circle of attached friends, not at all confined to the denomination with which he is ecclesiastically connected.

## XCIV.

## THE SEWING MACHINE INTEREST.

NEW YORK THE GREAT CENTRE.—A WORD OF HISTORY.—THE REPRESENTATIVE COMPANY.—THE WEED SEWING MACHINE.

A WORK upon current life in New York, and the vast interests which centre there and radiate over the whole land, would be signally incomplete if neglecting to notice that most important domestic interest, the Sewing Machine, which, under various forms, some good, others better, has become almost a recognized "household god" throughout the country, as well as a practical necessity for every well-regulated family—every family in which the wife, the mother or the daughters are not looked upon and treated as merely slaves or drudges; in which woman is respected, and her burdens sought to be made lighter.

New York has become the great mart of Sewing Machines for this country; and the warehouses which serve this great interest, and are mostly located between Canal Street and Union Square, on Broadway, are among the imperial edifices which adorn that grand avenue. Already the Sewing Machine business has become one of the financial as well as domestic "powers that be." Although young it is old enough to have a history, a narrative of the struggles of genius in giving it birth, and of patience and perseverance in urging its claims upon the public against a thousand obstacles; a history, too, at last, of mighty triumphs and crowns of literal gold. It will not be at-