

**MEMORIAL OF THE
LATE HONORABLE
DAVID S. JONES**

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Memorial of the Late Honorable David S. Jones by William Alfred Jones

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WILLIAM ALFRED JONES

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INTRODUCTION.

IN making up this little volume, the principal object of the present writer was to collect together the different obituary notices of his late honored Father, in a form less ephemeral than those in which they originally appeared. And in addition, to reprint the biographical sketches of the more prominent members of the family of Jones, of Queens County.

The memoir which precedes the obituary notices may be regarded as an illustrative commentary upon them, a simple statement of facts, necessary to a more complete view of the career of the subject of such sincere and hearty eulogium.

The influence of the character of Mr. Jones, was as extensive as the knowledge of it; and a record of the testimony of the best judges to his purity, integrity, and elevation, is justly due to his good fame—the richest legacy he has left his children.

So circumscribed, however, is professional reputation, more especially in the case of the able lawyer, than in that of the popular divine, or skilful physician, that unless connected with distinguished political standing, it appears to be comprehended almost entirely within the limits of the profession. The instance of Mr. Jones, furnishes no exception to this position. He was known chiefly to the elder members of the Bar, his contemporaries, (for whom this tribute is especially prepared,) and to the best portion of the society of New-York. But he should be known to many more, and it is hoped that this slight memorial may bring others acquainted with his name and sterling attributes, who might not otherwise have become acquainted with either.

W. A. JONES.

June 20th, 1849.

W. A. JONES
 JUN 20 1849
 Y. A. S. L.

M E M O I R .

DAVID S. JONES, the sixth son of Hon. Samuel Jones and Cornelia Haring, (a highly respectable old New-York family,) was born at his father's country-seat, West Neck, South Oysterbay, Queens county, November 3, 1777.

At an early period he came up to New-York to school, and after the usual preparation entered Columbia College, the head of his class, a position he maintained throughout his college course, graduating with the highest honors, a member of the class of 1796.*

* May 4.—The sole surviving members are Andrew Garr, Esq., and Dr. Wm. Turk, at one time, a surgeon in the navy.

To his latest days the effects of a thorough early training were evident; in his literary taste, correct and elegant; a memory, strong, quick, and ready, full of classic instances; a love of exactness and simplicity in language, and a judgment naturally clear and penetrating, rendered still clearer and stronger by the study of mathematics, to which, no less than for philological nicety, he had a natural fondness.

Soon after leaving college he was appointed private secretary to Gov. Jay, (between whom and his father there existed a strong and intimate affection,) and in whose family he resided, at Albany, between two and three years.

On his return to New-York, Mr. Jones became a student at law, in the best possible school, that of his father, and eldest brother.*

It is needless to inform any person who is at all acquainted with the history of the New-

* At present, one of the Judges of the Court of Appeals.

York Bench and Bar, for the last century, of the professional celebrity of this name. In Thompson's history of Long Island, under an historical memoir of Hon. Samuel Jones, may be found a succinct but clear account of the ancestry of Mr. Jones, two of whom were ante-revolutionary judges of the supreme court of the colony. And since their day there have been three generations of able lawyers, preserving the succession of legal eminence, amongst whom are to be counted three judges, with distinguished political partizans in the senate and assembly of this state.

At that epoch of New-York society, (New-York was then a country town, the northern boundary of which, within the memory of the subject of the present sketch, was St. Paul's church,) every gentleman occupied that place to which he was justly entitled from birth, education, talents, professional skill, and personal character.

First, among the first, Mr. Jones was pro-

minent as a gay and accomplished man of fashion, a character he sustained with spirit and vivacity. He took part in all the current amusements and popular associations of the day: as a young man, and ever afterward "a knightly, gallant worshipper of the ladies."—New-York has now grown to be a large city, a cosmopolitan metropolis, a western London and Paris combined, of course very considerably smaller than either, and less elegant than the latter; yet possessing something of the characteristic traits of both great cities, with scarcely anything of Nieuw Amsterdam left to declare its original. In some wards, it is a German colony; in others, a French faubourg; here a Jews' quarter, and there a confused mingling of the various British races. Of Americans residing here, a large body is from New England; and, it must be confessed, there are few Knickerbockers left—but few veritable New-Yorkers, in New-York.

Local feeling is weaker here than perhaps

in any city of the Union. A little band attempt to keep alive the spirit, but it is almost extinct. Two of the latest addresses before the St. Nicholas Society, on the last two anniversaries, by Mr. C. F. Hoffman and President Duer, show what might yet be done to keep fresh the memory of the days and the men that are either gone, or rapidly passing away. A history of the colony and state, by the first gentleman, and which would come fitly from him, would crown an already enviable reputation, literary and personal, by superadding the graces of historical narration to the united talent of the agreeable poet and spirited prose-writer; who is at the same time, what so few American writers can justly boast of being, an accomplished, liberal-minded gentleman. President Duer is pre-eminently well fitted to write the social history of the city, not only of the last quarter of the last century, but of this first half of the present. No person has had better