

GLIMPSES OF NEW-YORK CITY

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Glimpses of New-York City by William M. Bobo

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WILLIAM M. BOBO

**GLIMPSES OF
NEW-YORK CITY**

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OF

NEW-YORK CITY.

BY

A SOUTH CAROLINIAN,

(WHO HAD NOTHING ELSE TO DO.)

"A chief's among yo' takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent is."



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Dedication.

JEWACH, S. C., August 15th, 1852.

MY DEAR COLONEL:

The high opinion I entertain of your moral worth as a man, your noble and generous bearing as a gentleman, your attainments as a scholar, the proficiency to which you have arrived in your profession, your ardent devotion to the South, and of the interest you manifest in promoting her literature, together with a long and cherished friendship, sustain me in tendering to you the following pages, as a humble offering of the appreciation which I have of those rare and inestimable characteristics that so much adorn our nature.

Your incorrigible pertinacity to remain within the comfortable confines of Bachelor's Island, and your acknowledged financial abilities, are further inducements for me to place this, *my first born*, under your supervision and maintenance; first, because I desire to relieve you from that cheerless and morose-solitude which pervades your *locale*, by intruding this "peevish brat;" secondly, I believe it is according to Divine Law, that those who have none of their own, should assist in supporting the *children* of others, else why say, "*unto every one which hath shall be given; and from him that hath not, even that he hath shall be taken away.*" (I can see no other interpretation—can you?)

However, knowing that you have the elasticity to overlook, not only the irregularities and imperfections you may detect in the *offspring*, but the incongruities and inconsistencies known in the *parent*, it is with a full conviction that you will give the *child* a kind and hospitable reception, that I subscribe myself, as ever,

Yours,

THE AUTHOR.

Col. M. THOMSON, Washington City, D. C.



PREFACE.

"Without all fan, without presumption, he
Who wrote this work would speak concerning it
A few brief words, and facing his friend the world,
Revising, not reversing, what hath been."

PREFACE.

HAVING transmitted the last line of MS. to the compositor, I was quietly and contentedly enjoying myself in my room, enveloped in cigar smoke, and the consolation that for once, "a poor man's labor was done," when a messenger aroused me from the delicious reverie with the intelligence from Mr. **** that "there was no Preface." I very composedly and politely, as well as dignifiedly and independently replied that that was no news, and I did not intend to have any. But a few moments elapsed—I had hardly assumed my original position before the return of the minister of legation informed me that Mr. **** said "a book was not a book without a preface."

This hypothesis I did not wish to discuss (particularly then), especially metaphysically, so I said, tell Mr. **** if he wanted one more than I did, to write it himself. That's the way to get rid of small matters, thinks I to myself, letting off a volley of smoke that would have suffocated a Dutch Burgomaster, and squaring myself for a snooze.

Again my tormentor returned, and reported that Mr. **** said he "was not an Author, but a Publisher, and could or would not." I did not understand which; either was enough to upset my composure. What was to be done? muttered I. Two horns to the dilemma presented themselves—to submit to the bore of writing a preface or have my labors knocked into *pé*. Either was bad enough; of the two I chose the former. Here another horn "*stuck out a foot*." What was a preface? This, however, was soon solved; turning to "Webster," I found that a preface was "*a preface*." Tell Mr. ****, said I, rather impetuously, that I "give in," and that he shall have one by to-morrow morning.

Hang that chap, I am clear of him at last, and I can now finish my nap. But no, in a twinkling the confounded fellow returned with, Mr. **** says he must have it *immediately*—the hands are waiting." Clear out, you imp, stormed I, and he *did*, with the *boot-jack* after him. Well, thought I, "give a man an inch and he will take an ell," and I commenced humming my favorite air, "A Poor Man's Labor is Never Done." So here goes.

According, then, to custom I *must* give a preface to my Glimpses, and will, if to satisfy only Mr. ****, who is a very worthy man.

During my summer rambling this season, I was much alone, and had ample time for reflecting upon what I had been showing and telling my friend while in New-York, and for

want of something better to do, gathered up the scintillations which fell from my brain into a trencher (book), and now distribute them to those who will "come and buy."

To speak fully of New England and her people, would require a book as large as Scott's Napoleon; but I will sum it up in a very few words—*dollars and cents*. While the work of printing my book was progressing, I took occasion to show the proof sheets of the Chapter upon Hotels to those whom I had complimented. One smiled, a second grinned, a third chuckled, a fourth grunted, a fifth said, "a penny for all *your* compliments," a sixth said, "we'll help you *sell* your book—may take a copy," a seventh asked me to take a glass of wine (*knowing* I was a "*boetotaker*"), an eighth said, "I'm too busy now, drop in again." One of the proprietors of one of the lesser hotels presented me with a pen with which I might write another notice (doubtless needing one), and for fear it would wear out, it was *gold*, and cost at least \$3,50. May he live a thousand years, and then get a release of his life! But to my preface.

I intended to have the work embellished with several engravings, to wit: Mr. Collins, Mr. Bennett, Coleman & Steison, Forrest, and a few others. Mr. Collins said he never permitted such liberties; Mr. Bennett said if he commenced sitting for his picture he would have to keep it up, and too much time would be taken away from his business. Mr. Steison told the engraver he would not sit for his daguerrotype for \$500,000—that being more money than I had on hand, I asked Mr. * * * if he would not wait a few hours till I could raise the amount, which I might have done had he consented to wait; but, alas, who ever stopped a painter? As for Mr. Coleman, I could not think of separating Castor & Pollux, therefore did not ask. Mr. Forrest politely declined the "soft impeachment." Mr. Saunders I could not keep still long enough to get a picture, and Mr. *Few Others* I gave up in despair, consequently the world (if my book does not go upon its merits to the four corners of the earth, I'll put a copy into my pocket and take it there myself) has lost, for the present, a sight of these worthies in a book.

Should the work "take," doubtless these gentlemen may ask admission, and send their prizes "cut and dried" for the second edition, if so they shall be gratified, as no picture of New-York is complete without them.

As for Colonel Thompson, whose "picture" does appear, I asked no favors. I had one of him which he gave me years ago, and used it *videlicet videlicet*. What he will say when he sees his reflection beside the leaves of a book I know not, and what is more, I care less. "The Chesterfield of King-street" is a self-made man, and deserves a compliment, and this is the best I can do for him—although he may have the worst of the bargain.

In writing and publishing this work, I have pleased one man—myself—if no one else. This is as much as I could reasonably expect; and now I launch it upon the billowy ocean of public opinion, with Truth for a figure-head, Justice for ballast, and my blessing for a prosperous voyage.

NOTE.—The reader will observe that in the chapters upon hotels, I have not mentioned the "Irish Home," and also in the chapter on the press, "The Times," and "Tribune," have not been noticed. The reason is, what I said about these neglected ones, that the printer would not print it for fear the snuff contained therein would eat out the page on which it was printed, and consequently spoil the book.

Inadvertency (illness) caused the neglect of that worthy paper the "Herald of the Union," which is ably conducted, and I beg forgiveness for not making it in its appropriate place.

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